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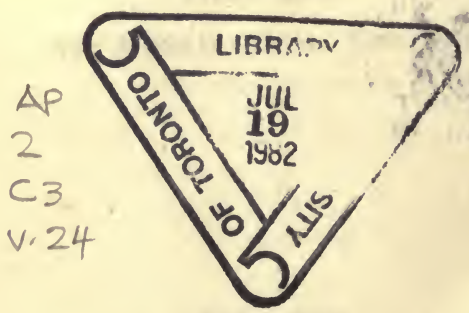

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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MIVART'S "LESSONS FROM NATURE."*

THE condition of what is called the scientific mind in England to-day may be described as chaotic. Its researches begin nowhere and end nowhere. Its representative men deny the facts of consciousness, or misinterpret them, which is equivalent to negation, and thus ignore the subjective starting point of all knowledge, while they relegate God to the domain of the unknowable, thereby removing from sight the true end and goal of all inquiry. Nothing, then, is the Alpha and Omega of their systems, and it is small matter of surprise that theirs has been called the philosophy of nihilism. Yet it is sadly true that the votaries of scientism (*salvâ dignitate, O scientia!*) are on the increase, and that Huxley, Spencer, Darwin, and Tyndall usurp among the fashionable leaders of thought, or rather the leaders of fashionable scientific thought, to-day, the place lately held by Mill, Renan, Strauss, and Hegel. It is not quite the *ton* now to content one's self with denying the divine inspiration of Holy Writ or with questioning the Divinity of Christ. We must iterate our belief that in matter are to be found the "promise and potency of every form and quality of life," or that all living things sprang from a primordial homogeneous cell developed in a primitive plastic fluid eruditely denominated "protoplasm"; nay, we must join hands with Herbert Spencer, and affirm of the First Cause that it is unknowable and entirely divested of personal attributes. It is evident that scientism is more rigorously sceptical than rationalism or the materialism of the eighteenth century—in a word, that it is supremely nihilistic. Being such, it is worth while to inquire through what influence it has succeeded in dominating over so many vigorous minds, and winning to its standard the rank and file of non-Catholic scholars. It presents to the expectant lover of truth a set of interest-

* *Lessons from Nature as manifested in Mind and Matter.* By St. George Mivart, Ph.D., F.R.S., etc. 8vo, pp. 461. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1876.

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ing facts which fascinate as well by their novelty and truth as by the hope that the "open sesame" which unearthed them cannot but swell the list, and that whatever it pronounces upon is irrevocably fixed. No one can gainsay the value to science of the brilliant experiments and interesting discoveries of Prof. Tyndall, nor underrate the painstaking solicitude of Darwin. Indeed, we are all more or less under the thraldom of the senses, and the truths which reach our minds through that channel come home with irresistible force. Hence the allurements of science for the majority of men, and their complete subjection to the authority of scientific discoverers. No wonder, therefore, that when a slur is cast upon the supersensible order—that order with which they have neither sympathy nor acquaintance—that same majority are ready to deride the sublimest truths of Christianity, and to devour the veriest inanities as the utterances of sound philosophy. No wonder that, captivated by the fast-increasing array of fresh discoveries in the field of physical science, they pay to the dreamy speculations of Spencer and Darwin the homage which is due to their solid contributions to science. These men forget that science is but a grand plexus of facts which afford to many a convenient peg on which to hang a bit of shallow philosophism. The truths of science are so cogent and obvious that most men, failing to discriminate between those truths and unwarranted inferences drawn from them, regard both with equal respect, and so deem those who question the latter to be the sworn foes of the former. It is this confusion of truth with error, natural enough under the circumstances, that has imparted so much popularity to the unphilosophic portion of the teachings of Spencer, Huxley, Tyndall, Proctor, *et id genus omne*, and given to the guinea stamp the value which belongs to the gold. Moreover, our modern men of science have not only introduced us to the field of their legitimate labors with a large knowledge of its varied and interesting features, but have invested the presentment of their subject with a glamour which the splendid rhetorical training of the schools and universities of England has enabled them to throw around it.

Such being the anomalous and insidious blending of truth with error which characterizes modern scientific thought in England, we should welcome the appearance of any work aiming at the disentanglement of this intricate web, especially if the ability and scientific culture of its author give earnest of its success. Such a work do we find in that whose title heads this article, and whose author, Dr. Mivart, has already fully attested, in many a well-written page, his competency for the task. In his *Lessons from Nature* Dr. Mivart has undertaken the consideration of the more salient errors of Herbert Spencer's philosophy and Mr. Darwin's theory of descent and evolution. He has wisely addressed himself in his opening chapter to a refutation of the errors which vitiate the substructure of Spencerianism; for the basis having been proved to be rotten, we are not surprised at beholding the entire edifice topple to the ground. This chapter he has entitled "The Starting Point," and sets out with this theorem for demonstration:

"Our own continued existence is a primary truth naturally made known to us with supreme certainty, and this certainty cannot be de-

nied without involving the destruction of all knowledge whatever."

It will be seen from this statement that Dr. Mivart regards his opponents as having laid the basis of their systems on the quicksands of the most radical scepticism; for certainly, if the fact of a τὸ ἐγω be called in question, all knowledge must go by the board, its containing subject being no better than a myth. Those casting a doubt upon the truth of this proposition are by themselves happily styled Agnostics, or know-nothings, and Dr. Mivart includes in the category such distinguished names as Hamilton, Mansel, Mill, Lewes, Spencer, Huxley, and Bain. These writers, one and all, have repeatedly asserted the relativity of our knowledge—*i.e.*, its merely phenomenal character. They do not deny that we possess knowledge, but that we can predicate nothing as to its absolute truth. They claim, indeed, themselves to have sounded the whole diapason of human knowledge, but they regard it only as a mirage which appears real to the eye whilst beholding it, but is none the less a mirage in itself. Dr. Mivart tersely points out the absurdity of this principle of the agnostic philosophy by stating that either this knowledge is absolute—*i.e.*, objectively valid—or has no corresponding reality outside of the mind, in which case it represents nothing—*i.e.*, is no knowledge at all. Those, then, who insist upon the relativity of all knowledge are "in the position of a man who saws across the branch of a tree on which he actually sits, at a point between himself and the trunk." For if our knowledge be purely relative, we know it but relatively, and that relative knowledge of it is in turn relative, and so on *ad infinitum*. In other words, if we assert of our knowledge that it is relative—*i.e.*, purely subjective—we affirm an objective fact; for however much the facts of the mind be subjective in relation to the objects represented, they become objective in regard to the mind viewing them as the term point of knowledge; so that to affirm of *all* knowledge that it is purely relative is equal to affirming that the knowledge we have of that knowledge is not the knowledge thereof, but a similar modification of the mind having no business to look for anything beyond itself. This surely is a *reductio ad absurdum;* yet such threads and thrums are made the warp and woof of so-called scientific philosophy.

Professor Huxley is the most conspicuous champion of this universal nescience, and Dr. Mivart devotes himself at greater length to a review of his principles. Huxley says: "Now, is our knowledge of anything we know or feel more or less than a knowledge of states of consciousness? And our whole life is made up of such states. Some of these states we refer to a cause we call 'self,' others to a cause or causes which may be comprehended under the title of 'not-self.' But neither of the existence of 'self' nor of that of 'not-self' have we, or can we by any possibility have, any such unquestionable and immediate certainty as we have of the states of consciousness which we consider to be their effects." This utterance is remarkable for the inaccuracies with which it abounds and for the crudeness of its author's philosophy. The fact that we immediately apprehend consciousness in the light of passing states is proof that, mediately or by reflection, we view it altogether differently, and

this latter mode certainly affords a more certain and satisfactory knowledge. By reflection, then, or mediately, we regard those passing states as the product of something enduring and continuous of which we are in reality conscious, while experiencing those modifications described by Huxley as "passing states of consciousness." When conscious of a state we are certainly conscious of that by which consciousness is had, or we would be forced to admit that nothing can be conscious, than which there could be no greater absurdity. The direct consciousness, therefore, which Huxley's "passing states of consciousness" would describe, presupposes the consciousness of the organ of those "passing states"—a consciousness which stands in an *à priori* relation to these latter. The chief flaw in Huxley's reasoning is that, as he confines consciousness to a mere modification, and admits no modified substance as an abiding essence, he must regard mind, so far as he knows it, as a modification of nothing modified.

We have not here followed out the exact line of argument pursued by Dr. Mivart, whose strictures on Huxley in regard to his absurd position must be attentively read in order to be appreciated; but we hope to have indicated enough to enable the reader to judge of the fitness of our neoterists to become the leaders of thought. Having established, then, the implied existence of self in consciousness, Dr. Mivart proceeds, in a chain of the most solid reasoning, to marshal around this central truth those having a direct dependence upon it, and from the admission of which Huxley had fondly hoped to escape by perverting the true data of consciousness. Memory is the cornerstone of all knowledge outside of direct consciousness, and Dr. Mivart clearly shows that its testimony is constantly invoked by the most outspoken nescients, so that, in regard to its echoings, the choice is absurd between what it attests generally and the circumscribed field of operation to which Herbert Spencer seems anxious to confine it. But Dr. Mivart is satisfied in this chapter with having demonstrated the sufficiency of rightly understood consciousness to be the "starting point" of our knowledge of the objective, and properly dismisses the argument in these words:

> "But it is hoped that the cavils of the Agnostics have been here met by arguments sufficient to enable even the most timid and deferential readers and hearers of our modern sophists to hold their own rational convictions, and to maintain they know what they are convinced they do know, and not to give up a certain and absolute truth (their intellectual birthright) at the bidding of those who would illogically make use of such negation as a ground for affirming the relativity of all our knowledge, and consequently for denying all such truths as, for whatever reason, they may desire to deny."

To the casual thinker it may appear that the arguments of Dr. Mivart are somewhat antiquated as against the strongholds of modern error; but the fact additionally illustrates the slenderness of the resources with which error comes equipped to the fray, since, whenever there is question of first principles, truth can with the same weapons always assail the vulnerable point in the enemy's armor. It is true that in point of detail the ground of conflict has shifted, and that those who once successfully opposed the errors of Voltaire, Diderot, or Volney, should they suddenly appear on the scene now,

would have to count themselves out of the fight; but with respect to principles and ultimate expressions, we find the Agnostics of to-day ranging themselves side by side with the Gnostics and Manicheans of old. So we believe that Dr. Mivart has done well, before approaching the details of the controversy, to knock the underpinning from the whole superstructure of modern error by exposing the falsity of its principles. At least the procedure is more philosophical and more satisfactory to the logical mind.

In his second chapter, entitled "First Truths," Dr. Mivart lays down the following proposition:

"Knowledge must be based on the study of mental facts and on undemonstrable truths which declare their own absolute certainty and are seen by the mind to be positively and necessarily true." This proposition finds its counterpart in every text-book of scholastic philosophy from Bouvier to Liberatore and Ton Giorgi, so that there is no need to follow the learned author through his very excellent series of proofs in support of it. The main points of interest in the chapter are his arraignment of Herbert Spencer's faulty basis of certainty, and the disproof of Mr. Lewes' theory of reasoning.

Mr. Spencer says (*Psychology*, vol. ii. p. 450):

"A discussion in consciousness proves to be simply a trial of strength between different connections in consciousness—a systematized struggle serving to determine which are the least coherent states of consciousness. And the result of the struggle is that the least coherent states of consciousness separate, while the most coherent remain together; forming a proposition of which the predicate persists in the mind along with its subject. . . . If there are any indissoluble connections, he is compelled to accept them. If certain states of consciousness absolutely cohere in certain ways, he is obliged to think them in those ways. . . . Here, then, the inquirer comes down to an ultimate uniformity—a universal law of thinking."

We have quoted this passage of Mr. Spencer's at some length, both for the purpose of exhibiting the misty, Germanic manner of his expression, and of calling attention to Dr. Mivart's neat and effectual unfolding of the fallacy which it contains. We presume that Mr. Spencer means by "least coherent states of consciousness" those propositions in which the subject and predicate mutually repel each other, or, in other words, those which involve a physical or a metaphysical impossibility. Had he, indeed, stated his conception in those terms, he might have avoided Dr. Mivart's well-aimed shafts, to which his cloudiness of expression alone exposed him. A cannon-ball fired from England to America is the typical proposition which he offers of "least cohering states of consciousness." But every one perceives that the terms of this proposition involve a mere repugnance to actual and not to imagined facts, causing it to differ in an essential manner, accordingly, from such a proposition as $2 \times 2 = 5$, against the truth of which there exists a metaphysical impossibility. The importance of the distinction may be realized when we reflect that there can be no absolute truth so long as we make the test thereof a mere non-cohering state of consciousness; for if the terms of a physically non-possible proposition do not cohere in consciousness, and if such non-coherence be the absolute test of non-truth, that same non-truth must end with such non-coherence. This makes truth purely relative, and is

the legitimate goal of such philosophic speculations as those of Mr. Spencer, which would make all knowledge purely relative.

Dr. Mivart distinguishes four sorts of propositions: "1. Those which can be both imagined and believed. 2. Those which can be imagined, but cannot be believed. 3. Those which cannot be imagined, but can be believed. 4. Those which cannot be imagined and are not believed, because they are positively known to be absolutely impossible."

The third of these propositions finds no place in Mr. Spencer's enumeration, since, according to him, it involves "a non-cohering state of consciousness," or, as he elsewhere expresses it, is "inconceivable." That there are numberless propositions of the third class described by Dr. Mivart the intelligent reader may perceive at a glance, and so infer the absurdity of Herbert Spencer's "non-cohering states of consciousness" viewed as a "universal law of thinking."

Thus there is no absolute impossibility in accepting the doctrine of the multilocation of bodies or of their compenetrability, though no effort of the imagination can enable us to picture such a thing to the mind. The common belief that the soul is whole and entire in every part of the body is "unimaginable," but certainly not "inconceivable," since many vigorous and enlightened minds hold the doctrine with implicit confidence.

In connection with this subject Dr. Mivart takes occasion to allude to Professor Helmholtz's method of disproving the absoluteness of truth. He supposes

"beings living and moving along the surface of a solid body, who are able to perceive nothing but what exists on this surface, and insensible to all beyond it. . . . If such beings lived on the surface of a sphere, their space would be without a limit, but it would not be infinitely extended; and the axioms of geometry would turn out very different from ours, and from those of the inhabitants of a plane. The shortest lines which the inhabitants of a spherical surface could draw would be arcs of greater circles," etc.

We have quoted enough from the professor to indicate the drift of his objection. He concludes: "We may résumé the results of these investigations by saying that the axioms on which our geometrical system is based are no necessary truths." Such is the sorry mode of reasoning adopted by an eminent man of science in establishing a conclusion so subversive of the principles of science. Is it not evident that, no matter what name the inhabitants of the sphere described by Helmholtz might bestow on the "arcs of great circles," these still would be "arcs," and as such those beings would perceive them? As showing the lack of uniformity of views which prevail among men of science when it is question of super-sensible cognitions, Mr. Mill rushes to the opposite extreme from Herbert Spencer, and holds that there is nothing to prevent us from conceiving $2 \times 2 = 5$. In this arraignment of Spencer's faulty view of the basis of certainty, Dr. Mivart proceeds with care and acumen, and adroitly pits his antagonists against each other, or invokes their testimony in support of his own views as against themselves.

The other point of interest in this chapter is the author's refutation of Mr. Lewes' conception of reasoning. In his *Problems of Life and Mind* Mr. Lewes reduces the process of reasoning to mere sensible associations, and entirely over-

looks the force and significance of the *ergo*. He says: "Could we realize all the links in the chain" (of reasoning) "by reducing conceptions to perceptions, and perceptions to sensibles, our most abstract reasonings would be a series of sensations." This certainly is strange language for a psychologist, and forcibly demonstrates the hold Locke's sensism still holds over the English mind. If we can conceive of a series of sensations in which the form of a syllogism does not enter—and we experience such many times daily—then surely there is something more in a train of reasoning than a mere series of sensations, and that is the intellectual act of illation denoted by *ergo*. Throughout this strange philosophism there runs an endeavor to debase man's intellect and reduce it to the level of mere brutish faculties. The dignity of our common manhood is made the target of Spencer's speculation and Mill's subtle reveries, while the grand work of the church which lifted us out from the slough of barbarism is being gradually undone. We must indeed congratulate Dr. Mivart upon having led the way in grappling with the difficulties with which scientific transcendentalism bristles, and on having rent the net in which error strives to hold truth in silken dalliance.

We come now to the most difficult and important chapter in the book—viz., that pertaining to the existence of the external world. We would premise, before entering upon an analysis of this chapter, that nothing short of a slow and careful perusal of it in the author's language can convey to the reader a full impression of the difficulty and subtlety which attend the terms of the controversy as waged tripartitely between Herbert Spencer, Mr. Sidgwick, and the author. The statement of the proposition is simple enough, viz.:

> "The real existence of an external world made up of objects possessing qualities such as our faculties declare they possess, cannot be logically denied, and may be rationally affirmed."

The terms of this proposition differ but little from those in which argument is usually made in support of the reality of external objects, but with Dr. Mivart it serves as the text of a refutation of Mr. Spencer's theory of "transfigured realism." Mr. Spencer stoutly professes his belief in the realism of the external world, but distinguishes his conception of it from the common crude realism of the majority as having been by him filtered through the intellect, and based, not on the direct data of the senses, but on these as interpreted by the mind. According to him, "what we are conscious of as properties of matter, even down to its weight and resistance, are but subjective affections produced by objective agencies which are unknown and unknowable." Divested of an involved and trying terminology, Mr. Spencer's theory amounts to this: The mind under the experience of a sensation is irresistibly borne to admit that it is not itself the active agent concerned in its production; for sensation as a "passing state of consciousness" is not accompanied by that other "passing state of consciousness" which exhibits the mind to itself as spontaneously generating the sensation in question. Therefore that sensation is derived *ab extra;* therefore its cause, unknown or unknowable, is something outside of the mind—*i.e.*, has an objective reality. It is a sort of game of blind man's buff between the

mind and the world, according to Mr. Spencer—we know something has impressed us, but how or what we cannot find out.

"Thus the universe, as we know it," says Dr. Mivart, "disappears not only from our gaze, but from our very thought. Not only the song of the nightingale, the brilliancy of the diamond, the perfume of the rose, and the savor of the peach lose for us all objective reality—these we might spare and live—but the solidity of the very ground we tread on, nay, even the coherence and integrity of our own material frame, dissolve from us, and leave us vaguely floating in an insensible ocean of unknown potentiality."

This is "transfigured realism" with a vengeance, and leaves us somewhat at a loss to know what can be meant by idealism. It practically differs not from the doctrine of Berkeley and Hume; for it matters little to us whether external objects exist or not, if they are in and by themselves something "unknown and unknowable," altogether different from what we consider them to be. The radical fault of Mr. Spencer's "transfigured realism" is that he mistakes sensations themselves for the act of the mind which is concerned about them; and when in reality he speaks merely of the sensations as such, he imagines he has in view purely speculative intellectual acts. Such confusion is quite natural in a philosopher who recognizes no form of idea but transformed sensation, no purely unimaginable conceivability. This is evident when he says:

"We can think of matter only in terms of mind. We can think of mind only in terms of matter. When we have pushed our explorations of the first to the uttermost limit, we are referred to the second for a final answer; and when we have got the final answer of the second, we are referred back to the first for an interpretation of it."

Thus is he compelled to revolve in a circular process which makes the knowledge of mind depend on the knowledge of matter, and *vice versâ*. How admirably does the scholastic theory of the origin of thought dissipate the clouds which befog Mr. Spencer throughout this discussion, and prevent him from seeing to what consequences he blindly drifts! The unseen, the unfelt, the unheard are each and all absolutely nothing, so that sense alone can determine reality. Such is the philosophy of Mr. Spencer; and there can be no wonder that upon an analysis of premises he finds that, having set out from nothing, he lands upon the same unreal shore. Scholasticism—the philosophy which at the present time is returning into unexpected though much deserved vogue, superseding in the highest intellectual circles the tenuity of Kant's unrealism and the sensism of Locke and Condillac—proposes an explanation of the relation of the external world to the intellect through the medium of the senses, which cannot but elicit the endorsement of every logical mind. Just at the point where Spencer modifies his subjective sensible impression received from the external world, in such a manner that he can find nothing corresponding to it outside of himself, the scholastic supposes the active intellect to seize this phantasm or sensible image, and, having so far divested it of its sensible qualities as to fit it to become the object of pure cognition, offers it to the mind cognitive for such cognition, which, as the true cognitive faculty, pronounces it to be the type or exemplar of the object, and this he calls the *verbum mentis*, or idea of the thing. The created light of our intellect, which is itself a participation in the uncreated di-

vine light, enables us to see and judge of what is exhibited to it through the organs of sense, surveying it, measuring it, and penetrating its general essence so far as to be able to perceive that it is the spiritualized resemblance of the object which primarily produced the sensation.

We do not here propose to offer any of the usual arguments in support of this system, apart from the palpable fact that it appears to offer to each faculty, sensitive and intellective, appropriate material for operation, but to contrast its adequacy with the confessed impotency of Spencer's "transfigured realism." And, indeed, not only is this latter impotent but eminently fallacious. In endeavoring to prove that the mind transfigures its sensations in such a manner that there can exist no correspondence between the sensation and the object, Mr. Spencer allows the decision to rest on his test-case of sound. With respect to the sensation produced on the auditory nerve by aërial undulations, he says that "the subjective state no more resembles its objective cause than the pressure which moves the trigger of a gun resembles the explosion which follows." And again, summarizing the argument, he says: "All the sensations produced in us by environing things are but symbols of actions out of ourselves, the natures of which we cannot even conceive." The fallacy of this statement it is not difficult to perceive; for Mr. Spencer rules out the action of the intellect, which can alone determine the value and significance of a sensation, and takes account only of the sensation itself, deeming it able to pronounce upon its own correspondence with its exciting object. Indeed, there can be no more correspondence between a visual object and the sense of vision than there can be between sound and a vibration of the air, except in so far as the mind pronounces this to be the case after a due investigation of the respective conditions pertaining to both sensations. It is the mind alone which can determine that the sensation we call sound is the result of air undulations, just as it is the mind which determines that the color and outline of visual objects are as represented in vision. The fault, therefore, of Mr. Spencer's view is that, having constituted sensation the sole and sufficient judge of its own objective validity and correspondence with external objects, he is compelled at once to fly to his chosen refuge and cherished haven of the "unknown and the unknowable." Again is he guilty of another transparent fallacy when he asserts that a series of successive independent sensations are mistaken for a whole individual one, which we accordingly speak of as such. The instance he adduces is that of musical sound, "which is," he says, "a seemingly simple feeling clearly resolvable into simpler feelings." The implied inference is that, since experience proves this not to be a simple feeling, but resolvable into simpler ones, there can be no reciprocity between our sensations and their exciting causes. This reasoning might be accredited with ingenuity, were it not so extremely shallow. For what is a sensation but that which we feel? And if we feel it as one, it must be one. It matters not if each separate beat, contributing to produce musical sound, should, when heard alone, produce a feeling different from that caused by the combination of beats, since it is none the less true that the rapid combination

produces a sensation which is felt as one, and necessarily is one in consequence. Mr. Spencer seems to forget that causes in combination can produce results entirely different from those to which each cause separately taken can give rise; or, as Dr. Mivart says, "All that Mr. Spencer really shows and proves is that diverse conditions result in the evocation of diverse simple perceptions, of which perceptions such conditions are the occasions." Mr. Spencer's position, bolstered up as it is by the minutest analysis of mental consciousness and by a wealth of marvellously subtle reasoning, is after all but a prejudice. He is indisposed to admit aught but sensation, and hence plies his batteries against every other element which dares obtrude itself into the domain of thought. How suggestive of this fact are the following words:

> "It needs but to think of a brain as a seat of nervous discharges, intermediate between actions in the outer world and actions in the world of thought, to be impressed with the absurdity of supposing that the connections among outer actions, after being transferred through the medium of nervous discharges, can reappear in the world of thought in the forms they originally had."

With Dr. Mivart we ask, "Where is the absurdity?" For surely He who made the brain might, if he saw fit, and as the facts prove, have so made it that it would perform its functions in this very identical manner. The steps of the process by which the results of nervous action are appropriated by the mind in the shape of knowledge will necessarily remain an inscrutable mystery for ever, but that is no reason why they should not be accomplished in any manner short of that involving a contradiction. This ends what we wish to say concerning Dr. Mivart's chapter on the "External World." He has not endeavored to shirk a single phase of the discussion with his formidable opponents, and we feel that if he has worsted them in the encounter, his triumph is as much the inevitable outcome of the truth of the cause which he has espoused as it is of the undoubted abilities he has exhibited throughout the course of the hard-fought contest.

So pregnant with material for thought are the different chapters of Dr. Mivart's book that we have thus far been unable to get beyond the opening ones, nor do their diversified character allow of a kindred criticism. Thus, from the consideration of the "External World" the author at once proceeds to a few reflections on language in opposition to the Darwinian theory of its progressive formation and development. We wish we could bestow on the whole of this chapter the same unqualified praise which his previous chapters merit; for, though partaking of the same general character of carefulness and research which belongs to all Dr. Mivart's writings, in it he rather petulantly waves aside one of the strongest arguments and most valuable auxiliaries which could be found in support of his position. The proposition is to this effect: "Rational language is a bond of connection between the mental and material world which is absolutely peculiar to man." He first considers language under its twofold aspect of emotional and rational, the latter alone being the division alluded to in the proposition. With the view, however, of facilitating his encounter with Darwin, he makes six subdistinctions which, though true, seem to overlap at times, or

at least are gratuitous, since they are not needed for the purpose of their introduction. Mr. Darwin has exhibited, in his effort to make language a mere improvement on the gutturals and inarticulate sounds of animals, less of his accustomed ingenuity than elsewhere, so that any amount of concession might have been made to him, and yet the orthodox view on the subject have been left intact. And this we deem the wiser procedure in such cases; for less expenditure of force is required if the outer entrenchments can be passed by without a struggle, and siege laid at once to the inner fortress itself. In one point of the argument Dr. Mivart gets the better of Darwin so neatly as to remind us of a *carte blanche* thrust in fencing. Mr. Darwin remarks that man, in common with the lower animals, uses, in order to express emotion, cries and gestures which are at times more expressive than any words, thus asserting an innate equality between both, if not even the superiority of the emotional over the rational language, and thereby insinuating that, in point of origin, there could not have been any difference between them. Dr. Mivart replies that certainly emotional language is more expressive when it is question of expressing emotion. "But what," he asks, "has that to do with the question of definite signs intelligently given and understood?" The fact that man uses emotional language in common with other animals proves nothing beyond the additional fact that he too is an animal, which is not the question; the question being whether in addition he possesses exclusively another faculty—viz., that of rational language, *sui generis*—radically different from the emotional. Mr. Darwin's argument is thus representable: a and a (animality) $+ x$ (rational language) $=$ a and a.

The passage in this chapter to which we reluctantly take exception is the following: "I actually heard Professor Vogt at Norwich (at the British Association meeting of 1868), in discussing certain cases of aphasia, declare before the whole physiological section: '*Je ne comprends pas la parole dans un homme qui ne parle pas*'—a declaration which manifestly showed that he was not qualified to form, still less to express, any opinion whatever on the subject." Now, we are of opinion that, rightly understood and interpreted in the light of the most recent researches, these words convey a deep and significant truth. Dr. Mivart is anxious, in the interest of truth, to maintain intact and entire the essential difference between emotional and rational language, and this we believe he might best do by investigating and adapting the facts of aphasia. Aphasia declares that language-function is confined to some portion of the anterior convolution of the brain—a source or centre of nerve-power altogether distinct from the vesicular or gray portion of the cerebral substance which is concerned in the production of thought and all purely intellectual processes. This being the case, whenever we discover a lesion of the anterior convolution, and find it accompanied with impaired ability of speech, we also find inability to conceive such thoughts as those of which words are the sole symbol and sensible signs. The researches made by Trousseau, Hammond, and Ferrier prove that the faculty of language is thus localized, the anatomical region being somewhere in the neighborhood of the island of

Reil; and though Brown-Séquard, a physiologist whose opinion is entitled to great consideration, differs from this view, the fact that more than five hundred cases as against thirteen favor the opinion is sufficient guarantee of its probable truth.

The distinction here is not sufficiently kept in sight between objects of thought which are denoted by some symbol besides the articulate word, and those which can be represented in words alone. All material objects, or such as are found amid material environments, belong to the former class, and of course need no words to become known. Their material outlines and specific sensible qualities sufficiently reveal them to the mind without any spoken language; for these individualize, differentiate, and circumscribe the object, and that is the whole function of language. When, however, it is question of purely intellectual conceptions, such as obtain throughout the range of metaphysics, these are so bound up with their expression that, this being lost, the thought disappears with it. This theory, long since broached by De Bonald, finds unexpected support in the facts of aphasia. There are two forms of aphasia, the one amnesic, involving the loss of the memory of words, the other ataxic, or inability to coordinate words in coherent speech. The latter form is met with often separately, and under those conditions the study of this phenomenon becomes more interesting. We then see that all idea of relation has disappeared, because it being a purely intellectual idea, having no sensible sign to represent it, its expression being lost to the mind, the thought perishes at the same time. Hence words are confusedly jumbled by the patient without the slightest reference to their meaning. The researches of Bouillaud, Dax, Hughlings, Jackson, Hammond, Flint, and Séguin all tend to establish the close dependence of thought and language, and to justify the utterance of Prof. Vogt which Dr. Mivart quotes with so much disapprobation, or to lend force to the dictum of Max Müller, that "without language there can be no thought." We have merely touched upon this interesting subject of aphasia, as a lengthened consideration of it would carry us beyond our limits; but we hope to have stated enough to show that Dr. Mivart was, to say the least, rash in dismissing its teachings so summarily. We will, however, do him the justice of saying that he conclusively proves the essential difference between emotional and rational language, and the absurdity of regarding the latter as a mere development of the former. He has done this, too, by citing authorities from the opposing school, and the labors of Mr. Taylor and Sir John Lubbock are made to do yeoman's service against Mr. Darwin.

We have thus far followed Dr. Mivart step by step through the opening chapters of his book, and have found at each point of our progress abundant materials for reflection. The field he has surveyed with close-gazing eye is varied and extensive; and though many gleaners will come after him laden with fresh sheaves of toilsome gathering, to him belongs the credit of having garnered the first crop of Catholic truth from the seeds which modern science planted. He has done this service, too, for philosophy: that he has enabled us to view modern speculations in the light of the grand old principles of

scholastic philosophy, and dispelled the clouds of sophistry which filled up and gilded over the cranks and crannies of modern error. He has appreciated *au juste* the drift and meaning of that false science which strives to make the beautiful facts of nature the basis of a pernicious philosophy. Not a few of our orthodox friends have hitherto failed to discern the real germ of falsity in the speculations of such men as Tyndall and Huxley and Spencer. They felt that the conclusions arrived at by those writers are false, subversive of reason and morality, but, not being sufficiently versed in the premises wherewith those conclusions were sought to be connected, they were obliged either to hold themselves to a silent protest or to carp and snarl without proof or argument to offer. We should remember that, though principles rest the same, consequences assume Protean shapes, according as a sound or a perverse logic deduces them; and such is the invariable necessity imposed upon the champions of truth that they must, from time to time, cast aside weapons which have done good service against a vanquished foe, and fashion others to deal a fresh thrust wherever they find a flaw in the newly-fashioned armor of error. Catholic thinkers must keep abreast of the times, and we hope that henceforth the opponents of scientism will abandon sarcasm and invective, and, approaching their subject with a fulness of knowledge which will compel the respect of their adversaries, proceed in their work, even as Dr. Mivart has done, with dignity and moderation.

SEVILLE.

Quien no visto a Sevilla
No ha visto a maravilla.

Our first glimpse of the soft-flowing Guadalquivir was a disappointment—a turbid stream between two flat, uninteresting banks, on which grew low bushes that had neither grace nor dignity. It needed its musical name and poetic associations to give it any claim on the attention. But it assumed a better aspect as we went on. Immense orchards of olive-trees, soft and silvery, spread wide their boughs as far as the eye could see. The low hills were sun-bathed; the valleys were fertile; mountains appeared in the distance, severe and jagged as only Spanish mountains know how to be, to give character to the landscape. Now and then some old town came in sight on a swell of ground, with an imposing gray church or Moorish-looking tower. At length we came to fair Seville, standing amid orange and citron groves, on the very banks of the Guadalquivir, with numerous towers that were once minarets, and, chief among them, the beautiful, rose-flushed Giralda, warm in the sunset light, rising like a stately palm-tree among gleaming white houses. The city looked worthy of its fame as Seville the enchantress—*Encantadora Sevilla!*

We went to the *Fonda Europa*, a Spanish-looking hotel with a *patio*

in the centre, where played a fountain amid odorous trees and shrubs, and lamps, already lighted, hung along the arcades, in which were numerous guests sauntering about, and picturesque beggars, grouped around a pillar, singing some old ditty in a recitative way to the sound of their instruments. Our room was just above, where we were speedily lulled to sleep by their melancholy airs, in a fashion not unworthy of one's first night in poetic Andalusia. What more, indeed, could one ask for than an orange-perfumed court with a splashing fountain, lamps gleaming among the trailing vines, Spanish *caballeros* pacing the shadowy arcades, and wild-looking beggars making sad music on the harp and guitar?

Of course our first visit in the morning was to the famed cathedral. Everything was charmingly novel in the streets to our new-world eyes—the gay shops of the *Calle de las Sierpes*, the Broadway of Seville, which no carriage is allowed to enter; the *Plaza*, with its orange-trees and graceful arcades; and the dazzling white houses, with their Moorish balconies and pretty courts, of which we caught glimpses through the iron gratings, fresh and clean, with plants set around the cooling fountain, where the family assembled in the evening for music and conversation.

We soon found ourselves at the foot of the Giralda, which still calls to prayer, not, as in the time of the Moors, by means of its muezzin, but by twenty-four bells all duly consecrated and named — Santa Maria, San Miguel, San Cristobal, San Fernando, Santa Barbara, etc.— which, from time to time, send a whole wave of prayer over the city. It is certainly one of the finest towers in Spain, and the people of Seville are so proud of it that they call it the eighth wonder of the world, which surpasses the seven others:

> Tu, maravilla octava, maravillas
> A las pasadas siete maravillas.

The Moors regarded it as so sacred that they would have destroyed it rather than have it fall into the hands of the Christians, had not Alfonso the Wise threatened them with his vengeance should they do so. Its strong foundations were partly built out of the statues of the saints, as if they wished to raise a triumphant structure on the ruins of what was sacred to Christians. The remainder is of brick, of a soft rose-tint, very pleasing to the eye. The tower rises to the height of three hundred and fifty feet, square, imposing, and so solid as to have resisted the shock of several earthquakes. Around the belfry is the inscription:

NOMEN DOMINI FORTISSIMA TURRIS

—the name of the Lord is a strong tower. It is lighted by graceful arches and ascended by means of a ramp in the centre, which is so gradual that a horse could go to the very top. We found on the summit no wise old Egyptian raven, as in Prince Ahmed's time, with one foot in the grave, but still poring, with his knowing one eye, over the cabalistic diagrams before him. No; all magic lore vanished from the land with the dark-browed Moors, and now there were only gentle doves, softly cooing in less heathenish notes, but perhaps not without their spell.

On the top of the tower is a bronze statue of Santa Fé, fourteen feet high, weighing twenty-five hundred pounds, but, instead of being steadfast and immovable, as well-grounded faith should be, it turns like a weather-cock, veer-

ing with every wind like a very straw, whence the name of Giralda. Don Quixote makes his Knight of the Wood, speaking of his exploits in honor of the beautiful Casilda, say: "Once she ordered me to defy the famous giantess of Seville, called Giralda, as valiant and strong as if she were of bronze, and who, without ever moving from her place, is the most changeable and inconstant woman in the world. I went. I saw her. I conquered her. I forced her to remain motionless, as if tied, for more than a week. No wind blew but from the north."

At the foot of this magic tower is the *Patio de las Naranjas*—an immense court filled with orange-trees of great age, in the midst of which is the fountain where the Moors used to perform their ablutions. It is surrounded by a high battlemented wall, which makes the cathedral look as if fortified. You enter it by a Moorish archway, now guarded by Christian apostles and surmounted by the victorious cross. Just within you are startled by a thorn-crowned statue of the *Ecce Homo*, in a deep niche, with a lamp burning before it. The court is thoroughly Oriental in aspect, with its fountain, its secluded groves, the horseshoe arches with their arabesques, the crocodile suspended over the *Puerta del Lagarto*, sent by the Sultan of Egypt to Alfonso the Wise, asking the hand of his daughter in marriage (an ominous love-token from which the princess naturally shrank); and over the church door, with a lamp burning before it, is a statue of the Oriental Virgin whom all Christians unite in calling Blessed—here specially invoked as *Nuestra Señora de los Remedios*. The Oriental aspect of the court makes the cathedral within all the more impressive, with its Gothic gloom and marvels of western art. It is one of the grandest Gothic churches in the world. It is said the canons, when the question of building it was discussed in 1401, exclaimed in full chapter: "Let us build a church of such dimensions that every one who beholds it will consider us mad!" Everything about it is on a grand scale. It is an oblong square four hundred and thirty-one feet long by three hundred and fifteen wide. The nave is of prodigious height, and of the six aisles the two next the walls are divided into a series of chapels. The church is lighted by ninety-three immense windows of stained glass, the finest in Spain, but of the time of the decadence. The rites of the church are performed here with a splendor only second to Rome, and the objects used in the service are on a corresponding scale of magnificence. The silver monstrance, for the exposition of the Host, is one of the largest pieces of silversmith's work in the kingdom, with niches and saints elaborately wrought, surmounted by a statuette of the Immaculate Conception. The bronze *tenebrario* for Holy Week is twelve feet high, with sixteen saints arrayed on the triangle. The Pascal candle, given every year by the chapter of Toledo in exchange for the palm branches used on Palm Sunday, is twenty-five feet high, and weighs nearly a ton. It looks like a column of white marble, and might be called the "*Grand Duc des chandelles*," as the sun was termed by Du Bartas, a French poet of the time of Henry of Navarre. On the right wall, just within one of the doors, is a St. Christopher, painted in the sixteenth century, thirty-two feet high, with a green tree for a staff, crossing a mighty

current with the child Jesus on his shoulder, looking like an infant Hercules. These gigantic St. Christophers are to be seen in most of the Spanish cathedrals, from a belief that he who looks prayerfully upon an image of this saint will that day come to no evil end: *Christophorum videas; postea tutus eas*—Christopher behold; then mayest thou safely go; or, according to the old adage:

Christophori sancti, speciem quicumque tuetur,
Istâ nempè die non morte mala morietur.

These colossal images are at first startling, but one soon learns to like the huge, kindly saint who walked with giant steps in the paths of holiness; bore a knowledge of Christ to infidel lands of suffering and trial, upheld amid the current by his lofty courage and strength of will, which raised him above ordinary mortals, and carrying his staff, ever green and vigorous, emblem of his constancy. No legend is more beautifully significant, and no saint was more popular in ancient times. His image was often placed in elevated situations, to catch the eye and express his power over the elements, and he was especially invoked against lightning, hail, and impetuous winds. His name of happy augury—the Christ-bearer—was given to Columbus, destined to carry a knowledge of the faith across an unknown deep.

This reminds us that in the pavement near the end of the church is the tombstone of Fernando, the son of Christopher Columbus, on which are graven the arms given by Ferdinand and Isabella, with the motto: *A Castilla y a Leon, mundo nuevo dio Colon.* Over this stone is erected the immense *monumento* for the Host on Maundy Thursday, shaped like a Greek temple, which is adorned by large statues, and lit up by nearly a thousand candles.

This church, though full of solemn religious gloom, is by no means gloomy. It is too lofty and spacious, and the windows, especially in the morning, light it up with resplendent hues. The choir, which is as large as an ordinary church, stands detached in the body of the house. It is divided into two parts transversely, with a space between them for the laity, as in all the Spanish cathedrals. The part towards the east contains the high altar, and is called the *Capilla mayor.* The other is the *Coro*, strictly speaking, and contains the richly-carved stalls of the canons and splendid choral books. They are both surrounded by a high wall finely sculptured, except the ends that face each other, across which extend *rejas*, or open-work screens of iron artistically wrought, that do not obstruct the view.

The canons were chanting the Office when we entered, and looked like bishops in their flowing purple robes. The service ended with a procession around the church, the clergy in magnificent copes, heavy with ancient embroidery in gold. The people were all devout. No careless ways, as in many places where religion sits lightly on the people, but an earnestness and devotion that were impressive. The attitudes of the clergy were fine, without being studied; the grouping of the people picturesque. The ladies all wore the Spanish mantilla, and, when not kneeling, sat, in true Oriental style, on the matting that covered portions of the marble pavement. Lights were burning on nearly all the altars like con-

stellations of stars all along the dim aisles. The grandeur of the edifice, the numerous works of Christian art, the august rites of the Catholic Church, and the devotion of the people all seemed in harmony. Few churches leave such an impression on the mind.

In the first chapel at the left, where stands the baptismal font, is Murillo's celebrated "Vision of St. Anthony," a portion of which was cut out by an adroit thief a few years ago, and carried to the United States, but is now replaced. It is so large that, with a "Baptism of our Saviour" above it by the same master, it fills the whole side of the chapel up to the very arch. It seemed to be the object of general attraction. Group after group came to look at it before leaving the church, and it is worthy of its popularity and fame, though Mr. Ford says it has always been overrated. Théophile Gautier is more enthusiastic. He says:

"Never was the magic of painting carried so far. The rapt saint is kneeling in the middle of his cell, all the poor details of which are rendered with the vigorous realism characteristic of the Spanish school. Through the half-open door is seen one of those long, spacious cloisters so favorable to reverie. The upper part of the picture, bathed in a soft, transparent, vaporous light, is filled with a circle of angels of truly ideal beauty, playing on musical instruments. Amid them, drawn by the power of prayer, the Infant Jesus descends from cloud to cloud to place himself in the arms of the saintly man, whose head is bathed in the streaming radiance, and who seems ready to fall into an ecstasy of holy rapture. We place this divine picture above the St. Elizabeth of Hungary cleansing the *teigneux*, to be seen at the Royal Academy of Madrid; above the 'Moses'; above all the Virgins and all the paintings of the Infant Jesus by this master, however beautiful, however pure they be. He who has not seen the 'St. Anthony of Padua' does not know the highest excellence of the painter of Seville. It is like those who imagine they know Rubens and have never seen the 'Magdalen' at Antwerp."

We passed chapel after chapel with paintings, statues, and tombs, till we came to the *Capilla Real*, where lies the body of St. Ferdinand in a silver urn, with an inscription in four languages by his son, Alfonso the Wise, who seems to have had a taste for writing epitaphs. He composed that of the Cid.

St. Ferdinand was the contemporary and cousin-german of St. Louis of France, who gave him the *Virgen de los Reyes* that hangs in this chapel, and, like him, added the virtues of a saint to the glories of a warrior. He had such a tender love for his subjects that he was unwilling to tax them, and feared the curse of one poor old woman more than a whole army of Moors. He took Cordova, and dedicated the mosque of the foul Prophet to the purest of Virgins. He conquered Murcia in 1245; Jaen in 1246; Seville in 1248; but he remained humble amid all his glory, and exclaimed with tears on his death-bed: "O my Lord! thou hast suffered so much for the love of me; but I, wretched man that I am! what have I done out of love for thee?" He died like a criminal, with a cord around his neck and a crucifix in his hands, and so venerated by foes as well as friends that, when he was buried, Mohammed Ebn Alahmar, the founder of the Alhambra, sent a hundred Moorish knights to bear lighted tapers around his bier—a tribute of respect he continued to pay him on every anniversary of his death. And to this day, when the body of St. Ferdinand, which is in a remarkable state of preservation, is

exposed to veneration, the troops present arms as they pass, and the flag is lowered before the conqueror of Seville.

The arms of the city represent St. Ferdinand on his throne, with SS. Leander and Isidore, the patrons of Seville, at his side. Below is the curious device—No 8 Do—a rebus of royal invention, to be seen on the pavement of the beautiful chapter-house. When Don Sancho rebelled against his father, Alfonso the Wise, most of the cities joined in the revolt. But Seville remained loyal, and the king gave it this device as the emblem of its fidelity. The figure 8, which represents a knot or skein—*madeja* in Spanish—between the words No and Do, reads: *No madeja do*, or *No m'ha dejado*, which, being interpreted, is : *She has not abandoned me.*

St. Ferdinand's effigy is rightfully graven on the city arms; for it was he who wrested Seville from Mahound and restored it to Christ, to use the expression on the *Puerta de la Carne :*

Condidit Alcides; renovavit Julius urbem,
Restituit Christo Fernandus tertius Heros.

—Alcides founded the city, Julius Cæsar rebuilt it, and Ferdinand III., the Hero, restored it to Christ; a proud inscription, showing the antiquity of Seville. Hercules himself, who played so great a *rôle* in Spain, founded it, as you see; its historians say just two thousand two hundred and twenty-eight years after the creation of the world. On the *Puerta de Jerez* it is written: "Hercules built me, Julius Cæsar surrounded me with walls, and the Holy King conquered me with the aid of Garcia Perez de Vargas." Hercules' name has been given to one of the principal promenades of the city, where his statue is to be seen on a column, opposite to another of Julius Cæsar.

The above-mentioned Garcia Perez and Alfonso el Sabio are both buried in the Royal Chapel. Close beside it is the chapel of the Immaculate Conception, with some old paintings of that mystery, which Seville was one of the foremost cities in the world to maintain. Andalusia is the true land of the Immaculate Conception, and Seville was the first to raise a cry of remonstrance against those who dared attack the most precious prerogative of the Virgin. Its clergy and people sent deputies to Rome, and had silence imposed on all who were audacious enough to dispute it. And when Pope Paul V. published his bull authorizing the festival of the Immaculate Conception, and forbidding any one's preaching or teaching to the contrary, Seville could not contain itself for joy, but broke out into tournaments and banquets, bull-fights and the roaring of cannon. When the festival came round, this joy took another form, and expressed itself in true Oriental fashion by dances before the Virgin, as the Royal Harper danced before the ark. Nor was this a novelty. Religious dances had been practised from remote times in Spain. They formed part of the Mozarabic rite, which Cardinal Ximenes reestablished at Toledo, authorizing dances in the choir and nave. St. Basil, among other fathers, approved of imitating the *tripudium angelorum*—the dance of the angelic choirs that

"Sing, and, singing in their glory, move."

At the Cathedral of Seville the choir-boys, called *Los Seises*—the Sixes—used to dance to the sound of ivory castanets before the Host

on Corpus Christi, and in the chapel of the Virgin on the 8th of December, when they were dressed in blue and white. Sometimes they sang as they danced. One of their hymns began: "Hail, O Virgin, purer and fairer than the dawn or star of day! Daughter, Mother, Spouse, Maria! and the Eastern Gate of God!" with the chorus: "Sing, brothers, sing, to the praise of the Mother of God; of Spain the royal patroness, conceived without sin!" There was nothing profane in this dance. It was a kind of cadence, decorous, and not without religious effect. Several of the archbishops of Seville, however, endeavored to suppress it, but the lower clergy long clung to the custom. Pope Eugenius IV., in 1439, authorized the dance of the *Seises*. St. Thomas of Villanueva speaks approvingly of the religious dances of Seville in his day. They were also practised in Portugal, where we read of their being celebrated at the canonization of St. Charles Borromeo, as in Spain for that of St. Ignatius de Loyola. These, however, were of a less austere character, and were not performed in church. In honor of the latter, quadrilles were formed of children, personifying the four quarters of the globe, with costumes in accordance. America had the greatest success, executed by children eight or ten years old, dressed as monkeys, parrots, etc.—tropical America, evidently. These were varied in one place by the representation of the taking of Troy, the wooden horse included.

The Immaculate Conception is still the favorite dogma of this region. *Ave Maria Purissima!* is still a common exclamation. There are few churches without a Virgin dressed in blue and white; few houses without a picture, at least, of Mary Most Pure. There are numerous confraternities of the Virgin, some of whom come together at dawn to recite the *Rosario de la Aurora*. Among the hymns they sing is a verse in which Mary is compared to a vessel of grace, of which St. Joseph is the sail, the child Jesus the helm, and the oars are the pious members, who devoutly pray:

> "Es Maria la nave de gracia,
> San Jose la vela, el Niño el timon;
> Y los remos son las buenas almas
> Que van al Rosario con gran devocion."

There is another chapel of Our Lady in the cathedral of Seville, in which is a richly-sculptured retable with pillars, and niches, and statues, all of marble, and a balustrade of silver, along the rails of which you read, in great silver letters, the angelic salutation: AVE MARIA!

At the further end of one of the art-adorned sacristies hangs Pedro de Campaña's famous "Descent from the Cross," before which Murillo loved to meditate, especially in his last days. Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus, in deep-red mantles, let down the dead Christ. St. John stands at the foot ready to receive him. The Virgin is half fainting. Magdalen is there with her vase. The figures are a little stiff, but their attitudes are expressive of profound grief, and the picture is admirable in coloring and religious in effect, as well as interesting from its associations. It was once considered so awful that Pacheco was afraid to remain before it after dark. But those were days of profound religious feeling; now men are afraid of nothing. And it was so full of reality to Murillo that, one evening, lingering longer than usual before it, the sacristan

came to warn him it was time to close the church. "I am waiting," said the pious artist, rousing from his contemplation, "till those holy men shall have finished taking down the body of the Lord." The painting then hung in the church of Santa Cruz, and Murillo was buried beneath it. This was destroyed by Marshal Soult, and the bones of the artist scattered.

In the same sacristy hang, on opposite walls, St. Leander and his brother Isidore, by Murillo, both with noble heads. The latter is the most popular saint in Spain after St. James, and is numbered among the fathers of the church. Among the twelve burning suns, circling in the fourth heaven of Dante's Paradiso, is "the arduous spirit of Isidore," whom the great Alcuin long before called "Hesperus, the star of the church—*Jubar Ecclesiæ, sidus Hesperiæ.*" The Venerable Bede classes him with Jerome, Athanasius, Augustine, and Cyprian; and it was after dictating some passages from St. Isidore that he died.

St. Isidore is said to have been descended from the old Gothic kings. At any rate, he belonged to a family of saints, which is better; his sister and two brothers being in the calendar. His saintly mother, when the family was exiled from Carthagena on account of their religion, chose to live in Seville, saying with tears: "Let me die in this foreign land, and have my sepulchre here where I was brought to the knowledge of God!" It is said a swarm of bees came to rest on the mouth of St. Isidore when a child; as is related of several other men celebrated for their mellifluence—Plato and St. Ambrose, for example. Old legends tell how he went to Rome and back in one night. However that may be, his mind was of remarkable activity and compass, and took in all the knowledge of the day. He knew Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, and wrote such a vast number of works as to merit the title of *Doctor Egregius.* There are two hundred MSS. of his in the *Bibliothèque Royale* at Paris, and still more at the Vatican, to say nothing of those in Spain. His great work, the *Etymologies*, in twenty books, is an encyclopædia of all the learning of the seventh century. Joseph Scaliger says it rendered great service to science by saving from destruction what would otherwise have been irretrievably lost.

The account of St. Isidore's death, celebrated by art, is very affecting. When he felt his end was drawing near, he summoned two of his suffragans, and had himself transported to the church of San Vicente amid a crowd of clergy, monks, and the entire population of Seville, who rent the air with their cries. When he arrived before the high altar, he ordered all the women to retire. Then one of the bishops clothed him in sackcloth, and the other sprinkled him with ashes. In this penitential state he publicly confessed his sins, imploring pardon of God, and begging all present to pray for him. "And if I have offended any one," added he, "let him pardon me in view of my sincere repentance." He then received the holy Body of the Lord, and gave all around him the kiss of peace, desiring that it might be a pledge of eternal reunion, after which he distributed all the money he had left to the poor. He was then taken home, and died four days after.*

*Roelas' masterpiece, the *Transito de San Isidoro*, in the church of that name, represents this

On the church in which this touching scene occurred is represented San Vicente, the titular, with the legendary crow which piloted the ship that bore his body to Lisbon, with a pitchfork in its mouth. Mr. Ford, whose knowledge of saintly lore is not commensurate with his desire to be funny, thinks "a rudder would be more appropriate," not knowing that a fork was one of the instruments used to torture the "Invincible Martyr." Prudentius says: "When his body was lacerated by iron forks, he only smiled on his tormentors; the pangs they inflicted were a delight; thorns were his roses; the flames a refreshing bath; death itself was but the entrance to life."

Near the cathedral is the Alcazar, with battlemented walls, and an outer pillared court where pace the guards to defend the shades of past royalty. As we had not then seen the Alhambra, we were the more struck by the richness and beauty of this next best specimen of Moorish architecture. The fretwork of gold on a green ground, or white on red; the mysterious sentences from the Koran; the curious ceilings inlaid with cedar; the brilliant *azulejos;* the Moorish arches and decorations; and the secluded courts, were all novel, and like a page from some Eastern romance. The windows looked out on enchanting gardens, worthy of being sung by Ariosto, with orange hedges, palm-trees, groves of citrons and pomegranates, roses in full bloom, though in January; kiosks lined with bright *azulejos*, and a fountain in the centre; fish playing in immense marble tanks, tiny jets of water springing up along the paths to cool the air, a bright sun, and a delicious temperature. All this was the creation of Don Pedro the Cruel, aided by some of the best Moorish workmen from Granada. Here reigned triumphant Maria de Padilla, called the queen of sorcerers by the people, who looked upon Don Pedro as bewitched. When she died, the king had her buried with royal honors—shocking to say, in the *Capilla Real*, where lies Fernando the Saint! Her apartments are pointed out, now silent and deserted where once reigned love and feasting—yes, and crime. In one of the halls it is said Don Pedro treacherously slew Abou Said, King of the Moors, who had come to visit him in sumptuous garments of silk and gold, covered with jewels—slew him for the sake of the booty. Among the spoils were three rubies of extraordinary brilliancy, as large as pigeons' eggs, one of which Don Pedro afterwards gave the Black Prince; it is now said to adorn the royal crown of England.

There is a little oratory in the Alcazar, only nine or ten feet square, called the *Capilla de los Azulejos*, because the altar, retable, and the walls to a certain height, are composed of enamelled tiles, some of which bear the F and Y, with the arrows and yoke, showing they were made in the time of Isabella the Catholic. The altar-piece represents the Visitation. In this chapel Charles V. was married to Isabella of Portugal.

No one omits to visit the hospital of *La Caridad*, which stands on a square by the Guadalquivir, with

solemn scene. The dying saint is on the steps of the altar, supported by two bishops, who look all the more venerable from contrast with the fresh bloom of the beautiful choir-boys behind; the multitude is swaying with grief through the long, receding aisles; and, in the opening heavens above, appear Christ and the Virgin, ready to receive him into the glory of which we catch a glimpse. It is a picture that can only be compared to Domenichino's "Last Communion of St. Jerome."

five large pictures on the front, of blue and white *azulejos*, painted after the designs of Murillo. One of them represents St. George and the dragon, to which saint the building is dedicated. This hospital was rebuilt in 1664 by Miguel de Mañara in expiation of his sins; for he had been, before his conversion, a very Don Juan for profligacy. In his latter days he acquired quite a reputation for sanctity, and some years since there was a question of canonizing him. However, he had inscribed on his tomb the unique epitaph: "Here lie the ashes of the worst man that ever lived in the world." He was a friend of Murillo's, and, being a man of immense wealth, employed him to adorn the chapel of his hospital. Marshal Soult carried off most of these paintings, among which was the beautiful "St. Elizabeth of Hungary," now at Madrid; but six still remain. "Moses smiting the Rock" and the "Multiplication of the Loaves and Fishes" are justly noted, but the most beautiful is the picture of San Juan de Dios staggering home through the dark street on a stormy night, with a dying man on his shoulder. An angel, whose heavenly radiance lights up the gloom with truly Rembrandt coloring, is aiding him to bear his burden.

There is a frightful picture among these soft Murillos, by Juan Valdés Leal, of a half-open coffin, in which lies a bishop in magnificent pontifical robes, who is partially eaten up by the worms. Murillo could never look at it without compressing his nose, as if it gave out a stench. The "Descent from the Cross" over the altar is exquisitely carved and colored. Few chapels contain so many gems of art, but the light is ill-adapted for displaying them.

This hospital was in part founded for night wanderers. It is now an almshouse for old men, and served by Sisters of Charity.

Among other places of attraction are the palace of the Duke de Montpensier and the beautiful grounds with orange orchards and groves of palm-trees. Then there is the house of Murillo, bright and sunny, with its pleasant court and marble pillars, still the home of art, owned by a dignitary of the church.

The *Casa de Pilatos* is an elegant palace, half Moorish, half Gothic, belonging to the Duke of Medina Celi, said to have been built by a nobleman of the sixteenth century, in commemoration of a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, after the plan of Pilate's house. Perhaps the name was given it because the public stations of the *Via Crucis*, or Way of Bitterness, as the Spanish call it, begin here, at the cross in the court. The Pretorian chapel has a column of the flagellation and burning lamps; and on the staircase, as you go up, is the cock in memory of St. Peter. Beautiful as the palace is, it is unoccupied, and kept merely for show.

It would take a volume to describe all the works of art to be seen in the palaces and churches of Seville. We will only mention the *Jesus Nazareno del Gran Poder* —of great power—at San Lorenzo, a statue by Montañes, which is carried in the processions of Holy Week, dressed in black velvet broidered with silver and gold, and bearing a large cross encrusted with ivory, shell, and pearl. Angels, with outspread wings, bear lanterns before him. The whole group is carried by men so concealed under draperies that it seems to move of itself. We had not the satisfaction of witnessing one of these proces-

sions, perhaps the most striking in the world, with the awful scenes of the Passion, the Virgin of Great Grief, and the apostles in their traditional colors; even Judas in yellow, still in Spain the color of infamy and criminals.

Of course we went repeatedly to the *Museo* of Seville; for we had specially come here to see Murillo on his native ground. His statue is in the centre of the square before it. The collection of paintings is small, but it comprises some of the choicest specimens of the Seville school. They are all of a religious nature, and therefore not out of place in the church and sacristy where they are hung—part of the suppressed convent of *La Merced*, founded by Fernando el Santo in the thirteenth century. The custodian who ushered us in waved his hand to the pictures on the opposite wall, breathing rather than saying the word *Murillo!* with an ineffable accent, half triumph, half adoration, and then kissed the ends of his fingers to express their delicious quality. He was right. They are adorable. We recognized them at a glance, having read of them for long years, and seen them often in our dreams. And visions they are of beauty and heavenly rapture, such as Murillo alone could paint. His refinement of expression, his warm colors and shimmering tints, the purity and tenderness of his Virgins, the ecstatic glow of his saints, and the infantine grace and beauty of his child Christs, all combine to make him one of the most beautiful expressions of Christian art, in harmony with all that is mystical and fervid. He has twenty-four paintings here, four of which are Conceptions, the subject for which he is specially renowned. Murillo is emphatically the Painter of the Immaculate Conception. When he established the Academy of Art at Seville, of which he and Herrera were the first presidents, every candidate had to declare his belief in the Most Pure Conception of the Virgin. It was only three months before Murillo's birth that Philip IV., amid the enthusiastic applause of all Spain, solemnly placed his kingdom under the protection of the *Virgen concebida sin peccado*. Artists were at once inspired by the subject, and vied with each other in depicting the

> "Woman above all women glorified,
> Our tainted nature's solitary boast."

But Murillo alone rose to the full height of this great theme, and he will always be considered as, *par excellence*, the *Pintor de las Concepciones*. He painted the Conception twenty-five times, and not twice in the same way. Two are at Paris, several in England, three at Madrid, and four in this museum, one of which is called the *Perla*—a pearl indeed. Innocence and purity, of course, are the predominant expressions of these Virgins, from the very nature of the subject. Mary is always represented clothed in flowing white robes, and draped with an azure mantle. She is radiant with youth and grace, and mysterious and pure as the heaven she floats in. Her small, delicate hands are crossed on her virginal breast or folded in adoration. Her lips are half open and tremulous. She is borne up in a flood of silvery light, calmly ecstatic, her whole soul in her eyes, which are bathed in a humid languor, and her beautiful hair, caressed by the wind, is floating around her like an aureola of gold. The whole is a vision as intoxicating as a cloud of Arabian incense. It is a poem of mystical

love—the very ecstasy of devotion.

Murillo's best paintings were done for the Franciscans, the great defenders of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. From the Capuchins of Seville perhaps he derived his inspiration. They were his first patrons. He loved to paint the Franciscan saints, as well as their darling dogma. Such subjects were in harmony with his spiritual nature. He almost lived in the cloister. Piety reigned in his household. One of his sons took orders, and his daughter, Francisca, the model of some of his virgins, became a nun in the convent of the *Madre de Dios*.

Among his paintings here is one of "St. Francis at the foot of the Cross," trampling the world and its vanities under his feet. Our Saviour has detached one bleeding hand from the cross, and bends down to lay it on the shoulder of the saint, as if he would draw him closer to his wounded side. St. Francis is looking up with a whole world of adoring love in his eyes, of self-surrender and *abandon* in his attitude. Though sombre in tone, this is one of the most expressive and devotional of pictures, and, once seen, can never be forgotten.

Then there is St. Felix, in his brown Franciscan dress, holding the beautiful child Jesus in his arms. When we first saw it, the afternoon sun, streaming through the windows, threw fresh radiance over the heavenly Madonna, who comes lightly, so lightly! down through the luminous ether, borne by God's angels, slightly bending forward to the saint, as if with special predilection. A wallet of bread is at his feet, in reference to the legend that St. Felix went out one stormy night to beg for the poor brethren of his convent, and met a child radiant with goodness and beauty, who gave him a loaf and then disappeared. This picture is the perfection of what is called Murillo's *vaporous* style. The Spanish say it was painted *con leche y sangre*—with milk and blood.

The *Servietta*, so famous, is greatly injured. It is said to have been dashed off on a napkin, while waiting for his dinner, and given to the porter of the convent. If so, the friars' napkins were of very coarse canvas, as may be seen where the paint has scaled off. The Virgin, a half-length, has large, Oriental eyes, full of intensity and earnestness.

Opposite is St. Thomas of Villanueva, giving alms to the poor, with a look of compassionate feeling on his pale, emaciated face, the light coming through the archway above him with fine effect. The beggars around him stand out as if in relief. One is crawling up to the saint on his knees, the upper part of his body naked and brown from exposure. A child in the corner is showing his coin to his mother with glee. Murillo used to call this *his* picture, as if he preferred it to his other works.

St. Thomas was Archbishop of Valencia in the sixteenth century, and a patron of letters and the arts, but specially noted for his excessive charity, for which he is surnamed the Almsgiver. His ever-open purse was popularly believed to have been replenished by the angels. When he died, more than eight thousand poor people followed him to the grave, filling the air with their sighs and groans. Pope Paul V. canonized him, and ordered that he should be represented with a purse instead of a crosier.

Murillo's SS. Justa and Rufina are represented with victorious palms of martyrdom, holding between them the Giralda, of which they have been considered the special protectors since a terrible storm in 1504, which threatened the tower. They are two Spanish-looking maidens, one in a violet dress and yellow mantle, the other in blue and red, with earthen dishes around their feet. They lived in the third century, and were the daughters of a potter in Triana, a faubourg of Seville, on the other side of the river, which has always been famous for its pottery. In the time of the Arabs beautiful *azulejos* were made here, of which specimens are to be seen in some of the churches of Seville. In the sixteenth century there were fifty manufactories here, which produced similar ones of very fine lustre, such as we see at the *Casa de Pilatos*. Cervantes celebrates Triana in his *Rinconete y Cortadillo*. It is said to derive its name, originally Trajana, from the Emperor Trajan, who was born not far from Seville. It has come down from its high estate, and is now mostly inhabited by gypsies and the refuse of the city. The potteries are no longer what they once were. But there is an interesting little church, called Santa Ana, built in the time of Alfonso the Wise, in which are some excellent pictures, and a curious tomb of the sixteenth century made of *azulejos*. It was in this unpromising quarter the two Christian maidens, Justa and Rufina, lived fifteen hundred years ago or more. Some pagan women coming to their shop one day to buy vases for the worship of Venus, they refused to sell any for the purpose, and the women fell upon their stock of dishes and broke them to pieces. The saints threw the images of Venus into the ditch to express their abhorrence. Whereupon the people dragged them before the magistrates, and, confessing themselves to be Christians, they were martyred.

There are two St. Anthonies here by Murillo, one of which is specially remarkable for beauty and intensity of expression. The child Jesus has descended from the skies, and sits on an open volume, about to clasp the saint around the neck. St. Anthony's face seems to have caught something of the glow of heaven. Angels hover over the scene, as well they may.

There are several paintings here by the genial Pacheco, the father-in-law of Velasquez; among others one of St. Peter Nolasco, the tutor of Don Jayme *el Conquistador*, going in a boat to the redemption of captives. The man at the prow is Cervantes, who, with the other *beaux esprits* of the day, used to assemble in the studio of Pacheco, a man of erudition and a poet as well as a painter. Pacheco was a familiar of the Inquisition, and inspector of sacred pictures. It was in the latter capacity he laid down rules for their representation, among which were some relating to paintings of the Immaculate Conception (he has two paintings of this subject in the museum), which were generally adhered to in Spain. The general idea was taken from the woman in the Apocalypse, clothed with the sun, having the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars. The Virgin was to be represented in the freshness of maidenhood, with grave, sweet eyes, golden hair, in a robe of spotless white and a blue mantle. Blue and white are the traditional colors of the Virgin. In the

unchanging East Lamartine found the women of Nazareth clad in a loose white garment that fell around them in long, graceful folds, over which was a blue tunic confined at the waist by a girdle—a dress he thought might have come down from the time of the patriarchs.

But to return to Pacheco. It was he who, in the seventeenth century, took so active a part in the discussion whether St. Teresa, just canonized, should be chosen as the *Compatrona* of Spain. Many maintained that St. James should continue to be considered the sole patron, and Quevedo espoused his cause so warmly that he ended by challenging his adversaries to a combat *en champ clos*, and was in danger of losing his estates. Pacheco, as seen by existing manuscripts, wrote a learned theological treatise against him, taking up the cause of St. Teresa, which proved victorious. She was declared the second patron of Spain by Philip III.—a decision re-echoed by the Spanish Cortes as late as 1812. All the prominent men of the day took part in this discussion, even artists and literary men, as well as politicians and the clergy.

The place of honor in the museum is given to Zurbarán's "Santo Tomás," a grand picture, painted for the Dominican college of Seville. In the centre is St. Thomas Aquinas, in the Dominican habit, resting on a cloud, with the four doctors of the church, in ample flowing robes, around him. He holds up his pen, as if for inspiration, to the opening heavens, where appear Christ and the Virgin, St. Paul and St. Dominic. Below, at the left, is Diego de Deza, the founder of the college, and other dignitaries; while on the right, attended by courtiers, is Charles V., in a splendid imperial mantle, kneeling on a crimson cushion, with one hand raised invokingly to the saint. The faces are all said to be portraits of Zurbarán's time; that of the emperor, the artist himself. The coloring is rich, the perspective admirable, the costumes varied and striking, and the composition faultless.

Zurbarán has another picture here, of a scene from the legend of St. Hugo, who was Bishop of Grenoble in the time of St. Bruno, and often spent weeks together at the Grande Chartreuse. Once he arrived at dinner-time, and found the monks at table looking despairingly at the meat set before them, which they could not touch, it being a fast-day. The bishop, stretching forth his staff, changed the fowls into tortoises. The white habits and pointed cowls of the monks, and the varied expressions of their faces, contrast agreeably with the venerable bishop in his rich episcopal robes, and the beauty of the page who accompanies him.

The masterpiece of the elder Herrera is also here. Hermenegildo, a Gothic prince of the sixth century, martyred by order of his Arian father, whose religion he had renounced, is represented ascending to heaven in a coat of mail, leaving below him his friends SS. Leandro and Isidore, beside whom is his fair young son, richly attired, gazing wonderingly up at his sainted father as he ascends among a whole cloud of angels. This picture was painted for the high altar of the Jesuits of Seville, with whom Herrera took refuge when accused of the crime of issuing false money. It attracted the artistic eye of Philip IV. when he came to Seville in 1624. He asked the name of the artist, and, learning the cause of his reclusion

sent for him and pardoned him, saying that a man who had so much talent ought not to make a bad use of it.

There is no sculpture in the gallery of Seville, except a few statues of the saints—the spoils of monasteries, like the paintings. The finest thing is a St. Jerome, furrowed and wasted by penance, laying hold of a cross before which he bends one knee, with a stone in his right hand ready to smite his breast. This was done for the convent of Buenavista by Torrigiano, celebrated not only for his works, but for breaking Michael Angelo's nose. He was sent to Spain by his protector, Alexander VI., who was a generous patron of the arts. Goya considered this statue superior to Michael Angelo's Moses.

Our last hours at Seville were spent before all these works of sacred art, each of which has its own special revelation to the soul; and then we went to the cathedral. The day was nearly at an end. The chapels were all closed. The vast edifice was as silent as the grave, with only a few people here and there absorbed in their devotions. The upper western windows alone caught a few rays of the declining sun, empurpling the arches. The long aisles were full of gloom. We lingered awhile, like Murillo, before "Christ descending from the Cross," and then went back to the *Fonda Europa* with regret in our hearts.

SIX SUNNY MONTHS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF YORKE," "GRAPES AND THORNS," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

MR. BAILEY had finally, after some management, got Bianca quite to himself, and, discovering that they had mutual friends, and that she liked those parts of his writings which he considered the best, the two were quite over the threshold of a ceremonious acquaintance, and talking together very amicably.

"You may stay to supper, if you will," the Signora whispered to him. "But don't say so, because I shall not ask any one else. Get yourself out of sight somewhere."

"Fly with me!" he said tragically to Bianca. "May we go to the *loggia*, Signora?"

She nodded.

"If you will watch the windows, and come in the instant I call you; and if that child will get something on the way to put over her head and shoulders."

The two stole out of the drawing-rooms with all the merry pleasure of children playing a prank.

"Stop a moment!" the young man said when they reached the *sala*. "See how this room, almost encircled by brightly-lighted chambers, looks like the old moon in the new moon's arms. Isn't it pretty?"

They passed the dining-room, traversed the long western wing, went up a little stair, and found themselves on the roof of a building that had been added to the house and used as a studio for sculptors. A balustrade ran across one side, and at the side opposite a door entered an upper room of the studio. The two connecting sides, the one toward the west and that next the house, had trellises, over which morning-glory vines were running. A few pots of flowers and a chair or two completed the furniture of the place. Below, the garden and vineyard pressed close against its walls, breathing perfume, and just stirring the evening air with a delicate ripple of water and a whisper of leaves.

Bianca leaned on the balustrade and wished she were alone. The silent beauty was too solemn for talk; and, besides, it was the hour when one remembers the absent. Her companion was too sensitive not to perceive and respect her mood. "Only keep the shawl well about you," he said, as if in reply to some spoken word, then left her to herself, and paced to and fro at the most distant part of the *loggia*, drinking in the scene, which would some day flow from his pen-point in glowing words. It seemed not ten minutes when the Signora's voice was heard across the silence, "Children, come in!"

Both sighed as they left the charmed spot, and had half a mind to disobey the summons. "But, after all, it will only be exchanging one picture for another," the author said. "And, *ecco!*"

He pointed to the foot of the lit-

tle stair that led from the *loggia* down to the passage. Adriano stood there in the shade, like a portrait framed in ebony, holding in his hand one of the long-handled brass lamps of Italy, the light from whose three wicks struck upwards over his handsome dark face peering out sharply, but not at first seeing them.

"Strong light and shade will make a picture of anything," Bianca said. "And there is a companion."

He glanced at the dining-room window, and saw through the open half of a shutter Isabel standing under the chandelier, with face and hand uplifted to examine some pendants that had just caught her attention. The light poured over her face, and filled her beautiful, undazzled eyes, and the hand that held the crystal looked as if carved out of pink transparent coral.

Going in, they found the supper-table set, and Mr. Vane entertaining the ladies with a story of two politicians, of opposite parties, who were so candid they were always convincing each other, and, consequently, were never of the same opinion, except when they were each half convinced; and even then they were not of the same opinion, for their minds turned different ways, like two persons who meet on the threshold of a house, one going in and one coming out. They went on year after year in this way, arguing, and trying to arrive at the truth, till at last they both went crazy and were locked up in separate mad-houses. At length both returned to their first opinions, and so were restored to reason. But when they were set at liberty, they became as great bigots as they had before been liberals, and each was so determined not only not to yield to the other, whom he regarded as the cause of his misfortunes, but even to own that he could be sincere in his opinions, that they never met without fighting. Their rancor went on increasing, till they finally challenged each other at the same moment; and, in disputing as to which was the challenged and which the challenger, flew into such a fury that at last they killed each other, without ever having had time to fight a duel.

"The moral of it is," Mr. Vane concluded, "that when a man has once chosen his opinions, he has no more right to hear them abused than he has to hear his wife abused, no matter what she may be; and the cream of the moral is that all arguments are not only useless but dangerous."

"I know now what is meant by espousing an opinion or a cause," the Signora said. "I had supposed the word was used merely for variety of phrase. It means, then, 'for better or for worse.' Poor Truth! how many buffets she gets! Not from you!" she added hastily, and blushing as she saw that her words had made Mr. Vane suddenly serious, and that he was looking at her with an expression almost reproachful. "No matter what you may say, I am sure you would never see Truth standing on your threshold without bidding her welcome."

He looked down, and a faint smile rather shone through his face than parted his lips. He seemed to thank her so.

"I fancy she comes oftenest in silence and by herself," he said in a very quiet tone.

Something in his voice and look made Clive Bailey regard him with a momentary keenness. He felt that they indicated an almost feminine delicacy, and a depth of sensi-

tive sweetness he had not looked to find in Mr. Vane.

The Signora begged to call their attention to the *minestra* that was steaming on the table. "Annunciata deserves that we should attend to it at once," she said; "for she has given her best thoughts to it the whole afternoon. I couldn't tell how many things have gone to its composition. I do hope it is good, so that we can consistently praise it. I should feel less disappointment in having a book fall dead from the press, than she will if we take no notice of her cooking. Don't let the vacant chair injure your appetites; it is not for a ghost, but for Signor Leonardo, your Italian teacher. I told him to come to supper, and he is just five minutes too late—a wonder for him. He is the soul of promptness."

The door opened as she spoke, and Signor Leonardo stood bowing on the threshold—a dark, circumspect little man, who gave an impression of such stiffness and dryness that one almost expected to hear him crackle and snap in moving. He recovered from his low bow, however, without any accident, and, with some excess of ceremoniousness, got himself down to the table, where he sat on the very edge of his chair, looking so solemn and polite that Isabel, as she afterward declared, longed to get up and shake him. "He would have rattled all to pieces, if I had," she said.

This wooden little body contained, however, a cultivated mind and a good heart, and he was one of the most faithful, modest, and patient of men.

He had been at the Vatican that morning, he said, in answer to the Signora's questions, and had seen the Holy Father in good health and spirits, laughing at the cardinals who were with him, all of whom carried canes. "'I am older than any of you,' he said, 'and, see! I can walk without my cane. Oh! I am a young man yet.'"

"I saw Monsignor M——," the professor added, "and he requested me to give you this," presenting a little package.

The Signora opened it in smiling expectation, and held up a small half-roll of bread out of which a piece had been bitten. "See how we idolaters love the Pope!" she said to Mr. Vane. "I begged Monsignor to get me a piece of bread from his breakfast-table. Let me see what he has written about it," reading a card that accompanied this singular gift.

"My dear Signora," the prelate wrote, "behold your keepsake! I stood by while the Holy Father breakfasted, like a dog watching for a bone, and the moment I saw the one bite taken out of this bread I begged the rest for you. 'What!' said the Pope, 'my children take the very bread from my mouth!' and gave it to me, laughing pleasantly."

"The dear father," the Signora said, kissing her treasure, as she rose to put it away in safety.

This little incident led the talk to the Pope, and to many incidents illustrative of his goodness and the affection the people bore him.

"A few years ago, in the old time," the Signora said, "the price of bread was raised in Rome, for some reason or other, or for no reason. Some days after the Holy Father passed by here on his way to his favorite church, and ours, Bianca. He was walking, and his carriage following. I can see him now, in his white robe, his hands behind his back, holding his hat,

and his sweet face ready with a kind glance for all. A poor man approached, asked to speak to him, and was allowed. 'Holy Father,' he said, kneeling down, 'the price of bread is raised, and the people are hungry, for they cannot afford to buy it.' The Pope gave him an alms and his benediction, and passed on. The next day the price of bread was reduced to its former rate.

"'Such grace had kings when the world began.'"

One anecdote led to another; and then there was some music, Isabel playing rather brilliantly on the piano in the *sala*, a group of candles at either hand lighting up her face and person and that part of the room. Afterward, when the rest of the company had gone into the drawing-rooms, Bianca, sitting in a half-dark, sang two or three ballads so sweetly that they almost held their breaths to listen to her.

Her singing made them feel quiet, and as if the evening were over; and when it ended, Mr. Bailey and the *signore* took leave. The family sat a while longer in the *sala*, with no light but a lamp that burned before a Madonna at the end of the long room. Outside, a pine-tree lifted its huge umbrella against the pure sky, and a great tower showed in the same lucid deep. The streets in front were still and deserted, the windows all dark and sullen. The moon had long since set, and the stars were like large, wide-open eyes that stare with sleepiness. Some Campagna people, who had been in the city, and were going home again, passed by, and stirred the silence with the sound of an accordeon, with which they enlivened their midnight walk; then all was still again.

"The night-sounds of Rome are almost always pleasant," the Signora said. "Sometimes the country people come in with a tamborine and singing, but it is not noisy, and if it wakes you it is only for a few minutes. Sometimes it is a wine-cart, with all its little bells."

The clock of *Santa Maria Maggiore* was heard striking twelve. "My bells!" she exclaimed; then added: "I wish I could tell you all their lovely ways. For one, when they have the Forty Hours at the basilica, only the great bell strikes the hours, instead of three smaller ones, as now; and for the Angelus the four bells ring steadily together their little running song, while the great bell strikes now and then, but so softly as to be only a dream of a sound, as if *Maria Assunta* were talking to herself. It is delicious!"

"I hear a bell now—a little bell," Mr. Vane said.

They listened, and found that his keen hearing had not deceived him. There was a sound of a little bell in the street, faint, but coming slowly nearer. What could it be? They looked out and saw nothing but the long, white street, stretching its ghostly length from hill to hill. The sound, however, was in the street, and at a spot where they looked and saw nothing, and it came constantly nearer. At length, when it was almost under their windows, they perceived a motion, slow and colorless, as if the paving-stones were noiselessly turning over and rolling off toward the Quirinal, and then the paving-stones became a tide of pale water tossing a black stick as it flowed; and, at last, it was sheep, and the stick was a man. The whole street was alive with their little bobbing heads and close-pressed, woolly bodies. Soft and timid, they trotted past, as if afraid

of waking the terrible lion of a city in whose sleeping jaws they found themselves. The dogs made no sound as they kept the stragglers in bounds, the men spoke not a word as they moved here and there among their flocks; there was only the small trotting of a multitude of little feet, and bell after bell on the leader of flock after flock. It seemed as if the world had turned to sheep.

"I didn't know there were so many in the world!" Isabel whispered.

And still they came, stretching a mile, from beyond the Esquiline to beyond the Quirinal—an artery full of tender and innocent life flowing for an hour through the cruel, unconscious town.

The Signora explained that the flocks were being taken from one pasture-ground to another, their shortest way being through the city. "I once saw a herd of cattle pass," she said. "It was another thing, as you may imagine. Such a sense of the presence of fierce, strong life, and anger barely suppressed, I never experienced. It was their life that called my attention, as one feels lightning in the air. Then I heard their hoofs and the rattling of their horns, and then here they were! They were by no means afraid of Rome, but seemed, rather, impatient and angry that it should be here, drying up the pleasant hills where they would have liked to graze, reposing under the trees afterward, and looking dreamily off to the soft sea-line How sleepy sheep make one!"

The soft procession passed at length, and the family bade each other good-night.

The next morning Isabel resolved not to be outdone by the other two ladies, and accordingly, when she heard the door shut softly after them as they went out to early Mass, she made haste to dress and follow. They, meanwhile, walked slowly on, unconscious of her intention, which would scarcely have given them the pleasure she imagined; for they were bound on an errand which would have rendered her society particularly uncongenial.

Isabel went scrupulously to Communion three or four times a year, on certain great festivals, and at such times, according to her light, strove to do what she thought was required. She made her confession, but with scarcely more feeling than she would have reckoned up her money accounts, scrupulous to pay every cent, and, when every cent was paid, having a satisfied conviction that the account was square. Of that generous, higher honesty which, when casting up its accounts with God, blushes and abases itself in view of the little it has paid, or can pay, and which would fain cast itself into the balance, and, by an utter annihilation of every wish, hope, and pleasure that was not penitence, strive to express its gratitude at least for the ever unpayable debt—of this she knew nothing. She acknowledged freely that she was a sinner. "Of course I am a sinner!" she would say. "We are all sinners"; as if she should say, "Of course I am a biped!" but all as a matter of course. If anything decidedly offensive to her human sense of honor lay on her conscience, she certainly had a feeling of shame for it, and resolved not to transgress in that manner again; but there was no tremulous self-searching, no passion of prayer for illumination, unless at some odd time when sickness or peril had made death seem

near. The confession over, she went to church quietly, not talking much, and read respectfully the prayers in her prayer-book, which were, indeed, far warmer on her lips than in her heart. She tried not to look about, and, while her face was buried in her hands, shut her eyes, lest she should peep in spite of herself. Then, the whole over, she left the church, feeling much relieved that it was over, hoping that she had done right, and remaining rather serious for several hours after. Ordinarily, too, since the merciful Lord accepts even the smallest gift, and answers even the most tepid prayer, if they are sincerely offered, she felt some faint sweetness as she turned away, a tender touch of peace that brushed her in passing, and, moved by that slight experience of the rapture of the saints, as if a drop of spray from one of their fountains had fallen on her, she was conscious of an inexplicable regret that made her renew her good resolutions, and say a tiny prayer in her own words far more fervent than any she had breathed through the words of her book. For two days after her prayers were usually longer and more attentive, and she went to Mass; then Richard was himself again.

Knowing all this, then, as we know things without thinking of them, or allowing ourselves to know that we know them, both the Signora and Bianca would far rather have been by themselves in going to church, especially when going to Holy Communion.

They walked through the morning, already hot, though the hour was so early, with a sultry, splendid blue over their heads, and the air too sweet as it flowed over the garden-walls. The orange-trees seemed to be oppressed by the weight of their own odors, and to throw them off in strong, panting respirations. The sun was blazing directly behind one of the cupolas of the basilica, as they went up the hill, seeming to be set in the lantern; and then a light coolness touched them in the shadow, and they entered the beautiful church, where perpetual freshness reigns, rivalling the climate of St. Peter's.

The bells were just dropping off for the last fifteen minutes' tolling, and the canons were coming in for choir, one by one, or two by two. One or two of the earlier ones, in their snow-white *cottas* and ermine capes, were kneeling before a shrine or strolling slowly across the nave toward the choir-chapel. Here and there a Mass was being said, with a little group of poor people gathered about the altar, kneeling on the magnificent pavement of involved mosaic work, or sitting on the bases of the great columns. A woman with a white handkerchief on her head received communion at one altar, two little children playing about her, and clinging to her skirts as she got up to go to her place, her hands folded, her face wrapt in devotion, as undisturbed by the prattling and pulling of the little ones as St. Charles Borromeo over his altar by the winged cherubs that held up and peeped through his long scarlet train.

Our American ladies knelt near the door, by the side of the tribune, facing the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament at the other side of the church. The morning light entering this chapel set all its marbles glittering, and made the gilt tabernacle in the centre brighter than the lamps that burned before it, and, shining out into the church, set the great porphyry columns of the canopy in a glow. One might fancy that

the blood of the martyrs whose bodies and relics reposed beneath was beginning to rise and circulate through the rich stone, above which the martyr's crown and palm stood out in burning gold.

Having finished their prayer to "His Majesty," as the Spaniards beautifully express it, the two knelt at the *prie-dieu* before the entrance to the gorgeous Borghese Chapel, to salute Our Lady in sight of St. Luke's portrait of her. The face was doubly covered by its curtain of gold-embroidered silk and gates of transparent alabaster; but their eyes were fixed on the screen as they prayed, and these needed no more than they saw. Of this picture it has been said that sometimes angels have been found chanting litanies about it.

There was no Mass in this chapel, and our friends went down the basilica to the chapel of the Sacred Heart, where a Mass was just beginning. The celebrant was an old man with hair as white as snow, and a face as peaceful and happy as a child's. The Signora often encountered him in the church, and always felt like touching his robe in passing.

"I am glad we shall receive communion from his hands," she whispered to Bianca. "I always feel as if he were an angel only half disguised."

Half an hour afterward they left the chapel, but still lingered in the church, loath to go. There was no one in sight, but the strong, manly chorus of voices from the canons' choir came out to them, now faintly heard as they moved out of its range, now clear and strong as they went nearer.

"We really must go. They will be waiting for us at home," the Signora said.

Turning back for one more glance at the door, they saw the procession coming from the sacristy for the canons' Mass, the vestments glittering brightly as they passed a streak of sunshine coming into the middle of the nave.

"It is a constant succession of pictures," sighed Bianca, who seemed hardly able to tear herself away.

They stopped a few minutes on the steps.

"Whatever else is injured by these new people, this basilica has certainly profited," the Signora said. "The tribune front was a little low for the breadth. By digging down the hill, and, consequently, adding so many more steps to this superb flight, they have made the proportion perfect. Then they have also had to make a deeper pedestal to the obelisk, which is an improvement. The new white stone shows now in harsh contrast with the soft-toned old, but time will soon mellow it. And, moreover, they are doing their work well. They really seem to take pride in it. The *piazza* was formerly muddy or dusty. Now they have made a solid foundation, and it will be all covered, when done, with that gold-colored gravel you see in patches. Fancy a golden *piazza* leading up to my golden basilica!"

She led her young friend along to the other end of the steps, and pointed up to where beautiful spikes of pink flowers were growing in interstices of the carving, and lovely plants made a fine fringe high in the air. Flights of birds came and went, brushing the flowers with their wings, and alighted, singing and twittering, all about the cupola over the Blessed Sacrament, going away only to return.

"The little wild birds come to our Lord's cupola," she said, "and

there are always flocks of doves about Our Lady's. I wonder why it is?"

Going home, they found Isabel sitting with her bonnet on, taking coffee, and talking to her father, who seemed amused.

"Here they are at last!" she exclaimed. "I have been to *Santa Maria Maggiore*, hoping to find you, and you weren't there."

"Indeed we were there!" she was told.

"You were hiding from me, then," she went on. "No matter, I had a very pleasant morning, though rather a peculiar one. I searched and searched for you, and saw nothing of you; finally, seeing a movement of clergy toward a chapel at the right side as you go in, half-way down the church, I thought that must be the proper place to go. Accordingly, I went in and took a seat. Some clergymen seated themselves on the same bench, lower down, and I thought it more modest to move up. Then more clergy came, and I kept moving up toward the altar. I began to wish that some woman would come in, if it were only a beggar-woman; even the sight of a poor man or of a child would have been a relief. But there was no one but me besides the clergy. Well, I stood my ground, hoping that when the services should begin some people would come, and, on the whole, rather congratulating myself that I had secured so good a post. I kept moving up till at length I found myself close to the altar, and with a great stand before me on which was a great book. It was one of those turning lecterns, aren't they?—set on a post about six feet high, and having five or six sides at the top. After a while I began to feel myself getting in a perspiration. Not a soul came but priests. I looked in their faces to see if they were astonished at my being there, but not one seemed to be even conscious of my presence. They sat in two rows, facing each other, part of them in ermine capes, part in gray squirrel, and with the loveliest little white tunics all crimped and crimped. I didn't enjoy the crimping much, though, for I perceived at last that I was the right person in the wrong place. The bell stopped ringing, a prelate took his place before the big stand and opened the big book, and there was I in the very highest place in the synagogue,

> "Canons to right of me,
> Canons to left of me,
> Canons in front of me,"

and, at length, one of them smiling, I caught sight of a sidelong glance from him, and saw that he was shaking with laughter. He was a young man, and I forgive him." Isabel paused to wipe the perspiration from her flushed face, then addressed the Signora solemnly: "My dear Signora, that choir-chapel is a mile long!"

"I dare say you found it so," was the laughing response. "But, also, I do not doubt that you made the best of the matter, and came out with deliberate dignity. Don't cry about it, child. They probably thought you were a Protestant stranger. Protestants are expected to commit almost any enormity in Roman churches, and they do not disappoint the expectation. Last Christmas two women, well dressed and genteel-looking, went into the tribune during the High Mass, one of the assistants having left the gate open, and coolly took possession of a vacant seat there, in the face, not only of the assembled chapter and officiating prelate, but of a large congregation. I wonder what they

would say if a stranger should walk into one of their meeting-houses and take a seat in the pulpit? I will explain to you now what I thought you understood. The canons always sing their office together in choir, morning and afternoon, while other clergy say it privately, and the public have nothing to do with it. There is no harm in assisting, but it is not usual to do so. I like to listen, though, and there are certain parts that please me very much. When you hear them again, mark how the *Deo gratias* comes out; and once in a while they will respond with an *Amen* that is stirring. However, it is merely the office rapidly chanted by alternate choirs, and is not intended as a musical feast. They have a High Mass a little later, and then one can enter, if there should be room. I never go. There is always a Low Mass in the basilica or the Borghese."

"Doesn't the Borghese Chapel belong to the basilica?" Mr. Vane inquired.

"Yes, and no. The Prince Borghese is at the head of it, and, I think, supports it. It has its own clergy, and its separate services sometimes; for example, there is always the Litany of Our Lady Saturday evening, and they have their own Forty Hours. On some other *festas* the chapter of the basilica go there for service—as Our Lady of Snow, Nativity of Our Lady, and the Immaculate Conception. Now I must leave you for an hour or two, and take my little baroness to see Monsignore. And, if you wish, I will at the same time arrange for an audience for you at the Vatican. Some time within a week, shall I say? It will have to be after Ascension, I think."

"How beautiful life begins to be!" said Bianca softly, after the three had sat awhile alone.

Mr. Vane smiled, but made no reply.

Isabel sighed deeply, buried in gloomy reflections. "I wish I knew," she said, "what they call the man who stands at the desk and sings a part of the office alone; because that is the name by which the canons are calling me at this minute. I feel it in my bones."

CHAPTER VI.

CARLIN'S NEST.

Yes, life was beginning to grow beautiful to them—beautiful in the sweet, natural sense. Here and there a buckle that held the burden of it was loosed, here and there a flower was set. That uneasy feeling that one ought to be doing something, which often haunts and wearies even those who do nothing and never will do anything, began to give place to a contentment far more favorable to the accomplishment of real good. A generous wish to share their peacefulness with others made them practise every little kindness that occurred to them. Not a hand was stretched to them in vain, no courtesy from the humblest remained unacknowledged, and thus, accompanied by a constant succession of little beneficences, like a stream that passes between flowery banks its own waters keeping fresh, their lives flowed sweetly and brightly on from day to day.

Of course they had the reputation of being angels with the poor about them. It is so easy for the rich and happy to be canonized by the poor. A smile, a kind word, and a penny now and then—that is all that is necessary. But the kindness of these three women was something more than a mere good-natured generosity; for no one of them was very rich, and all had to deprive themselves of something in order to give.

Life was indeed becoming beautiful to them; for they had not yet settled, perhaps were not of a nature to settle, into the worse sort of Roman life, in which idle people collected from every part of the world gradually sink into a round of eating, visiting, gossip, and intrigue, which make the society of the grandest city of the world a strange spectacle of shining saintliness and disgusting meanness and corruption moving side by side.

There is, indeed, no city that tries the character like Rome; for it holds a prize for every ambition, except that of business enterprise. The Christian finds here primitive saintliness flowering in its native soil, and can walk barefoot, though he have purple blood in his veins, and not be wondered at; the artist, whether he use chisel, brush, or pen, finds himself in the midst of a lavish beauty which the study of a life could not exhaust; the lover of nature sees around him the fragments of an only half-ruined paradise; the tuft-hunter finds a confusion of ranks where he may approach the great more nearly than anywhere else, and, perhaps, chat at ease with a princess who, in her own country, would pass him without a nod of recognition; the idle and luxurious can live here like Sybarites on an income that, in another country, would scarcely give them the comforts of life; the lover of solitude can separate himself from his kind in the midst of a crowd, and yet fill his hours with delight in the contemplation of that ever-visible past which here lies in the midst of the present like an embalmed and beautiful corpse resting uncorrupted in the midst of flowers. But one must have an earnest pursuit, active or intellectual; for the *dolce far niente* of Italy is like one of the soulless masks of women formed by Circe, which transformed their lovers into beasts.

"I have heard," the Signora said, "of a man who, lying under a tree in summer-time and gazing at the slow, soft clouds as they floated past, wished that that were work, and he well paid for doing it. My life is almost a realization of that man's wish. What I should choose to do as a pleasure, and the greatest pleasure possible to me, I have to do as a duty. It is my business to see everything that is beautiful, and to study and dream over it, and turn it into as many shapes as I can. If I like to blow soap-bubbles, then it becomes a trade, and I merit in doing it. If a science should catch my fancy, and invite me to follow awhile its ordered track, I go in a palace-car, and the wheels make music of the track for me. And what friends I have, what confidences receive! The ugliest, commonest object in the world, scorned or disregarded by all, will look at me and whisper a sweet word or reveal a hidden beauty as I pass. You see that log," pointing to the fire-place, where a mossy stick lay wreathed about by a close network of vine-twigs clinging still in death where they had clung and grown in life. "The moment my eyes fell on that it

sang me a song. In every balcony, every stair, every house they are cutting down to make their new streets, every smallest place where the wind can carry a feathered seed, the seed of a story has lodged for me, and, as I look, it sprouts, grows, blossoms, and overshadows the whole place. But for the pain of bringing out and putting into shape what is in my mind, my life would be too exquisite for earth. If I could give immediate birth to my imaginings, I should be like some winged creature, living for ever in air. I'm glad I work in words, and not in marble, like Carlin here. And, apropos, suppose we should go in there."

Carlin was the sculptor whose studio was attached to *Casa Ottant'-Otto.* He was a great friend of the Signora, who had permission to see him work when she liked, and to go and come with her friends as it pleased her.

"We may as well take our work," she said. "It is pleasanter there than here this morning. When Mr. Vane and Isabel come in from their visit, we shall hear them ring the bell."

The two went out to the *loggia*, where the morning sun was blazing hotly on the pink and purple morning-glories, and, passing an anteroom where two marble-workers were chipping away, each at his snowy block, tapped at the door of an inner chamber.

A loud "*Avanti!*" answered the knock.

"Welcome!" said a voice when they entered. "Make yourselves at home. I'm busy with a model, you see."

Bianca glanced about in search of the source of this salutation, and perceived presently a large head looking at them over the top of a screen. The rest of the body was invisible. This head was so colossal and of such a height that for a moment she doubted if it might not be a colored bust on a shelf. But its eyes moved, and in a second it nodded itself out of sight, leaving on the gazer an impression of having seen a large, kind Newfoundland dog. Poor Carlin was very shaggy, his hair almost too profuse, and constantly getting itself tangled, and his beard growing nearly to his eyes. But the eyes were bright, dark, and pleasant, the nose superlatively beautiful, and, by some unexplained means, every one was aware at once that under this mass of shadowy beard there were two deep dimples, one in the cheek and another in the chin.

Before they had well shut the door, the screen was swept aside and the sculptor's whole form appeared. It was so large as to reduce the head to perfect proportion, and was clad in a suit of dull blue cotton worn with a careless grace that was very picturesque. One hand held a bit of clay; the other pulled off his skull-cap in reverence to his visitors. He said nothing, but immediately replaced the cap, and began rolling the clay between his hands.

He was modelling a group, and his model, a beautiful young *contadina*, stood before him with her arms up, holding a copper water-vase on her head. Her mother sat near, a dark, bilious, wrinkled Lady Macbeth, who wore her soiled and faded clothes as if they had been velvets and embroideries, and reclined in an old leather chair as superbly as if she sat on a gilded throne with a canopy over her head. A pair of huge rings of pure gold hung from her ears, and two heavy

gold chains surrounded her dark neck, and dropped each its golden locket on her green bodice.

"We won't mind them," the Signora said to her friend. "Come and be introduced to the bird of our country."

"He's been behaving badly today," the sculptor said, "and I had to beat him. Look and see what he has done to my blouse! The whole front is in rags. He flew at me to dig my heart out, I suppose, with his claws, and screamed so in my face that I was nearly deafened. It took both the men to get him off."

This contumacious eagle was chained to his perch, and had the stick with which he had been beaten so placed as to be a constant reminder of the consequences attending on any exhibition of ill-temper. He was greatly disconcerted when the two ladies approached him, changed uneasily from foot to foot, and, half lifting his wide wings, curved his neck, and seemed about to hide his head in shame. Then, as they still regarded him, he suddenly lifted himself to his full height, and stared back at them with clear, splendid eyes.

"What pride and disdain!" exclaimed Bianca. "I had no idea the creature was so human. Let's go away. If we stay much longer, he will speak to us. He considers himself insulted."

Three walls of the room and a great part of the central space were occupied by the usual medley of a sculptor's studio—busts, groups, masks, marble and plaster, armor, vases, and a hundred other objects; but the fourth side was hung all over with fragments of baby contours. Single legs and crossed legs; arms from the shoulder down, with the soft flattening of flesh above the elbow, and the sustained roundness below; little clenched fists, and hands with sprawling, dimpled fingers; chubby feet in every position of little curled toes, each as expressive of delicious babyhood as if the whole creature were there—the wall was gemmed with them. In the midst was a square window, without a sash, and just then crowded as full as it could be. A vine, a breeze, and as much of a hemisphere of sunshine as could get in were all pressing in together. The breeze got through in little puffs that dropped as soon as they entered; the sunshine sank to the tiled floor, where it led a troubled existence by reason of the leaf-shadows that never would be still; and the vine ran over the wall, and in and out among the little hands and feet, kissing them with tender leaf and bud, which seemed to have travelled a long distance for nothing else but that.

Bianca put her face to this window, and drew it back again. "There is nothing visible outside," she said, "but a fig-tree, half the rim of a great vase, a bit of wall, and a sky full of leaves."

She seated herself by the Signora, and they made believe to work, dropping a loop of bright wool or silken floss now and then, and glancing from time to time at the artist as he punched and pressed a meaning into the clay before him.

"I never see a sculptor make a human figure in clay without thinking of the creation of Adam and Eve," the Signora said. "The Mohammedans say that angels first kneaded the clay for I don't know how many years. How beautiful they must have been! '*In His own image.*' Did you observe in the Barbarini gallery Domenichino's picture of Adam and Eve driven out of Paradise? You were too much

occupied with the Cenci. Everybody is at first. I was thinking, while I looked at that representation of the Creator, reclining on his divan of cherubim, what a pity it is that artists should have tried to do it, or, trying, should not have been able to do more. How that eagle does fret! It requires all my friendship for Carlin to prevent my cutting the leather thong that holds the chain to its leg some fine day. Wouldn't it be pleasant to see him shoot like a bomb out through the window, tearing the vines away like cobwebs with his strong wings, and carrying off little green tendrils clinging to his feathers! The sunlight would be shut out a moment, there would be a rush as of waters, then the room would be light again. But, in such an event, the only gain would be a change of personality in the prisoner, and thirty *lire* out of my pocket. That is what Carlin paid for this unhappy wretch, and what I should be bound to pay him to buy another unhappy wretch to languish in his place. How do you like Carlin?"

"I don't know," Bianca answered slowly. "Isn't he a sort of savage?—a good one, you know."

"Precisely! All the polish he has is inside. Fortunately, however, he is transparent, and the brightness is bright enough to shine out through him. He is full of good-nature and enthusiasm. Once liking him, you will like him always, and better and better always. None but dishonest people dislike him, though there are some very good people who say he is not to their taste. Dear me! he is making a mistake in that group. O Carlin!" she called out, "do let me say something. Your water-carrier is going to look like a tea-pot if you place her so. Let her put the other arm out for a spout, and the thing will be perfect."

It was a group of a girl and her lover at a fountain.

He was just knitting his brows over the hand that held the handle of the vase, rolling bits of clay between his palms and arranging them for fingers. He threw the last one away. "I know it's a stupid thing," he said discontentedly; "but what can I do? It struck me as a pretty subject; but now I have begun to work it out, it seems to me I remember having seen a hundred like it, each one as stupid as mine. I was this instant thinking my grandmother must have had a cream-pitcher of this design."

"Why don't you make her stooping a little to lift the vase to her head, and looking up at the fellow?" the Signora suggested. "It will bring out your knowledge of anatomy a little more, and it will wake her up. Don't you see her face is as dull as her sandal?"

This conversation, being in English, was not understood by the model, who stood stupid, and straight, and tired, trying to look picturesque.

The artist considered a minute, then said abruptly: "Put down the vase, not on the floor, but in a chair."

She obeyed.

"Now take it up—slowly—and stop the instant I tell you."

She bent her strong and supple figure a little, and began lifting the vase.

"Stop there!" he called out, "and look up at me. Look as pretty as you can. Think that I am some *giovanotto* who is going, perhaps, to ask you of your mother."

Half shy, half saucy, she looked

up as commanded, gratified vanity and friendly regard uniting to give her face as much expression as it was capable of.

Carlin seized his pencil and began sketching rapidly.

"He hasn't a particle of imagination," the Signora said in a low tone, "but he has excellent eyes and much humor. I sometimes think that humor and imagination never go together. Indeed, I don't believe they ever do in any superlative degree."

A little bell sounded timidly at her side, pulled by a cord that she perceived now by its vibration coming in at the window, the bell itself being quite hidden by the vine-leaves, where it was held between two large nails driven into the window-frame.

"Would—you—be so very kind—as to throw—that—loaf of bread out of the window, Signora?" the artist asked, abstractedly dropping one word at a time between the strokes of his pencil and glances at his model, whose fire was beginning to fade. "I can't stop."

The lady looked at him in wonder.

"It's a beggar," he explained after a moment, scratching away rapidly. "I can't be bothered with them in here."

She looked out of the window as well as she could for the leaves, and saw an arm in a ragged coat-sleeve, and a hand stretching toward the wall, and, at the same instant, the bell rang in her very ear with a force that made her start back. The bread was on a little shelf near by, an old knife beside it. She prudently cut the loaf in two, and dropped half to the unseen mendicant.

"That's just like Carlin!" she exclaimed. "I don't suppose any one else would think of rigging up a beggars' bell."

"I shall know where to go when I want bread," she said aloud, seeing him pause in his work. "It will be only to come under your window, pull a string, and hold up my apron."

"Oh! by the way, please to pull in the string," he added. "I never let it hang out, except when I have made an appointment. I told him to come if he didn't get anything for dinner. Said he hadn't eaten anything for twenty-four hours. It's a disagreeable thing to go twenty-four hours without eating."

Carlin knew what it was well. He had come to Rome fifteen years before without a dollar in his pocket, except what had paid his passage, and, without patronage, almost without friends, had climbed, step by step, through all the dark, steep ways of poverty, suffering what no one but himself knew, till at length a modest success rewarded his efforts. He never told his experiences, seemed to choose to forget them; but never a pitiful tale of suffering from poverty was told him without the ready answer, "Yes, yes, I know all about it," springing as if involuntarily to his lips.

There was a knock at the door, which immediately opened without a permission, and a young man entered—one of those odious, well-dressed, rather handsome, and easy-mannered men who repel one more than rags, and ugliness, and stupidity.

"Good-morning!" he said with confident politeness. "Don't let me interrupt you. I only want to see Mrs. Cranston's bust. Promised her I would take a look at it."

His coming produced the effect of a slight frost in the air The

Signora grew dignified, and made a little sign to Bianca to take a seat which would turn her back to the new-comer. Carlin frowned slightly and bent to his work; the old *contadina* glared from the man to her daughter, and the daughter blushed uneasily.

The young man seemed to be entirely unconscious of not having received a welcome, sauntered across the studio, pausing here and there, and at length, stopping under the pretence of examining a bust, fixed his eyes on the model.

"Look here, sir!" said Carlin, after five minutes of silence, "you'd better come in some other time, when I'm not busy."

"Oh! don't mind me," was the careless reply.

Carlin waited a minute longer, then swung the screen round between his model and her tormentor.

The young man smiled slightly, gave his shoulders the least possible shrug, and began to saunter about the studio again, pausing finally at a spot that gave him a still better view of the girl.

The pencil quivered in Carlin's hands, but his voice was gentle enough when he spoke again. "I don't care to have visitors in the morning," he said. "Come in in the afternoon, when I am working in marble. I work in clay always in the morning."

"My dear fellow, I don't want you to trouble yourself in the least about me. I can amuse myself," the visitor replied.

Carlin seemed to be galvanized so suddenly he started upright, with anger in every nerve of him. "Confound you!" he cried out, "do you want me to pitch you out of the window? Go about your business."

He had no cause to repeat the request. Coolly and disdainfully, but with a paleness that showed both fear and anger, the young exquisite walked out as leisurely as he had come in.

A laugh as sharp and bright as a blade shot across the old woman's face, but she said not a word.

"You are getting acquainted with him rapidly," the Signora whispered to her friend. "Isn't he refreshing? It is so beautiful to see a man whose first impulse is to protect a woman from annoyance, even when the woman doesn't belong to him. Carlin is truly a manly, honorable fellow."

"I hear a faint little song, sweet and low," said Bianca, listening with her pretty head aside and her eyes lifted.

"It is Carlin's bird," said the Signora.

The girl glanced about, but saw no cage.

"It is a soft, cooing sound," she said.

"It is Carlin's dove," the Signora replied.

Bianca looked at her inquiringly, her lips still apart, and her head turned to listen to the melody.

"He doesn't keep it in a cage, but in a nest," the Signora went on, smiling. "Come, and I will show you. Step lightly, and do not speak. He is too busy to notice, and this great tapestry will hide us. You must examine this some time, by the way. It is all in rags, but very precious. See that foot on it! Doesn't it look as if it were just set on the green ground—after a bath, too? It is so fresh and perfect."

She led the way to an alcove of the studio hidden from the other rooms by this tapestry, and pointed to the inner wall, where a small, low

door showed, half hidden by draperies and armor. "Some day we will go in; but to-day I will give you a peep only."

She went to the door, and noiselessly pushed away a little slide in the panel, then motioned Bianca to look through. The girl obeyed, and found herself looking into a square room whose one great arched window had a snow-white fringed curtain waving slowly in the slight breeze, alternately giving glimpses of, and hiding, a *loggia* full of flowers and the green outside curtain of a grape-vine. Only tiny glints of sunshine entered through this double drapery, making the white curtain look as if it were embroidered with spots of gold. From the centre of a vaulted white ceiling hung a brass lamp, swinging slowly on its chain, and catching a point of light in place of the extinguished flame. On the white wall opposite the door hung high up an ebony crucifix, with a blue niche below, in which stood a marble statue of the Madonna. A tiny lamp burned before the two, and a branch of roses was twisted about the statue's feet. In the centre of the room a green-covered table stood on a large green cloth that covered nearly the whole of the stone floor, and two or three cane-seated chairs were visible. The bird still sung her low, cooing song, an improvised melody set to inarticulate murmurs that now and then broke softly into words—a word of human love and blessing, a word of prayer, or a word of happiness. As when a gentle brook flows with only its waters now, and now with a flower or leaf, and now a little boat on its tide, and now a break of foam, and then a clear reflection as vivid as a tangible object, so the song flowed, with its word here and there.

Carlin's dove was a young woman with a sweet, motherly face, and, as she sang, she swung to and fro a hammock that was hung directly under the blue niche of the Virgin; and her eyes were raised from time to time to the statue or the crucifix, with an *Ave* or a *Gesù mio*, or dropped to the baby she hushed to sleep with a word as tender. All the room seemed to swing with the hammock, as if it were in a tree-top; to float in an atmosphere of love and happiness with the mother and her child. Slowly the white lids of the little one dropped, like two rose-petals that cover two stars, and a dimpled hand clinging to the mother's loosened its hold, as the angel of sleep unclasped it gently, finger by finger. Silence settled over the song, the hammock ceased to swing, and the mother, shining with love and happiness, bent over her sleeping babe, gazing at it as if her eyes were gifted to see through its white and rosy flesh, and behold the resting, folded soul hidden there like a sleeping butterfly in a shut flower.

The Signora closed the slide as noiselessly as she had opened it, and the two, exchanging a smile of sympathetic pleasure, turned away from Carlin's nest.

The sculptor had made his sketch, and was just sending his model away. He turned immediately to his visitors, and began to show them his latest works, half a dozen things in clay, some finished, some requiring still a few touches. One group was especially pretty. It represented a family scene in one of the little Italian towns where all the business of life goes on in the street. On the rude stone

steps outside a door sat a mother winding a skein of yarn held for her by a pretty girl of ten years or thereabouts, whose small arms were stretched to their utmost extent in the task. A little chubby boy leaned on the mother's lap, and put up his finger to pull at the thread. At the front of the steps sat the father cobbling shoes.

"I found that at Monte Compatri," he said; "and the figures are all portraits. I was afraid I couldn't do it, for it is better adapted for canvas than marble; but the walls hold them together, you see."

"We must go to Monte Compatri, Bianca," the Signora said. "It's one of the most primitive places in the world—a Ghetto perched on a mountain-top, as filthy and as picturesque as can be imagined. The air is delicious, the view superb, and the salads beggar description."

All Carlin's best groups and figures were, like this, copies from nature. When he attempted anything else, he unconsciously copied the works of others or he failed.

"I'm so glad you made that suggestion about the water-carrier," he said, taking up his sketch. "I find it is always better for me to put considerable action into my figures. If I give them a simple *pose*, they are stupid. Would you have her looking up or down?"

"Let the little minx look up, by all means," the Signora said. "She's a good girl, enough, as a butterfly or a bird may be good. There isn't enough of her for a down look; but that saucy little coquettish up-look is rather piquant. Besides, it is true to her nature. If she thought any one were admiring her, she wouldn't have subtilty enough to look down and pretend not to see, and she wouldn't have self-control enough, either. She would wish to know just how much she was admired, and to attitudinize as long as it paid her vanity to do so. Bianca, my dear, there is our bell. Your father and Isabel must have come home."

They went down again through the complicated passages and stairs, where arched windows and glimpses into vaulted rooms and into gardens crowded with green made them seem far from home.

"How beautiful orange-trees are!" Bianca exclaimed, stopping to look at one that filled roundly a window seen at the end of a long passage. "It has the colors of Paradise, I fancy. I don't like yellow to wear, not even gold; but I like it for everything else."

"Wait till you see the snow on an orange-tree, if you would see it at its perfection," was the reply. "Perhaps you might wait many years, to be sure. I saw it once, and shall never forget. A light snow came down over the garden a few winters since, and dropped its silvery veil over the orange-trees. Fancy the dark green leaves and the golden fruit through that glittering lace! I had thought that our northern cedars and pines, with their laden boughs, were beautiful; but the oranges were exquisite. Would you believe that our kitchen door was so near?"

Isabel ran to meet the two, all in a breeze.

"Hurry on your things in two minutes to go to the Vatican," she said. "Here are the cards. Monsignor forgot to send them, and has only now given them to us. The carriage is at the door."

Off came the summer muslins in a trice, and in little more than the time allowed the three ladies tripped, rustling, down the stairs, in their black silk trains and black veils.

"I am constantly going to the Vatican in this breathless way," the Signora said, as they drove rapidly through the hot sunshine. "With the usual sublime ignorance of men, and especially of clergymen, of the intricacies of the feminine toilet, my kind friends always give me ten minutes to prepare. One needs to keep one's papal court dress laid out all ready for use at a moment's warning. Fortunately, it is very simple. But Bianca has found time to mount the papal colors," she added, seeing a bunch of yellow jasmine tucked into her friend's belt.

"Is it allowed?" the girl asked doubtfully. "I can leave it in the carriage. But I always like to have a flower about me."

"Oh! keep it," her friend replied, and smiled, but suppressed the words that would have followed. For while Bianca Vane carried that face about with her, she never lacked a flower.

They were just in time for the audience, and an hour later drove slowly homeward through the silent town. Bianca was leaning back in the corner of the carriage with her eyes shut. The audience had been especially pleasant for her; for the Holy Father, seeing her kneel with her hands tightly clasped, and her eyes, full of delight, raised to his face, had smiled and laid his hand on her head, instead of giving it to her to kiss. The others said but little. The languor of the hour was upon them.

"Does any one say, Signora, that the Pope has a shining face?" Mr. Vane asked.

"Certainly," she replied.

"Then I am not original in thinking that I found something luminous about him," the gentleman went on. "It is as if I had seen a lamp. And what a sweet voice he has! He said '*la Chiesa*' in a tone that made me think of David mourning over Absalom."

Mr. Vane had been much impressed by the beautiful presence of the reverend Pontiff, and had behaved himself, not only like a gentleman, but like a Catholic. The Signora had seen how he blushed in kissing the Pope's hand, not as if with shame at paying such an act of homage, but as if some new sentiment of tender reverence and humility had just entered his heart. It had been very pleasant to her to see this, both on account of the love she bore the object of the homage, and the respect she had, and wished to retain, for him who paid it.

The driver held in his panting horses, and walked them on the side of the streets where a narrow strip of shadow cooled the heat of the burning stones; the pines and cypress in the gardens they passed, which in the morning had been so full of silvery twitterings that the fine, sweet sounds seemed almost to change the color of them and make them glisten with brightness, were now sombre and silent. The birds were all hid in their dark green shadows, or perched in cool, sunless angles and nooks of vases, balustrades, statues, and cornices of church or palace. Here and there a workman lay stretched at length on the sidewalk or on steps, sleeping soundly.

At length they reached home. The porter sat sleeping in his chair at the great door, and a family of beggars, four or five women and children, lay curled up outside on the curbstone.

Inside all was deliciously cool and tranquil. Dinner was on the table; for the servants had been watching for them, and had brought the soup in directly, and they sat down with

appetites improved by the delay. The Signora poured out some wine for herself.

"The people here say that you should take a little wine before your soup," she said. "My former *padrona* told me the nuns in the convents she knew always did. I don't know why it is good for the stomach, but bow to their superior wisdom."

"Doesn't the hair on the top of my head look unusually bright?" Bianca asked after a while. She was still thinking of the sacred hand that had rested there, still feeling its gentle pressure.

The others looked, not understanding.

"Why, your veil covers it," Isabel said. "But there's a bright garnet and gold pin at the top."

Bianca lifted her arms to loosen the veil, took the gold hairpin out and kissed it. "He must have touched it," she said, "and so it has been blessed. Do you know, Signora, what thought came into my mind at the moment? I thought as he touched me, 'It is the hand that holds the keys of purgatory and of heaven!'"

"My own thought!" her friend exclaimed. "I had the same benediction once, and it set me rhyming. I do not set up for a poet, you know, but there are feelings that will sing in spite of one. This was one, and I must show you the lines some time soon, to see if they express you. I don't know where they are."

"I know where something of yours is," Bianca said eagerly. "I saw it in your blotting-book, and had to call up all my honesty not to read it. Reward me now! I will bring it."

She looked so bright and coaxing, and the others so cordially joined in her request, that the Signora could not but consent, though usually shy of reading her unpublished productions to any one.

"How I like hot noons!" she sighed through a smile of languid contentment, leaning back in her chair, and dropping in her lap the folded paper Bianca had brought her. "I found out the charm of them when I was in Frascati. At this early season the heat of the city, too, is good—a pure scorch and scald. In August it is likely to be thick and morbid. That first noon in Frascati was a new experience to me. I went to see Villa Torlonia, which was open to the public only between the hours of eleven and five—a time when scarcely any one, especially any Italian, wants to go out in hot weather. I wished to see the villa, however, and I went, stealing along the shadowy edges of streets, and down a long stairway street that is nearly or always shaded by the tall houses at either side and the hill behind, catching my breath as I passed through the furnace of sunshine in the open *piazza*, finally, with my face in a flame, stepping under the great trees inside the gate, and pausing to refresh myself a little before going on. There was still the open terrace to pass, and the grand unshaded steps to ascend; but it was easier to go forward than back, for a few minutes would bring me to avenues as dim as *Ave Maria* time. I stood a little and dreaded the sun. The *casino* and the gravel of the terrace and the steps were reflecting it so that one might almost have fancied the rays clashed on each other in the midst of the opening. The rose-trees in the flower-garden looked as if they bore clusters of fire-coals, and some sort of flowering tree in the green spaces

between the stairs seemed to be breaking out into flame with its red and yellow blossoms. I remembered Mrs. Browning's

> "'The flowers that burn, and the trees that aspire,
> And the insects made of a song or a fire.'"

She paused to lay a laurel leaf over a *carafon* of cream that a fly was buzzing about, then exclaimed: "Why wasn't that woman a Catholic, and why isn't she alive now, that I may kiss her hand, and her cheek, if she would let me? Fancy such a genius consecrated to religion! You know the other stanza of that poem I have just quoted:

> "'And, oh! for a seer to discern the same,'
> Sighed the South to the North;
> 'For the poet's tongue of baptismal flame,
> To call the tree and the flower by its name,'
> Sighed the South to the North.

It seems to me that not one person in a thousand—Italians no more than strangers—would know there were anything remarkable here, if a small, small number of persons hadn't told them there is. How they all repeat the same words, from the teeth out, and talk learnedly of what they know nothing about! They don't one of them find a beauty that isn't in the guidebooks."

She sighed impatiently, and returned to her subject.

"I was telling you about noon in Villa Torlonia: I stood under the great solid trees awhile, then took courage and walked into the sun again, across the terrace, with only a glance at the vast panorama visible from it, up the steps that were hot to my feet, and then plunged into the upper avenues as into a cool bath. There was another opening to cross, for I wanted to go to the upper fountain; but here the cascade cooled the eyes, at least. I went up the cascade stairs as the waters came down, and found myself alone in that beautiful green-walled drawing-room, with the fountain leaping all to itself in the centre, and the forty masks of the balustrade about the basin each telling its different story. Beside the tall central jet there used to be, perhaps may now be, a jet from each of these masks that are carved on the great posts of the balustrade, no two alike. I made a circuit of the place to assure myself that no one else was there; looking down each path that led away through the over-arching trees. Not a soul was in sight. There was no danger of Italians being there; and as for *forestieri*, there were none in Frascati. How delicious it was simply to sit on one of the stone benches and live! A spider's web glistened across the place, starting straight from a tree behind me. Where it was fastened at the other end I could not guess; for the nearest object in that line was the tossing column of foamy water, fifty feet, may be more, distant, then an equal distance to the trees at the other side. There was no sound but that of falling water, that seemed to carry the chirp of the *cicali* and the whisper of the trees, as the waters themselves carried the dry leaves and twigs that fell into them. All around the sun searched and strove to enter through the thick green, so near that his fiery breath touched my face. How my chains melted off! How pure the heat was, and how sweet! One bird sang through it now and then—sang for me: he the only lark abroad at that hour, as I was the only signora. I answered him with a little faint song, to which again he replied. I never was so happy, never felt so free from all that could annoy. Probably Adam and Eve had some such delight in the mere feeling

that they were alive. And so I sat there, hour after hour, half asleep, half fainting with the heat, in which I seemed to float. If I had been called on then to say what God is, I should have said, He is a fire that burns without consuming. Fire and its attendant heat were the perfection of all things, and coldness was misery—but a pure, clear fire which an anemone could pass through unscathed."

The Signora drew a breath that was half a sigh, and took up the folded paper from her lap. "How happy I am in Italy in the summer!" she said, half to herself. "I can work in the cool months, but I live in the hot ones."

"Bianca wants me to read this rhyme? It is a summer rhyme, too, and commemorates a little incident of my first summer here—a visit to *Santa Maria della Vittoria*. You have not been there yet. It is very near, just out on the *Via della porta Pia*, which the new people call *Venti Settembre*, because the invaders came in that way on the 20th of September. They try to keep the anniversary, and to make the city look as if the people cared for it, but it is a dreary pretence. A military procession, a few flags hung out here and there from houses of government officials and foreigners, chiefly Americans—that is all."

She read:

Never so fair a rose as this, I think,
E'er bloomed on a rose-tree;
So sweet a rose as this, I surely know,
Was never given to me.
Like the reviving draught to fainting lips,
The gentle word to strife,
Cool, fresh, and tender, in a bitter hour,
It dropt into my life.

Hid in the silence of a darkened room,
With sleepless eyes I lay,
And an unresting mind, that vainly strove
To shut its thoughts away.

When through the loosened *persiane* slipped
A sunbeam, sharply bright,
That cleft the chamber's quiet duskiness,
And put my dreams to flight.

Before the windows, in a dusty square
Fretted by restless feet,
Where once a palace-garden had unrolled
Its alleys green and sweet,
Men rooted up a fountain-base that lay
Whitened like bleaching bones,
Or into new walls piled, with a weary care,
The weary, ancient stones.

And all about the slowly-growing work,
In warlike mantles drest,
Disputing with the spade for every sod,
The angry poppies prest.
And when I thought how fate uproots always
My gardens, budding sweet,
The hot *scirocco* of an angry pain
Blew me into the street.

The unveiled heights of sapphire overhead
Dazzled the lifted eyes;
The sun, in lovely splendor, blazed from out
The keystone of the skies;
And Rome sat glowing on her seven hills,
Yellow with fervid heat,
And scorched the green Campagna, where it crept
And clung about her feet.

The ways were silent where the sunshine poured
Its simmering, golden stream;
For half the town slept in its shaded halls,
Half worked as in a dream;
The very fountains dropt from sleepiness,
Pillowed in their own foam.
I only, and the poppies, it would seem,
Were wide awake in Rome.

There were the gray old ruins, in whose nooks
Nodded each wild flower-bell,
Where San Bernardo's fane is hidden, like
A pearl within its shell.
There marched the Piedmont robber and his host
In through the long, long street;
And there the open portal of a church
Drew in my straying feet.

Silence and coolness, and a shade so deep,
At first I saw no more
Than circling clouds and cherubs, with the dome's
Bright bubble floating o'er;
Wide flocks of milk-white angels in the roof,
The hovering Bird divine;
And, starring the lower dusk, the steady lamps
That marked each hidden shrine.

Then marble walls and gilded galleries
Grew slowly into sight;
And holy visions peered from out the gloom
Of chapels left and right;
And I perceived a brown-robed sacristan,
With a good, pleasant face,
Who sat alone within an altar-rail
To guard the sacred place.

He showed me all their treasures—the dead saint
Within her altar-shrine;
Showed where the Master sat, in gilded bronze,
Blessing the bread and wine;
Unveiled the niche whose swooning marble form
'Tis half a sin to see—
Bernini's St. Teresa—and betrayed
Her dying ecstasy;

Then led me to the sacristy, where hung,
Painted the glorious field—
Lepanto's—and he told the ancient tale,
How, like a magic shield,
Our Lady's sacred picture, borne aloft
In the dread battle's shock,
Had sent the scattered Paynim flying far,
Like foam from off a rock.

When all was seen and said, my parting foot
A soft "Aspetti!" stayed
Just where a tiny garden 'mid the walls
Its nook of verdure made.
And while I waited, was broke off for me
A bright geranium bloom,
And this blush-rose, whose richly-perfumed breath
Has sweetened the whole room.

"*O Rosa Mystica!*" I thought, and felt
Consoled, scarce knowing why;
It seemed that in that brief hour all my wrong
Had righted silently,
As when, new-shriven, we go forth to tread
The troubled ways of men,
Folded in peace, and with no need, it seems,
Ever to speak again.

Lady invincible! Her grander fields
Are praised 'neath every sun;
But who shall count the secret victories
Her gentler arms have won?
Hers are the trumpet and the waving flag;
But there is one who knows
That on a certain summer day in Rome
She conquered with a rose.

LONDON GUILDS AND APPRENTICES.

THE halls of the old London guilds or companies are still among the most interesting sights of London. They are not only interesting as the relics of by-gone times and manners, but as living and active representatives of the influential bodies whose names they bear. Many of the companies give an annual dinner to the members of the Cabinet (of no matter which of the two great political parties), and all are wide awake and progressive. They bestow the honorary membership of their various crafts upon outsiders as a very great distinction and favor, and with many of the proudest names of the nobility this or that company has a hereditary connection. Their actual halls are none of them of great antiquity, as they can date no further back than 1666, the year of the great fire of London, when every building of any consequence in the city was destroyed; and many are far more modern than that, having been rebuilt in our own century. The Company of the Goldsmiths, which at present ranks fifth in the order of precedence among the London guilds, boasts of being one of the oldest of all, its first charter dating from 1327 (before its rivals possessed a similar royal license), and its records prove that it existed more than two hundred years previous to that date, and was even fined in 1180 for its irregular and independent being. This was under Henry II., and it is presumable that it was not even then in its infancy. The craftsmen of the capital were obliged to protect themselves by associations of mutual comfort and defence, and the goldsmiths especially, as they were most often liable to taxation and forcible levies for the benefit and at the caprice of the king. They were the earliest bankers, both in England and in other countries. Their power and organization, before they obtained the charter of incorporation under Edward III. in 1327, is shown by the following account given by Maitland, the historian of the city of London, and copied by him from an old chronicler, Fabyan—no doubt a witness of the fray:

"About the same time (1269) a great difference happened between the Company of Goldsmiths and that of the Mer-

chant Tailors [or, as it was written, 'Taylors']; and other companies interesting themselves on each side, the animosity increased to such a degree that on a certain night both parties met (it seems by consent) to the number of 500 men, completely armed; when fiercely engaging, several were killed and many wounded on both sides; and they continued fighting in an obstinate and desperate manner, till the sheriffs raised a great body of citizens, suppressed the riot, and apprehended many of the combatants, who were soon after tried by the mayor and Laurence de Brooke, one of the king's justices; and thirteen of the ringleaders being found guilty, they were condemned and hanged."

The goldsmiths stood, both to individuals and to the government, in the relation of agents in the transfer of bullion and coin, in making payments and obtaining loans, and in the safe custody of treasure. This branch of their business has not been relinquished so very long ago; for we find a statement made in a book called *A General Description of all Trades*, and published in 1747, to the effect that—

"Goldsmiths, the fifth company, are, strictly speaking, all those who make it their business to work up and deal in all sorts of wrought gold and silver plate; but of late years the title of goldsmith has been generally taken to signify one who banks, or receives and pays running cash for others, as well as deals in plate; but he whose business is altogether cash-keeping is properly a banker."

To distinguish such of the craft as did not bank, the name silversmith was used; and these again were sub-divided into the working silversmiths, who fashioned the precious metals, and the shopkeepers, who only sold them. This statement has been preserved by Malcolm in his work on the city, called *Londinium Redivivum*. The distinction is practically obsolete in our day, and the whole craft goes more generally by the name of jewellers. It would be difficult at present to find one jeweller who is still a banker, though there is no doubt that private negotiations of the sort described may sometimes take place; but as to the safe-keeping of jewels and plate, the London jewellers do a very extensive business. Full as many people keep their family heirlooms at the great jewellers'—Hancock, Emmanuel, Garrett, Tessier, Hunt, and Roskell, etc., etc.—as they do at banks; and, again, the secret loans on valuable jewels, and the sale of some, to be replaced by cunningly-wrought paste, constitute, as of old, an important though private branch of their traffic. The great goldsmiths of old times were pawnbrokers on a magnificent scale, as well as bankers, and even church plate often came for a time into their keeping. Royal jewels and the property of the nation were not seldom in their hands as pledges, and through their aid alone could war be carried on or clamoring mercenaries paid.

Italy was more liberal towards her goldsmiths than England. Here they were artists and ranked as such; in England they were artificers and traders. In the latter country they were powerful, but only through the wealth they controlled; in Italy they were admired, courted, and flattered in society, but politically their power was less. The English at all times excelled rather in manual skill than in design; and to this day the designers of jewellers, lamp-makers, furniture-makers, house-decorators, and even silk, ribbon, and cotton merchants, in England, are generally not English.

In ancient times the London goldsmiths all lived in or near Cheapside, or, as it was often called,

West Cheap, to distinguish it from the other Cheap Street, more to the east. "Cheap" was the same as market. Close by was the Royal Exchange, where the bullion for the coinage of the realm was received and kept, and the street in which stood this building is still called the Old Exchange. Whether by law or custom, only goldsmiths were allowed to have shops in this neighborhood; but even if the right was at first but a prescriptive one, the company soon contrived to have laws passed to forbid any other craft from encroaching on their domains. This localizing of various crafts was common all over Europe in the middle ages, and in many instances was really a convenience to purchasers, as well as a means of defence for the members of the guilds. In the case of the goldsmiths the government had an object of its own. It might have been thought that the concentration of other turbulent companies would have been rather a danger and a provocation to the royal authority; but it was obviously the policy of the king to make the services of this wealthy company as accessible as might be, in case of any sudden emergency requiring a loan or a tax. It was not politic to let any of the fraternity escape contribution by hiding himself in some obscure part of the city; so that not only were other tradesmen prohibited from opening shops among the goldsmiths, but the latter were themselves forbidden from setting up their shops elsewhere. Although neither law nor custom now interferes with them, the majority of the great jewellers have their glittering shops in Bond Street, London, while in other countries the same rule, on the whole, still prevails. The *Rue de Rivoli* and the *Palais Royal* are the chief emporiums for these precious goods in Paris; in Vienna they are mainly sold in the *Graben*, and one street leading out of it; Rome has its *Via Condotti*, thronged with jewelry shops and those selling objects of *virtu;* Venice has its *Procurazie*, an arcade beneath which nearly all the jewellers in the city are congregated; and in many old Italian cities the *Strada degli Orefici* (goldsmiths' street) still fully deserves its name. This is particularly the case at Genoa, where this old, crooked lane, bordered by the booths and dens that we moderns would take for poor cobblers' shops, is still one of the most surprising and picturesque sights of the city. Goldsmiths' Row is thus described in Maitland's *History:*

"The same was built by Thomas Wood, goldsmith, one of the sheriffs of London in the year 1491. It contained in number ten dwelling-houses and fourteen shops, all in one frame, uniformly built, four stories high, beautified towards the street with the goldsmith's arms and the likeness of *woodmen*, in memory of his name, riding on monstrous beasts, all of which were cast in lead, richly painted over and gilt. The said front was again new painted and gilt over in the year 1594, Sir Richard Martin being then mayor, and keeping his mayoralty in one of them."

The Row, however, before this embellishment, had existed in the same place, and covered adjoining parts of Cheapside, betwixt Bread Street end and the Cross in Cheap. This beautiful monument is now gone, but it stood at the west end of the street, in the middle of an open space from which St. Martin-le-Grand (still one of the London parishes) branches out on the one hand, and St. Paul's churchyard on the other. The "churchyard," still retaining its name, is now filled

with gay shops, mostly for the sale of silks, feathers, and other female gear, and quite equal to the resplendent shops of the West End of London. The Cross in Cheap was one of a series which Edward I. built at every place where the body of his wife, Queen Eleanor, rested on the way from Herdeley in Lincolnshire to Westminster, where she was buried.

In 1629 the appearance of the goldsmiths' shops is thus described:

"At this time the city greatly abounded in riches and splendor, such as former ages were unacquainted with; then it was beautiful to behold the glorious appearance of goldsmiths' shops in the South Row of Cheapside, which in a continued course reached from the Old 'Change to Bucklersbury, exclusive of four shops only of other trades in all that space."

Another reason that had been early alleged for the concentration of the guild was that "it might be seen that their works were good and right"; for as early as 1327 complaints were made of the substitution of paste for real gems, and of plated ware for genuine metal. Some of the fraternity were wont to hide themselves in by-lanes and obscure turnings, and buy stolen plate, melt it down, and resell it secretly to merchants about to put to sea.

"And so they made also false work of gold and silver, as bracelets, lockets, rings, and other jewels; in which they set glass of divers colors, counterfeiting real stones, and put more alloy in the silver than they ought, which they sold to such as had no skill in such things. And that the cutlers in their workhouses covered tin with silver so subtilly, and with such slight,* that the same could not be discerned and severed from the tin; and by that means they sold the tin so covered for fine silver, to the great damage and deceit of the king and his people."

All this was very distasteful to the respectable members of the company, from whose petition the above words are quoted, and henceforward the law did all it could to protect both the public from deceit and the guild from dishonor. Yet, since human law never yet reached an abuse upheld by obstinate men interested in law-breaking or law-evading, the ordinances had to be constantly renewed. As years went on the law was more and more disregarded. One order was passed in 1629 to confine the goldsmiths to Cheapside and Lombard Street; another in 1635, another in 1637, and two in 1638. Summary proceedings were taken against the intrusive shopkeepers who paraded their "mean trades" among the privileged goldsmiths. For instance, "if they should obstinately refuse and remain refractory, then to take security of them to perform the same by a certain day, or in default to commit them to prison until they conform themselves." The arbitrary Star Chamber, whose rule under the later Stuarts became a real "Reign of Terror," threatened that if such shops were not forthwith shut up, the alderman of the ward, or his deputy, should be committed to prison. But these were the last among the despotic threats of the terrible tribunal, which was soon after abolished, and the twenty-four common shops which were enumerated in 1638 as spoiling the fair appearance of Goldsmiths' Row were soon reinforced by many others. The prohibitory ordinances ceased, and custom alone was not strong enough to expel intruders. Besides, the great fire soon came to sweep away almost

* Sleight or skill.

the whole city, and the plague that preceded it did much to break up all local customs and attachments. The tide of fashion afterwards carried the jewellers with it, setting every year more and more to the west of the city, and the old landmarks and restrictions died a natural death. Lombard Street, however, originally named from the Lombard refugees who settled in London as bankers and pawnbrokers as well as jewellers, is still distinguished by the number of banks and imposing warehouses it contains, and by the comparatively stately architecture of some of its great commercial buildings.

The Goldsmiths' Company, by letters-patent of Edward III., was granted the privilege of assaying (or testing) all gold and silver plate before it could be exposed for sale. But this was probably only a renewal of a right already exercised by them; for it is mentioned in the document that all work ascertained to be of the proper fineness shall have upon it "a stamp of a puncheon with a leopard's head, as of ancient time it hath been ordained." The company also has the privilege of assisting at what is called "the trial of the pyx" —that is, the examination of the coinage of the realm, with a view of ascertaining whether it is of the sterling weight and purity. The pyx is the box in which the coins to be weighed and analyzed are contained. The jury of goldsmiths summoned on this occasion usually consists of twenty-five, and they meet with great formalities and ceremonies in a vaulted chamber on the east side of the cloisters at Westminster, called the Chapel of the Pyx.

Since the great fire the company has built two halls, the present one dating only from 1829, when the old one was pulled down. It stands immediately behind the new post-office, and is an Italian building, more worthy of examination inside than out. The hall which preceded the present one was celebrated for a court-room elaborately decorated and possessing a richly-sculptured marble chimney-piece and a massive bronze grate of the value of a hundred pounds, in days when that sum meant thrice as much as it does now. Like all the companies, that of the goldsmiths possessed some valuable pictures, chiefly portraits of distinguished members or protectors. Hawthorne mentions the hall of the Barber-Surgeons' Company, in Monkwell Street, which boasted of a picture by Holbein, representing the company of barber-surgeons kneeling before Henry VIII., receiving their charter from his hands, and for which the company very rightly refused $30,000, and even $6,000 for a single head of a person of the name of Pen, which the late Sir Robert Peel wished to cut out from the canvas and replace by a copy which should rival the original in fidelity and minuteness. The heads in this picture were all portraits, and represent grave-looking personages in dark, sober costumes. The king is in scarlet. Round the banqueting-room of this hall were other valuable pictures of the distinguished men of the company, and notably one, by Vandyke, of an elderly, bearded personage, very stately in demeanor, refined in feature, and dressed in a style of almost courtly though chastened elegance. The company also treasures its old vellum manuscript book of records, all in black letter, and in which there has been no entry made for four hundred years.

The hall has a lofty, carved roof of wood, and a sombre, rich appearance from its antique furniture and numerous old portraits. There is a sky-light in the roof, which may have served to cast light on bodies dissected on the great table below. In old times the barbers and surgeons formed but one company; but we believe that the latter alone now claim the possession of this hall (one of the oldest now standing in London, and the work of Inigo Jones), although, in official nomenclature, they still retain the double title of barber-surgeons. Close by Monkwell Street is shown a dilapidated Elizabethan row of almshouses, erected by a pious and charitable alderman for six poor men. Their successors and representatives still enjoy the founder's bounty, but the almshouses are now choked up by a network of unwholesome streets, and the funds of the institution, which have enormously increased in relative value, remain in the hands of the trustees. The number of those who, under different names, belong to the fraternity of goldsmiths, is, at a rough calculation, nearly eight hundred, exclusive of watchmakers who are also jewellers. Indeed, in the country these two trades are always joined, and even many shops of this mixed kind are found in London.

The Fishmongers were the fourth of the incorporated companies, ranking just before the goldsmiths. At one time they were the wealthiest and most powerful; but although they existed and flourished as a civic association long before they obtained a regular charter, they referred the latter privilege to no earlier date than 1433. The inherent spirit of division and local jealousy which seems to animate all bodies corporate, whether political, commercial, or artistic, caused the fishmongers punctiliously to keep asunder and form two separate companies—that of the salt-fishmongers (which had the earliest charter), and that of the stock-fishmongers, whose letters-patent were not granted till 1509. In Catholic times, of course, the consumption of fish was great among all classes, and its sale a very important business. The salt-fishmongers naturally had the largest trade, and at one period so great was the influence of their company that it gave to the city six lord-mayors in the space of twenty-four years. The last and most famous of these was Sir William Walworth, who in 1381, under Richard II., slew the rebel Wat Tyler with his own hand, in the market-place at Smithfield, when that leader was at the head of thirty thousand rebels. The king knighted him for this act of prowess—a far different cause for the honor from that which is so indulgently thought sufficient now, *i.e.*, the accident of a royal visit during a mayor's term of office, irrespective of any merit in the holder of the office.

The glory and power of the fishmongers stirred up the envy and ill-will of their fellow-citizens, and Walworth's successor, John of Northampton, a draper of an imperious and turbulent character, well known in his day by the popular titles of Troubletown and Cumbertown, was able to array the interest of several rival companies against the too prosperous fishmongers, and to procure from the crown leave for foreigners (meaning strangers or persons not freemen) to sell fish in London, in violation of the company's right of monopoly. Maitland even records that he

made the company acknowledge that its occupation was "no craft, and was therefore unworthy of being reckoned among the other mysteries." It was also enacted that for the future no lord-mayor should be chosen from among the fishmongers. But the credit of the fishmongers revived as soon as John of Northampton's term of office ended, and the company was soon restored by Parliament to all its old rights and privileges, except the right of holding courts for the trial of complaints. This was transferred to the supreme city court, that of the lord-mayor himself. In 1536 the two companies of salt and stock fishmongers were incorporated into one by Henry VIII. under the title of "The Wardens and Commonalty of the Mystery of Fishmongers."

After the Reformation the sale of fish diminished so as to endanger the trade of the company, and a curious act of Parliament was passed in 1563, under Elizabeth, enjoining the exclusive use of fish on Wednesdays and Saturdays, "as well for the maintenance of shipping, the increase of fishermen and mariners, and the repairing of port-towns, as for the sparing and increase of the flesh victual of the realm." The cases excepted, of course, were those of sickness, and of ability and willingness to pay for a license to eat flesh-meat on those days. The fine for disobeying the law was £3 for each offence, and the licenses of exemption cost for a peer £1 6s. and 8d., for a knight and a gentleman 13s. and 4d., for the commonalty 6s. and 8d. Even the license, however, only authorized the eating of mutton and fowl, not beef; but that there might be no mistake as to the motive of this odd, restrictive law—so like the sumptuary laws, and almost as unavailing—this clause was added:

> "But because no person shall misjudge the intent of this statute, be it enacted that whoever shall, by preaching, teaching, writing, or open speech, notify that any eating of fish, or forbearing of flesh, mentioned in this statute, is of any necessity for the soul of man, or that it is the service of God, otherwise than as other politic laws are and be, then such persons shall be punished as spreaders of false news ought to be."

It is probable that this regulation failed of its effect, for a subsequent statute again renewed the prohibition, though limiting it to Saturdays only; still, the concession was but partial, for the *sale* of flesh was forbidden on Fridays and Saturdays and during all Lent.

There were three streets in the city named after the Fishmongers' Company—Old Fish Street, New Fish Street, and Fishmonger Row, now called Thames Street. In each of these the two original companies had each one hall, making no less than six halls for the whole guild; but on their fusion they chose one in Thames Street for their common hall, since which time there have been three successive buildings on or about the same spot. The first, a very old one, originally the gift of Sir John Cornwall, Lord Fanhope, was destroyed in the great fire of 1666, and soon after Sir Christopher Wren built them another, famed for a magnificent double flight of stone stairs on the wharf. According to old historians, those were the times when the Strand was an open road, bordered sparsely with pleasant houses, having large gardens down to the river's edge. This hall was taken down about 1830 to make room for the approaches of the new London Bridge, and the present hall was built just a little to the west of the

site of its predecessor. This is another of those heavy, would-be-palatial buildings which attest the bad architectural taste of the first half of the present century.

It has long been customary to enroll as honorary members of the civic companies many royal and noble personages; and when, in 1750, Frederick, Prince of Wales, was admitted as a freeman, the clerk of the Fishmongers' Company, Mr. Tomkyns, proudly reminded him that "this company, sir, is famous for having had near threescore lord-mayors of the city of London, besides many of the most considerable merchants and eminent citizens, free of it."

King James I. incorporated himself with the guild of cloth-workers in 1607, and Stow's *Chronicle*, continued by Howes, gives the following description of the occurrence:

"Being in the open hall, he [the king] asked who was master of the company, and the lord-mayor answered, 'Sir William Stowe,' unto whom the king said: 'Wilt thou make me free of the cloth-workers?' 'Yea,' quoth the master, 'and think myself a happy man that I live to see this day.' Then the king said: "Stowe, give me thy hand; and now I am a cloth-worker.'"

Sir Samuel Pepys was master of the company seventy years later, and presented them with a rich loving-cup, which is still used on solemn occasions. The Winthrops, ancestors of the famous governor of the Massachusetts Company, were hereditarily connected with this cloth-workers' guild, several of them becoming members by regular apprenticeship to the trade; and Adam Wyntrope, the governor's grandfather, is mentioned as master of the company in 1551, having previously held all the minor offices leading to that dignity.

Intimately connected with the system of the companies was the status of the London apprentices. Both have been materially modified, and their representatives have ceased to exercise the tangible power they once possessed. But when the system was in full operation, every trade having its separate guild; and when, in order that any one might exercise a trade, it was necessary he should have the freedom of the guild, this freedom could only be obtained by serving an apprenticeship to a member of the company. In old times the apprentices were a superior class of men, and it was not permitted to every one to exercise the chief trades. Under Henry IV. an act was passed containing a clause to the effect that no one should put his son or daughter apprentice to a handicraft trade, "except he have land or rent to the value of 20s. by the year," which in those days would be a fair competency. The regulations of the city of London forbade any to be admitted to be bound apprentice except such as were "gentlemen born," by which was understood freeborn, and not in a state of villeinage—the son of a free-holder or a yeoman. In the days of the Tudors and Stuarts even the younger sons of gentlemen often served in the commercial establishments of rich citizens. The chronicler Stow attributes to this cause their "costly apparel, their wearing weapons, and frequenting schools of dancing, fencing, and music."

But this very pretension to "gentility" it was which Ben Jonson rebuked in his *Eastward Hoe*, a comedy, the counterpart of Hogarth's subsequent caricatures in pencil. The old goldsmith boasts that he made his wealth by "hiring

me a little shop; bought low; took small gain; kept no debt-book; garnished my shop, for want of plate, with good, wholesome, thrifty sentences, as, 'Touchstone, keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee'; 'Light gains make heavy purses,' etc."

The apprentices were very clannish, and ready to defend each other to the death, and this spirit often led to riots and serious disturbances, but a curious poem published in 1647, called *The Honor of London Apprentices*, mentions that this bravery had led them to distinguish themselves in a nobler field than a city brawl—namely, in the Crusades and on the field of Crecy.

Their duties, it seems to us, corresponded in their way to the service required from youths of good birth as pages and esquires in the house of a knight, before they themselves could aspire to the honor of knighthood. These waited at table, served the ladies, and performed many offices now termed menial; and, as a tract published in London in 1625 avers, so too did the apprentices:

"He goes bare-headed, stands bare-headed, waits bare headed, before his master and mistress; and while as yet he is the youngest apprentice, he doth perhaps, for discipline's sake, make old leather over-night shine with blacking for the morning; brusheth a garment, runs of errands, keeps silence till he have leave to speak, follows his master or ushereth his mistress, and sometimes my young mistresses their daughters (among whom some one or other of them doth not rarely prove the apprentice's wife), walks not far out but with permission, and now and then, as offences happen, he may chance to be terribly chidden or menaced, or [for?] what sometime must be worthily corrected."

Stow, in his *Survey of London*, says that "when apprentices and journeymen attended upon their masters and mistresses at night, they went before them carrying a lantern and a candle in their hands, and a great long club on their necks; and many well-grown, sturdy apprentices used to wear long daggers in the daytime on their backs or sides." All this the master in his young days had done for *his* master, and all this the present apprentice had the prospective right of claiming for himself in the future; so in this inequality for the nonce there was no element of caste and no room for foolish murmuring. The turbulence of these young fellows was turned now against the city authorities, now against foreign or unlicensed traders and artificers, now against their masters. From the thirteenth to the seventeenth century—times when all classes were turbulent enough—these occasional riots went on and were punished; but what chiefly led to their cessation was the gradual falling to pieces of the old system, and the more effectual police force which patrolled the city after 1688. But the peculiarity of the apprentices' privileges and of the influence of the companies in England was that, no matter how low a man began, his industry and good behavior could raise him to high public honor. This was not the case in most other European countries. Wealth and domestic happiness, of course, attended virtue and application to business, but such advancement as the English Constitution offered existed nowhere, unless, perhaps, in the Low Countries. This has been significantly commented upon by Lichtenberg, an admirer and critic of Hogarth, and professor of natural history at the University of Göttingen. "In Hogarth's country," says he, "it is not unfrequent that the son of a weaver or a

brewer may distinguish himself in the House of Commons, and his grandson or great-grandson in the House of Lords. Oh! what a land, in which no cobbler is certain that the favors of his great-grandson may not one day be solicited by kings and emperors. And yet they grumble!"

Although there are no restrictive laws as to trade in the London of our day, and though much of the state of the companies has dwindled into formalities, and is more interesting from a historical than a political point of view, still the foundations on which the system was built are unalterable. In these days, as in centuries gone by, the pride in one's work, the personal industry, and the *esprit de corps* of tradesmen are the real steps by which they mount to civic and political success. They were once embodied in the close system of alliance and defence encouraged by the guilds; times and customs have changed, and each man stands more or less on his own merits alone, but the underlying principle is the same. It is not every tradesman or merchant who, because he is honest and thrifty, becomes lord-mayor of London, is knighted, or elected M.P.; but these prizes are within the reach of all. The city records for the latter half of the eighteenth century, for instance, witness to the perseverance of many men born in the lowest and most hopeless circumstances, and that, too, when the ancient prestige of the companies had somewhat faded. Sir James Sanderson, sheriff and lord-mayor of London, was the son of a poor grocer of York, who died young, leaving his widow to manage the business till his son should be old enough to carry it on. The son left the shop to his mother for her support, and went to London, entered the service of a hop-merchant, and throve so well through his industry that he attained great wealth and position. He was afterwards made a baronet. Alderman Boydell came to London on foot, from Shropshire, and worked as an engraver. After great trials, he too succeeded and became lord-mayor, besides being a great patron of the arts. Skinner was apprenticed to a box-maker and undertaker, and, through obscure local influence, began a small business of auctioneering; he ended by becoming lord-mayor, and the first auctioneer of the kingdom. Sir William Plomer began life in an oil-shop in Aldgate, a dingy old part of the city. Brooke Watson, M.P. for the city of London,* was the son of a journeyman tailor, and served his apprenticeship to that trade. Sir John Anderson, lord-mayor and member for the city, was the son of a day laborer. Macauley was the son of a captain of a coasting vessel, who died leaving nine children unprovided for. Sir William Staines and Alderman Hamerton were both working paviors and stone-masons. Aldermen Wright and Gill were servants in a warehouse of which they afterwards became masters; they lived for sixty years in partnership as stationers, and never disagreed, although the latter married the former's sister. Wright made £400,000. The two old friends died the same year, beloved and regretted by many who had experienced their kindness and generosity.

To point out contrary instances would not be so easy—they are

* The members for the city have the right to wear scarlet gowns on the first or opening day of every Parliament, and sit all together on the right hand of the chair, next the speaker. No other members, except the speaker and the clerks, have the right of wearing robes.

legion; but the typical idle apprentice of Hogarth is a fair specimen of those who wreck their lives through weakness of resolve and inordinate love of so-called enjoyment. These we have under our eyes every day, in every country.

THE SAINTE CHAPELLE OF PARIS AND THE CROWN OF THORNS.

In the very heart of Paris, to the northwest of *Notre Dame*, and as if a flower detached from her garland, or a graceful sapling from the majestic parent tree, sprang up, more than six centuries ago, the *Sainte Chapelle*.

It almost seems as if Heaven had extended a special protection to the sanctuary raised to enshrine the precious relics of the Passion of our Lord; for although injured and despoiled by evil hands in the time of the First Revolution, it was subsequently restored to all the splendor of its pristine beauty; and again, when the conflagrations kindled by the *Commune* were raging around it, the *Sainte Chapelle*, with its fearless *flèche*, its protecting angel, and its golden crown, stood unharmed in the very midst of the flames, and so remained when they had died out, amid the heaps of ashes and the crumbling ruins left around its unscathed walls.

Since the time of St. Louis France has possessed the crown of thorns of our Lord Jesus Christ, and there is great interest in tracing the vicissitudes through which this priceless treasure has passed, and in learning the circumstances under which the saintly monarch obtained it. In the year 1204 the French and the Venetians, having captured Constantinople, established there as emperor Baldwin, Count of Flanders. On the division of the booty this prince requested for his share the sacred crown of our Saviour, which was found among the treasure of the emperors of the East, offering, if it were adjudged to him, to give to the Doge of Venice a large portion of the true cross in exchange.

His successor, Baldwin II., finding his empire, in the year 1238, threatened by the Greeks on the one side, and on the other by the Bulgarians, came into the West to seek aid and protection against his enemies. Whilst at the court of France, whither he had gone to entreat the assistance of St. Louis, tidings reached him that the nobles whom he had left at Constantinople, finding their resources completely exhausted, were on the point of pledging the holy crown to the Venetians for a sum of money. The young emperor, strongly disapproving of this measure, offered as a free gift to St. Louis the precious relic which the lords of Byzantium were wishing to sell. "For," said he, "I greatly desire to bestow it upon you, my cousin, who are my lord and benefactor, as well as upon the realm of France, my country."

St. Louis eagerly accepted such a gift as this, and immediately, at the same time that Baldwin de-

spatched one of his officers with letters-patent commanding that the holy crown should be sent to him, the French monarch sent two of the Friars Preachers, named James and Andrew, to receive it in his name. Journeys in those days, however, were by no means expeditious, and on the arrival of the messengers at Constantinople they found the sacred relic gone from the treasury, and pledged to the Venetians for 13,075 hyperperia, or about £157,000 sterling. It had been deposited by their chamberlain, Pancratius Caverson, in the church of Panta Craton, that of his nation at Byzantium. On receiving the emperor's orders the Latin lords rearranged the matter with the Venetians, and it was agreed that, if within a reasonably short time the latter did not receive the reimbursement of the sum they had paid, the sacred crown should become their undoubted property. Meanwhile, it was to be carried to Venice, accompanied by the envoys of the King of France, one of whom, Father Andrew, had formerly been guardian of the convent of his order at Constantinople, and, having on several occasions seen the crown, knew its appearance perfectly well. It was this circumstance which had determined St. Louis to send him as one of his messengers.

Every possible precaution was taken to secure the identification of the holy crown, which was enclosed in three chests, the first of gold, the second of silver, on which the Venetian lords affixed their seals, the third of wood, which was sealed by the French nobles.

The season, being Christmas, was unfavorable for the voyage by sea, but the envoys had no hesitation in embarking, secure in the conviction that the crown of Jesus would be their protection in the tempest and the perils of the wintry seas. Nor was their trust disappointed. They escaped unharmed from other dangers also; for the galleys of Vataces, the Greek pretender to the imperial throne, having started in pursuit of their vessel, were unable to overtake or even to discover them, and they reached Venice in safety.

The holy crown was at once borne to St. Mark's, and there placed among the treasures in the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, where reposed the body of the Evangelist, between the two columns of alabaster which are said to have been brought from the Temple of Solomon. At the same time one of the Dominican Fathers set out for France to acquaint St. Louis with the terms agreed upon.

These were approved of by the king, who directed the French merchants to repay the Venetians the sum they had advanced. The sacred relic was then delivered into the hands of the French envoys, who, after assuring themselves that the seals were intact, started homewards with their treasure on the road to France. No sooner had the king heard of the arrival of the holy crown at Troyes, in Champagne, than he immediately set out, with the queen-mother, Blanche of Castile, the princes his brothers, and several of the chief prelates and nobles, to receive and accompany it to the capital. The meeting took place at Villeneuve l'Archevêque, five leagues from Sens, on the 10th of August, 1239. The seals were then broken, and in the midst of an indescribable emotion the sacred relic was displayed.

The king and his brother, the Comte d'Artois, both barefooted and wearing a simple tunic of wool,

taking it upon their shoulders, bore it in great pomp to the metropolitan church of Sens, where it remained exposed for the veneration of the faithful until the following day, when the march towards Paris was resumed, and they reached the capital in eight days' time. A platform had been raised at St. Antoine des Champs, where the crown was placed; and when every one had contemplated it with an inexpressible joy, the king and his brother, taking it, as before, upon their shoulders, carried it in procession to the palace chapel, at that time dedicated to St. Nicholas, where it was deposited.

Besides all the precautions taken to render any substitution impossible, we may add that Baldwin, on being required to examine and identify the relic, declared its authenticity in a document written on parchment, which was in existence until the Revolution of 1793, signed with his own hand in Greek characters, traced in cinnabar, and having his own seal, of lead covered with gold, affixed. On one side of this seal the emperor was represented enthroned, with the inscription: "*Balduinus Imperator Romaniæ semper Augustus.*" On the other he was on horseback, with the inscription in Greek letters: "*Baudoin, Empereur, Comte de Flandre.*" It must also be borne in mind that the Venetians, before lending so considerable a sum for such a pledge, would be certain to satisfy themselves beyond all doubt as to its authenticity, and that, even had he been so minded, Baldwin could not in this matter have imposed upon the credulity of St. Louis, as some modern writers have asserted, but that he did really receive that which the whole Christian world regarded as the crown of thorns of our Lord Jesus Christ. Still, some additional proof may be required, and for this we must go back to an earlier period. We must also consider the nature of this crown; for many churches affirm, and with good reasons, that they possess thorns or fragments of the same, and yet these portions frequently do not resemble that which is at Paris.

In the first place, it is certain that a century and a half before the reign of St. Louis, at the time of the First Crusade, all the world admitted that a very large portion of the crown was preserved at Constantinople, in the chapel of the Greek emperors. When Alexis Comnenus wished to induce the Christian princes to go to his assistance, he spoke to them of the very precious relics which they would help to save, amongst which he especially designated the crown of thorns.

Also, in the time of Charlemagne, all the West had the certainty that Constantinople possessed this treasure, of which a considerable part was equally known to be at Jerusalem. Towards the year 800, according to Aimoin, the Patriarch of Jerusalem had detached some of the thorns, which he sent to Charlemagne, who deposited them at Aix-la-Chapelle with one of the nails of the true cross, and it was these relics which were afterwards given by Charles le Chauve to the Abbey of St. Denis.

The existence of the crown is a fact constantly alluded to in the sixth century, by St. Gregory of Tours amongst others; and about the year 409 St. Paulinus of Nola knew of its preservation. He writes: "The thorns with which the Saviour was crowned, and the other relics of his Passion, recall to us the living remembrance of his presence."

No written testimonies of an earlier date remain, but these appear to be fully sufficient, as they are the expression of an oral tradition well known to every one. As for the idea that such a relic as this could have been *invented* in those ages of conscience and of faith, it is wholly inadmissible.

The crown was not found with the cross and nails on Mount Calvary, nor is it probable that it was there buried with them, but that, when Joseph of Arimathea took down the body of Jesus from the cross, he would have preserved it apart. That no mention of this remains to us is easily accounted for by the silence and the exceeding precautions necessary so long as the persecutions by Jews and pagans continued. During this time the relics of the Passion which had been in the custody of the Blessed Virgin, or by her entrusted to others, could not, for reasons of safety, have been distributed to the various churches, but were honorably preserved in private dwellings, to be brought forth and publicly acknowledged when peace was granted to the church by the conversion of Constantine. Then it was that St. Helena sought with pious eagerness for every memorial that could be found of the Crucifixion, and distributed them chiefly among the churches of Jerusalem, Constantinople, and Rome.*

An apparent difficulty still remains, which obliges us to inquire into the nature and form of the sacred crown, with respect to which ancient authors differ from one another, some asserting that it was formed of reed (*juncus palustris*), about which, however, there are no points of any great sharpness; while others maintain it to have been made from the branches of a shrub belonging to the genus *Rhamnus*, several species of which, especially the *Zizyphus Spina Christi*, or the thorn of Christ, are furnished with exceedingly long, hard, and sharply-pointed thorns, exactly similar to those venerated in several churches, but bearing no resemblance whatever to the holy crown at Paris, which is, in fact, of reed.

How is this diversity to be accounted for? Thanks to the learned researches of M. Rohault de Fleury,* it is fully explained. The crown at Paris is a circle formed of small reeds bound together, and from which only a small number of particles have been taken. The opening is large enough to encircle the head and to fall rather low over the brow. But this circle is only the support or foundation, so to speak, of the painful crown of our Lord. The branches of those thorns of which we have been speaking were twined alternately within and without, and twisted across in such a manner as to form of these sharp spines not only a *circlet* but a *cap*, as it were, of torture, which covered the Redeemer's head.

The year 1241 added new treasures to those already acquired by St. Louis. These were also from Constantinople, and sent as expressions of the homage paid by the Emperor Baldwin to the "Most Christian King." These relics were accompanied by a parchment document to establish their authenticity, and which especially designated three remarkable portions of the true cross: the first and largest, *Crucem Sanctam*; the second, *Mag-*

* A branch from the crown of thorns was presented to the church at Treves. Two of the thorns also are in that of *Santa Croce in Gerusalemme* at Rome.

* *Mémoire sur les Instruments de la Passion.*

nam partem Crucis; and the third, which was smaller, and known as the Cross of Victory, because it had been borne before the armies of Constantine and his successors, *Aliam crucem mediocrem quam Crucem Triumphalem veteres appellabant.* With these was sent also the point of the lance which had pierced our Saviour's side, and which, from the beginning of the seventh century, had been kept in the chapel of the *Martyrion*, raised by Constantine on Mount Calvary over the very place of the Crucifixion. Heraclius, fearing lest the lance should fall into the hands of the Persians, sent it to Constantinople, from which the greater part of it was later taken to Antioch, where the Crusaders found it in 1097, but the point had been retained in the former city, and was sent from thence to Paris.

It was also in the palace of the *Bucoleon* at Byzantium that were for a long period preserved a portion of the purple robe, the reed, and the sponge of the Passion. Baldwin I., by means of certain concessions made to the other crusading princes, obtained that the chapel in this palace should remain undisturbed, and thus secured for himself the greater part of its treasures, which were so largely drawn upon by his successor for the benefit of St. Louis and of France.

On their arrival the king immediately prepared to erect an edifice that should be as worthy as possible to receive relics so precious; nor were there wanting at that time great artists well able to furnish the design. The middle of the thirteenth century was perhaps the best and purest period of religious architecture. Churches and cathedrals then arose the majesty of whose beauty has never been surpassed or even equalled. For the execution of his work Louis chose his own architect, Pierre de Montereau, the most renowned master-worker in stone of the great school of Philippe Auguste, whom he charged to construct, in place of the chapel of St. Nicholas, which was old and ruinous, another which should be not so much a church as a delicate reliquary in stone, with open-worked carving like a filigree of gold, paved with enamel, and lighted by windows filled with richly-colored glass.

The artist was no less ready to enter into the ideas of the king than he was competent to realize them. A plan, wonderful in the beauty of its proportions and the gracefulness of its design, was soon ready and submitted to the monarch's approval, who found it so excellent that his one desire was to see it carried out as expeditiously as possible.

The legendary spirit of the middle ages, which did not easily allow that a too perfect work could be the result of a man's own thought and labor, has, as usual, embroidered facts with fancies, and attributed the conception of so exquisite a design to supernatural and magical means. It is not difficult to understand that the simple imagination of the people may have had some scope in the colossal construction of the ancient cathedrals, which required centuries for their completion, and which often left no name of the master who conceived the design or of those who executed it; but the *Sainte Chapelle* was not to have such dimensions as to require time and labor either very great or prolonged, and, moreover, he who cut this jewel would engrave on it his name.*

* Until the Revolution the tomb of Pierre de Montereau still existed in the abbey church of St.

It is evident that the chief intention of the architect was to give to his work as spiritual a character as it is possible to impress upon matter, and to translate into stone the *sursum corda* of religious aspiration.

The first stone was laid by the king in the year 1245. The proportions of the plan are considered perfect by competent judges. It forms a lengthened parallelogram, terminated at the east end by an apse, and formed of two chapels, one above the other, without aisles or transepts. The edifice measures outside 36 metres 33 centimetres in length, by 17 in width; the exterior elevation from the ground of the lower chapel to the front gable is 42m. 50cm.; the spire* rises 33m. 25cm. above the roof. The interior elevation measures 6m. 60cm. in the lower chapel, and from 20m. to 50m. in the upper. The king's desire for the speedy completion of the building was so great that, notwithstanding the conscientious care bestowed upon every detail, the work went on with such rapidity that in three years the whole was finished, and the fairy-like beauty of the edifice excited the most enthusiastic admiration, tempered, however, by serious apprehensions as to the stability of the fabric — apprehensions which raised a tempest of reproaches against the daring architect. Pierre de Montereau was himself for a time dismayed at the possible consequences of his boldness. How could he be certain that a church so slight, so delicate, and, in comparison with its area, so lofty, would stand securely, almost in defiance of possibilities?

Sebastien Rouillard declares that scarcely was the *Sainte Chapelle* erected when it was seen to oscillate in the wind, and the spire to sway to and fro in the air when its bells were rung. Thus, *Quasimodo* or "Low" Sunday of the year of grace 1248, on which the church was consecrated, far from being a festival or triumph for the hapless architect, was to him a day of anguish. So effectually had he hidden himself that, though everywhere sought for, he could nowhere be found; and, to quote the words of Paul de St. Victor, "The very workmen had all fled, fearing that they might be taught the laws of equilibrium from the top of a gibbet. But time has proved that the seeming rashness of the mediæval master was well reasoned, and that this fair flower of his planting has the roots of an oak."

The proportions had been so carefully drawn, and the laws of mathematics so exactly observed, the materials so well chosen and shaped with such precision, that the aerial structure could not fail to consolidate itself in settling firmly upon its foundation. "One cannot conceive," writes M. Viollet-le-Duc, "how a work so wonderful in the multiplicity and variety of its details, its purity of execution, its richness of ornamentation, could have been executed in so short a time. From the base to the roof-ridge it is built entirely of hard freestone, every layer of which, cramped together by iron hooks run into the lead, is cut and placed with perfect exactness; the composition and carving of the sculpture likewise give evidence of the utmost care. Nowhere can one

Germain des Près, where he had built an exquisitely beautiful chapel to the Blessed Virgin, and where he was buried, at the age of fifty-four.

* The present spire was erected by M. Lassus, who has faithfully followed the character of the rest of the building.

find the least indication of negligence or hurry!" *

Nor was it the *Sainte Chapelle* alone that was completed by the end of these three years, but also the beautiful sacristy adjoining, which was in itself a masterpiece of Gothic architecture, with a touch of peculiar refinement about it suggestive of some influence from the East.

The upper and lower chapels corresponded with the two divisions of the palace. The lower one, which is less a crypt than a splendid church, with its sparkling windows, its paintings, its slender pillars with sculptured capitals, was destined for the officers and domestics of the royal household. Over the principal door was placed the image of the Blessed Virgin, which, according to a graceful legend, bent its head to Duns Scotus, in sign of thanks to that learned theologian, who had defended the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, and which ever afterwards retained this attitude. The upper chapel was reserved for the king and court, and the cell which was the oratory of St. Louis, may still be seen adjacent to the southern wall.

This church was his especial delight. He had it solemnly consecrated by two illustrious prelates on the same day; the lower chapel to the Blessed Virgin, by Philippe de Berruyer, Archbishop of Bourges, and the upper dedicated to our Lord's Crown of Thorns, by Eudes de Châteauroux, Bishop of Tusculum and legate of the Holy See. The sacred treasures which the king had received from Constantinople were placed in reliquaries of marvellous richness, wrought in gold and enamel, adorned with carbuncles and pearls. These again were enclosed in what was called *La Grande Châsse*, or "The Great Shrine," which was in the form of an arch of bronze, gilt, and adorned with figures in the front. It was raised on a kind of Gothic pedestal behind the high altar, and closed with ten keys, each fitting a different lock, six of which secured the two exterior doors, and the four others an inner trellis-work or grating. The relics themselves were in frames or vases of gold and crystal. There the holy crown was placed, in the centre, between the largest portion of the true cross on the one side and the lance on the other. Thanks to the luxury of locks and to the six archers who every night kept guard within the *Sainte Chapelle*, its riches were safe from all possibility of robbery or fraud.

All these things could not be accomplished without enormous outlay. The cost of the *Sainte Chapelle* amounted to more than £800,000. The sums sent to the Emperor of Constantinople, and those spent upon the reliquaries, amounted to two millions; and when it was suggested to the king that this lavish expenditure, even upon holy things, was somewhat excessive, he replied: "Diex m'a donné tout ce que possède; ce que dépenserai pour lui et pour les nécessiteux sera tousiours le mieux placé." *

He did not wait until the completion of the church before establishing there a college of seventeen ecclesiastics, amply endowed. The clergy of the *Sainte Chapelle*, in virtue of certain privileges and exemptions granted by Pope Inno-

* *Dictionnaire Archéologique.*

* God has given me all that I possess; that which I shall spend for him and for the needy will be always the best invested.

cent IV., were under the immediate jurisdiction of the Holy See. The same pope, at the prayer of the king, enriched the relics with numerous indulgences, and at the same time granted to St. Louis and his successors the privilege of making the exposition of them every Shrove Tuesday. On this day, therefore, the court of the palace was filled, from the hour of seven in the morning, by the inhabitants of the twelve parishes of Paris, who there waited, as it was impossible for the chapel to contain the multitude. Then the king, taking the cross, elevated it, whilst the people sang *Ecce Crux Domini;* after which he exposed it before the central window of the apse in such a manner that through the open portal of the church the crowds could behold and venerate it from the court outside.

Those days were occasions of exceeding happiness to the saintly monarch, who, besides, took delight in everything connected with the sanctuary he had raised, whether in the pomp of its religious solemnities or in the solitude of the holy place. There he devoutly followed the divine Office, and there he was wont to pass long hours, alone, in prayer, kneeling in his oratory, or prostrate on the pavement near the altar. He had there created for himself something of that East towards which the thoughts and desires of his heart were ever turning, and around this glorified Calvary which he had raised to the honor of God he seemed to behold an ideal representation of the Holy Land. All the neighboring streets had taken the names of towns or villages of Palestine: Bethlehem, Nazareth, Jerusalem, etc. But the pious illusion did not satisfy a soul so in love with the cross as that of St. Louis; his knightly heart bounded at the story of the misfortunes in the East, and on the 25th of May, 1270, he again enrolled himself among the Crusaders; his sons and barons did the same. He first directed his operations against Tunis in Africa, but before he reached that place he died near it, in August, 1270.

Great was the mourning in France when tidings came of the death of the king. The *Sainte Chapelle* seemed plunged, as it were, into widowhood, and the poet Rutebeuf, in his *Regrets au Roy Loeys*, has not forgotten the desolation which seemed to be shed over it:

"Chapèle de Paris, bien êres maintenue,
La mort, ce m'est advis, t'a fest desconvenue,
Du miex de tes amys, t'a laissé toute nue.
De la mort sont plaintifs et grant gent et menue." *

A day of joy and renewed life, as it were, was, however, in store for the royal sanctuary, when the departed monarch received within its precincts the first homage of the Christian world as one of the glorious company whom the church had raised to her altars. Pope Benedict VIII., in accordance with the ardent prayers of the whole of France, had, in his bull of the 11th of August, 1297, declared the sanctity of Louis IX. The following year Philip le Bel convoked in the abbey church of St. Denis all the prelates, abbots, princes, and barons of the realm; the body of St. Louis was placed in a *châsse* or coffer of silver, and borne by the Archbishops of Rheims and Lyons to the *Sainte Chapelle*, where immense multitudes were assembled

* "Chapel of Paris, erst so well maintained,
Death, as I am advised, has robbed thee
Of thy best friend, and left thee desolate
Great folk and small, all make complaint at death."

to receive it, and where it remained three days exposed for the veneration of the faithful. Philip would fain have kept it there in future, but, fearing to violate the rights of the royal abbey of St. Denis, he restored it thither, excepting the head, which he caused to be enclosed in a bust of gold, and placed amongst the sacred treasures of the holy monarch's favorite sanctuary.

Long and prosperous days were yet in store for the *Sainte Chapelle*, which reckons in its annals a series of great solemnities. Although its circumscribed space did not allow large numbers of people to assemble at a time within its precincts, it was very suitable for certain festivals of a family character, such as royal marriages and the coronation of queens, at which none but the principal prelates and nobles were present. Here it was that, in 1275, Mary of Brabant, daughter of Philip le Hardi, received the royal consecration, and that, in 1292, Henry VII., Emperor of Germany, in presence of the king, espoused Margaret of Brabant. In due time the daughter of this prince, Mary of Luxemburg, here became the wife of Charles le Bel, who had been married once before, and who, on the death of his second wife, not long afterwards took a third, Jeanne d'Evreux. Here also the too famous Isabel of Bavaria gave her hand to the unfortunate Charles VI. About a century previous a noble and touching ceremony had taken place within these walls, when the Emperor Charles IV., accompanied by his son Wenceslaus, King of the Romans, after having, together with the King of France, assisted at the first Vespers of the Epiphany, on the following day, at the High Mass, which was sung by the Archbishop of Rheims, these three august personages, representing the Magi, bore their gifts to the altar, and there offered gold and frankincense and myrrh.

The *Sainte Chapelle* was always the place of meeting and departure of every expedition, public or private, to the Holy Land. Even at the period when the Crusades were no longer in favor, it was here that the last sparks of religious enthusiasm were kindled in their regard. In 1332 a noble assemblage was gathered in the upper chapel. There were present Philippe II. of Valois; John of Luxemburg, King of Bohemia; Philippe d'Evreux, King of Navarre; Eudes IV., Duke of Burgundy; and John III., the Good, Duke of Brittany; prelates, lords, and barons. The Patriarch of Jerusalem, Pierre de la Pallu, who was addressing the assembly, drew so heartrending a picture of the misfortunes of the Holy Land that all present arose as one man, and, with their faces turned to the altar and their right hands stretched out towards the sacred cross and crown of the Saviour, vowed to go to the rescue of the holy places. Alas! the days of Tancred and Godfrey de Bouillon were gone by, and this generous ardor was doomed to be paralyzed by circumstances more powerful than the courage of brave hearts.

The clergy appointed by St. Louis were more than sufficient for the service of the chapel, which for a long period retained its privileges and organization. Up to the time of the Revolution it was served by a treasurer, a *chantre* or (chief) "singer," twelve canons, and thirteen clerks. The chantry had been founded in 1319 by Philip le Long. The treasurer was a person of very considerable importance, wore the episcopal ring, and

officiated with the mitre. He was sometimes called the pope of the *Sainte Chapelle*. This office was borne by no less than five cardinals, as well as by many archbishops and other prelates.

There were certain ceremonies peculiar to the chapel. For example, on the Feast of Pentecost flakes of burning flax were let fall from the roof, in imitation of the tongues of fire, and a few moments afterwards a number of white doves were let fly in the church, which were also emblematic of the Holy Spirit. Lastly, at the Offertory one of the youngest children of the choir, clad in white garments, and with outspread golden wings, suddenly appeared hovering high above the altar, by the side of which he gradually descended, and approached the celebrant with a silver ewer for the ablutions. Again, on the festival of the Holy Innocents, and in their honor, the canons gave up their stalls to the choir-children, who, being made for a few hours superior to their masters, had the honor of chanting the divine Office and of carrying out all the ceremonial. These juvenile personages sat in state, wore the copes, and officiated with the utmost gravity and propriety. Nothing was wanting; even the cantoral baton was entrusted to the youthful hands of an improvised *præcentor*. This custom was observed with so much reverence and decorum that it continued in existence until as late as the year 1671.

The splendors of the *Sainte Chapelle* began to decline from the day that the kings abandoned the *Ile du Palais* to take up their abode on the northern bank of the Seine; and from the commencement of the sixteenth century it gradually fell almost into oblivion. The subsequent events which have from time to time called attention towards it have nearly all been of a dark and distressing character. Scarcely had the Reformation, by its appearance in France, roused the evil passions which for long years plunged the land into all the miseries of civil war, when fanaticism here signalized itself by the commission of a fearful sacrilege. On the 25th of August, 1503, a scholar, twenty-two years of age, rushed into the chapel during the celebration of holy Mass, snatched the Host out of the hands of the priest, and crushed it to pieces in the court of the palace. He was arrested, judged, and condemned to be burnt. A solemn service of expiation was held in the church, and the pavement upon which the fragments of the sacred Host had fallen was carefully taken up and deposited in the treasury.

We mentioned before that the largest portion of the cross, as well as the smallest (the *Crux Triumphalis*), were preserved in the great shrine, together with the sacred crown; but the intermediate one, designated *aliam magnam partem*, being the portion exposed, from time to time, for the veneration of the faithful, was deposited in the sacristy. All at once, on the 10th of May, 1575, it was found that this piece had disappeared, together with the reliquary that contained it. Great was the general grief and consternation. No pains were spared in the search for it, and large rewards were offered to any persons who should discover any trace of the robbers: all in vain, although public prayers and processions were made to obtain the recovery of the lost relic.

But the guilty person was one whom no one thought of suspect-

ing. Grave historians have nevertheless affirmed that the robber was none other than the king himself, Henry III., who, under the seal of secrecy, had, for a very large sum of money, given back this portion into the hands of the Venetians. A true cross, however, must be had for the solemn expositions customary at the *Sainte Chapelle*. In September of the same year Henry III. caused the great shrine to be opened, and cut from the *Crucem Sanctam* a piece which was thenceforth to take the place of that which was missing, and which he caused to be similarly shaped and arranged. A reliquary was also to be made like the former one, the decoration of which furnished the unblushing monarch with a fresh opportunity of enriching himself at the expense of the treasures of the *Sainte Chapelle*, from which he managed to abstract five splendid rubies of the value of 260,000 crowns, and which his successor, Henry IV., was unable to recover from the hands of the usurers to whom they had been pledged. About thirty years later the church narrowly escaped destruction by a fire which, owing to the carelessness of some workmen, broke out upon the roof; but although the timber-work was burnt and the sheets of lead that covered it melted, yet the lower roof resisted, and even the windows were uninjured. The beautiful spire was consumed, and replaced by one so poor and ill constructed that a century and a half later it was found necessary to take it down.

But where the fire had spared man destroyed. A devotion to the straight line led certain builders to commit, in 1776, an act of unjustifiable vandalism. The northern *façade* of the *Palais de Justice* was to be lengthened; and as the exquisite sacristy which Pierre de Montereau had placed by the *Sainte Chapelle*, like a rosebud by the side of the expanded flower, was found to be within the line of the projected additions, these eighteenth-century architects hesitated not: the lovely fabric was swept away to make room for heavy and unsightly buildings which well-nigh hid the *Sainte Chapelle* and took from its windows half their light.

The days of the Revolution soon afterwards darkened over France. The National Assembly, at the same time that it declared the civil constitution of the clergy, suppressed all church and cathedral chapters, together with all monasteries and abbeys. The *Sainte Chapelle* was deprived of its priests and canons, and the municipality of Paris set seals upon the treasury until such time as it should choose to take possession. Louis XVI., who only too truly foresaw the fate that was in store for all these riches, resolved to save at least the holy relic, and sending for M. Gilbert de la Chapelle, one of his counsellors, in whom he could place full confidence, he charged him to transfer them from the treasury to some place where they would be secure.

On the 12th of March, 1791, therefore, the king's counsellor, assisted by the Abbé Fénelon, had the seals removed in presence of the president of the Chamber of Accounts and other notable personages; took out the relics, and, after having presented them to the monarch, accompanied them himself to the royal abbey of St. Denis, where they were at once deposited in the treasury of the church. No one then foresaw that the sacrilegious hand of the Revolu-

tion would reach not only thither, but to the very extremities of the land.

In 1793 a mocking and savage crowd forced itself into the *Sainte Chapelle*, and made speedy havoc of the accumulated riches of five centuries. Besides the great shrine and the bust containing the head of St. Louis, there were statues of massive gold and silver, crosses, chalices, monstrances, and reliquaries, of which the precious material was but of secondary value in comparison with their exquisite workmanship. There were delicate sculptures in ivory, richly-illuminated Missals and Office-books of which even the jewelled binding alone was of enormous value. Everything was hammered, twisted, broken, wrenched down, torn, or dragged to the mint to be melted into ingots. But, worse than this, the relics that had been taken to St. Denis were soon after to be snatched from their place of shelter. On the night of the 11th–12th of November in that dismal year this venerable cathedral was desecrated in its turn. We will not dwell upon the horrible saturnalia enacted there; but first of all the treasures of the sanctuary were carried off to Paris, with the innumerable relics they contained, and handed over to the Convention as "objects serving to the encouragement of superstition."

What was to become of the true cross and of the holy crown in such hands as these? They who burnt the mortal remains of St. Denis and of St. Geneviève would not scruple to destroy the sacred memorials of the Passion. But they were to be saved. Happily, it was put into the heads of the Convention that, in the light of curiosities, some of these "objects" might serve to adorn museums and similar collections, and they were therefore submitted to the examination of learned antiquarians. The Abbé Barthélemy, curator of the *Bibliothèque Nationale*, affirmed the crown to be of such great antiquity and rarity that no enlightened person would permit its destruction; and having obtained that it should be confided to him, preserved it with the utmost care in the National Library. M. Beauvoisin, a member of the commission, took the portion of the cross (*Crucem magnam*) and placed it in the hands of his mother. The nail was saved in the same manner, besides a considerable number of other very precious relics, which, in various places of concealment, awaited the return of better days.

But the hand of the spoiler had not yet finished its work upon the *Sainte Chapelle*. Not that, like many other ancient sanctuaries, it was wholly demolished, but its devastation was complete. The grand figure of our Lord on the principal pier of the upper chapel, the Virgin of Duns Scotus, the admirable bas-reliefs, the porch, the richly-sculptured tympanum and arches, the great statues of the apostles in the interior, the paintings and enamels which adorned the walls—not one of these escaped destruction at the hands of the iconoclasts of the Revolution, who left this once dazzling sanctuary not only bare but mutilated on every side. And as if this had not been ruin enough, the pitiless hardness of utilitarians put the finishing stroke to the havoc already made by anti-Christian fanaticism. The administrators of 1803 thought they could do nothing better than make of the *Sainte Chapelle* a store-room for the records of the Republic.

Then were the walls riddled with hooks and nails, along the arcades and in the defoliated capitals. Up to a given height a portion of the rich glazing of the windows was torn down round the whole compass of the building, and the space walled up with lath and plaster, along which was fixed a range of cupboards, shelves, and cases with compartments. Dulaure, in his *Description of Paris*, highly applauds these proceedings, and considers that the place had rather gained than lost by being turned into a store for waste paper. "The *Sainte Chapelle*," he says, "is now consecrated to public utility. It contains archives, of which the different portions are arranged in admirable order. The cupboards in which they are placed occupy a great part of the height of the building, and present by their object and their decoration a happy mixture of the useful and the agreeable. O Prudhomme! thou art eternal."*

And yet this poor flower, so rudely broken by the tempest, had tried to lift her head, as it were, and recover something of the past, when the dawn of a brighter day shed some of its first rays on her.

In the year 1800, while Notre Dame, still given up to schismatic ministers, was utterly deserted, two courageous priests, the Abbé Borderies, since Bishop of Versailles, and the Abbé Lalande, afterwards Bishop of Rodez, first gathered together the faithful within the walls of the *Sainte Chapelle* for holy Mass, and also for catechisings which were long afterwards remembered. In 1802 these good priests held there a ceremony which for years past had been unknown in France—the First Communion of a large number of children and young persons, whom they had carefully watched over and prepared. This earliest ray of light after the darkness soon shone upon all the sanctuaries of the land.

When the churches were opened again, priests were needed for them, and of these there remained, alas! but too few. The *Sainte Chapelle* had to be left without any, and it was then put to the use we have described. A few years later, when an endeavor was about to be made to have it employed for its original purposes, it was found to require so much repairing that the question arose whether it would not be advisable to pull it down rather than attempt to restore it. Happily, neither course was then taken. The architects of the Empire and of the Restoration were alike incapable of touching unless irremediably to spoil so delicate a mediæval gem. Its state was, however, so ruinous that after the Revolution it was impossible to think of replacing the sacred relics in a building no longer capable of affording them a safe shelter; they were therefore, in 1804, at the request of Cardinal Belloy, Archbishop of Paris, given into the hands of the vicar-general of the diocese, the Abbé d'Astros, by M. de Portalis, then Minister of Public Worship. The holy crown, of which the identity was established beyond all doubt, was at first carried to the archbishop's palace, where it remained two years, during which time a fitting reliquary was prepared for its reception, and on the 10th of August it was transferred to Notre Dame and solemnly exposed for veneration.

Beyond the removal of a few small particles, it had not undergone the least alteration, nor had it certainly been broken into three

* See Paul de St. Victor, *Sainte Chapelle.*

parts, as has been stated. M. Rohault de Fleury, who was permitted to examine it minutely, could not discover the least trace of any fracture. It is now enclosed in a reliquary of copper gilt, measuring 3 feet 2 inches in height and 1 foot in width, of which the rectangular pedestal rests on lions' claws, while upon it kneel two angels, supporting between them a globe on which is inscribed *Vicit Leo de Tribu Juda.* The background is of lapis lazuli veined with gold. In the flat mouldings about the base are various inscriptions relating to the principal facts in the history of the holy crown. The globe, which is made to open in the middle, encloses a reliquary of crystal within another of silver, in the form of a ring, and it is within this circular tube of ten inches and a half in diameter that the precious relic is enshrined.

Another crystal reliquary contains the portion of the *Crucem magnam* which had replaced that which disappeared from the sacristy in 1575. This remarkable fragment is no less than eight inches in length. The nail of the Passion which was formerly in the great shrine is also at Notre Dame.

In addition to several other relics which were part of the treasure of the *Sainte Chapelle*, there are also various articles that belonged to St. Louis, and amongst others the discipline, which is accompanied by a very ancient inscription, as follows: "*Flagellum ex catenulis ferreis confectum qua SS. rex Ludovicus corpus suum in servitutem redigebat.*" William of Nangis mentions this discipline, with which Louis IX. caused himself to be scourged by his confessor every Friday. The ivory case in which it was kept contains a piece of parchment whereon is written in Gothic letters: "*Cestes escourgestes de fer furent à M. Loys, roy de France.*" * The sacred relics of the Passion are exposed at Notre Dame on all Fridays in Lent. In their crystal reliquaries, which are suspended from a cross of cedar-wood, they are placed on a framework covered with red hangings, which occupies the central space at the entrance of the choir, and is separated from the nave by a temporary railing. The nail is placed within the holy crown, and above them is the portion of the true cross.

We must return, for a few parting words, to the *Sainte Chapelle*, which for more than thirty years remained in a state of ever-increasing dilapidation and decay, until, in 1837, M. Duban was charged to commence repairing it by strengthening the fabric, and soon afterwards two other architects were associated with him in the work of careful and complete restoration which it was intended should be effected. It is enough to mention the names of MM. Lassus and Viollet-le-Duc to show how wise a choice had been made, these gentlemen having not only a thorough and scientific knowledge of mediæval architecture, an appreciation of its beauty and a sympathy with its spirit, but also that power of patient investigation, coupled with an accurate instinct, which would accomplish the reconstruction of a building from the study of a fragment, just as Cuvier, from a fossil bone, would delineate the entire form of an extinct animal.

The *Sainte Chapelle* was built in three years, but its restoration occupied nearly twenty-five. Every breach and rent was studied with an attentive eye and closed by an

* These *escourgettes* of iron belonged to Monsieur Louis, King of France.

experienced hand. Nothing was left to imagination or caprice. Here the original foliage must be restored to the broken capital; there the modern paint and whitewash must be carefully removed to discover what remained beneath of the ancient paintings, and supply with accurate similarity of coloring and design the numerous portions that had been disfigured or destroyed. Fragments of the ancient statues and stained glass were carefully sought for in private gardens and in heaps of rubbish, and in some cases it was found practicable to reconstruct an entire statue from the pieces discovered here and there at different times; otherwise, from the indications afforded by a portion, a copy of the original was produced.

This long and painstaking labor, which alone could ensure the restoration of the *Sainte Chapelle* to its former condition, has been crowned with complete success. Nothing is wanting. Exteriorly the buttresses and pinnacles rise as heretofore, with their flowered finials and double crowns; that of royalty being dominated by the crown of Christ. The bas-reliefs and statues are in their places; the roofs have recovered their finely-cut crests of leaden open-work; the golden angel stands as of old over the summit of the apse; and springing above all, from amid the group of saintly figures at its base, loftily rises the light and slender spire, its open stone-work chiselled like a piece of jewelry.

The lower chapel, standing on a level with the ground, is entered by the western porch, to the pier of which the Virgin of Duns Scotus has returned. It is lighted by seven large openings, and also by the seven narrower windows of the apse. The low-arched roofs rest upon fourteen very graceful though not lofty pillars with richly-foliated capitals and polygonal bases. Arcades, supported by light columns, surround the walls, which are entirely covered by paintings. The roof is adorned by *fleurs-de-lis* upon an azure ground.

Quitting the lower chapel by a narrow and winding staircase, which still awaits its restoration, you arrive beneath the porch of the upper one, and, entering, suddenly find yourself in an atmosphere of rainbow-tinted light. The characteristics of this beautiful sanctuary which at once strike you are those of lightness, loftiness, and splendor. A few feet from the floor the walls disappear, and slender, five-columned pillars spring upwards to the roof, supporting the rounded mouldings by which it is intersected. The space between these pillars is occupied by four great windows in the nave, while in the apse the seven narrower ones are carried to the roof. Half-figures of angels bearing crowns and censers issue from the junction of the arches, and against the pillars stand the majestic forms of the twelve Apostles, in colored draperies adorned with gold, each of them bearing a cruciform disc in his hand. It was these discs which received the holy unction at the hands of the Bishop of Tusculum when the building was consecrated.

The walls beneath the windows are adorned by richly gilt and sculptured arcades filled with paintings. No two of the capitals are alike, and the foliage is copied, not from conventional, but from natural and indigenous, examples.

The windows are all of the time of St. Louis, with the exception

of the lower compartments, which were renewed by MM. Steinheil and Lusson, and the western rose-window, which was reconstructed under Charles VIII. The ancient windows are very remarkable, not only for the richness of their coloring, but for the multitudes of little figures with which they are peopled. Subjects from the Old Testament occupy seven large compartments in the nave and four windows in the apse, the remaining ones being devoted to subjects from the Gospels and the history of the sacred relics. The translation of the crown and of the cross affords no less than sixty-seven subjects, in several of which St. Louis, his brother, and Queen Blanche appear; and notwithstanding the imperfection of the drawing, these representations very probably possess some resemblance to the features or bearing of the originals. In the window containing the prophecies of Isaias the prophet is depicted in the act of admonishing Mahomet, whose name is inscribed at length underneath his effigy.

The altar, which was destroyed, has not yet been replaced. That of the thirteenth century had in bas-relief on the retable the figures of our Lord on the cross, with the Blessed Virgin and St. John standing beneath, painted, on a gold ground. A cross hung over it, at the top of which was balanced the figure of an angel with outspread wings, bearing in his hands a Gothic ciborium, in which was enclosed the Blessed Sacrament. And why not still? Why is the mansion made once more so fair when the divine Guest dwells no longer there? When the magistracy assembles to resume its sittings, Mass is said. One Mass a year said in the *Sainte Chapelle!*

SIR THOMAS MORE.

A HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE PRINCESSE DE CRAON.

XIV.

THE following day, toward noon, Thomas More was seated, as usual after dinner, in the midst of his children. No one could discover in his countenance any trace of anxiety. He conversed with his customary cheerfulness. Margaret was a little pale, and it was evident that she had been weeping. She alone kept silence and held aloof from Sir Thomas. Near the window overlooking the garden, on the side next the river, sat Lady More engaged in knitting, according to her invariable habit, and murmuring between her teeth against the monkey, which had three or four times carried off her ball of yarn and tangled the thread.

Sir Thomas from time to time raised his eyes to the clock; he then began to interrogate his children about the work each had done during the morning. At last he called the little jester, who was pulling the dog's ears and turning summersaults in one corner of the room, trying to make his master laugh, whom he found less cheerful than usual.

"Come hither," said Sir Thomas. "Henry Pattison, do you hear me?"

The fool paid no attention to what his master said to him.

"Henry Pattison!" cried Sir Thomas.

"Master, I haven't any ears." He turned a summersault and made a hideous grimace, which he thought charming.

"Since you have no ears, you can hear me as well where you are. Understand, then, little fool, that I have given you to the lord-mayor. I have written to him about you this morning, and I have no doubt but that he will send for you to-day or to-morrow."

Had a pail of boiling water been thrown on the poor child, he could not have jumped up more suddenly. On hearing these words he ran toward Sir Thomas, and, throwing himself at his feet, burst into a torrent of tears.

"What have I done, master?" he cried. "How have I offended you? Why have you not told me? Forgive me, I will never do so any more; but don't drive me away. I will never, never displease you again! No! no! don't send me away!"

"My child," said Sir Thomas, "you are mistaken. I am not at all displeased or vexed with you; on the contrary. You will be very happy with the lord-mayor; he will take good care of you, and that is why I prefer giving you to him."

"No! no!" cried Henry Pattison, sobbing. "Don't let me leave you, I implore you! Do anything you please with me, only don't send me away. Why is it you no longer want me? Dame Margaret,

take pity on me, and beg your father to let me stay!"

But Margaret, usually very willing to do what she was requested, turned away her head and paid no attention to this petition.

"Master, keep me!" he cried in despair. "Why do you not want me with you any longer?"

"My child," said Sir Thomas, "I am very much distressed at it; but I am too poor now to keep you in my house, to furnish you with scarlet coats and all the other things to which you are accustomed. You will be infinitely better off with the lord-mayor."

"I want nothing with the lord-mayor. I will have no more scarlet coats nor gold lace; and if I am too expensive to feed, I will go eat with the dog in the yard. You don't send him away; he is very happy. It is true that he guards the house, and that I—I am good for nothing. Well, I will work; yes, I will work. I implore you, only keep me. I will work. I don't want to leave you, my dear master. Have pity on me!"

Sir Thomas was greatly disturbed. Alas! his heart was already so full, it required so much courage to conceal the state of his soul, he was in such an agony, that he felt if the dwarf said any more he would be forced to betray himself.

Assuredly it was not the thought of being separated from his jester that afflicted him to such a degree, but the attachment of this deformed and miserable child, his tears, his entreaties, his dread of losing him, reminded him but too forcibly of the grief which later must seize on the hearts of his own children; for the composure which they saw him maintain at this moment alone prevented them from indulging in expressions of affection far more harrowing still.

"Margaret," he said, "you will take care of him, will you not?" And fearing he had said too much, he arose hurriedly, and went to examine a vase filled with beautiful flowers, which was placed on the table in the centre of the apartment, and thus concealed the tears which arose and filled his eyes. But the dwarf followed, and fell on his knees before him.

"Come, come, do not distress yourself," said Sir Thomas; "I will take care of you. Be quiet. Go get your dinner; it is your hour now."

Sir Thomas approached the window. While he stood there William Roper entered, and, going to him, told him that the boat was ready and the tide was up. More was seized with an inexpressible grief. For an instant he lost sight of everything around him; his head swam.

"Whither go you?" asked his wife.

"Dear Alice, I must to London."

"To London?" she replied sharply. "But we need you here! Why go to London? Is it to displease his majesty further, in place of staying quietly here in your own house, and doing simply whatever they ask of you? Well did I say that you did wrong in giving up your office. That is what has made the king displeased with you. You ought to write to Master Cromwell; he has a very obliging manner, and I am sure that all this could be very easily arranged; but you are ever loath to give up anything."

"It is indispensably necessary for me to go," replied Sir Thomas. "I much prefer remaining. Come!" he said.

"Father! father!" exclaimed all

the children, "we will go with you to the boat."

"Lead me, dear papa," said the youngest.

Sir Thomas cast a glance toward Margaret, but she had disappeared. He supposed she did not wish to see him start, and he was grieved. However, he felt that it would be one trial less.

"No, my children," he replied; "I would rather that you come not with me."

"Why not, dear father?" they cried in accents of surprise and regret.

"The wind is too strong, and the weather is not fair enough," said Sir Thomas.

"Yes, yes!" they cried, and threw their arms around his neck.

"You cannot go to-day. I do not wish it," said Sir Thomas in a decided manner.

Words cannot describe the sufferings of this great man; he knew that he would no more behold his home or his children, and that, determined not to take the oath which he regarded as the first step toward apostasy in a Christian, they would not pardon him. He cast a last look upon his family and hurried toward the door.

"You will come back to-morrow, will you not, father?" cried the children in one voice.

He could not reply; but this question re-echoed sadly in the depths of his soul. He hastened on still more rapidly. Roper, who knew no more than the others, was alarmed at the alteration he saw in the features of Sir Thomas, and began to fear that something had happened still more distressing than what he had already heard. However, More had told them so far that it was impossible for him to be found guilty in the affair of the Holy Maid of Kent, but Roper knew not even who she was. The absence of Margaret alone seemed to him inexplicable. Entirely absorbed in these reflections, he followed Sir Thomas, who walked with extraordinary rapidity, and they very soon reached the green gate.

"Come, my son," said Sir Thomas, "hasten and open the gate; time presses."

Roper felt in his belt; he found he had not the key.

"I have not the key," he said. "I must return."

"O God!" exclaimed Sir Thomas when he found himself alone; and he seated himself on the step of the little stairway, for he felt no longer able to stand on his feet.

"My God!" he cried, "to go without seeing Margaret! Oh! I shall see her again; if not here, at least before I die. Adieu, my cherished home! Adieu, thou loved place of my earthly sojourn! Why dost thou keep within thy walls those whom I love? If they had left thee, then I could abandon thee without regret. I shall see them no more. This is the last time I shall descend these steps, and that this little gate will close upon me. Be still, my soul, be still; I will not listen to you; I will not hear you; you would make me weak. I have no heart; I have no feeling; I do not think. Well, since you will have me speak, tell me rather why this creeping insect, why this straw, has been crushed in the road? Ah! here is Roper."

He at once arose. They went out and descended to the boat. Then Sir Thomas seated himself in the stern, and spoke not a word. Roper detached the cable, and, giving a push with the bar against the terrace wall, the boat immediately

put off and entered the current of the stream.

"This is the end," said Sir Thomas, looking behind him. He changed his seat, and remained with his eyes fixed upon his home until in the distance it disappeared for ever from his view. He continued, however, gazing in that direction even when the house could no longer be seen, and after some time he observed some one running along the bank of the river, which ascended and descended, and from time to time waving a white handkerchief. He was not able to distinguish whether it was a man or a woman, and told Roper to approach a little nearer to the bank. Then his heart throbbed; he thought he caught a glimpse of, he believed he recognized, Margaret, and he immediately arose to his feet.

"Roper! Margaret! there is Margaret! What can be wrong?"

They drew as near the bank as they could, and Margaret (for it was indeed she) leaped with an unparalleled dexterity from the shore into the boat.

"What is it, my dear child?" exclaimed Sir Thomas, with eager anxiety.

"Nothing," replied Margaret.

"Nothing! Then why have you come?"

"Because I wanted to come! I also am going to London." And looking round for a place, she seated herself with a determined air. "Push off now, William," she said authoritatively.

"My daughter!" exclaimed Sir Thomas.

She made no reply, and More saw that she had a small package under her left arm. He understood very well Margaret's design, but had not the courage to speak of it to her.

"Margaret, I would rather you had remained quietly at Chelsea," he said.

She made no reply.

"Your mother and sisters need you!"

"Nobody in this world has need of me," replied the young girl coldly, "and Margaret has no longer any use for anybody."

"Margaret, you pain me sorely."

"I feel no pain myself! Row not so rapidly," she said to Roper; "I am in no hurry; it is early. Frail bark, couldst thou only go to the end of the earth, how gladly would I steer thee thither!" And she stamped her foot on the bottom of the boat with passionate earnestness.

Sir Thomas wished to speak, but his strength failed him. His eyes filled with tears, and, fearing to let them flow, he bowed his head on his hands. It was the first time in her life that Margaret had disobeyed him, and now it was for his own sake. Besides, he knew her thoroughly, and he felt sure that nothing could change the resolution she had taken not to leave him at that moment.

They all three sat in silence. The father dared not speak; Roper was engaged in rowing the boat; and Margaret had enough in her own heart to occupy her. She became pale and red alternately, and turned from time to time to see if they were approaching the city. As soon as she perceived the spires of the churches she arose.

"We are approaching the lions' den," she cried; "let us see if they will tear Daniel."

And again she took her seat.

They were soon within the limits of the city, and found, to their astonishment, the greatest noise and excitement prevailing. Crowds of

the lowest portion of the populace thronged the bridges, were running along the wharves, and gesticulating in the most violent manner. This vile mob, composed of malefactors and idlers, with abuse in their mouths and hatred in their hearts, surges up occasionally from the lowest ranks of society, of which they are the disgrace and the enemy, to proclaim disorder and destruction; just as a violent storm disturbs the depths of a foul marsh, whose poisonous exhalations infect and strike with death every living being who imprudently approaches it. At such times it takes the names of "the people" and "the nation," because it has a right to neither, and only uses them as a cloak for its hideous deformity and a covering for its rags, its filthy habiliments. They buy up its shouts, its enthusiasm, its incendiaries, terrors, and assassinations; then, when its day is ended, when it is wearied, drunk, and covered with crimes, it returns to seethe in its iniquitous depths and wallow in contempt and oblivion.

Cromwell was well aware of this. Delighted, he moved about among the rabble, and smiled an infamous smile as he heard the cries that burst on the air and pierced the ear: "Long live Queen Anne! Death to the traitors who would dare oppose her!"

"And yet men say," he repeated to himself, "that it is difficult to do what you will. See! it is Cromwell who has done all this. Not long since the streets resounded with the name of Queen Catherine; to-day it is that of Anne they proclaim. What was good yesterday is bad to-day; is there any difference? What are the masses? An agglomeration of stupid and ignorant creatures who can be made to howl for a few pieces of silver, who take falsehood for wine and truth for water. And it is Cromwell who has done all this. Cromwell has reconciled the people and the king; he has made his reckoning with virtue, and seen that nothing would remain for him. He has then taken one of the scales of the balance; he has placed therein the heart of a man branded and dishonored by an impure passion, which has sufficed to carry him out of himself; the beam has inclined toward him. He has added crimes; he has added blood, remorse, treason; he will heap it up until it runs over, rather than suffer him to recover himself in the least. Shout, rabble! Ay, shout! for ye shout for me." And he looked at those red faces, blazing, perspiring; those features, disfigured by vice and debauchery; those mouths, gaping open to their ears, and which yet seemed not large enough to give vent to their thousand discordant and piercing sounds.

"There is something, then, viler than Cromwell," he went on with a fiendish glee; "there is something more degraded and baser than he. Come, you must confess it, ye moralists, that crime, in white shirts and embroidered laces, is less hideous than that which walks abroad all naked, and with its deformities exposed to the bold light of day."

He looked toward the river, but the light bark which carried Sir Thomas and his party escaped his keen vision; carried along by the force of the current, she shot swiftly as an arrow under the low arches of the first bridge.

"Alas!" said Sir Thomas, "what is going on here?"

He looked at Margaret and regretted she was there; but she seemed entirely unmoved. Marga-

ret had but one thought, and that admitted of no other.

On approaching the Tower they were still more surprised to see an immense crowd assembled and thronging every avenue of approach. The bridges and decks of the vessels were covered with people, and there seemed to be a general commotion and excitement.

"Thither she comes," said some women who were dragging their children after them at the risk of having them crushed by the crowd.

"I saw her yesterday," said another. "She is lovely; the fairest plumes on her head."

"And how her diamonds glittered! You should have seen them."

"Be still there, gabblers!" said a fat man mounted on a cask, leaning against a wall. "You keep me from hearing what they are shouting down yonder."

"My troth! she is more magnificent than the other."

"They say we are to have fountains of wine at the coronation, and a grand show at Westminster Hall."

"All is not gold that glitters," said the fat man, who appeared to have as much good sense as flesh.

He made a sign to a man dressed like himself, who advanced with difficulty through the crowd, pushing his way by dint of effort and perseverance. He seemed to be swimming on a wave of heads, each oscillation of which threw him back in spite of the determined resistance he made. The other, perceiving this, extended his hand to him, and, supporting himself by a bar of iron he found near, he drew his companion up beside him.

"Eh! good-day to you, Master Cooping. A famous day, is it not? All this scum goes to drink about five hundred gallons of beer for the monks."

"May they go to the devil!" replied the brewer, "and may they die of thirst! Hark how they yell! Do you know what they are saying? Just now I heard one of them crying: 'Long live the new chancellor.' They know no more about the names than the things. This Audley is one of the most adroit knaves the world has ever seen. There is in him, I warrant, enough matter to make a big scoundrel, a good big vender of justice. I have known him as an advocate; and as for the judge, I remember him still." As he said this he struck the leathern purse he carried in the folds of his belt.

"These lawyers are all scoundrels; they watch like thieves in a market for a chance to fleece the poor tradesmen."

Above these men, who complained so harshly of the lawyers and of those who meted out justice to all comers, there was a window, very high and narrow, placed in a turret that formed the angle of a building of good appearance and solid construction. This window was open, the curtains were drawn back, and there could be seen coming and going the heads of several men, who appeared and disappeared from time to time, and who, after having looked out and surveyed the river and the streets adjacent, returned to the extremity of the apartment.

This house belonged to a rich merchant of Lucca named Ludovico Bonvisi; he was a man of sterling integrity, and in very high repute among the rich merchants of the city. Established in England for a great number of years, he had been intimate with Sir Thomas More at the time the latter was Sheriff of London, and he had ever since retained for him a particular

friendship and esteem. On this day Ludovico had invited four or five of his friends to his house; he was seated in the midst of them, in a large chair covered with green velvet, before a table loaded with rare and costly wines, which were served in decanters of rock crystal banded with hoops of silver. There were goblets of the same costly metal, richly carved, and a number of these were ornamented with precious stones and different kinds of enamel. Superb fruits arranged in pyramids on rare porcelain china, confectioneries, sweetmeats of all kinds and in all sorts of figures, composed the collation he offered his guests, among whom were John Story, Doctor of Laws; John Clement, a physician of great celebrity, and most thoroughly versed in the Greek language and the ancient sciences; William Rastal, the famous jurist; his friend John Boxol, a man of singular erudition; and Nicholas Harpesfield, who died in prison for the Catholic faith during the reign of Elizabeth. They were all seated around the table, but appeared to be much more interested in their conversation than in the choice viands which had been prepared for them by their host. John Story, particularly, exclaimed with extraordinary bitterness against all that was being done in the kingdom.

"No!" said he, "nothing could be more servile or more vile than the course Parliament has pursued in all this affair. We can scarcely believe that these men, not one of whom in his heart approves of the divorce and the silly and impious pretensions of the king, have never dared to utter a single word in favor of justice and equity! No, each one has watched his neighbor to see what *he* would do; and when there has been question for debate, they have found no other arguments than simply to pass all that was asked of them. The only thing they have dared to suggest has been to insert in this shameful bill that those who should speak against the new queen and against the supremacy of the king would be punished only so far as they had done so *maliciously*. Beautiful and grand restriction! They think to have gained a great deal by inserting that, so closely are they pursued by their fears.

"When they have instituted proceedings against those unfortunates who shall have offended them, do you believe that Master Audley, and Cromwell, and all the knaves of that class will be at great pains to have entered a well-proven maliciousness? No; it is a halter that will fit all necks—their own as well as those of all others. I have often told them this, but they will believe nothing. Later they will repent it; we shall then be in the net, and there will be no way to get out of it. Yes, I say, and I see it with despair, there is no more courage in the English nation, and very soon we shall let ourselves be seized one by one, like unfledged birds trembling on the edge of their devastated nest."

"It is very certain," replied William Rastal, "that I predict nothing good from all these innovations; there is nothing more immoral and more dangerous to society than to let it become permeated, under any form whatever, with the idea of divorce—at least, unless we wish it to become transformed into a vast hospital of orphans abandoned to the chance of public commiseration, into a camp of furious ravishers, excited to revenge and mutual destruction. Take away the indisso-

lubility of marriage, and you destroy at the same blow the only chances of happiness and peace in the interior and domestic life of man, in order to replace them by suspicions, jealousies, crimes, revenge, and corruption."

"Or rather," said John Clement, "it will be necessary to reduce women to a condition of slavery, as in the ancient republics, and place them in the ranks of domestic animals."

"And, as a natural consequence, be ourselves degraded with them," cried John Story, "since we are their brothers and their sons."

"With this base cowardice in Parliament, all is possible," interrupted Harpesfield, "and I do not see how we are to arrest it. When they no longer regard an oath as an inviolable and sacred thing, what guarantee is left among men? You know, I suppose, what the Archbishop of Canterbury has done with the king's approval, in Westminster even, at the moment of being consecrated?"

"No!" they all answered.

"He took four witnesses aside before entering the sanctuary, and declared to them—he, Cranmer—that the antiquity of the usage and custom of his predecessors requiring that he should take the oath of fidelity to the pope on receiving the pallium from him, he intended, notwithstanding, to pledge himself to nothing in opposition to the reforms the king might desire to make in the church, of which he recognized him as the sole head. What think you of the invention of this preservative of the obligations that bear the sanctity and solemnity of an oath made at the foot of the altar, in presence of all the people, accustomed to listen to and see it faithfully observed? That proceeding sufficiently describes the age in which we live, our king, and this man."

"But everybody knows very well that Cranmer is an intriguer, void of faith or law," replied Rastal, "who has been foisted into his present position in order to do the will of the king and accommodate himself to his slightest desires."

"He has given him a wife," said John Clement, pouring out a glass of Cyprus wine, whose transparent color testified to its excellent quality; "I verily believe she will not be the last."

"What kind of a face has she, this damsel Boleyn? Is she dark or fair? Fair, without doubt; for the other was dark. This is perfect nectar, Ludovico! Have you more of it?"

"You are right; she has lovely blue eyes. She sings and dances charmingly."

"How much more, Ludovico? A small barrel—hem!—of the last invoice? *Excellentissimo*, Signor Ludovico!'

"Well, we will see her pass very soon; they escort her to the Tower, where she will remain until the coronation. They say the king has had the apartments in the Tower furnished with an unparalleled magnificence."

"Yes; and to sustain that magnificence he is contracting debts every day, and all his revenues do not cover his expenses."

"A good king is a good thing," said Harpesfield; "but nothing is worse than a bad one, and the good ones are so rare!"

"That is because," replied Boxol, who was very deliberate, "the power, renown, and flattery surrounding the throne tend so much to corrupt and encourage the passions of a man that it is very diffi-

cult for him, when seated there, to maintain himself without committing any faults. Besides, my masters, we must remember that the faults of private individuals, often quite as shameful, remain unknown, while those of a king are exposed to all eyes and counted on all fingers."

"Well," said John Clement; "but this one is certainly somewhat weighty, and I would not care to be burdened by having his sins charged to my account, to be held in reserve against the day of the last judgment."

"Good Bonvisi, give me a little of that dish which has nothing in common with the *brouet spartiate*."

"A good counsellor and a true friend," said John Story—"that is what is always wanting to princes."

"When they have them, they don't know how to keep them," said Ludovico. "See what has happened to More! Was not this a brilliant light which the king has concealed under a bushel?"

"Assuredly," replied Boxol; "he is an admirable man, competent for, and useful in, any position."

"He is a true Christian," said Harpesfield; "amiable, moderate, wise, benevolent, disinterested. At the height of prosperity, as in a humble position, you find him always the same, considering only his duty and the welfare of others. He seems to regard himself as the born servant and the friend of justice."

"Hold, sirs!" replied Clement, turning around on his chair. "There is one fact which cannot be denied; which is, that nothing but religion can render a man ductile. Otherwise he is like to iron mixed with brimstone. We rely upon him, we confide in his face and in the strength of his goodness; but suddenly he falls and breaks in your hands as soon as you wish to make some use of him."

"There must be a furious amount of sulphur in his majesty's heart," replied Harpesfield, "for he is going to burn, in Yorkshire, four miserable wretches accused of heresy. For what? I know not; for having wished, perhaps, to do as he has done—get rid of a wife of whom he was tired! There is a fifth, who, more adroit, has appealed to him as supreme head of the church; he has been immediately justified, and Master Cromwell set him at liberty. Thus the king burns heretics at the same time that he himself separates from the church. All these actions are horrible, and nothing can be imagined more absurd and at the same time more criminal."

"As for me," replied Clement, who had been watering his sugared fruits with particular care for a quarter of an hour, "I have been very much edified by the pastoral letter of my Lord Cranmer to his majesty. Have you seen it, Boxol?"

"No," replied Boxol, who was not disposed to treat this matter so lightly as Master Clement, as good an eater as he was a scholar, and what they call a *bon vivant*; "these things make me very sick, and I don't care to speak of them lightly or while dining."

"For which reason, my friend," replied Clement, "you are excessively lean—the inevitable consequence of the reaction of anxiety of soul upon its poor servant, the body; for there are many fools who confound all and disown the soul, because they are ashamed of their hearts and can discern only their bodies. As if we could destroy that which God has made, or discover the knots of the lines he has hidden! He has willed that man

should be at the same time spirit and matter, and that these two should be entirely united; and very cunning must he be who will change that union one iota. They will search in vain for the place of the soul; they will no more find where it is than where it is not. Would you believe—but this is a thing I keep secret because of the honor of our science—that I have a pupil who asserts that we have no soul, because, says this beardless doctor, he has never been able to distinguish the moment when the soul escaped from the body of the dying! Do you not wonder at the force of that argument? And would it not be in fact a very beautiful thing to observe, and a singular spectacle to see, our souls suddenly provided with large and handsome wings of feathers, or hair, or some other material, to use in flying around and ascending whither God calls them? Now, dear friends, believe what I tell you: the more we learn, the more we perceive that we know nothing. Our intelligence goes only so far as to enable us to understand effects, to gather them together, to describe them, and in some cases to reproduce them; but as for the causes, that is an order of things into which it is absolutely useless to wish to penetrate."

"Come, now, here is Clement going into his scientific dissertations, in place of telling us what was in Cranmer's letter!" cried Ludovico, interrupting him.

"Ah! that is because I understand them better; and I prefer my crucibles, my nerves and bones, to the subtleties, the falsehoods, of your pretended casuists. Boxol could tell you that very well; but after all I have been obliged to laugh at the sententious manner, grave and peremptory, in which this archbishop, prelate, primate, orthodox according to the new order, commands the king to quit his wicked life and hasten to separate from his brother's wife, under pain of incurring ecclesiastical censure and being excommunicated. What think you of that? And while they distribute copies of this lofty admonition among the good tradesmen of London, who can neither read nor write, nor see much farther than the end of their noses and the bottom of their moneybags, they have entered proceedings at Dunstable against that poor Queen Catherine, who is cast out on the world and knows not where to go. Can anything more ridiculous or more pitiable be found? Ha! ha! do you not agree with me?"

"Verily," said Boxol, who became crimson with anger, "Clement, I detest hearing such things laughed at."

"Ah! my poor friend," replied Clement, "would you have me weep, then? Your men are such droll creatures! When one studies them deeply, he is obliged to ridicule them; otherwise we should die with weeping."

"He is right," said John Story. "We see how they dispute and flay each other daily for a piece of meadow, a rut in the road which I could hold in the hollow of my hand. They write volumes on the subject; they sweat blood and water; they compel five hundred arrests; then afterwards they are astonished to find they have spent four times as much money as the thing they might have gained was worth. Why cannot men live at peace? If you put them off without wishing to press the suit, they become furious; and yet they always begin by representing their

affairs to you in so equitable a light that the devil himself would be deceived. There is one thing I have observed, and that is, there is nothing which has the appearance of being in such good faith as a litigant whose case is bad, and who knows his cause to be unjust."

"Come, my friends," cried Clement, "you speak well; all that excites compassion. You often ridicule me and what you please to call my simplicity, and yet I see everything just as clearly as anybody else; but I have a plain way of dealing, and I do not seek so much cunning. If God calls me, I answer at once: Lord, here I am! I have spent the nights of my youth in studying, in learning, in comparing; I have examined and gone to the depths of all the philosophers of antiquity, apparently so lucid, so luminous; I have found only pride, weakness, darkness, and barrenness. I have recognized that it was all profitless and led to no good; it was always *the man* that I was finding; and of that I had enough in myself to guide and support. Then I took the Bible, and I felt that it was God who spoke to me from its inspired pages; whereat I abandoned my learning and all those philosophical wranglings which weary the mind without bettering the heart. I go straight to my object without vexing myself with anything. There are things which I do not understand. That is natural, since it has pleased God to conceal them from me. Evidently I do not need to comprehend them, since he has not revealed them; and there is no reason, because I find some obscurities, why I should abandon the light which burns in their midst. 'Master Clement,' they ask me, 'how did God make that?' 'Why that?' My dear friends, this is just as far as we know. 'And this, again?' This I know nothing about, because it cannot be explained. When our dear friend More read us his *Utopia*, I remember that I approached him and said: 'Why have you not founded a people every man of whom followed explicitly the laws of the church? That would have given you a great deal less trouble, and you would at once have arrived at the art of making them happy, without employing other precepts than these: to avoid all wrong-doing, to love their neighbor as themselves, and to employ their time and their lives in acquiring all sorts of merits by all sorts of good works. There you would find neither thieves nor slanderers, calumniators nor adulterers, gamblers nor drunkards, misers nor usurers, spendthrifts nor liars; consequently, you would have no need of laws, prisons, or punishments, and such a community would unite all the good and exclude the bad.' He smiled and said to me: 'Master Clement, you are in the right course, and you would walk therein with all uprightness, but others would turn entirely around and never even approach it.' Therefore, when I see a man who has no religion, I say: 'That man is capable of the utmost possible wickedness'; and I am by no means astonished, when the occasion presents, that he should prove guilty. I mentally exclaim: 'My dear friend, you gain your living by selfish and wicked means'; and I pass by him, saying, 'Good-day, my friend,' as to all the others. He is just what he is; and what will you? We can neither control him nor change his nature."

His companions smiled at this discourse of John Clement, whom they loved ardently, and who was a man as good as he was original. A

little brusque, he loved the poor above all things, and was never happier than when, seated by their humble bedsides, he conversed with them about their difficulties and endeavored to relieve them. Then it seemed to him that he was king of the earth, and that God had placed in his hands a treasure of life and health for him to distribute among them. As often as he added largely to his purse, just so often was it drained of its contents; but he had for his motto that the Lord fed the little birds of the field, and therefore he would not forget him; and, besides, nobody would let John Clement die of hunger. Always cheerful, always contented with everything, he had gone entirely round the circle of science, and, as he said, having learned all that a man could learn, was reduced to the simplicity of a child, but of an enlightened child, who feels all that he loses in being able to go only so far.

"But take your breakfast now, instead of laughing at and listening to me," he cried.

As he spoke the sound of music was suddenly heard in the distance, and a redoubled tumult in the streets. A dull murmur, and then a loud clamor, reached their ears. They immediately hurried to the window, and left John Clement at the table, who also arose, however, and went to the window, where he arrived the last.

"It is she! It is Queen Anne!" was heard from all sides; and heads arose one above the other, while the roofs even of the houses were covered with people.

There is a kind of electricity which escapes from the crowd and the eager rush and excitement—something that makes the heart throb, and that pleases us, we know not why. There were some who wept, some who shouted; and the sight of the streamers floating from the boats, which advanced in good order like a flotilla upon the river, was sufficient to cause this emotion and justify this enthusiasm; for the people love what is gay, what is brilliant; they admire, they are satisfied. In such moments they forget themselves; the poet sings without coat or shoes; his praises are addressed to the glowing red velvet, the nodding white plume, the gold lace glittering in the sunlight. A king, a queen—synonyms to him of beauty, of magnificence—he waits on them, hopes in them, applauds them when they pass, because he loves to see and admire them.

Six-and-twenty boats, painted and gilded, ornamented with garlands of flowers and streaming banners, with devices and figures entwined, filled with richly-dressed ladies, surrounded the bark which conveyed the new spouse. Anne, arrayed in a robe of white satin heavily embroidered with golden flowers, was seated on a kind of throne which had been erected in the centre of the boat. A rich pavilion was raised above her head, and her long veil of magnificent point lace was thrown back, permitting a view of her beautiful features and fair hair. She was glowing with youth and satisfaction; and her heart thrilled with delight at seeing herself treated as a queen, and making her entry in so triumphant a manner into the city of London.

Her cheeks were red and delicate as the flower of spring; her eyes sparkled with life and animation. The old Duchess of Norfolk, her grandmother, was seated beside her, and at her feet the Duke of

Norfolk, the Earl of Wiltshire, her brother, Viscount Rochford, her sister-in law, and other relatives. The king was in another boat, and followed close. In all the surrounding boats there were musicians. The weather was superb, and favored by its calmness and serenity the *fête* that had been prepared for the new queen. Soon shouts arose of "Long live the king!" "Long live the queen!" and the populace, trained and paid by Cromwell, rushed upon the quays, upsetting everything that came in its way, in order to bring its shouts nearer. They seemed like demons seized with an excess of fury; but the eye confounded them among the curious crowd, and the distance harmonized to the royal eyes their savage expression.

Meanwhile, the boats, having made divers evolutions, drew up before the Tower, and Anne Boleyn was received at the landing by the lord-mayor and the sheriffs of the city, who came to congratulate and escort her to her apartments. It would be difficult to describe the ostentation displayed by Henry VIII. on this occasion; he doubtless thought in this way to exalt, in the estimation of the people, the birth of his new wife, and impose on them by her dignity. The apartments in the Tower destined to receive them had been entirely refurnished; the grand stairway was covered from top to bottom with Flanders tapestry, and loaded with flowers and censers smoking with perfume, which embalmed the air with a thousand precious odors. A violet-colored carpet, embroidered with gold and furs, extended along their line of march and traversed the courtyards. Anne and all her *cortége* followed the route so sumptuously marked out. As she rested her delicate feet on the silken carpet she was transported with joy, and gazed with delighted eyes on the splendors surrounding her. "I am queen—Queen of England!" she said to herself every moment. That thought alone found a place in her heart; she saw nothing but the throne, the title, this magnificence; she was in a whirl of enjoyment and reckless delight.

In the meantime Margaret and Sir Thomas were also entering the Tower. The young girl shuddered at the aspect of the black walls and the long and gloomy corridors through which she had been made to follow. Her heart throbbed violently as she gazed at the little iron-grated windows, closely barred, rising in tiers one above the other. It seemed to her she could see at each one of those little squares, so like the openings of a cage, a condemned head sighing at the sight of heaven or the thought of liberty. She walked behind Sir Thomas, and her heart was paralyzed by terror and fear as she fixed her eyes on that cherished father.

They at length reached a large, vaulted hall, damp and gloomy, the white-washed walls of which were covered with names and various kinds of drawings; a large wooden table and some worm-eaten stools constituted the only furniture. A leaden inkstand, some rolls of parchment, an old register lying open, and a man who was writing, interrogated Sir Thomas.

"Age?" asked the man; and he fixed his luminous, cat-like eyes on Thomas More.

"Fifty years," responded Sir Thomas.

"Your profession?"

"I have none at present," he answered.

"In that case I shall write you down as the former lord chancellor."

"As you please," said More. "But, sir," continued Sir Thomas, "I have received an order to present myself before the council, and I should not be imprisoned before being heard."

"Pardon me, sir," replied the clerk quietly, "the order has been received this morning; and if you had not come to-day, you would have been arrested this evening."

As he coolly said these words he passed to him a roll of paper from which hung suspended the seal of state. Sir Thomas opened it, and casting his eyes over the pages, the long and useless formula of which he knew by heart, he came at once to the signature of Cromwell below that of Audley. He recalled this man, who had coolly dined at his table yesterday, surrounded by his children. He then took up the great seal of green wax which hung suspended by a piece of amaranth silk. The wax represented the portrait of Henry VIII., with a device or inscription. He held the seal in his hand, looked at it, and turned it over two or three times.

"This is indeed the royal seal," said he. "I have been familiar with it for a long time; and now the king has not hesitated to attach it to my name. Well, God's will be done!" And he laid the seal and the roll of paper on the table.

"You see it," said the clerk, observing from the corner of his eye that he had replaced the paper. "Oh! I am perfectly at home with everything since I came here. It was I who registered Empson and Dudley, the ministers of Henry VII., and the Duke of Buckingham. A famous trial that! High treason also—decapitated at Tower Hill. A noble lord, moreover; he—listen, I am going to tell you; for it is all written here." And he began to turn the leaves of the book. "Here, the 17th of May, 1521, page 86." And placing the end of his finger on the page indicated, he looked at Sir Thomas complacently, as if to say: "Admire my accuracy, now, and my presence of mind."

On hearing this Margaret arose involuntarily to her feet. "Silence, miserable wretch!" she cried. "What is it to us that you have kept an account of all the assassinations which have been committed in this place? No! no! my father shall not stay here; he shall not stay here. He is innocent—yes, innocent; it would be impossible for him to be guilty!"

The clerk inspected her closely, as if to determine who she could be. "That is the custom; they always say that, damsel. As for me, however, it concerns me not. They are tried up above; but I—I write here; that is all. Why do they allow themselves to be taken? People ought not to be called wretches so readily," he added, fixing his eyes upon her. "I am honest, you see, and the worthy father of a family, you understand. I have two children, and I support them by the fruit of my labor."

"Margaret," said Sir Thomas, "my dearest daughter, you must not remain here!"

"You believe—you think so! Well, perhaps not; and yet I implore you! Undoubtedly I am only a woman; I can do nothing at all; I am only Margaret!"

And a gleam shot from her eyes.

Sir Thomas regarded her, overwhelmed with anguish and despair. He took her by the arm and led her far away from the clerk, toward the

large and only window, looking out on the gloomy and narrow back yard. "Come," he said, "let me see you display more courage; do not add to the anguish that already fills my soul! Margaret, look up to heaven." And he raised his right hand toward the firmament, of which they could see but the smallest space. "Have these men, my daughter, the power to deprive us of our abode up there? Whatever afflictions may befall us here on earth, one day we shall be reunited there in eternity. Then, Margaret, we shall have no more chains, no more prisons, no more separations. Why, then, should you grieve, since you are immortal? What signify the years that roll by and are cast behind us, more than a cloud of dust by which we are for a moment enveloped? If my life was to be extinguished, if you were to cease to exist, then, yes, my despair would be unlimited; but we live, and we shall live for ever! We shall meet again, whatever may be the fate that attends me, whatever may be the road I am forced to follow. Death—ah! well, what is death? A change of life. Listen to me, Margaret: the present is nothing; the future is everything! Yes, I prefer the gloom of the prison to the brilliancy of the throne; all the miseries of this place to the delights of the universe, if they must be purchased at the cost of my soul's salvation. Cease, then, to weep for me. If I am imprisoned here, it is only what He who called me out of nothing has permitted; and were I at liberty to leave, I would not do so unless it were his will. Know, then, my daughter, that I am calm and perfectly resigned to be here, since God so wills it. Return home now; see that nothing goes wrong there. I appoint you in my place, without, at the same time, elevating you above your mother; and rest assured that your father will endure everything with joy and submission, not because of the justice of men, but because of that of God!"

Margaret listened to her father without replying. She knew well that she would not be permitted to remain in the prison, and yet she so much wished it.

"No," she exclaimed at last, "I do not wish to be thus resigned! It is very easy for you to talk, it is nothing for me to listen; but as for me, I am on the verge of life. Without you, for me life has no longer the least attraction! Let them take mine when they take yours! It is the same thing; they owe it to the king. He so thirsts for blood that it will not do to rob him of one drop. Have you not betrayed him? Well! I am a traitor also; let him avenge himself, then; let him take his revenge; let him pick my bones, since he tears my heart. I am you; let him devour me also. Write my name on your register," she continued, suddenly turning toward the clerk, as if convinced that the reasons she had given could not be answered. "Come, friend, good-fortune to you—two prisoners instead of one! Come, write; you write so well! Margaret More, aged eighteen years, guilty of high treason!"

The clerk made no reply.

"Is there anything lacking?" said Margaret.

"But, damsel," he replied, placing his pen behind his ear with an air of indecision, "I cannot do that; you have not been accused. If you are an accomplice and have some revelations to make, you must so declare before the court."

"You are right; yes, I am an

accomplice!" she cried. "Therefore come; let nothing stop you."

"My beloved child," said Sir Thomas painfully, "you would have me, then, condemn myself by acknowledging you as an accomplice in a crime which I have not committed?"

"O my father!" cried the young girl, "tell me, have you, then, some hope? No! no! you are deceiving me. You see it! You have heard it! They would have come this night to tear you from our arms, from your desolated home! No; all is over, and I too wish to die!"

As she said these words, Cromwell, who had rapidly and noiselessly ascended the stairs, pushed open the door and entered. He came to see if More had arrived. He saluted him without the least embarrassment, and remarked the tears that wet the beautiful face of Margaret. She immediately wiped them away, and looked at him scornfully.

"You come to see if the time has arrived!" she said; "if my father has fallen into your hands. Yes, here he is; look at him closely, and dare to accuse him!"

"Damsel," replied Cromwell, bowing awkwardly, "ladies should not meddle with justice, whose sword falls before them."

As he said this, Kingston, the lieutenant of the Tower, entered, followed by an escort of armed guards.

The sound of their footsteps, the clanking of their arms, astonished Margaret. Her bosom heaved. She felt that there was no longer any resistance to be offered; she understood that it was this power which threatened to crush and destroy all she loved—she, poor young girl, facing these armed men, covered with iron, clashing with steel; these living machines, who understood neither eloquence, reason, truth, sex, age, nor beauty. She regarded them with a look of silent despair.

She saw Kingston advance toward her father, and say he arrested him in the name of the king; and then take his hand to express the regret with which he executed this act of obedience to the king. "The coward!" she thought; "he sacrifices his friend."

She saw her father approach her, to clasp her in his arms, to bid her adieu, to tell her to return home, to watch over her sisters, to respect her mother, take care of Henry Pattison, for his sake. She heard all this; she was almost unconscious, for she saw and heard, and yet remained transfixed and motionless. Then he left her. Kingston conducted him, the guards surrounded him, he passed through the door leading into the interior of the Tower; it closed, and Margaret was alone.

She stood thus for a long time, as if paralyzed by what had just passed before her. She put her hand upon her forehead; it was burning, and she could recall nothing more. By degrees animation returned, and she felt she was cold. She looked around her; she saw the clerk still seated at his desk, writing. Absolute silence reigned; those great walls were gloomy, deaf, and mute. Then she arose. She saw the day was declining; she thought she would try to go. Roper was waiting, and perhaps uneasy. She cast a lingering look at the door she had seen close upon her father; she set these places in her memory, saying: "I will return." She then went out, and slowly descended to the bank of the river, where she found Roper, who had charge of

the boat, and who was astonished at her long absence.

"Well, Margaret, and your father?" he said, seeing her alone. She drooped her head. "Will he not return?"

"No," she replied, and entered the boat; then she suddenly seized the hands of Roper. "He is there—do you see?—within those black walls, in that gloomy prison. The guards have taken him; they seized and surrounded him; he disappeared, and I am left—left alone! He has sent me away; he told me to go. Kingston! Cromwell! O Roper! I can stand no more; let us go." And Margaret sank, panting and exhausted, upon the forepart of the boat. Roper listened and looked at her.

"What! he will not return?" he repeated; and his eyes questioned Margaret.

But the noble and beautiful young girl heard him not; with her eyes fixed on the walls of the Tower, she seemed absorbed in one thought alone.

"Farewell, farewell, my father!" she said "Your ears no more hear me, but your heart responds to my own. Farewell, farewell!" And she made a sign with her hand, as though she had him before her eyes.

"Is it true, Margaret, that he will not return?"

"No! I tell you he will not. We are now all alone in the world. You may go. You may go quickly now, if you wish."

"Well," said Roper, "he will be detained to stand his trial; that will end, perhaps, better than you think." And he seated himself quietly at the oars; because Roper, always disposed to hope for the best in the future, concluded that Margaret, doubtless frightened at the imposing appearance of justice, believed Sir Thomas to be in far greater danger than he really was; and, following the thread of his own thoughts, he added aloud: "Men are men, and Margaret is a woman."

"What would you say by that?" she asked with energy. "Do you mean to say that I am your inferior, and that my nature is lower than your own? What do you mean by saying 'a woman'? Yes, I am inferior, but only in the animal strength which enables you to row at this moment and make me mount the wave that carries me. I am your inferior in cruelty, indifference, and selfishness. Ah! if I were a man like you, and could only retain under your form all the vigor of my soul and the fearlessness with which I feel myself transported, you would see if my father remained alone, abandoned without resistance in the depths of the prison where I saw him led; and if the oppressor should not, in his turn, fear the voice of the oppressed; and if this nation, which you call a nation of *men*, should be allowed to slaughter its own children!"

"Margaret," said Roper, alarmed, "calm yourself."

"I must sleep, I suppose, in order to please you, when I see my father delivered into the hands of his enemies! He is lost, I tell you, and you will not believe it, and I can do nothing for him. Of what good is courage to one who cannot use it? Of what use is strength, if one can only wish for it? To fret one's self in the night of impossibility; to see, to hear, and have power to do nothing. This is the punishment I must endure for ever! Nothing to lean upon! Everything will fall around me. He is condemned, they will say; there will be only one human creature less! That will be my father!"

And Margaret, standing up in the middle of the boat, her hair dishevelled, her eyes fixed, seemed to see the wretchedness she was describing. The wind blew violently, and scattered the curls of her dark hair around her burning face.

"Margaret," cried Roper, running to her and taking her in his arms—"Margaret, are you dreaming? What would your father say if he knew you had thus abandoned yourself to despair?"

"He would say," replied Margaret, "that we must despise the world and place our trust in Heaven; he would recall resignation into my exasperated soul. But shall I see him henceforth? Who will aid me in supporting the burdens of this life, against which, in my misery, I revolt every instant? Oh! if I could only share his chains. Then, near him, I would brave tyrants, tortures, hell, and the devils combined! The strength of my will would shake the earth, when I cannot turn over a single stone!"

At this moment the boat, which Roper, in his trouble, had ceased to guide, struck violently against some piers the fishermen had sunk along the river. It was almost capsized, and the water rushed in through a hole made by the stakes.

"We are going to sink," cried Roper, leaving Margaret and rushing toward the oar he had abandoned.

"Well! do what you can to prevent it," replied the young girl coldly, as she seated herself in her former position in the stern of the boat.

But the water continued to rush in, and was already as high as their feet. Roper seized his cloak, and made it serve, though not without considerable difficulty, to close the vent through which the water entered. A plank which he found in the bottom of the boat was used to finish his work, and they were able to resume their course; the boat, however, made but slow way, and it was constantly necessary to bail out the water that leaked through the badly-repaired opening. Night came on, and it was already quite late when they succeeded in reaching the Chelsea terrace, at the foot of which they landed.

Roper, having attached the boat to the chain used for that purpose, opened the gate, and they entered together. Margaret's heart throbbed violently; this lonely house, deprived of him who had made the happiness of her life; the gate which they had closed without his having entered it—everything, even to the sound of her own footsteps, pierced her soul with anguish. She passed rapidly through the garden and entered the house, where she found the rest of the family assembled as usual. All appeared sad, Lady More alone excepted; this woman, vulgar and coarse, was not in a condition to comprehend the position in which she found herself; the baseness of her sentiments, the littleness of her soul, rendered her a burden as annoying as she was painful to support. Margaret, in particular, could feel no affection for her. Frank and sincere herself, she abhorred the cunning and artifice her stepmother believed herself bound to employ to make up for her deficiency of intellect; and when, in the midst of a most interesting and elevated conversation, the reasoning of which Margaret caught with so much avidity, she heard her loudly decide a question and pronounce a judgment in the vulgar phrases used among the most

obscure class of people, she was not always able to conceal her impatience. Her father, more cheerful, more master of himself, recalled by a glance or a smile his dear Margaret to a degree of patience and respect he was always ready to observe.

On entering, therefore, Margaret's indignation was excited by hearing her stepmother abusing unmercifully poor Henry Pattison, who had wept incessantly ever since the departure of his master.

"Till-Wall! Till-Wall!" she cried. "This fool here will never let us have any more peace! Sir Thomas had better have taken him with him; they could have acted the fool together!"

Margaret listened at first to her stepmother, but she could not permit her to continue. "Weep!" she cried—"yes, weep, poor Pattison! for your master is now imprisoned in the Tower, and God knows whether you will ever see him again. Weep, all of you," she continued, turning to her sisters, "because you do not see your father in the midst of us. Believe in my presentiments; they have never deceived me. Those souls, coarse and devoid of sensibility, over whom life passes and dries like rain upon a rock, will always reject such beliefs; but if, when one is united by affection to a cherished being, the slightest movement of his eyes enables you to read his soul, and you discover the most secret emotion of his heart, we must believe also that nature, on the approach of misfortunes which are to befall us, reveals to us the secrets of the future. That is why I say to you, Weep, all of you; for you will never see him again. I—no, I will not weep, because to me this means death! I shall die!"

And crossing the room, she went and threw herself on her knees before the arm-chair usually occupied by her father. "Yesterday at this hour he was here; I have seen him here; I have heard him speak to me!" she cried, and it seemed to her she still heard him; but in place of that cherished voice which sounded always near her that of Lady More alone fell on her ear.

"Cecilia," she said, "go and see if supper is ready; it should have been served an hour ago. I have waited for you," she added, looking at Margaret, "although you may not have expected it, judging from the time you were absent."

"I thank you," replied Margaret. "It was not necessary; I could not eat."

"That is something one could not guess," angrily replied Lady More, rising from her arm-chair and proceeding to the dining-room.

They all followed her; but, on seeing her stepmother take Sir Thomas' place, and begin in a loud voice to say grace (as was customary in those days, when heads of families did not blush to acknowledge themselves Christians), Margaret was unable to restrain her tears, and immediately left the dining-room. Roper cast an anxious look after her, but on account of her stepmother he said nothing.

"It appears," said Lady More, whilst helping the dish which was placed before her, "that we are at the end of our trouble. All my life I've been watching Sir Thomas throwing himself into difficulties and dangers: at one time he would sustain a poor little country squire against some powerful family; at another he was taking part against the government; and now, I fear, this last affair will be the worst of all. But what have you heard,

Roper? Why has Sir Thomas not returned?"

Roper then related to her how he had waited in the boat; how he had seen the new queen pass, followed by the most brilliant assembly; and, finally, what Margaret had told him concerning her father.

"You see!" she exclaimed at every pause he made in his narration. "I was right! Say if I was not right?"

Meanwhile, her appetite remained undisturbed; she continued to eat very leisurely while questioning Roper.

He was anxious to finish satisfying the curiosity of his stepmother, who detained him for a long time, giving the details of Lady Boleyn's dress, although, in spite of his complacent good-will, Roper was unable to describe but imperfectly the inventions, the materials, jewelry, and embroideries which composed her attire.

"How stupid and senseless these scruples of Sir Thomas are!" she cried on hearing these beautiful things described. "I ask you now if it is not natural for me to wish to be among those elegant ladies, and to be adorned like them? But no; he has done everything to deprive himself of the king's favor, who has yielded to him to the utmost degree. But I will go and find him; I will speak to him, and demonstrate to him that his first duty is to take care of his family, and not drag us all down with him." As she said this, she shook her gray head, and assumed a menacing air as she turned towards Roper. But he was gone. He was afraid she would make him recommence his narrative; and, contrary to his usual custom, he was greatly troubled at the condition in which he saw Margaret.

He softly ascended to the chamber of the young girl, and paused to listen a moment at the door. The light shone through the windows, and yet he heard not the slightest sound. He then entered, and found Margaret asleep, kneeling on the floor like a person at prayer. She was motionless, but her sleep seemed troubled by painful dreams; and her eyebrows and all the features of her beautiful face were successively contracted. Her head rested on her shoulder, and she appeared to be still gazing at a little portrait of her father, which she had worn from her childhood, and which she had placed on the chair before her.

Roper regarded her a moment with a feeling of intense sorrow. He then knelt by her side and took her hand.

The movement aroused Margaret. "Where are we now, Roper?" she said, opening her eyes. "Have you finished mending the boat?"

But scarcely had she pronounced the words when, looking around her, she perceived her error. "Ah!" she continued, "I had forgotten we had reached home."

"My dear Margaret," said Roper, "I have felt the most dreadful anxiety since you left your stepmother."

"Oh! my stepmother," cried Margaret. "How happy she is! How I envy her the selfishness which makes us feel that in possessing ourselves all our wishes are accomplished! She is, at least, always sure of following and carrying herself in every place; they cannot separate her from the sole object of her love, and nothing can tear her from it."

"Is it, then, a happiness to love only one's self? And can you, dear Margaret, desire any such fate?"

"Yes!" replied Margaret. "The stupid creature by whom the future is disregarded, the past forgotten, the present ignored, makes me en-

vious! Why exhaust ourselves in useless efforts? And why does not man, like the chrysalis which sleeps forty days, not await more patiently the moment when he shall be born in eternity—the moment that will open to him the sources of a new existence, where he shall love without fearing to lose the object of his devotion; where, happy in the happiness of the Creator himself, he will praise and bless him every moment with new transports of joy? William, do you know what that power is which transforms our entire being into the one whom we love, in order to make us endure his sufferings a thousand times over? Do you understand well that love which has neither flesh nor bone; which loves only the heart and mind; which mounts without fear into the presence of God himself; which draws from him, from his grandeur, his perfections, from his infinite majesty, all its strength and all its endurance; which, fearing not death, extends beyond the grave, and lives and increases through all eternity? That celestial love—have you ever felt it? that soul within a soul, which considers virtue alone, lives only for her, and which is every moment exalted by its sacrifices and its devotion? that life within another life, which feels that nothing can extinguish it, and considers the world and creatures as nothing? Speak, Roper, do you entirely comprehend it? O my friend! listen attentively to me; when the fruit of experience shall have ripened for you, when your fellow-creatures shall no more speak of you but as 'the old man,' when you shall have long looked upon your children's children, then you will assemble them round you, and tell them that in other times a tyrant named Henry VIII. devastated their country, and immolated, in his bloody rage, the father of Margaret; you will tell them that you loved Margaret, and that she perished in the flower of her youth; and you will teach them to execrate the memory of that cruel king, to weep over the oppressed, and to defend them."

"Margaret!" cried Roper, "whither have your excited feelings carried you? Who will be able to take you from me? And the children of whom you speak—will they not also be yours?"

"No, they will not be mine! Upon the earth there remains for me neither father nor husband, now that all are reduced to slaves. And learn this, if you do not already know it: Slaves should have no hearts! But I—I have one," she cried, "and I well understand how to keep it out of their hands!"

"Margaret," replied Roper, "you are greatly to blame for expressing yourself in this manner. What! because the king sends for your father to come and take an oath which he believes he has a right to exact, you already accuse him of wishing to encompass his death? Your father is lost, you say. Have you forgotten, then, the numberless assurances of protection and particular regard which the king has not ceased to bestow on him in the most conspicuous manner? Has he not raised him to the highest position in his kingdom? And if your father had not voluntarily renounced it, the office would have been still in his possession."

"Without doubt," replied Margaret, "if my father had been willing to barter his conscience, they would have bought it. To-day they will weigh it in the balance against his life. He is already doomed."

TO BE CONTINUED.

SANCTA SOPHIA.*

THE new and improved edition of Father Cressy's compendium of the principal treatises of the English Benedictine, Father Baker, entitled *Sancta Sophia*, or Holy Wisdom, which has now appeared, has been long looked for, and we give it a cordial welcome. In compliance with an earnest request of the very reverend and learned prelate under whose careful supervision this new edition has been prepared, we very gladly make use of the opportunity which is thus presented of calling attention to this admirable work, and to some topics of the greatest interest and importance which are intimately connected with its peculiar nature and scope as a book of spiritual instruction. It belongs to a special class of books treating of the higher grades of the spiritual life, and of the more perfect way in which the soul that has passed through the inferior exercises of active meditation is led upward toward the tranquil region of contemplation. It is a remarkable fact, and an indication of the increasing number of those who feel the aspiration after this higher life, that such a demand has made itself felt, within a comparatively recent period, for spiritual treatises of this sort. The most voluminous and popular modern writer who has ministered to this appetite of souls thirsting for the fountains of pure spiritual doctrine, is the late holy Oratorian, Father Faber. The unparalleled circulation of his works is a matter of common notoriety. The lives of saints and of holy persons who have been led in the highways of mystic illumination and union with God, which have poured forth in such copious abundance from the Catholic press, and have been so eagerly read, are another symptom as well as a cause of this increasing taste for the science and wisdom of the saints. The most choice and elevated spiritual works which have appeared are, however, with few exceptions, republications of books of an older and bygone time. Among these we may mention that quaint treatise so often referred to by Father Baker, called *The Cloud of the Unknowing*, Walter Hilton's *Scala Perfectionis*, the *Spiritual Dialogues* of St. Catherine of Genoa, St. Teresa's writings, Dom Castaniza's *Spiritual Conflict and Conquest*, and above all others that truly magnificent edition in an English version of the *Works of St. John of the Cross*, for which we are indebted to Mr. Lewis and his Eminence the Cardinal of Westminster. As a manual for common and general use, the *Sancta Sophia* of Father Baker has an excellence and value peculiarly its own. Canon Dalton, a good authority on subjects of this kind, says that "it is certainly the *best book* we have in English on prayer." Bishop Ulla-

* *Sancta Sophia; or, Directions for the Prayer of Contemplation, etc.* Extracted out of more than forty treatises written by the late Father Augustin Baker, a monk of the English Congregation of the Holy Order of St. Benedict; and methodically digested by R. F. Serenus Cressy. Doway, A.D 1657. Now edited by the Very Rev. Dom Norbert Sweeney, D.D., of the same order and congregation. London: Burns & Oates. 1876. New York: The Catholic Publication Society.

thorne says of it: "Nothing is more clear, simple, solid, and profound." Similar testimonies might be multiplied; and if the suffrages of the thousands of unknown but devout persons in religious communities and in the secular state, who have made use of this book, could be collected, the result would prove that the high esteem in which it has ever been held by the English Benedictines is perfectly well deserved, according to the sense of the most pious among the faithful.

The first modern edition of *Sancta Sophia* was published in New York in 1857. Before this time it was wholly unknown in this country, so far as we are informed, excepting in the convent of Carmelite Nuns at Baltimore. At the ancient convent on Aisquith Street, where a small community of the daughters of St. Teresa had long been strictly practising the rule of their holy mother, an old copy of the first edition of *Sancta Sophia* was preserved as their greatest treasure. It was there that Father Walworth became acquainted with the book, and, charmed with its quaint style and rare, old-fashioned excellence, resolved to have a new edition of it published for the benefit of the Catholics of the United States. By permission of the Very Rev. Father Bernard, of holy memory, who was then provincial of the Redemptorists, it was published, under Father Hecker's supervision, by James B. Kirker (Dunigan & Bro.) of New York. It was reprinted correctly, though in a plain and unattractive form, without any change excepting in the spelling of words and the omission of certain forms of short prayers and aspirations which were added to the treatises in the original. There is no substantial difference, as to the text of the work itself, between this edition and the new one edited by Dr. Sweeney. He has, however, had it published in a much better and more attractive form, has restored all the parts omitted, and, besides carefully revising the text, has added prefatory matter, notes, and appendices, which make his edition more complete. A portrait of the venerable Father Baker is prefixed. If an index of the contents of the chapters had been added, it would have made the edition as perfect as we could desire. That it will now become once more widely known and appreciated in England we cannot doubt, and we trust that it will also obtain a much wider circulation in this country than it has hitherto enjoyed. There is but one serious obstacle in the way of its becoming a universal favorite with those who have a taste for solid spiritual food. It is food of the most simple, dry, and hard quality, served without sauce or condiments of any kind—pure nutriment, like brown bread, wheaten grits, farina, or Scotch porridge. It is most wholesome and conducive to spiritual growth, but altogether destitute of the eloquence which we find in Tauler, the deep philosophy and sublime poetry of St. John of the Cross, the ecstatic rapture of St. Teresa. Whoever studies it will have no stimulus but a pure and simple desire for instruction, improvement, and edification. The keynote to the entire mode and measure of the book is given in the chapter, borrowed from Father Walter Hilton, on the spiritual pilgrimage: "One way he knew, which, if he would diligently pursue according to the directions and marks that he would give him—though, said he, I cannot promise thee a security from many frights, beatings, and other ill-usage and

temptations of all kinds; but if thou canst have courage and patience enough to suffer them without quarrelling or resisting, or troubling thyself, and so pass on, having this only in thy mind, and sometimes on thy tongue, *I have naught, I am naught, I desire naught but to be at Jerusalem*, my life for thine, thou wilt escape safe with thy life, and in a competent time arrive thither." Father Baker attempts nothing but to furnish a plain guide-book over this route. For descriptions of the scenery, photographic views of mountains, valleys, lakes, and prospects, one must go elsewhere. A clear, methodical, safe guide-book over the route he will find in *Sancta Sophia*. This is not to say that one should confine himself exclusively to its perusal, or deny himself the pleasure of reading other books in which there is more that pleases the imagination and awakens the affections, or that satisfies the demands of the intellect seeking for the deepest causes of things and the exposition of sublime truths. The most important and practical matter, however, is to find and keep the right road. And certainly many, if not all, of those who are seeking the straightest and safest way to perfection and everlasting beatitude, will value the *Sancta Sophia* all the more for its very plainness, and the absence of everything except that simple and solid doctrine which they desire and feel the need of amid the trials and perplexities of the journey of life.

The doctrine of Father Baker has not, however, lacked opponents from his own day to the present. Since the publication of *Sancta Sophia* in this country we have repeatedly heard of its use being discountenanced in religious communities and in the case of devout persons in the world. Dr. Sweeney calls attention directly to this fact of opposition to Father Baker's doctrine, and devotes a considerable part of his own annotations to a refutation of the objections alleged against it. He has pointed out one seemingly plausible ground of these censures which we were not before aware of, and which was unknown to the American editors of *Sancta Sophia* when they republished it in this country. We cannot pass this matter by without some examination; for although on such subjects controversy is disagreeable, and to the unlearned and simple-minded may be vexatious and perplexing, it cannot be avoided where a question of orthodox soundness in doctrine is concerned. The gist of the whole matter is found in chapter the seventh, "On the Prayer of Interior Silence," to which Dr. Sweeney has appended a long note of explanation. The matter of this chapter is professedly derived from an old Spanish work by Antonio de Rojas, entitled *The Life of the Spirit Approved*, which was placed on the Index about fifty years after the death of Father Baker, and two years after the condemnation of Quietism. We have never seen this book, but we are informed by Dr. Sweeney that its language, taken in the most natural and obvious sense, leads to the conclusion that the state of charity which is requisite to perfection excludes all private interest, not only all fear of punishment, but all hope of reward—that is, all desire or consideration of the beatitude of heaven. In order to attain this state of indifference and annihilation of self-love, all express acts are discountenanced, and that kind of silence and passivity in

prayer recommended which suppresses the active movements of the soul toward God, such as hope, love toward God as the chief good, petition and supplication, thanksgiving, etc. Now, such a doctrine as this is manifestly tinged with some of the errors of Quietism, and seems to be precisely similar to the semi-Quietism of Madame Guyon and Fénelon which was condemned by Innocent XII. in 1699. The second of the propositions from Fénelon's *Maxims of the Saints* condemned by this pope is as follows: "In the state of contemplative or unitive life every interested motive of fear and hope is lost." The doctrinal error here is the notion that the soul's love of itself, desire and hope for its own beatification in God, and love to God as its own sovereign good, is incompatible with a pure, disinterested, perfect love of God, as the sovereign good in himself. The practical error is the inculcation of direct efforts to suppress every movement of interested love to God in prayer, in order to make way for passive, disinterested love. Father Baker lived so long before the errors of false mysticism had been thoroughly investigated, refuted, and condemned that it was very easy for him to fail of detecting what was unguarded, inaccurately expressed, exaggerated, or of erroneous tendency in a book which was approved by a number of prelates and theologians. He has certainly not borrowed or adopted what was erroneous in the book, but that portion of its teaching which was sound and safe, upon which the error was a mere excrescence. The mere fact of citing a book which has been placed on the Index is a matter of small and only incidental moment. Dr. Sweeney seems to us to have followed too timorous a conscience in his way of treating the chapter of *Sancta Sophia* in which the work of De Rojas is quoted. We cannot agree with him that Father Baker would have suppressed that chapter if the book had been censured during his lifetime. He would have suppressed his commendation of the book, and looked carefully to see what the error was on account of which it had been condemned, as any good Catholic is bound to do in such a case. But we feel confident that he would not have felt himself obliged to make any essential alteration in what he had written on the prayer of silence, though he would probably have explicitly guarded it against any possible misapprehension or perversion. Any one who reads the *Sancta Sophia*, especially with Dr. Sweeney's annotations, will see at once how absurd is the charge of a tincture of semi-Quietism against so sober and practical a writer as Father Baker, and how remote from anything favoring the illusions of false spirituality are his instructions on prayer. It would be almost as absurd to impute Quietism to Father Baker as rigorism to St. Alphonsus. We are afraid that Dr. Sweeney's signal-board of "caution" will scare away simple-minded and devout readers from one of the most useful chapters of *Sancta Sophia*, one which is really the pivot of the whole book. Father Baker's special scope and object was not to give instruction in meditation and active exercises, but to lead the soul through and beyond these to contemplation. The instructions on the prayer of interior silence are precisely those which are fitted to enlighten and direct a person in the transition state from the spiritual exercises of discursive me-

ditation to that state of ordinary and acquired contemplation which Scaramelli and all standard writers recognize as both desirable and attainable for those who have devoted a considerable time to the practice of mental prayer. Father Baker's directions on this head should be judged by what they are intrinsically in themselves, without any regard to anything else. Are they singular, imprudent, or in any respect contrary to the doctrine of the saints and other authors of recognized soundness in doctrine? We cannot see that they are. Whatever perversion of the method of prayer in question may have been contained in the book of De Rojas, sprang from his erroneous doctrine that explicit acts of the understanding and will in prayer should be suppressed in order to eradicate the implicit acts, the habits, and tendencies of the soul, by which its intention and desire are directed toward its own supreme good and felicity in God. But this is no reason against the method itself, apart from a perversion no trace of which is to be found in Father Baker's own language. The well-known and justly-revered Father Ramière, S.J., in his introduction to a little work by another Jesuit, Father De Caussade, entitled *L'Abandon à la Providence Divine*, remarks in reference to the doctrine of that book, which is quite similar in its spirit to the *Sancta Sophia*, as follows: "There is no truth so luminous that it does not change into error from the moment when it suffers diminution or exaggeration; and there is no nourishment, however salutary to the soul, which, if imprudently used, may not produce in it the effect of a noxious poison." It would seem that some are so afraid of the perversion of the luminous truths of mystical theology, and of the abuse of the salutary nourishment it affords to the soul, that they would desire to avoid the danger by shutting out the light and locking up the food in a closet. They would restrict all persons whatever, in every stage and condition of the spiritual life, to certain methods of prayer and the use of certain books, excellent for the majority of persons while they are beginners or proficients, but unsuitable, or even injurious, to some who are of a peculiar disposition, or who have advanced so far that they need something of a different order. It is a great mistake to suppose that such a course is safe or prudent. There are some who cannot, even in the beginning, make use of discursive meditation. It is a generally-recognized rule that those who can, and actually do, practise this kind of mental prayer, ought, as soon as it ceases to be pleasant and profitable to them, to change it for a simpler method. Even those set methods which are not discursive, if they consist in oft-repeated acts of the understanding, the affections, and the will, become frequently, after the lapse of time, too laborious, wearisome, and insipid to be continued with any fervor. The soul needs and instinctively longs for the cessation of this perpetual activity in a holy repose, in tranquil contemplation, in rest upon the bosom of God. It is for such souls that the chapter on the prayer of interior silence was written.

We may now examine a little more closely the passages which Dr. Sweeney seems to have had in view, as requiring to be read with caution because similar to statements made by De Rojas and other writers whose doctrine is tinctured with

Quietism. Dr. Sweeney remarks: "When afterwards (in the book of De Rojas) express acts toward God are discountenanced, and it is declared that an advantage of this kind of prayer is *self-annihilation*, and that resignation then becomes so pure that all private interest is forgotten and ignored, we see the prudence and watchfulness of the Holy See in cautioning her children against a book which, if it does not expressly, distinctly, and advisedly teach it, yet conveys the impression that a state of charity excludes all private interest, such as fear of punishment and hope of reward, and that perfection implies such a state." *

Father Baker says that in the prayer of silence, "with the will she [the soul] frames no particular request nor any express acts toward God"; that "by this exercise we come to the most perfect operation of self-annihilation," and practise in the most sublime manner "resignation, since the soul forgets all private interests"; and more to the same effect. Nevertheless, the dangerous and erroneous sense which this language might convey, if intended or interpreted to mean that the soul must suppress all hope or desire for its own private good as incompatible with the perfect love of God, is plainly excluded by the immediate context in which it occurs. The soul, says Father Baker, should "continue in his presence *in the quality of a petitioner*, but such an one as makes no special, direct requests, but contents herself to appear before him *with all her wants and necessities*, best, and indeed only, known to him, who therefore needs not her information." Again, he compares the soul to the subject of a sovereign who abstains from asking any particular favors from his prince, because he knows that "he is both most wise to judge what favors may become the one to give and the other to receive, and in that that he has a love and magnificence to *advance him beyond his deserts*."

Once more he says that in this prayer the soul exercises in a sublime manner "*hope*, because the soul, placing herself before God *in the posture of a beggar*, confidently expects that he will impart to her both the knowledge of his will and ability to fulfil it."

It is equally plain that Father Baker's method of the prayer of interior silence is not liable to the censure which Dr. Sweeney attaches to the one of De Rojas when he remarks that "we can at once see what danger accompanies such an exercise, if that can be called an exercise where all activity ceases and prayer is really excluded." "*Since an intellectual soul is all activity*," says Father Baker, "so that it cannot continue a moment without some desires, the soul then rejecting all desires toward created objects, she cannot choose but tend inwardly in her affections to God, for which end only she put herself in such a posture of prayer; her tendence then being much like that of the mounting of an eagle after a precedent vigorous springing motion and extension of her wings, which ceasing, *in virtue thereof the flight is continued for a good space with a great swiftness*, but withal with great stillness, quietness, and ease, without any waving of the wings at all or the least force used in any member, being in as much ease and stillness as if she were reposing on her nest." For the further defence of Father Baker's doctrine from the

* P. 492, note.

other parts of *Sancta Sophia*, and in general from his known method of personal conduct and his direction of others, what his learned Benedictine editor has furnished amply suffices.

We are not content, however, with simply showing that Father Baker's method of conducting souls to perfection by means of contemplative prayer is free from the errors of Quietism and the illusions of false mysticism. The *Sancta Sophia* is not merely a good book, one among the many English books of devotion and spiritual reading which can be safely and profitably read. We think Canon Dalton's opinion that it is the best book on prayer we have in the English language is correct. It is a guide for those who will scarcely find another book to fill its place; and we venture to affirm that the very part of it which we have been specially criticising is not only defensible, but positively in accordance, even to its phraseology, with the doctrine of the most approved authors, and of special, practical value and importance.

In an appendix which Father Ramière has added to the little book by Father Caussade already once cited in this article, there is a chapter taken from Bossuet, entitled "A Short and Easy Method of making the Prayer of Faith and of the simple presence of God," from which we quote the following passages: "Meditation is very good in its own time, and very useful at the beginning of the spiritual life; but it is not proper to make it a final stopping-place, for the soul which is faithful in mortification and recollection ordinarily receives a gift of prayer which is purer and more simple, and may be called the prayer of *simplicity*, consisting in a simple view, or fixed, attentive, and loving look directed toward some divine object, whether it be God in himself, or some one of his perfections, or Jesus Christ, or one of the mysteries relating to him, or some other Christian truths. In this attitude the soul leaves off reasoning, and makes use of a quiet contemplation, which keeps it peaceful, attentive, and susceptible to the divine operations and impressions which the Holy Spirit imparts to it; it does little and receives a great deal; its labor is easy, and nevertheless more fruitful than it would otherwise be; and as it approaches very near to the source of all light—grace and virtue—it receives on that account the more of all these. The practice of this prayer ought to begin on first awaking, by an act of faith in the presence of God, who is everywhere, and in Jesus Christ, whose eyes are always upon us, if we were even buried in the centre of the earth. This act is elicited either in the ordinary and sensible manner, as by saying inwardly, 'I believe that my God is present'; or it is a simple calling to memory of the faith of God's presence in a more purely spiritual manner. After this, one ought not to produce multifarious and diverse acts and dispositions, but to remain simply attentive to this presence of God, and as it were exposed to view before him, continuing this devout attention and attitude as long as the Lord grants us the grace for doing so, without striving to make other acts than those to which we are inspired, since this kind of prayer is one in which we converse with God alone, and is a union which contains in an eminent mode all other particular dispositions, and disposes the soul to passivity; by which is meant, that God becomes sole master of

its interior, and operates in it in a special manner. The less working done by the creature in this state, the more powerful is the operation of God in it; and since God's action is at the same time a repose, the soul becomes in a certain way like to him in this kind of prayer, receiving in it wonderful effects; so that as the rays of the sun cause the growth, blossoming, and fruit-bearing of plants, the soul, in like manner, which is attentive and tranquilly basking under the rays of the divine Sun of righteousness, is in the best condition for receiving divine influences which enrich it with all sorts of virtues."*

St. John of the Cross declares that "the soul having attained to the interior union of love, *the spiritual faculties of it are no longer active*, and still less those of the body; for now that the union of love is actually brought about, the faculties of the soul *cease from their exertions*, because, now that the goal is reached, all employment of means is at an end." †

Again: "He who truly loves makes shipwreck of himself in all else, that he may gain the more in the object of his love. Thus the soul says that it has lost itself—that is, deliberately, of set purpose. This loss occurs in two ways. The soul loses itself, making no account whatever of itself, but referring all to the Beloved, resigning itself freely into his hands without any selfish views, losing itself deliberately, and seeking nothing for itself. Secondly, it loses itself in all things, making no account of anything save that which concerns the Beloved. This is to lose one's self—that is, to be willing that others should have all things. Such is he that loves God; he seeks neither gain nor reward, but only to lose all, even himself according to God's will. This is what such an one counts gain. . . . When a soul has advanced so far on the spiritual road as to be lost to all the natural methods of communing with God; when it seeks him no longer by meditation, images, impressions, nor by any other created ways or representations of sense, but only by rising above them all, in the joyful communion with him by faith and love, then it may be said to have gained God of a truth, because it has truly lost itself as to all that is not God, and also as to its own self."*

In another place the saint explains quite at length the necessity of passing from meditation to contemplation, the reasons for doing so, and the signs which denote that the time for this change has arrived. The state of beginners, he says, is "one of meditation and of acts of reflection." After a certain stage of progress has been reached, "God begins at once to introduce the soul into the state of contemplation, and that very quickly, especially in the case of religious, because these, having renounced the world, quickly fashion their senses and desires according to God; they have, therefore, to pass at once from meditation to contemplation. This passage, then, takes place when the discursive acts and meditation fail, when sensible sweetness and the first fervors cease, when the soul cannot make reflections as before, nor find any sensible comfort, but is fallen into aridity, because the spiritual life is changed. . . . It is evident, therefore, that if the soul does not now abandon its previous ways

* *L'Abandon à la Providence Divine*, pp. 164–167.

† Complete Works, Lewis' Trans., vol. ii. p. 75.

* *Ib.* pp. 158. 159.

of meditation, it will receive this gift of God in a scanty and imperfect manner. . . . If the soul will at this time make efforts of its own, and encourage another disposition than that of *passive, loving attention*, most submissive and calm, and if it does not *abstain from its previous discursive acts*, it will place a complete barrier against those graces which God is about to communicate to it in this loving knowledge. . . . The soul must be attached to nothing, not even to the subject of its meditation, not to sensible or spiritual sweetness, because God requires a spirit so free, so *annihilated*, that every act of the soul, even of thought, of liking or disliking, will impede and disturb it, and break that *profound silence of sense and spirit* necessary for hearing the deep and delicate voice of God, who speaks to the heart in solitude; it is in profound peace and tranquillity that the soul is to listen to God, who will speak peace unto his people. When this takes place, when the soul feels that it is silent and listens, its loving attention must be most pure, *without a thought of self, in a manner self-forgotten*, so that it shall be wholly intent upon hearing; for thus it is that the soul is free and ready for that which our Lord requires at its hands." *

We have sufficiently proved, we trust, that there is no reason to be disquieted by a certain verbal and merely apparent likeness between some parts of Father Baker's spiritual doctrine and the errors of a false mysticism. We may, perhaps, return to this subject on a future occasion, and point out more distinctly and at length the true philosophical and theological basis of Catholic mystical doctrine, in contrast with the travesties and perversions of its counterfeits in the extravagant, absurd, and revolting systems of infidel and heretical visionaries. At present a few words may suffice to sum up and succinctly define the difference between the true and the false doctrine in respect to the case in hand. That doctrine which is false, dangerous, and condemned by the unerring judgment of the holy church teaches that the love and pursuit of our own good and happiness, even in God, is sinful, or at least low and imperfect. It inculcates, as a means for suppressing and eradicating our natural tendency towards the attainment of the good as an end, and annihilating our self-activity, the cessation of all operation of the natural faculties of understanding and volition, at least in reference to God as our own supreme and desirable good. It inculcates a fixed, otiose quietude and indifference toward our own happiness or misery. Its effect is therefore to quench the life of the soul, to extinguish its light, and to reduce it to a state of torpor and apathy resembling that of a stoical Diogenes or an Indian fakir. Its pretence of disinterestedness and pure love to God for himself alone is wholly illusory and founded on a false view of God as the intrinsically sovereign good and the object of supreme love to the intelligent creature. The goodness of God as the first object of the love of complacency cannot be separated from the same goodness as the object of desire. The extrinsic glory of God as the chief end of creatures is identified with the exaltation and happiness of those intellectual and rational beings whom he has creat-

* Complete Works, etc., vol. ii. pp. 267–270.

ed and elevated to a supernatural end. Hope, desire, and effort for the attainment of the good intended for and promised to man is a duty and obligation imposed by the law of God. It is impossible to love God and be conformed to his will without loving our neighbors, and our own soul as our nearest neighbor. Moreover, we are not saved merely by the action of God upon us passively received, but also by a concurrence of our understanding and will, a co-operation of our own active efforts with the working of God in us, or, as it is commonly expressed, by a diligent and faithful correspondence to grace. Not to desire our own true happiness is therefore a suicidal, idiotic folly. Not to work for it is presumption, ingratitude, and the deadly sin of sloth. Moreover, to attempt to fly with unfledged wings; to soar aloft in the sky among the saints when we ought to be walking on the earth, to undertake while yet weak beginners the heroic works of the perfect; to anticipate by self-will the time and call which God appoints, and pervert the orderly course of his providence; to strive by our own natural powers to accomplish what requires the special gifts and graces of the Holy Spirit, is imprudent, contrary to humility, and full of peril. The dupe of false spirituality may, therefore, either take an entirely wrong road or attempt to travel the right road in a wrong manner; in either case sure to fail of reaching his intended goal, if he persists in his error.

The sound and orthodox doctrine of Catholic mystical theology presents God as he is in his own intrinsic essence, as the object of his own beatific contemplation, and of the contemplation of the blessed who have received the faculty of intuitive vision by the light of glory. The nearest approach to this beatific state, as well as the most perfect and immediate preparation for it, is the state of quiet, tranquil contemplation of God by the obscure light of faith. The excellence and blessedness of this state consists in the pure love of God. It is of the nature of love and the intention of the mind toward the sovereign good, by which the will is directed in its motion toward the good which it loves and in the fruition of which it finds its repose, that the consideration of the object precede the consideration and desire of the fruition of the object. Liberatore, who is a good expositor of the doctrine of St. Thomas and all sound Catholic philosophers on this head, proposes and proves this statement in the clearest terms. The object is first apprehended and loved for its intrinsic goodness. Reflection on the enjoyment which is received and delight in this enjoyment, though a necessary consequence of the possession of the chief good, is the second but not the first act. St. John of the Cross teaches the same truth: "As the end of all is love, which inheres in the will, the characteristic of which is to give and not to receive, to the soul inebriated with love the first object that presents itself is not the essential glory which God will bestow upon it, but the entire surrender of itself to him in true love, without any regard to its own advantage. The second object is included in the first."* Father Mazzella, S.J., of Woodstock College, in his admirable work on the infused virtues, makes a lengthened exposition of the distinction between that love of benevolence

* Complete Works, vol. ii pp. 198, 199

and complacency toward God which is the principle of perfect contrition, and by itself takes away sin and unites the soul with God, and the love of desire which terminates on the good received from God. The first considers God as the sovereign good in himself; the second considers him directly and explicitly as the source and giver of good to us. It manifests itself as an efficacious desire for the rewards of everlasting life, accompanied by a fear of the punishment of sin in the future state, and is the principle of imperfect contrition or attrition, which of itself does not suffice for justification, though it is a sufficient condition for receiving grace through the appointed sacraments. The Catholic teachers of mystical theology direct the soul principally and as their chief purpose toward the higher and more perfect love. The second object is included in this first object, and taken for granted. It is not excluded, but comparatively neglected, because it follows of itself from the first, and is sought for by the natural, necessary law of our being, without any need of direct, explicit efforts. The resignation, forgetfulness of private interests, self-annihilation, so strongly recommended, do not denote any suppression or destruction of our natural beatific impulses, but only of our own personal notions, wishes, and interests in respect to such things as are merely means to the attainment of an end, a conformity of our will to the will of God, and an abandonment of solicitude respecting our own future happiness, founded on filial confidence in the wisdom and goodness of God.

It follows from this doctrine of sound, mystical writers that the quietude of the state of contemplation and union with God is totally opposite to a condition of apathy and sloth. It is a state of more tranquil activity, of more steady and therefore more imperceptible yet more rapid movement. Previously the soul was like a boat propelled by oars against wind and tide. Now it is like a yacht sailing with a press of canvas under a strong and fair breeze.

So far as the imprudent misuse of mystical theology is concerned, we need not waste words on a truism of spiritual direction, that beginners and unlearned, inexperienced persons must follow the counsel of a guide, if they can have it. If not, they must direct themselves as well as they can by good books, which will instruct them gradually and soberly in the first principles of solid virtue and piety, and afterwards lead them on to perfection. They cannot have a better guide than *Sancta Sophia*. It is a book that will last for years, and even for a lifetime; for it is a guide along the whole way, from the gate at the entrance to the river of death, for such as are really and earnestly seeking to attain perfection by prayer, and desire to lead an interior life amid the external occupations, duties, and trials of their state in life, or even in the most strict cloistral seclusion. The exterior persecutions to which the church is subject, the disorders of the times, and the multifarious troubles of every kind, both outward and inward, to which great numbers of the best-disposed and most virtuous people are subjected, have an effect to throw thoughtful persons on the interior life as a refuge and solace. Pius IX., whose long experience and great sanctity, as well as his divine office, make him as a prophet of God to all devout Catholics, has told us that the

church is now going through the exercises of the purgative way as a preparation for receiving great gifts from the Holy Spirit, which will accompany a new and glorious triumph of the kingdom of Jesus Christ on the earth. Whatever external splendor the reign of Christ over this world may exhibit, it is in the hearts of men that his spiritual royalty has its seat. There is nothing on earth for which, so to speak, he really cares, except the growth of the souls of men. The world and the church were made for this purpose. The wisdom of the ancients was an adumbration of the truth, and that doctrine which teaches the full and complete form of it alone deserves to be called in the highest sense wisdom, and to win the love and admiration of all men for its celestial beauty.

EVENING ON THE SEA-SHORE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VISCOUNT DE CHATEAUBRIAND.

THE woods, the sand-beach desolate and bare,
Blend dusky with the shadows dim and far,
And, glittering from the depths, the evening star
Gleams solitary through the silent air.

Westward, and sparkling under purest skies,
Foams on the long, low reef the line of white;
And towards the north, o'er seas of crystal light,
The gathering mist of deepening purple flies.

The mountains redden still with sunset fire,
Soft dies the plaintive breeze in murmurs low,
And, each to each linked in their gentle flow,
The waves roll calmly shoreward and expire.

All grandeur, mystery, love! In this, the time
Of dying day, all nature with her state
Of mountain ranges and her forests great,
The eternal order and the plan sublime,

Stands like a temple on whose walls of light
The beauties of creation's day are shown—
A sanctuary, where is the Godhead's throne
Veiled by the curtains of the holy night

Whose cupola high to the zenith towers,
A glorious harmony, a work divine,
And painted with the heavenly hues that shine
In dawns, in rainbows, and in summer flowers.

LETTERS OF A YOUNG IRISHWOMAN TO HER SISTER.

FROM THE FRENCH.

NOVEMBER 2.

'Voici les feuilles sans sève
Qui tombent sur le gazon." *

WHAT a solemn day to the Christian is All Souls' day! I prayed much, very much, for all our dear friends in the other world. Oh! how I pity the suffering souls consumed by the flames of purgatory. They have seen God; they have had a glimpse of his glory on the day of their judgment; they long for the Supreme Good with unutterable ardor. What torment! And some there are who will be in those lakes of fire even to the end of the world. We can do nothing but offer our prayers, and they bring deliverance! Who would not devote themselves to the suffering souls? What misfortune more worthy of pity than theirs? I love the "Helpers of the Holy Souls!" † It is to me a great happiness to be united with them in thought, prayer, and action. A thousand memories have come into my mind; there have passed before me all my beloved dead, all the dead whom I have known or whom I have once seen. How numerous they are, and yet I have not been living so very long. Each day thins our ranks, links drop off from the chain. Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord!

Here is winter upon us—melancholy winter, which makes poor mothers weep.

Meditated yesterday on the joys of the love of Jesus, which in Holy Communion melts our heart like two pieces of wax into one only—Jesus, the only true friend, who consoles and sustains, and without whom all is vanity. The Christian who has prayer and Communion ought to live in perpetual gladness of heart.

I must confess to you, my Kate, that I envy Johanna, Berthe, and Lucy. They allow me to share largely in their maternal joys, but these treasures in which I take such pleasure, why are they not my own? I felt sad about it yesterday, and murmured to myself these lines of Brizeux:

"Jours passés, que chacun rappelle avec des larmes,
Jours qu'en vain on regrette, aviez vous tant des charmes?
Ou les vents troublaient-ils aussi votre clarté,
Et l'ennui du présent fait-il votre beauté?" *

René was behind me. "What, then, do you regret, my Georgina?" I told him all, and how gently and sweetly he comforted me—as you would, my Kate! Poor feeble reed that I am, I lean upon you.

May the Blessed Virgin Mary protect us, dear sister!

NOVEMBER 13.

Eleven days between my two letters, my note-book tells me. Happily, René has taken my place, and you are aware in what occupa-

* "Behold the sapless leaves, which fall upon the turf."

† "*Dames Auxiliatrices du Purgatoire.*"

* Past days, which each of us recalls with tears,
Days we regret in vain, had you so many charms?
Or was your brightness also marred by winds,
And doth our weariness of the present make you seem so fair?

tions I have been absorbed, dear Kate. The poor are becoming quite a passion with me. I catechise them, I clothe them; it is so delightful to lavish one's superabundance on the disinherited ones of this world! To-morrow we go to Nantes to take leave of our saintly friend Elizabeth, who will shortly depart for Louisiana. She has received permission to come and bid adieu to her mother—perhaps a lifelong adieu; for who can say whether she will return? I have had a letter from Ellen, giving me many details of her sojourn in the Highlands. The wound is still bleeding. The sight of a child makes her weep; and in her dreams she sees her son. May God support her!

To-day is St. Stanislaus—the gentle young saint whose feast Margaret pointed out to me with a hope which is not realized. Our dear *Anglaise* wanted to have us *all together* in her princely dwelling. The absence of the *Adrien family*, Lucy's journey—all these dispersions have disarranged the grand project. And yet there are moments when I experience a kind of home-sickness—a thirst to see our dear Erin again, a longing to live under my native sky—which tells upon my health. Do not pity me too much, Kate; I possess all the elements of happiness which could be brought together in a single existence. I love the seraphic Stanislaus, holding in his arms the infant Jesus. O great saint! give me a little of your love of God, a little of your fervent piety, that I may detach myself from the world! I am afraid of loving it too much, my sister. The day before yesterday was the feast of St. Martin—this hero whose history is so poetic. I like to think of this mantle, cut in two to clothe a poor man, and of our Lord appearing that night to the warrior, who in the Saviour's vestment recognized the half of his mantle. Kind St. Martin! giving us a second summer, which I find delightful, loving as I do the warm and perfumed breezes of the months that have long days, and regretting the return of winter with its ice, when, shivering in well-closed rooms, one thinks of the poor without fire and shelter. Dear *poor of the good God!* * Margaret shares my fondness for them. Never in our Brittany will the sojourn of this sweet friend be forgotten.

What noise! *Adieu*, my sister; *Erin go bragh!*

NOVEMBER 17.

You have heard the joyful tidings, Kate dearest—the triumph of Mentana? Gertrude writes to us. *Adrien* and his two sons fought like lions, and his courageous wife followed the army, waiting on the wounded, praying for her dear ones, who had not a scratch! They were afterwards received in private audience by the Holy Father, who seemed to them more saintly and sublime than ever. God does indeed do all things well! All these loving hearts, torn by the departure of Hélène, have recovered their happiness, are enthusiastic in their heroism and devotion, have been violently snatched from all selfish regrets, and have enriched themselves with lifelong memories. Mgr. Dupanloup has written to the clergy of his diocese, ordering thanksgivings to be offered in the churches; and the holy and illustrious Pius IX. has written to the eloquent bishop, to whom he sends his thanks and benediction.

Truly, joy has succeeded to sorrow. But how guilty is Europe!

* In Brittany the poor are habitually called *les pauvres du Bon Dieu*.—TRANSL.

Can you conceive such inertia in the face of this struggle between strength and weakness? Our good *abbé* is in possession of all the *mandements* (or charges) of the bishops of France. He is making a collection of them. Yesterday he quoted to me the following passage from that of Mgr. de Perpignan: "Princes of the earth, envy not the crown of Rome! One of the greatest of this world's potentates was fain to try it on the brow of his son, and placed it on his cradle; but it weighed too heavily on that frail existence, and the child, to whom the father's genius promised a brilliant future, withered away, and died at the age of twenty years"; and this other by Mgr. de Périgueux: "When God sends great trials upon his church, he raises up men capable of sustaining them. We are in one of these times of trial, and we have Pius IX."

Dear Isa sends me four pages, all impregnated with sanctity. Her life is one long holocaust; all her aspirations tend to one end, and one that I fear she will not attain. God will permit this for his glory. How much good may one soul do! I see it by Isa. Her life is one of the fullest and most sanctified that can be; she sacrifices herself hour by hour, giving herself little by little, as it were, and yet all at a time. Ellen is starting for Hyères; she is mortally stricken. They deceived themselves with regard to her. She herself, overwhelmed for a time by the side of that cradle changed into a death-bed, did her best to look forward cheerfully to the future. Her last letter, received only fifteen days afterwards, and which was long and affectionate, appeared to me mysterious; she spoke so much of *outward* things. Dear, dear Ellen! I wish I could see her. Impossible, alas! Isa's letter is dated the 10th. The sad, dying one must have crossed the Channel that same day. There is something peculiarly sorrowful in the thought of death with regard to this young wife, going away to die far from her home, her country, and her family, beneath mild and genial skies, where life appears so delightful. Her state is such as to allow of no hope, but her husband wishes to try this last remedy. The little angel in heaven awaits his mother.

A terrible gale—quite a tempest. I am thinking of the poor mariners. These howlings of the wind, these gusts which rush through the long corridors, resemble wild complaints; one would think that all the elements, let loose, weep and implore. O holy Patroness of sailors! take pity on them.

Visits all the week—pious visits, such as I love. My heart attaches itself to this country.

Let us praise the Lord, dear Kate! May he preserve to Ireland her faith and her love! There is no slavery for Christian hearts.

NOVEMBER 19.

A line from Karl—one heart-rending plaint, thrown into the post at Paris after Ellen had received your last kiss. "Pray," he says to me, "not for this soul, of whom I was not worthy, and who is going to rejoin her son, but for my weakness, which alarms me." René wept with me. Oh! how sad is earth to him who remains alone. The same thought of anguish and apprehension seized us both. Ah! dearest, let your prayers preserve to me him in whom I live.

Saint Elizabeth, "the dear saint," this fair and lovely flower of Hungary transplanted into Thuringia,

there to shed such sweetness of perfume! I have been thinking of her, of her poetic history, of all that M. de Montalembert has written about her—the veritable life of a saint, traced out with poetry and love. You remember that St. Elizabeth was one of the chosen heroines of my childhood. I could wish that I had borne her name. I used to dream of becoming a saint like her. What an unparalleled life hers was! Dying so young, she appeared before God rich in merits. Born in the purple, the beloved daughter of the good King Andrew, and afterwards Duchess of Thuringia; united to the young Duke Louis, also so good and holy, so well suited to the pure and radiant star of Hungary seen by the aged poet; then a widow at nineteen years of age, and driven from her palace with her little children, drinking to its dregs the cup of bitterness and anguish—my dear saint knew suffering in its most terrible and poignant form. How I love her, from the moment when the good King Andrew, taking in his arms the cradle of solid gold in which his Elizabeth was sleeping, placed it in those of the Sire de Varila, saying, "I entrust to your knightly honor my dearest consolation," until the time when I find her, clad in the poor habit of the Seraph of Assisi, reading a letter of St. Clare! What an epoch was that thirteenth century, that age of faith, when the throne had its saints, when there was in the souls of men a spring of energy and of religious enthusiasm which peopled the monasteries and renewed the face of the earth! Who will obtain for me the grace to love God as did Elizabeth? O dear saint! pray for me, for René, Karl, Ellen, the church, France, Ireland, the universe.

Here is something, dear sister, which I think would comfort Karl:

"To desire God is the essential condition of the human heart; to go to God is his life; to contemplate God is his beatitude. To desire God is the noble appanage of our nature; to go to God is the work which grace effects within us; to contemplate God is our state of glory. To desire God is the principle of good; to go to God is the way of good; to contemplate God is the perfection of good.

"God is everything to the soul. The soul breathes: God is her atmosphere. The soul needs nourishment and wherewith to quench her thirst: God is her daily bread and her spring of living water. The soul moves on: God is her way. The soul thinks and understands: God is her truth. The soul speaks—God is her word; she loves—God is her love." *

Exquisite thoughts! Oh! love, the love of God, can replace everything. May we be kindled with this love, dear sister of my life!

NOVEMBER 22.

My sweet one, I love to keep my festivals with you! Yesterday, the Presentation of Mary in the Temple, we spent here *in retreat*—a retreat, according to all rules, preached by a monsignor! René is writing you the details. I am not clever at long descriptions; with you especially it is always on confidential matters that I like to write—the history of my soul, my thoughts, my impressions.

What a heavenly festival! How, on this day of the Presentation, must the angels have rejoiced at beholding this young child of Judea, scarcely entered into life, and

* Mgr. de la Bouillerie

yet already so far advanced in the depths of divine science, consecrating herself to God! How must you, O St. Anne! the happy mother of this immaculate child, have missed her presence! This sunbeam of your declining years, this flower sprung from a dried-up stem, this virgin lily whose fragrance filled your dwelling, all at once became lost to you. Ah! I can understand the bitterness which then flowed in upon your soul, and it seems to me that for this sacrifice great must be your glory in heaven!

To-day, St. Cecilia, the sweet martyr saint, patroness of musicians, the Christian heroine, mounting to heaven by a blood-stained way. Louis Veuillot, in *Rome and Loretto*, speaking of the "St. Cecilia" of Raphael, calls it "one of the most thoroughly beautiful pictures in the world." "The saint," he says, "is really a saint; one never wearies of contemplating the perfect expression with which she listens to the concert of angels, and breaks, by letting them fall from her hands, the instruments of earthly music." Kate, do you remember the museum at Bologna, and how we used to stand gazing at this page of Raphael?

I am reading Bossuet with René. What loftiness of views! What vehemence of thought! Another consolation for Karl: "Death gives us much more than he takes away: he takes away this passing world, these vanities which have deceived us, these pleasures which have led us astray; but we receive in return the wings of the dove, that we may fly away and find our rest in God." Hélène had copied these lines into her journal, and remarked upon them as follows: "Beautiful thought! which enchants my soul, and makes me more than ever desire that hour for which, according to Madame Swetchine, we ought to live; that day when my true life will begin, far from the earth, where nothing can satisfy the intensity of my desires." We are going to travel about a little, and visit the funeral cemetery of Quiberon and various other points of our Brittany, so rich in memories. I am packing up my things with the pleasure of a child, assisted by the gentle Picciola and pretty little Alix, whom I have surnamed Lady-bird.* One of my Bengalese is ill, and all the young ones are interested about it, wanting to kiss and caress it, and give it dainty morsels, but nothing revives the poor little thing. Ah! dear Kate, this Indian bird dying in Brittany makes me think of Ellen, a thousand times more lovable and precious, and who is also bending her fair head to die.

Sister, friend, mother, all that is best, most tender, and beloved, God grant to us to die the same day, that together we may see again the kind and excellent mother who confided me to your love.

DECEMBER 2.

Here we are, home again, in the most *Advent-like* weather that ever was. We have seen beautiful things; we have lived in the ideal, in the true and beautiful, in minds, in scenery, in poetry, and music—in a feast of the understanding, the eyes, and the heart. But with what pleasure we have again beheld our *home*, so calm, so pious, and so grand! It is only two hours since I took possession of my rooms. We found here piles of letters; René is reading them to me while I am saying good-morning to you—Kate, dearest, *you* first of all; this beautiful long letter which I reverently

* In French, *L'Oiseau du Bon Dieu*; in Catholic England, "Our Lady's bird."

kiss, which I touch with delight; it has been with you; it has *seen you!* How I want to see you again!

A letter from Ireland from Lizzy, who is anxious about Ellen.

Alas! her anxiety is only too well founded. Karl writes to me that Ellen grows weaker every day; strength is gradually leaving the body, while the soul is fuller of life and energy than ever before, and preparing for her last journey with astonishing serenity, and also preparing for it him who is the witness of her departure. In a firm hand she has added a few lines to the confidences of Karl: "Dear Georgina, will you not come and see me at Hyères? Your presence would help me to quit this poor earth, here so fair, which I would always inhabit on account of my good Karl. The will of our Father be done! Tender messages to Kate and to your good husband. Pray for me."

Poor, sweet Ellen! How can I refuse this last prayer? But there is no time to be lost; René will consult my mother. Ah! my sister, pray that this journey may be possible, and that the angel of death may not so soon pluck this charming flower which we love so much.

Evening.—How good God is! We are *all* going; my mother wishes it to be so. "I do not," she said to me, "want to have any distance between you and me." The winter is so severe that my sisters are glad to get their children away from the season which is setting in. I am writing to Lizzy and to Karl. We shall be at Hyères next week. Pray with us, beloved.

DECEMBER 12.

Arrived, dear Kate, without accident, and all installed in a beautiful *chalet* near to that of Ellen, who welcomed us with joy. Karl had gently prepared her for this meeting. How thin she has become!—still beautiful, white, transparent; her fine, melancholy eyes so often raised, by preference, to heaven, her hands of marble whiteness, her figure bending. She would come as far as to the door of her room to meet us, and there it was that I embraced her and felt her tears upon my cheek. "God be praised!" These were her first words. Then she was placed on her reclining-chair, and by degrees was able to see all the family. I was trembling for the impression the children might make upon her; but she insisted. Well, dearest, she caressed, admired, listened to them, without any painful emotion or thought of herself; one feels that she is already in heaven. Every day, by a special permission granted by Pius IX., Mass is said in a room adjoining hers. The removal of a large panel enables her to be present at the Holy Sacrifice. This first moment was very sweet. In spite of this fading away, which is more complete than I could have imagined it, to find her *living* when I had so dreaded that it might be otherwise, was in itself happiness; but when I had become calm, how much I felt impressed! Karl's resignation is admirable. René compels me to stop, finding me pale enough to frighten any one. Love me, my dearest!

DECEMBER 20.

Dearest sister, Ellen remains in the same state—a flickering lamp, and so weak that René and I are alone admitted into this chamber of death, which Karl now never leaves. Yesterday Ellen entreated him to take a little rest, and he went out, suffocated by sobs, followed by René; then the sufferer

tried to raise herself so as to be still nearer to me. I leaned my head by hers and kissed her. "Dear Georgina, thanks for coming. You will comfort Karl. Do not weep for me; mine is a happy lot: I am going to Robert. Ah! look, he comes, smiling and beautiful as he was before his illness; he stretches out his arms to me. I come! I come!" And she made a desperate effort, as if to follow him. I thought the last hour was come, and called. René and Karl hastened in; but the temporary delirium had passed, and Ellen began again to speak of her joy at our being together.

The window is open. I am writing near the bed where our saint is dying. The weather is that of Paradise, as Picciola says—flowers and birds, songs and verdure. It is spring, and death is here, ready to strike

DECEMBER 25.

Sic nos amantem, quis non redamaret? Ellen departed to heaven while René was singing these words* after the Midnight Mass. This death is life and gladness. I am by *her*, near to that which remains to us of Ellen. Lucy and I have adorned her for the tomb; we have clothed her in the white lace robe which was her mother's present to her, and arranged for the last time her rich and abundant hair, which Karl himself has cut. It is, then, true that all is over, and that this mouth is closed for ever. She died without suffering, after having received the Beloved of her soul. What a night! I had a presentiment of this departure. For two days past I have lived in her room, my eyes always upon her, and listening to her affectionate recommendations. On the 23d we spoke of St. Chantal—that soul so ardent and so strong in goodness, so heroic among all others, who had a full portion of crosses, and who knew so truly how to love and suffer. On the 24th a swallow came and warbled on the marble chimney-piece. "I shall fly away like her, but I shall go to God," murmured Ellen. At two o'clock the same day her confessor came; we left her for a few minutes, and I had a sort of fainting fit which frightened René. Karl's grief quite overcame me. Towards three o'clock Ellen seemed to be a little stronger; she took her husband's hand, and, in a voice of tenderness which still resounds in my ear, said to him slowly: "Remember that God remains to you, and that my soul will not leave you. Love God alone; serve him in the way he wills. Robert and I will watch over your happiness." She hesitated a little; all her soul looked from her eyes: "Tell me that *you will be a priest;* that, instead of folding yourself up in your regrets, you will spend yourself for the salvation of souls, you will spread the love of Him who gives me strength to leave you with joy to go to him!" Karl was on his knees. "I promise it before God!" he said. The pale face of the dying one became tinged with color, and she joined her hands in a transport of gratitude; then she requested me to write at her dictation to Lizzy, Isa, Margaret, and Kate. Her poor in Ireland were not forgotten. She became animated, and seemed to revive, breathing with more ease than for some time past. She received "all the dear neighbors," said a few heartfelt words to each, asked for the blessing of our mother, who would not absent herself any more, and shared our joys and sorrows. The doctor came; René

*In the hymn *Adeste fideles.*

went back with him. "It will be to-morrow, if she can last until then." O my God! And the night began—this solemn night of the hosanna of the angels, of the Redeemer's birth. I held one of her hands, Karl the other; my mother and René were near us, our brothers and sisters in the room that is converted into a chapel. At eleven o'clock I raised the pillows, and began reading, at the request of Ellen, a sermon upon death. After the first few lines she stopped me with a look; Karl was pale again. The dear, dying one asked us to sing. Kate, we were so *electrified* by Ellen's calmness that we obeyed! She tried to join her voice to ours. The priest came; the Mass began. Ellen, radiant, followed every word. We all communicated with her. After the Mass she kissed us all, keeping Karl's head long between her hands—her poor little alabaster hands; then, at her request, René sang the *Adeste*: "*Sic nos amantem, quis non redamaret?*" At this last word Ellen kissed the crucifix for the last time and fled away into the bosom of God. The priest had made the recommendation of the soul a little before. Oh! those words, "Go forth, Christian soul!"

Excelsior! Let us love each other, dear Kate.

DECEMBER 29.

"In Rama was a voice heard, weeping and lamentation: Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not." Poor mothers of Bethlehem, what must you not have suffered! But you, ye "flowers of martyrdom," as the church salutes you—you who follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth—how happy were you to die for him who had come to die for you!

Dear sister, we followed her to the church, and then Karl and René set out, taking this coffin with them to Ireland. The family have wished it thus. This sorrowful journey has a double object: Karl is going to settle his affairs, and in two months at most he will enter the *Séminaire des Missions Etrangères*, the preparatory college of the foreign missions. He will see you at that time. He was sublime. God has been with us, and the soul of Ellen shone upon these recent scenes. My mother would not consent to my going also. I was weaker than I thought. On returning to the *chalet* I was obliged to go to bed. What an inconvenience I should have been to the dear travellers! But how sad it is to end a year, a first year of marriage, without René! This beautiful sky, this luxuriant nature, all the poetry of the south, which I love so much—all this appears to me still more beautiful since that holy death. Why were you not with us? There are inexpressible things. I have understood something of what heaven is. Sweet Ellen! What peace was in her death, what suavity in her words! I did not leave her after her death, but remained near her bed, where I had so much admired her. I tried to warm her hand, to recall her glance, her smile, until the appearance of the gloomy coffin. O my God! how must Karl have suffered. Those hammer-strokes resounded in my heart!

Dear, she is with God; she is happy. Sweet is it thus to die with Jesus in the soul. It is Paradise begun.

I embrace you a hundred times, my Kate. We had some earth from Ireland, and some moss from Gartan, to adorn Ellen's coffin. O

death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?

JANUARY 1, 1868.

O my God! pardon me, bless me, and bless all whom I love.

Dear sister of my soul, the anniversary of my marriage has passed without my having been able to think of it to thank you again for your share in making my happiness. But you know well how I love you! It is the 1st of January, and I wish to begin the year with God and with you. May all your years be blessed, dearest, the angel Raphael of the great journey of my life! I have wished to say, in union with you, as I did a year ago, the prayer of Bossuet: "O Jesus! by the ardent thirst thou didst endure upon the cross, grant me a thirst for the souls of all, and only to esteem my own on account of the holy obligation imposed upon me not to neglect a single one. I desire to love them all, since they are all capable of loving thee; and it is thou who hast created them with this blessed capacity." I said on my knees the last thought copied by Ellen in the beautiful little volume which she called *Kate's book:* "Everything must die—sweetness, consolation, repose, tenderness, friendship, honor, reputation. Everything will be repaid to us a hundred-fold; but everything must first die, everything must first be sacrificed. When we shall have lost all in thee, my God, then shall we again find all in thee."

Yesterday the *Adrien family* arrived. What nice long conversations we shall all have! George and Amaury have been heroic. All are in need of repose. How delightful it is to meet again *en famille!* And René is far away. May God be with him, with you, and with us, dear Kate!

JANUARY 6.

Need I tell you about the first day of this year, beloved? Scarcely had I finished writing to you than the children made an irruption into my room. Then oh! what kissing, what outcries of joy, what smiles and clapping of hands, at the sight of the presents arrived from Paris, thanks to the good Vincent, who has made himself wonderfully useful. How much I enjoyed it all! Then, on going to my mother, she blessed me and gave me a letter from René, together with an elegantly-chased cup of which I had admired the model. Then in the drawing-room all the greetings, and our poor (for my passion follows me everywhere), and your letter, with those from Ireland and Brittany (from the good *curé* who has charge of our works)—what delight for the whole day! Karl thanks me for having copied for him these consoling words: "No; whatever cross we may have to bear in the Christian life, we never lose that blessed peace of the heart which makes us willingly accept all that we suffer, and no longer desire any of the enjoyments of which we are deprived." It is Fénelon who says that.

We have been making some acquaintances, amongst others that of a young widow who is spending the winter here on account of her daughter, a frail young creature of an ideal beauty—graceful, smiling, and affectionate; a white rose-bud half open. Her blue, meditative eyes remind me of Ellen's. This interesting widow (of an officer of rank) knows no one, with the exception of the doctor. Her isolation excited our compassion. Lucy made the first advances, feeling attracted by the sadness of the unknown lady. Now the two fami-

lies form but one. Picciola and *Duchesse* have invited the sweet little Anna to share their lessons and their play. Her mother never leaves her for a moment; this child is her sole joy.

The 3d, Feast of St. Geneviève: read her life with the children. What a strong and mortified soul! I admire St. Germanus distinguishing, in the midst of the crowd, this poor little Geneviève who was one day to be so great. Is not this attraction of holy souls like a beginning of the eternal union?

Yesterday, St. Simon Stylites, that incomparable penitent separated from the world, living on a lofty column, between heaven and earth. Thus ought we also to be, in spirit, on a column—that of love and sacrifice.

I am sad about my first separation from René, and for so sorrowful a cause. That which keeps me from weeping is the certainty of Ellen's happiness, and also the thought that from heaven she sees René and Karl together.

To-day is the Epiphany—this great festival of the first centuries, and that of our call to Christianity. Gold, frankincense, myrrh, the gifts of the happy Magi, those men of good-will who followed the star—symbolic and mysterious gifts: the gold of love, the incense of adoration, the myrrh of sacrifice—why cannot I also offer these to the divine Infant of the stable of Bethlehem? Would that I had the ardent faith of those Eastern sages—the faith which stops at nothing, which sees and comes! And the legendary souvenirs of the bean, an ephemeral royalty which causes so much joy!

My mother is fond of the old traditions. We have had a king-cake.* *Anna* had the bean; she offered the royalty to Arthur. Cheerful evening. Mme. de Clissey was less sad. We accompanied her back to her house *in choir*.

Good-night, beloved sister; I am going to say my prayers and go to sleep.

JANUARY 12.

René will be in Paris on the 15th, darling Kate. He will tell you about Karl, Lizzy, Isa, all our friends, and then I shall have him again! Adrien is reading Lamartine to us; I always listen with enchantment. What poetry! It flows in streams; it is sweet, tender, melancholy, moaning; it sings with nature, with the bird, with the falling leaf, the murmuring stream, the sounding bell, the sighing wind; it weeps with the suffering heart, and prays with the pleading soul. Oh! how is it that this poet could stray aside from his heavenly road, and burn incense on other altars? How could he leave his Christian lyre—he who once sang to God of his faith and love in accents so sublime? Will he not one day recover the sentiments and emotions of his youth, when he went in the footsteps of his mother to the house of God

Offrir deux purs encens, innocence et bonheur.†

The *Harmonies* are rightly named. I never read anything more harmoniously sweet, more exquisite in cadence. How comes it that he should have lost his faith where so many others have found it—in that journey to the East, from which he ought to have returned a firmer Catholic, a greater poet? Could it be that the death of his daughter,

* *Gâteau des Rois*, "Twelfth-Cake."

† To offer two pure [grains of] incense: innocence and happiness.

she who was his future, his joy, his dearest glory, overthrew everything within him? O my God! this lyre has, almost divinely, sung of thee; thou wilt not suffer its last notes to be a blasphemy. Draw all unto thyself, Lord Jesus, and let not the brows marked by the seal of genius be stamped eternally with that of reprobation!

Mme. de Clissey has told us her history; you must hear it, since your kind heart is interested in these two new friends of your Georgina. Madame is Roman, and has been brought up in Tuscany. You know the proverb: "A Tuscan tongue in a Roman mouth."* Her mother made a misalliance, was cast off by her family after her husband's death, and the poor woman hid at Florence her loneliness and tears. Thanks to her talents as a painter, she was enabled to secure to Marcella a solid and brilliant education; but her strength becoming rapidly exhausted by excessive labor, Marcella, when scarcely sixteen years of age, saw her mother expire in her arms. She remained alone, under the care of a venerable French priest, who compassionated her great misfortune, and obtained for his *protégée* an honorable engagement. She was taken as governess to her daughter by a rich duchess, who, after being in ecstasies about her at first, cast her aside as a useless plaything. Her pupil, however, a very intelligent and affectionate child, became the sole and absorbing interest of the orphan; but the young girl's attachment to her mistress excited the jealousy of the proud duchess, who contrived to find a pretext for excluding Marcella from the house. Her kind protector then brought her to France, and, as it was necessary that she should obtain her living, she entered as teacher in a boarding-school in the south. A year afterwards a lady of high rank engaged her to undertake the education of her daughters. She thankfully accepted this situation, but had scarcely occupied it a month before she was in a dying state from typhoid fever and inflammation of the brain. For fifty-two days her life was in danger, and for forty-eight hours she was in a state of lethargy, from which she had scarcely returned, almost miraculously, to consciousness, before she had to witness the death of the kind priest who alone, with a Sister of Charity, had done all that it was possible to do to save her life. What was to become of her? The slender means of which the old man had made her his heir lasted only for the year of her convalescence; she then unexpectedly made the acquaintance of a rich widow who was desirous of finding a young girl as her companion, promising to provide for her future. Marcella was twenty years of age; the old lady took a great fancy to her, and took her to Paris and to Germany. Unfortunately, the character of her protectress was not one to inspire affection. Ill-tempered, fanciful, exacting, life with her was intolerable. Her servants left her at the end of a month. Marcella became the submissive slave of her domineering caprice, and was shut up the whole day, having to replace the waiting-woman, adorn the antique idol, enliven her, and play to her whatever she liked. In the drawing-room, of an evening, she had to endure a thousand vexations; at eleven o'clock the customary visitors took leave, and Marcella examined the account-books

* The purest Italian, "*Lingua Toscana in bocca Romana.*"

of the house under the eye of the terrible old dowager, who, moreover, could not sleep unless some one read to her aloud. "Till five o'clock in the morning I used to read Cooper or Scott." What do you think of this anticipated purgatory, dear Kate? Marcella, timid, and without any experience of life, tried to resign herself to her lot, until at Paris M. de Clissey asked her to exchange her dependent condition for a happy and honored life. She accepted his offer, to the no small despair of the old lady, who loudly charged her with ingratitude, and thought to revenge herself by not paying her the promised remuneration. M. de Clissey triumphantly took away his beautiful young bride to his native town. "It seemed to me as if I had had a resurrection to another life. For ten years our happiness was without alloy. But the cross, alas! is everywhere; and I am now, at thirty-two years of age, a widow, with unspeakable memories and my pretty little Anna, whose love is my consolation."

Thank God! Marcella has friends also, and my mother wishes to propose to her to live with us.

Kate, what a good, sweet, happy destiny God has granted us! How I pity those orphans who have not, as I have, a sister to love them! Oh! may God bless you, and render to you all the good that your kind heart has done to me! Hurrah for Ireland! Erin mavourneen!

JANUARY 20.

I have recovered my happiness: René is here. I never weary of hearing him, of rejoicing that I have him. Dearest, I am enchanted with what he tells me about you. Tell me if ever two sisters loved each other as we do? No; it is not possible.

Lord William, Margaret, Lizzy, Isa, all our friends beyond the sea, are represented on my writing-table—under envelopes. Karl will come back to us; he "is burning to belong to God." You know all the details: the father blessing the coffin of his daughter, the sister, abounding in consolation—all these miracles of grace and love. O dear Kate! how good God is.

What will you think of my boldness? Isa has often expressed regret at her inability to read *Guérin*, as Gerty used to say; so I thought I would attempt a translation. I write so rapidly that I shall soon be at the end of my task. The souls of Eugénie and of Isa are too much like those of sisters not to understand each other. These few days spent in the society of the Solitary of Cayla have more than ever attached me to that soul at the same time so ardent and so calm, a furnace of love, concentrated upon his brother Maurice, who was taken from him by death—alas! as if to prove once more that earth is the place of tears, and heaven alone that of happiness.

"Qu'est-ce donc que les jours pour valoir qu'on les pleure?" *

Hélène wrote to me on the 10th, Feast of St. Paul the Hermit, full of admiration for the poetic history of this saint: the raven daily bringing half a loaf to the solitary; the visit of St. Antony; St. Paul asking if houses were still built; St. Antony exclaiming when he returned to the monastery: "I have seen Elias; I have seen John in the desert; I have seen Paul in Paradise"; the lions digging the grave

* What, then, are days, that they should deserve our tears?

of this friend of God—what a poem!

René has brought me back the *Consolations* of M. de Sainte-Beuve. How is it that the poets of our time have not remained Christian? In his *Souvenirs d'Enfance* ("Memories of Childhood") the author of the *Consolations* says to God:

"Tu m'aimais entre tous, et ces dons qu'on désire,
Ce pouvoir inconnu qu'on accorde à la lyre,
Cet art mystérieux de charmer par la voix,
Si l'on dit que je l'ai, Seigneur, je te le dois." *

Karl tells me that he carefully keeps on his heart the last words traced by Ellen. It is like the *testament* of our saintly darling, whom I seem still to see. I had omitted to mention this. The evening before her death, after I had written by her side the solemn and touching effusions for those who had not, like us, been witnesses of the admirable spectacle of her deliverance, the breaking of the bonds which held her captive in this world of sorrows, Ellen asked me to let her write. Ten minutes passed in this effort, this victorious wrestling of the soul over sickness and weakness. On the sealed envelope which she then gave me was written one word only—"Karl." Would you like to have this last adieu, Kate? How I have kissed these two almost illegible lines:

"My beloved husband, I leave you this counsel of St. Bernard for your consolation: 'Holy soul, remain alone, in order that thou mayest keep thyself for Him alone whom thou hast chosen above all!'"

What a track of light our sweet Ellen has left behind her! Love me, dearest Kate!

* "Thou lovedst me amongst all, and the gifts that men desire—this unknown power accorded to the lyre, this myst rious art of pleasing by the voice—if I am said to own it, Lord, I owe it all to thee."

JANUARY 25.

We leave in a week, my dearest Kate. René made a point of returning to the south, whose blue sky we shall not quit without regret; and also he wished to pray once more with us in Ellen's room. Karl does not wish the *Chalet of souvenirs* to pass into strange hands. He had rented it for a year; René proposed to him to buy it, and the matter was settled yesterday. I am writing to Mistress Annah, to lay before her the offer of a good work, capable of tempting her self-devotion—namely, that she should install herself at the *chalet*, and there take in a few poor sick people, and we might perhaps return thither. What do you think of this plan, dearest Kate?

We are all in love with Marcella and her pretty little girl, who are glad to accompany us to Orleans. Gertrude has offered Hélène's room to our new friend, whose melancholy is gradually disappearing. It is needless to say that she is by no means indifferent to Kate. You would love her, dear sister, and bless God with me for having placed her on our path. She has the head of an Italian Madonna, expressive, sympathetic, sweet; her portrait will be my first work when we return to Orleans.

On this day, eighteen centuries ago, St. Paul was struck to the earth on his way to Damascus; he fell a persecutor of Christ, and arose an apostle of that faith for which he would in due time give his life. Let us also be apostles, my sister.

A visit from Sarah on her wedding journey. Who would have thought of my seeing her here?

We prayed much for France on the ill-omened date of the 21st. O dearest! if you were but to read

M. de Beauchêne's *Louis XVII.* It is heartrending! Poor kings! It is the nature of mountain-tops to attract the lightning. René has given to Marcella *Marie Antoinette*, by M. de Lescure. Adrien has been reading it to us in the evenings. The grand and mournful epic is related with a magical charm of style which I find most attractive. Marie Antoinette, the calumniated queen, there appears in all the purity and splendor of her beauty. This reading left on my mind a deep impression of sadness. Poor queen! so great, so sanctified. "The martyrology of the Temple cannot be written." The life of Marie Antoinette is full of contrasts; nothing could be fairer than its dawn, nothing more enchanting than the picture of her childhood, youth, and marriage—this latter the dream of the courts of Austria and France, which made her at fifteen years old the triumphant and almost worshipped Dauphiness. And yet what shadows darkened here and there the radiant poem of her happy days! She went on increasing in beauty; she became a mother; and beneath the delightful shades of Trianon, "the Versailles of flowers which she preferred to the Versailles of marble," she came to luxuriate in the newly-found joys which filled her heart. Then came a terrible grief, the sinister precursor of the horrible tempests which were to burst upon the head of this queen, so French, but whom her misguided people persisted in calling *the foreigner*—the death of Maria Theresa the Great. What a cruel destiny is that of queens! Marie Antoinette, whose heart was so nobly formed for holy family joys, quitted her own at the age of fifteen, going to live far from her mother, whom she was never to see again, even at the moment when that heroic woman rendered up to God the soul which had struggled so valiantly. The Revolution was there, dreadful and menacing. Marie Antoinette began her militant and glorious life, and the day came when "the monster" said with truth: "The king has but one man near him, and that man is the queen." O dear Kate! the end of this history makes me afraid. What expiation will God require of France for these martyrdoms?

And we are going away. . . . Shall we return?

We are to visit Fourvières, Ars, Paray-le-Monial, and first of all the Grande Chartreuse—what a journey!—and *you* afterwards. I am fond of travelling—fond of the unknown, of beautiful views, movement, the pretty, wondering eyes of the little ones, the halts, for one or two days, in hotels, all the moving of the household which reminds me of the pleasant time when I used to travel with my Kate. Dearest sister, I long, I long to embrace you! Your kind, rare, and delightful letters, which I learn by heart the first day, the feeling of that nearness of our hearts to each other which nothing on earth can separate—this is also you; but to *see* you is sweeter than all the rest.

Marcella wishes to be named in this letter. You know whether or not the whole family loves Mme. Kate.

Send us your good angel during our wanderings, and believe in the fondest affection of your Georgina.

TO BE CONTINUED.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI'S POEMS.*

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI is, we believe, the queen of the Preraphaelite school, the literary department of that school at least, in England. To those interested in Preraphaelites and Preraphaelitism the present volume, which seems to be the first American edition of this lady's poems, will prove a great attraction. The school in art and literature represented under this name, however, has as yet made small progress among ourselves. It will doubtless be attributed to our barbarism, but that is an accusation to which we are growing accustomed, and which we can very complacently bear. The members of the school we know: Ruskin, Madox Brown, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, all the other Rossettis, Swinburne, Morris, and the rest; but we know no school. It has not yet won enough pupils to establish itself among us, and we at best regard it as a fashion that will pass away as have so many others: the low shirt-collar, flowing locks, melancholy visage, and aspect of general disgust with which, for instance, the imitators of Byron, in all save his intellect, were wont to afflict us in the earlier portion of the present century. The fact is, our English friends have a way of running into these fashions that is perplexing, and that would seem to indicate an inability on their part to judge for themselves of literary or artistic merit. To-day Pope and Addison are the fashion; to-morrow, Byron and Jeffreys; then Wordsworth and Carlyle; then Tennyson and Macaulay; and now Rossetti, Swinburne, Morris, and their kin, if they are not in the ascendant, gain a school, succeed in making a great deal of noise about themselves, and in having a great deal of noise made about them. It is the same with tailoring in days when your tailor, like your cook, is an "artist."

Surely the laws and canons of art are constant. The good is good and the bad bad, by whomsoever written or wrought. Affectation cannot cover poverty of thought or conception. A return to old ways, old models, old methods, is good, provided we go deeper than the mere fringe and trappings of such. How the name Preraphaelite first came we do not know. It originated, we believe, in an earnest revolt against certain viciousness in modern art. It was, if we mistake not, a return, to a great extent, to old-time realism. The question is, How far back did the originators of the movement go? If we take the strict meaning of the word, Homer was a Preraphaelite; so was Virgil; so was Horace; so were the Greek tragedians; so was Aristophanes. Apelles' brush deceived the birds of heaven; Phidias made the marble live ages before Raphael. Nay, how long before Raphael did the inspired prophets catch the very breathings of God to men, and turn them into the music and the religion of all time? These are surely Preraphaelites; yet we find few signs of their teach-

* Poems by Christina G. Rossetti. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1876.

ings in this fussy, ardent, and aggressive little modern English school.

We do not deny many gifts to certain members of the school. Swinburne, for instance, seems capable of playing with words as he pleases, of turning and tuning them into any form of melodious rhythm. But he begins and ends with *words*. Dante Gabriel Rossetti has given us some massive fragments, but nothing more. We look and say, "How much this man might have done!" but there our admiration ceases. Morris has written much and well, but he teases one with the antique. Set Byron by the side of any or all of them, and at once they dwindle almost into insignificance. Yet Byron wrote much that was worthless. He wrote, however, more that was really great. He never played tricks with words; he never allowed them to master him. He began the *Childe Harold* in imitation of Spenser; but he soon struck out so freely and vigorously that, though it may be half heresy to say it, Spenser himself was left far in the rear, and we believe that any intelligent jury in these days would award a far higher prize to the *Childe Harold* than to the *Faerie Queen*. Byron was a born poet. Like all great poets, undoubtedly, he owed much to art; but then art was always his slave. He rose above it. The fault with our present poets, not excepting even Tennyson, is that they are better artists than they are poets. Consequently, they win little cliques and knots of admirers, where others, as did Byron, win a world in spite of itself. It is all the difference between genius and the very highest respectability.

Miss Rossetti we take to be a very good example of the faults and virtues of her school. Here is a volume of three hundred pages, and it is filled with almost every kind of verse, much of which is of the most fragmentary nature. Some of it is marvellously beautiful; some trash; some coarse; some the very breathing and inspiration of the deep religion of the heart. In her devotional pieces she is undoubtedly at her best. Surely a strong Catholic tradition must be kept alive in this family. Her more famous brother sings of the Blessed Virgin in a spirit that Father Faber might have envied, and in verse that Father Faber never could have commanded. How she sings of Christ and holy things will presently appear. But her other pieces are not so satisfactory. The ultra-melancholy tone, the tiresome repetitions of words and phrases that mark the school, pervade them. Of melancholy as of adversity it may be said, "Sweet are its uses," provided "its uses" are not too frequent. An ounce of melancholy will serve at any time to dash a ton of mirth.

But our friends the Preraphaelites positively revel in gloom. They are for ever "hob and nob with Brother Death." They seem to study a skeleton with the keen interest of an anatomist. Wan ghosts are their favorite companions, and ghosts' walks their choice resorts. The scenery described in their poems has generally a sad, sepulchral look. There is a vast amount of rain with mournful soughing winds, laden often with the voices of those who are gone. A favorite trick of a Preraphaelite ghost is to stalk into his old haunts, only to discover that after all people live in much the same style as when he was in the flesh, and can manage to muster a laugh and talk

about mundane matters even though he has departed. Miss Rossetti treats us to several such visits, and in each case the "poor ghost" stalks out again disconsolate.

There is another Preraphaelite ghost who is fond of visiting, just on the day of her wedding with somebody else, the lady who has jilted him. The conversation carried on between the jilt and the ghost of the jilted is, as may be imagined, hardly of the kind one would expect on so festive an occasion. For our own part, we should imagine that the ghost would have grown wiser, if not more charitable, by his visit to the other world, and would show himself quite willing to throw at least the ghost of a slipper after the happy pair.

Between the Preraphaelite ghosts and the Preraphaelite lovers there seems really little difference. The love is of the most tearful description; the lady, wan at the start, has to wait and wait a woful time for the gentleman, who is always a dreadfully indefinite distance away. Strange to say, he generally has to make the journey back to his lady-love on foot. Of course on so long a journey he meets with all kinds of adventures and many a lady gay who keep him from his true love. She, poor thing, meanwhile sits patiently at the same casement looking out for the coming of her love. The only difference in her is that she grows wanner and more wan, until at length the tardy lover arrives, of course, only to find her dead body being carried out, and the good old fairy-story ending—that they were married and lived happy ever after—is quite thrown out.

It will be judged from what we have said that, whatever merits the Preraphaelite school of poetry may possess, cheerfulness is not one of them. As a proof of this we only cull a few titles from the contents of the book before us. "A Dirge" is the eighth on the list; then come in due order, "After Death," "The Hour and the Ghost," "Dead before Death," "Bitter for Sweet," "The Poor Ghost," "The Ghost's Petition," and so on. But Miss Rossetti is happily not all melancholy. The opening piece, the famous "Goblin Market," is thoroughly fresh and charming, and, to our thinking, deserves a place beside "The Pied Piper of Hamlin." Is not this a perfect picture of its kind?

> "Laughed every goblin
> When they spied her peeping;
> Came towards her hobbling,
> Flying, running, leaping,
> Puffing and blowing,
> Chuckling, clapping, crowing,
> Clucking and gobbling,
> Mopping and mowing,
> Full of airs and graces,
> Pulling wry faces,
> Demure grimaces,
> Cat-like and rat-like,
> Ratel and wombat-like,
> Snail-paced in a hurry,
> Parrot-voiced and whistler,
> Helter-skelter, hurry-skurry,
> Chattering like magpies,
> Fluttering like pigeons,
> Gliding like fishes—
> Hugged her and kissed her;
> Squeezed and caressed her;
> Stretched up their dishes,
> Panniers and plates;
> 'Look at our apples
> Russet and dun,
> Bob at our cherries,
> Bite at our peaches,
> Citrons and dates,
> Grapes for the asking,
> Pears red with basking
> Out in the sun,
> Plums on their twigs;
> Pluck them and suck them,
> Pomegranates, figs.'"

Of course this is not very high poetry, nor as such is it quoted here. But it is one of many wonderful pieces of minute and life-like painting that occur in this strange poem. From the same we quote another passage as exhibiting what

we would call a splendid fault in the poet:

"White and golden Lizzie stood,
Like a lily in a flood—
Like a rock of blue-veined stone
Lashed by tides obstreperously;
Like a beacon left alone
In a hoary, roaring sea,
Sending up a golden fire;
Like a fruit-crowned orange-tree
White with blossoms honey-sweet,
Sore beset by wasp and bee;
Like a royal virgin town,
Topped with gilded dome and spire,
Close beleaguered by a fleet,
Mad to tug her standard down."

Undoubtedly these are fine and spirited lines, and, some of them at least, noble similes. What do they call up to the mind of the reader? One of those heroic maidens who in history have led armies to victory and relieved nations—a Joan of Arc leading a forlorn hope girt around by the English. Any picture of this kind it would fit; but what is it intended to represent? A little girl struggling to prevent the little goblin-men from pressing their fatal fruits into her mouth! The statue is far too large for the pedestal. Here is another instance of the same, the lines of which might be taken from a Greek chorus:

"Her locks streamed like the torch
Borne by a racer at full speed,
Or like the mane of horses in their flight,
Or like an eagle when she stems the light
Straight toward the sun,
Or like a caged thing freed,
Or like a flying flag when armies run."

The locks that are like all these wonderful things are those of Lizzie's little sister Laura, who had tasted the fruits of the goblin-men. How different from this is "The Convent Threshold"! It is a strong poem, but of the earth earthy. As far as one can judge, it is the address of a young lady to her lover, who is still in the world and apparently enjoying a gay life. She has sinned, and remorse or some other motive seems to have driven her within the convent walls. She gives her lover admirable advice, but the old leaven is not yet purged out, as may be seen from the final exhortation:

"Look up, rise up; for far above
Our palms are grown, our place is set;
There we shall meet as once we met,
And love with old familiar love."—

Which may be a very pleasant prospect for separated lovers, but is scarcely heaven.

The poem contains a strong contrast—and yet how weak a one to the truly spiritual soul!—between the higher and the lower life.

"Your eyes look earthward; mine look up.
I see the far-off city grand,
Beyond the hills a watered land,
Beyond the gulf a gleaming strand
Of mansions where the righteous sup
Who sleep at ease among the trees,
Or wake to sing a cadenced hymn
With Cherubim and Seraphim;
They bore the cross, they drained the cup,
Racked, roasted, crushed, rent limb from limb—
They, the off-scouring of the world:
The heaven of starry heavens unfurled,
The sun before their face is dim.

"You, looking earthward, what see you?
Milk-white, wine-flushed among the vines,
Up and down leaping, to and fro,
Most glad, most full, made strong with wines,
Blooming as peaches pearled with dew,
Their golden, windy hair afloat,
Love-music warbling in their throat,
Young men and women come and go."

Something much more characteristic of the school to which Miss Rossetti belongs is "The Poor Ghost," some of which we quote as a sample:

"Oh! whence do you come, my dear friend, to me,
With your golden hair all fallen below your knee,
And your face as white as snow-drops on the lea,
And your voice as hollow as the hollow sea?"

"From the other world I come back to you;
My locks are uncurled with dripping, drenching dew.
You know the old, whilst I know the new:
But to-morrow you shall know this too."

. . . . . .

"Life is gone, then love too is gone:
It was a reed that I leant upon;
Never doubt I will leave you alone,
And not wake you rattling bone with bone."

But this is too lugubrious. There are many others of a similar tone,

but we prefer laying before the reader what we most admire. We have no doubt whatever that there are many persons who would consider such poems as the last quoted from the gems of the volume. To us they read as though written by persons in the last stage of consumption, who have no hope in life, and apparently very little beyond. The lines, too, are as heavy and clumsy as they can be. Perhaps the author has made them so on purpose to impart an additional ghastliness to the poem; for, as seen already, she can sing sweetly enough when she pleases. Another long and very doleful poem is that entitled "Under the Rose," which repeats the sad old lesson that the sins of the parents are visited on the heads of the children. A third, though not quite so sad, save in the ending, is "The Prince's Progress," which is one of the best and most characteristic in the volume. As exhibiting a happier style, we quote a few verses:

"In his world-end palace the strong Prince sat,
Taking his ease on cushion and mat;
Close at hand lay his staff and his hat.
'When wilt thou start? The bride waits, O youth!'
'Now the moon's at full; I tarried for that:
Now I start in truth.

'But tell me first, true voice of my doom,
Of my veiled bride in her maiden bloom;
Keeps she watch through glare and through gloom,
Watch for me asleep and awake?'
'Spell-bound she watches in one white room,
And is patient for thy sake.

'By her head lilies and rosebuds grow;
The lilies droop—will the rosebuds blow?
The silver slim lilies hang the head low;
Their stream is scanty, their sunshine rare.
Let the sun blaze out, and let the stream flow:
They will blossom and wax fair.

'Red and white poppies grow at her feet;
The blood-red wait for sweet summer heat,
Wrapped in bud-coats hairy and neat;
But the white buds swell; one day they will burst,
Will open their death-cups drowsy and sweet;
Which will open the first?'

Then a hundred sad voices lifted a wail;
And a hundred glad voices piped on the gale:
'Time is short, life is short,' they took up the tale:
'Life is sweet, love is sweet; use to-day while you may;
Love is sweet and to-morrow may fail:
Love is sweet, use to-day.'"

The Prince turns out to be a sad laggard; but what else could he be when he had to traverse such lands as this?

"Off he set. The grass grew rare,
A blight lurked in the darkening air,
The very moss grew hueless and spare,
The last daisy stood all astunt;
Behind his back the soil lay bare,
But barer in front.

"A land of chasm and rent, a land
Of rugged blackness on either hand;
If water trickled, its track was tanned
With an edge of rust to the chink;
If one stamped on stone or on sand,
It returned a clink.

"A lifeless land, a loveless land,
Without lair or nest on either hand
Only scorpions jerked in the sand,
Black as black iron, or dusty pale
From point to point sheer rock was manned
By scorpions in mail.

"A land of neither life nor death,
Where no man buildeth or fashioneth,
Where none draws living or dying breath;
No man cometh or goeth there,
No man doeth, seeketh, saith,
In the stagnant air."

So far for the general run of Miss Rossetti's poems. It will be seen that they are nothing very wonderful, in whatever light we view them. They are not nearly so great as her brother's; indeed, they will not stand comparison with them at all. The style is too varied, the pieces are too short and fugitive to be stamped with any marked originality or individuality, with the exception, perhaps, of the "Goblin Market." But there is a certain class of her poems examination of which we have reserved for the last. Miss Rossetti has set up a little devotional shrine here and there throughout the volume, where we find her on her knees, with a strong faith, a deep sense of spiritual needs, a feeling of the real littleness of the life passing around us, of the true greatness of what is

to come after, a sense of the presence of the living God before whom she bows down her soul into the dust; and here she is another woman. As she sinks her poetry rises, and gushes up out of her heart to heaven in strains sad, sweet, tender, and musical that a saint might envy. What in the wide realm of English poetry is more beautiful or more Catholic than this?

THE THREE ENEMIES.

The Flesh.

"Sweet, thou art pale."
"More pale to see,
Christ hung upon the cruel tree
And bare his Father's wrath for me."

"Sweet, thou art sad."
"Beneath a rod
More heavy, Christ for my sake trod
The wine-press of the wrath of God."

"Sweet, thou art weary."
"Not so Christ;
Whose mighty love of me sufficed
For Strength, Salvation, Eucharist."

"Sweet, thou art footsore."
"If I bleed,
His feet have bled: yea, in my need
His Heart once bled for mine indeed."

The World.

"Sweet, thou art young."
"So He was young
Who for my sake in silence hung
Upon the Cross with Passion wrung."

"Look, thou art fair."
"He was more fair
Than men, Who deigned for me to wear
A visage marred beyond compare."

"And thou hast riches."
"Daily bread:
All else is His; Who living, dead,
For me lacked where to lay His Head."

"And life is sweet."
"It was not so
To Him, Whose Cup did overflow
With mine unutterable woe."

The Devil.

"Thou drinkest deep."
"When Christ would sup
He drained the dregs from out my cup.
So how should I be lifted up?"

"Thou shalt win Glory."
"In the skies,
Lord Jesus, cover up mine eyes
Lest they should look on vanities."

"Thou shalt have Knowledge."
"Helpless dust,
In thee, O Lord, I put my trust:
Answer Thou for me, Wise and Just."

"And Might."
"Get thee behind me. Lord,
Who hast redeemed and not abhorred
My soul, oh! keep it by thy Word."

And what a cry is this? Who has not felt it in his heart? It is entitled "Good Friday":

"Am I a stone and not a sheep,
That I can stand, O Christ! beneath Thy Cross,
To number drop by drop Thy Blood's slow loss,
And yet not weep?

"Not so those women loved
Who with exceeding grief lamented Thee;
Not so fallen Peter weeping bitterly;
Not so the thief was moved;

"Not so the Sun and Moon
Which hid their faces in a starless sky,
A horror of great darkness at broad noon,—
I, only I.

"Yet give not o'er,
But seek Thy sheep, true Shepherd of the flock;
Greater than Moses, turn and look once more
And smite a rock.

It would seem that the heart which can utter feelings like these should be safely housed in the one true fold. There, and there only, can such hearts find room for expansion; for there alone can they find the food to fill them, the wherewith to satisfy their long yearnings, the light to guide the many wanderings of their spirits, the strength to lift up and sustain them after many a fall and many a cruel deceit. Outside that threshold, however near they may be to it, they will in the long run find their lives empty. With George Eliot, they will find life only a sad satire and hope a very vague thing. Like her heroine, Dorothea Brooke, the finer feelings and aspirations of their really spiritual and intensely religious natures will only end in petty collisions with the petty people

around them, and thankful they may be if all their life does not turn out to be an exasperating mistake, as it must be a failure, compared with that larger life that they only dimly discern. How truly Miss Rossetti discerns it may be seen in her sonnet on "The World":

"By day she wooes me, soft, exceeding fair:
But all night as the moon so changeth she;
Loathsome and foul with hideous leprosy,
And subtle serpents gliding in her hair.
By day she wooes me to the outer air,
Ripe fruits, sweet flowers, and full satiety:
But through the night, a beast she grins at me,
A very monster void of love and prayer.
By day she stands a lie: by night she stands,
In all the naked horror of the truth,
With pushing horns and clawed and clutching hands.
Is this a friend indeed, that I should sell
My soul to her, give her my life and youth,
Till my feet, cloven too, take hold on hell?"

Could there be anything more complete than this whole picture, or anything more startling yet true in conception than the image in the last line, which we have italicized? One feels himself, as it were, on the very verge of the abyss, and the image of God, in which he was created, suddenly and silently falling from him. But a more beautiful and daring conception is that in the poem "From House to Home." Treading on earth, the poet mounts to heaven, but by the thorny path that alone leads to it. Her days seemed perfect here below, and all happiness hers. Her house is fair and all its surroundings beautiful. She tells us that

"Ofttimes one like an angel walked with me.
With spirit-discerning eyes like flames of fire,
But deep as the unfathomed, endless sea,
Fulfilling my desire."

The spirit leaves her after a time, calling her home from banishment into "the distant land." All the beauty of her life goes with him, and hope dies out of her heart, until something whispered that they should meet again in a distant land.

"I saw a vision of a woman, where
Night and new morning strive for domination;
Incomparably pale, and almost fair,
And sad beyond expression.
. . . . . .
"I stood upon the outer barren ground,
She stood on inner ground that budded flowers;
While circling in their never-slackening round
Danced by the mystic hours.

"But every flower was lifted on a thorn,
And every thorn shot upright from its sands
To gall her feet; hoarse laughter pealed in scorn
With cruel clapping hands.

"She bled and wept, yet did not shrink; her strength
Was strung up until daybreak of delight;
She measured measureless sorrow toward its length,
And breadth, and depth, and height.

"Then marked I how a chain sustained her form,
A chain of living links not made nor riven:
It stretched sheer up through lightning, wind, and storm,
And anchored fast in heaven.

"One cried: 'How long? Yet founded on the Rock
She shall do battle, suffer, and attain.'
One answered: 'Faith quakes in the tempest shock:
Strengthen her soul again.'

"I saw a cup sent down and come to her
Brimful of loathing and of bitterness:
She drank with livid lips that seemed to stir
The depth, not make it less.

"But as she drank I spied a hand distil
New wine and virgin honey; making it
First bitter-sweet, then sweet indeed, until
She tasted only sweet.

"Her lips and cheeks waxed rosy—fresh and young;
Drinking she sang: 'My soul shall nothing want';
And drank anew: while soft a song was sung,
A mystical low chant.

"One cried: 'The wounds are faithful of a friend:
The wilderness shall blossom as a rose.'
One answered: 'Rend the veil, declare the end,
Strengthen her ere she goes.'"

Then earth and heaven are rolled up like a scroll, and she gazes into heaven. Wonderful indeed is the picture drawn of the heavenly court; but we have already quoted at such length that we fear to tire our readers. Still, we must find room for the following three verses:

"Tier beyond tier they rose and rose and rose
So high that it was dreadful, flames with flames:

No man could number them, no tongue disclose
Their secret sacred names.

"As though one pulse stirred all, one rush of blood
Fed all, one breath swept through them myriad-voiced,
They struck their harps, cast down their crowns, they stood
And worshipped and rejoiced.

"Each face looked one way like a moon new-lit,
Each face looked one way towards its Sun of Love;
Drank love and bathed in love and mirrored it
And knew no end thereof."

We might go on quoting with pleasure and admiration most of these devotional pieces, but enough has been given to show how different a writer is Miss Rossetti in her religious and in her worldly mood. The beauty, grace, pathos, sublimity often, of the one weary us of the other. In the one she warbles or sings, with often a flat and discordant note in her tones that now please and now jar; in the other she is an inspired prophetess or priestess chanting a sublime chant or giving voice to a world's sorrow and lament. In the latter all affectation of word, or phrase, or rhythm disappears. The subjects sung are too great for such pettiness, and the song soars with them. The same thing is true of her brother, the poet. Religion has inspired his loftiest conceptions, and a religion that is certainly very unlike any but the truth. We trust that the reverence and devotion to the truth which must lie deep in the hearts of this gifted brother and sister may bear their legitimate fruit, and end not in words only, but blossom into deeds which will indeed lead them "From House to Home."

ECHO TO MARY.

WHO gently dries grief's falling tear?
Maria.
Of fairy flowers which fairest blows?
The Rose.
What seekest thou, poor plaining dove?
My Love.
Rejoice, thou morning Dove!
Earth's peerless Rose, without a thorn,
Unfolds its bloom this natal morn—
Maria, Rose of Love!

What craves the heart of storms the sport?
A Port.
And what the fevered patient's quest?
Calm Rest.
What ray to cheer when shadows slope?
Hope.

O Mary, Mother blest!
Through nights of gloom, through days of fear,
Thy love the ray by which to steer,
Bright Hope! to Port of Rest.

Desponding heart what gift will please?
Heart of Ease.
What scent reminds of a hidden saint?
Jess'mine Faint.
What caught its hue from the azure sky?
Violet's Eye.
O Mary, peerless dower!
A balm to soothe, love's odor sweet,
A glimpse of heaven in thee we greet—
Heartsease, Jess'mine, Violet flower!

Of Mary's love who most secure?
The Pure.
What lamp diffuses light afar?
A Star.
When is light-wingéd zephyr born?
At Morn.
My eyes, with watching worn,
Will vigil keep till day returns;
To see thy light my spirit yearns,
Mary Pure, Star of Morn!

What name most sweet to dying ear?
Maria.
On heavenly hosts who smiles serene?
Their Queen.
What joy is perfected above?
Love.
Welcome, thou spotless Dove!
Awake, my soul, celestial mirth!
This day brings purest joy to earth!
Maria, Queen of Love.

NATIVITY B. V. MARY, September 8.*

* The above is a free translation from a beautiful short Spanish poem which lately appeared in the *Revista Catolica* of Las Vegas, New Mexico.

THE HIGHLAND EXILE.

A RECENT number of the London *Tablet* contains some very interesting facts concerning the return of the Benedictine Order to Scotland. This event is expected soon to take place, after a banishment of the Order for nearly three hundred years from those regions of beauty where for many previous centuries it had been the source and dispenser of countless spiritual and temporal blessings to the people.

It is among the most marvellous of the wonderful compensations of divine Providence in these days of mysterious trial for the church as to her temporalities, and of her most glorious triumphs in the spiritual order, that the place for this re-establishment should have been fixed at Fort Augustus, in Inverness-shire—the very spot which the "dark and bloody" Duke of Cumberland made his headquarters while pursuing with merciless and exterminating slaughter the hapless Catholics of the Highlands after the fatal field of Culloden in 1746. No less significant is the fact that a descendant of the Lord Lovat who was beheaded for his participation in that conflict, and the inheritor of his title, should have purchased Fort Augustus from the British government with a view to this happy result, though he was not permitted to live long enough to witness the accomplishment of his pious purpose.

A more beautiful or appropriate abode for the devoted sons of St. Benedict could not have been found than this secluded spot, where, far removed from all the turmoil and distractions of the world, they will be free to exercise the spirit of their holy rule, and draw down abundant benedictions upon the surrounding country. The buildings are situated near the extremity of Loch Ness, commanding toward the east a view of that picturesque lake, and to the west of the wild range of Glengarry Mountains.

It is consoling to reflect that the place which, notwithstanding the fascinations of its extraordinary beauty, has so long been held in detestation by the faithful Catholic Highlanders, on account of the fearful atrocities once committed under protection of its strong towers, is destined thus to become the very treasure-house of Heaven's choicest blessings for them in the restoration of their former benefactors and spiritual directors.

Very pleasant, also, to every child of the faith the world over, is the thought that these hills and glens, long so "famous in story," will once again give echo, morning, noon, and night, to the glad tidings of salvation proclaimed by the holy Angelus, and to the ancient chants and songs of praise which resounded through the older centuries from the cloisters of this holy brotherhood; and that in these solitudes the clangor of the "church-going bell" will again summon the faithful to the free and open exercise of the worship so long proscribed under cruel penalties. The tenacity with which the Highlanders of Scotland clung to their faith

through the most persistent and appalling persecutions proved that the foundations of the spiritual edifice in that

> "Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
> Land of the mountain and the flood,"

were laid broad and deep by saints not unworthy to be classed with the glorious St. Patrick of the sister shores.

In the course of our studies of history in early youth, before we were interested in such triumphs of the church, save as curious historical facts not to be accounted for upon Protestant principles, we were deeply impressed by proofs of her supernatural and sustaining power over this noble race which came within our personal notice.

During a winter in the first quarter of this century my father and mother made the journey from Prescott, Upper Canada, to Montreal, in their own conveyance, taking me with them.

We stopped over one night at an inn situated on the confines of a dismal little village, planted in a country as flat and unattractive in all its features as could well be imagined. The village was settled entirely by Highlanders exiled on account of their religion and the troubles which followed the irretrievable disaster of Culloden. Its inhabitants among themselves spoke only the Gaelic language, which I then heard for the first time. My father's notice was attracted by the aged father of our host, a splendid specimen of the native Highlander, clad in the full and wonderfully picturesque costume of his race. Although from his venerable appearance you might have judged that

> "A hundred years had flung their snows
> On his thin locks and floating beard,"

yet was his form as erect and his mind as clear as when in youth he trod his native glens.

My father soon drew him into a conversation to which their juvenile companion was an eager and retentive listener. The chief tenor of it was concerning the state of Scotland, and the prevailing sentiment of her people in the north, before the last hapless scion of the Stuarts made the fatal attempt which resulted in utter defeat and ruin to all connected with it. In the course of their chat, and as his intellect was aroused and excited by the subject, a narrative of his own personal knowledge of those matters and share in the conflict fell unconsciously, as it were, from his lips.

He was a young lad at the time his father's clan gathered to the rallying-cry of the Camerons for the field of Culloden. Young as he was, he fought by his father's side, and saw him slain with multitudes of his kin on that scene of carnage. He was among the few of his clan who escaped and succeeded by almost superhuman efforts in rescuing their families from the indiscriminate slaughter which followed. Among the rocks and caves of the wild hills and glens with which they were familiar they found hiding-places that were inaccessible to the destroyers who were sent out by the merciless Cumberland, but their sufferings from cold and hunger were beyond description. In the haste of their flight it was impossible to convey the necessary food and clothing, and the whole country was so closely watched by scattered bands of soldiers that there was no chance of procuring supplies. Insufficiently clad and fed, and very imperfectly sheltered from the wild storms of those bleak northern regions, many of the wo-

men, the children, and the aged people perished before it was possible to accept offers made by the British government of founding colonies in Nova Scotia and Upper Canada for those who, persistently refusing to renounce the Catholic faith, would consent to emigrate. Large rewards and the most tempting inducements were held out to all who would surrender their faith, embrace Protestantism, and remain among their beloved hills.

So intense is the love of country in the hearts of this brave and generous people that many could not tear themselves away from scenes inwoven with their tenderest affections, but remained, some to enjoy in this world the price of that apostasy which imperilled their eternal interests for the next, while multitudes sought the most remote and unapproachable nooks of the rugged north, and remained true to their religion in extreme poverty and distress, with no hope of alleviation. Our aged narrator joined a band of emigrants from the neighborhood of Loch Ness, and came to the dreary wilderness where the present village has grown up. My father expressed his surprise that they should have chosen a place so entirely different in all its features from their native scenes, in preference to the hilly parts of Canada, where it would seem that they would have been more at home.

"Na, na!" exclaimed the venerable old man, his dark eye kindling with the fire of youth, while he smote the ground with his staff, as if to emphasize his dissent—"na, na; sin' we could na tread our native hills, it iss better far that we had nane! I think the sicht of hills withoot the heather wad drive me mad! Na, na; it iss far better that we should see nae hills!"

His touching recital of the wrongs sustained by his people at the hands of their ruthless conquerors, and the bitter sufferings they endured for the faith, awakened my deep and enduring sympathy.

My father questioned whether, after all, it would not have been better for them to have submitted in the matter of religion, accepted the liberal terms offered under that condition, and remained contented in their beloved homes, rather than make such cruel sacrifices, for themselves and the helpless ones dependent upon them, in support of a mere idea, as the difference between one religion and another seemed to him. The old man rose in his excitement to his feet, and, standing erect and dignified, with flashing eyes exclaimed: "Renounce the faith! Sooner far might we consent that we be sold into slavery! Oh! yes; we could do *that*—we could bow our necks to the yoke in *this* world that our souls might be free for the *next*—but to renounce the faith! It iss that we could na do whatever; no! not the least one among us, though it wass to gain ten kingdoms for us in this warld!"

My father apologized for a suggestion which had such power to move him, remarking that he was himself quite ignorant concerning the Catholic religion, and, indeed, not too well informed as to any other; upon which the hoary patriarch approached him, laid his hand upon his head, and said with deep solemnity: "That the great God, who is ever merciful to the true of heart, might pour the light of his truth into yours, and show you how different is it from the false religions, and how worthy that one should die for it rather than yield the point that should seem the most trifling; for there iss nothing con-

nected with the truth that will be trifling."

The grand old man! He little suspected that his words struck a responsive chord in the hearts of his listeners that never ceased to vibrate to their memory!

A few years after this incident I was passing the months of May and June with a relative in Montreal. Several British regiments were then quartered in that city. One of them, I was told, was the famous "Thirty-ninth" which had won, by its dauntless valor on many hard-fought battle-fields in India, the distinction of bearing upon its colors the proud legend, "*Primus in Indis.*"

It was ordered to Canada for the invigorating effect of the climate upon the health of soldiers exhausted by long exposure, in fatiguing campaigns, to the sultry sun of India. It was composed chiefly, if not wholly, of Scotch Highlanders, well matched in size and height, and, taken all together, quite the finest body of men in form and feature, and in chivalrous bearing, that I have ever seen. Their uniform was the full Highland dress, than which a more martial or graceful equipment has never been devised. Over the Scotch bonnet of each soldier drooped and nodded a superb ostrich plume.

Under escort of the kind friend to whose care I had been committed, and who was delighted with the fresh enthusiasm of his small rustic cousin, just transported from a home in the woods to the novel scenes of that fair city, I witnessed repeatedly the parade of the troops on the *Champ de Mars*. The magnificent Highlanders took precedence and entirely eclipsed them all, while the bitterness of feeling with which the other regiments submitted to the ceremony of "presenting arms" whenever the gallant "Thirty-ninth" passed and repassed was apparent even to me, a stranger and a mere child.

Impressive as these scenes on the *Champ de Mars* were, however, to the eager fancy of a juvenile observer, they fell far short of the thrilling effect produced by a pageant of a widely different nature which I was soon to witness.

While I was expressing my glowing admiration for those "superb Highlanders," my kinsman, himself a Presbyterian elder, would exclaim: "Oh! this is nothing at all. Wait until you have seen them march to church and assist at a grand High Mass!"

Accordingly, on one fine Sunday morning in June he conducted me to an elevated position whence the muster of the regiment with its splendid banners, and the full line of march—to the music of the finest band in the army, composed entirely of Highland instruments—could be distinctly observed. Then, taking a shorter turn, we entered the church, and secured a seat which overlooked the entrance of the troops within the sacred precincts. The full band was playing, and the music breathed the very spirit of their native hills. It was a spectacle never to be forgotten. The measured tramp of that multitude as the footfall of one man; their plumed bonnets lifted reverently before the sacred Presence by one simultaneous motion of the moving mass; their genuflections, performed with the same military and, as it seemed to a spectator, automatic precision and unity; the flash and clash of their arms, as they knelt in the wide space allotted to them under the central dome of the immense edifice; the rapt

expression of devotion which lighted up each face; the music of the band, bursting forth at intervals during the most solemn parts of the first High Mass I had ever attended, now exquisitely plaintive and soul-subduing, and again swelling into a volume of glorious harmony which filled the whole church and electrified the hearts of the listeners—all this combined to produce emotions not to be expressed in words. Strangers visiting the city, and multitudes of its non-Catholic inhabitants, were drawn week by week to witness the solemn and soul-awakening ceremonial; first from curiosity, and afterwards, in many instances, from the conviction that a religion whence flowed a worship so sublime and irresistible in its power over the souls of men must be the creation of the great Author of souls.

It seemed a fitting compensation to this noble race, after the degradation and oppression to which they had been subjected by their ruthless conquerors, that this valiant band of their sons should have been enabled to achieve such renown as gave them the most distinguished position in the British army, and placed them before the world with a prestige and a glory not surpassed by the bravest of their ancestors at the period of their greatest prosperity. But infinitely more precious than all earthly fame was the right, won back, as it were, by their arms, to practise fully and freely the religion of those ancestors, so long proscribed and forbidden to their people. Nor was it a slight satisfaction to their national pride and patriotism to be permitted to resume the costume which had also been proscribed and included in the suppression of the clans.

Since those days of long ago we have not seen a Scottish Highlander; but the notice in the London *Tablet* of which we have spoken awakened the recollections we have thus imperfectly embodied as our slight tribute to the cairn that perpetuates, in this world, the memory of all this people have done and suffered for that faith which shall be their eternal joy and crowning glory in the next.

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF HALIFAX, N. S.

THE Catholic Church in America has recently lost, in the person of the Most Reverend Dr. Connolly, one of her most distinguished prelates. Thomas Louis Connolly was born about sixty-two years ago in the city of Cork, Ireland. In his person were found all the virtues and noble qualities of head and heart that have made his countrymen loved and honored. Like many other distinguished churchmen, he was of humble parentage; and there are many townsmen of his in America to-day who remember the late archbishop as a boy running about the streets of Cork. He lost his father when he was three years old; nevertheless, his widowed mother managed to bring up her little son and a still younger daughter in comfort. She kept a small but decent house of entertainment, and the place is remembered by a mammoth pig that stood for years in the window, and which bore the quaint inscription:

"'This world is a city with many a crooked street,
And death the market-place where all men meet.
If life were merchandise that men could buy,
The rich would live and the poor would die."

Father Mathew, the celebrated Apostle of Temperance, whose church was but a few doors from young Connolly's home, noticed the quiet, good-natured boy who was so attentive to his church and catechism, and, perhaps discerning in him some of the rare qualities which afterwards distinguished him as a man, became his friend, confidant, and adviser. The widow was able to give her only son a good education, and we learn that at sixteen young Connolly was well advanced in history and mathematics and in the French, Latin, and Greek languages. The youth, desiring to devote his life to the church, became a novice in the Capuchin Order, in which order Father Mathew held high office.

In his eighteenth year he went to Rome to complete his studies for the priesthood. He spent six years in the Eternal City, and they were years of hard study, devoted to rhetoric, philosophy, and theology. Even then he was noted for his application, and was reserved and retiring in his disposition, except to the few with whom he was intimately acquainted. He left Rome for the south of France, where he completed his studies, and in 1838, at the cathedral at Lyons, he was ordained priest by the venerable archbishop of that city, Cardinal Bolæ. The following year he returned to Ireland, and for three years he labored hard and fervently in the Capuchin Mission House, Dublin, and at the Grange Gorman Lane Penitentiary, to which latter institution he was attached as chaplain. In 1842, when Dr. Walsh was appointed Bishop of Halifax, the young Capuchin priest, then in his twenty-eighth year, volunteered his services, and came out as secretary to the studious and scholarly prelate whom he was afterwards to succeed.

Until 1851, a period of nine years, Father Connolly labored incessantly, faithfully, and cheerfully

as parish priest, and after a while as Vicar-General of Halifax. In the prime of his manhood, possessed of a massive frame and a vigorous constitution, with the ruddy glow of health always on his face, the young Irish priest went about late and early, in pestilence and disease, among the poor and sick, hearing confessions, organizing societies in connection with the church, preaching in public, exhorting in private, doing the work that only one of his zeal and constitution could do, and through it all carrying a smiling face and cheering word for every one. It is this period of his life that the members of his flock love to dwell upon, and to which he himself, no doubt, looked back with pleasure as a time when, possessed of never-failing health, he had only the subordinate's work to do, without the cares, crosses, and momentous questions to decide which the mitre he afterwards wore brought with it. Indeed, at that time Father Connolly was everywhere and did everything. All the old couples in Halifax to-day were married by him; and all the young men and women growing up were baptized by him.

The worth, labors, and abilities of the ardent missionary could not fail to be recognized, and when Dr. Dollard died, in 1851, on the recommendation of the American bishops Father Connolly was appointed to succeed him as Bishop of St. John, New Brunswick. He threw all his heart and soul into his work, and before the seven years he resided in St. John had passed away he had brought the diocese, which he found in a chaotic, poverty-stricken, and ill-provided state, into order, efficiency, and comparative financial prosperity. Without a dollar, but with a true reliance on Providence and his people, he set to work to build a cathedral, and by his energy and the liberality of his flock soon had it in a tolerable state of completion. He seems to have taken a special delight in building, and no sooner was one edifice fairly habitable than he was at work on another. Whatever little difficulties or differences he may have had with the Catholics under his jurisdiction can be all traced to this; they were money questions, questions of expense. He always kept a warm corner in his heart for the orphans of his diocese, whom he looked upon as especially under his care, and who were to be provided for at all costs; and soon the present efficient Orphan Asylum of St. John sprang up, nuns were brought from abroad to conduct it, and, through the exertions of their warm-hearted bishop, the little wanderers and foundlings of New Brunswick were provided with a home.

On the death of Archbishop Walsh, in 1859, Bishop Connolly was appointed by the present Pontiff to succeed him. In his forty-fifth year, with all his faculties sharpened, his views and mind widened, and his political opinions changed for the better by his trying experience, Bishop Connolly came back to Halifax a different man, in all but outward appearance, from the Father Connolly who had left that city eight years before.

Halifax is noted as being one of the most liberal and tolerant cities on the continent. Nowhere do the different bodies of Christians mingle and work so well together; and although it is not free from individual bigotry, the great mass of its citizens work and live together in harmony and cordial good-will. It is too much to credit the late archbishop with this happy state of

affairs, for it existed before his time, and owes its existence to the good sense and liberality of the Protestant party as well as the Catholic; but it is only common justice to say that the archbishop did all in his power to maintain it. Hospitable and genial by nature, it was a pleasure to him to have at his table the most distinguished citizens of all creeds, to entertain the officers of the army and navy, and to extend his hospitality to the guests of the city. Without lessening his dignity, and without conceding a point of what might be considered due to the rights of his church, he worked and lived on the most friendly and intimate footing with those who differed from him in religion. A hard worker, an inveterate builder, and a great accumulator of church property, he was hardly settled in his archdiocese before he set to work to convert the church of St. Mary's into the present beautiful cathedral. The work has been going on for years under his personal supervision, and he resolutely refused to let any part out to contract; and although his congregation has grumbled at the money sunk in massive foundations, unnecessary finish, and the extras for alterations, yet time, by the strength, durability, and thoroughness of the work, will justify the archbishop in the course he adopted. School-houses were built, homes for the Sisters of Charity, orphanages, an academy, and a summer residence for himself and clergy at the Northwest Arm, a few miles from the city. All of these buildings have some pretensions to architecture, and are substantial and well built. Excepting the cathedral, the archbishop was generally his own architect; and as he was a little dogmatic in his manner, and not too ready to listen to suggestions from the tradesmen under him, he on more than one occasion made blunders, more amusing than serious, in his building operations. A man's religion never stood in his way in working for Archbishop Connolly.

His duties as the father of his flock were not neglected on account of his outside work. No amount of physical or mental labor seemed too much for him. After the worry, work, and travelling of the week, it was no uncommon thing for him to preach in the three Catholic churches in the city on the one Sunday. His knowledge of the Scriptures was astonishing, even for a churchman, and was an inexhaustible mine on which he could draw at pleasure. His reading was wide and extensive. It was hard to name a subject on which he had not read and studied; on the affairs and politics of the day he was ready, when at leisure, to talk; and on his table might be found the periodical light literature as well as heavier reading. In 1867, when the confederation of the different British provinces into the present Dominion of Canada was brought about, he took an active part in politics. Believing that Nova Scotia would be rendered more prosperous, and that the Catholics would become more powerful by being united to their Canadian brethren, he warmly advocated the union. But despite his position and influence, and the exertions of those on his side, the union party was defeated at the polls all over the province as well as in the city of Halifax. Since that he ceased to take an active part in politics, and refrained from expressing his political opinions in public.

As a speaker he was noted for his sound common sense and the

absence of anything like tricks of rhetoric or of manner. His lectures and addresses from the pulpit of his own church to his own people were generally extempore. He was powerful in appealing to a mixed audience, and spoke more especially to the humbler classes. He had a fund of quaint proverbs and old sayings, and, by an odd conceit or happy allusion, would drive his argument home in the minds of those of his own country. He could, at times, be eloquent in the true sense of the word; and when he prepared himself, girded on his armor for the conflict, he was truly powerful. On the melancholy death of D'Arcy McGee the archbishop had service in St. Mary's, and delivered a panegyric on the life and labors of that gifted Irishman, who was a personal friend of his own, which is looked upon as one of his ablest efforts.

If he was quickly excited, he was just as quick to forgive; and when he thought he had bruised the feelings of the meanest, he was ever ready to atone, and never happy till he did so. Like many great republicans, while claiming the greatest freedom of thought, word, and action for himself, he was, though he knew it not, arbitrary in his dictates to others. Whatever he took in hand he went at heart and soul. The smallest detail of work he could not leave to another, but would himself see it attended to—from a board in a fence to the building of a cathedral. Travelling over a scattered diocese with poor roads and poor entertainment, preaching, hearing confessions, and administering the sacraments of the church, can it be wondered at that his health broke down? that a constitution, vigorous at first, wore out before its time? With everything to do and everything a trouble to him, can we wonder that some mistakes were made, that some things were ill-done?

Though hospitable, witty, and a lover of company, he was very abstemious and temperate in his habits; and, although never attacked by long disease, his health was continually bad. Last fall he visited Bermuda, which was under his jurisdiction, partly for his health, and also to see to the wants of the few Catholics there. In the spring he returned to Halifax, but little benefited by the change.

If there was one subject of public importance more than another in which the archbishop was interested, it was the public-school question. No question requires more careful handling; none involves vaster public interests. His schoolhouses had been leased to the school authorities; he had brought the Christian Brothers to Halifax, and these schools were under their charge; and the Catholics in Halifax had, thanks to their archbishop and the tolerance of their fellow-citizens, separate schools in all but the name. For a long time past there had been personal and private differences and grievances between the archbishop and the brothers. What they were, and what the rights and the wrongs of the matter are, was never fully made public, nor is it essential that it should be. On the Sunday after his arrival from Bermuda the archbishop was visited by the director-general of the brothers, a Frenchman, who gave him twenty-four hours to accede to the demands of the brothers, or threatened in default that they would leave the province. Both were hot-tempered, both believed they had right on their side, and it is more than probable that neither

thought the other would proceed to extremities. The archbishop did not take an hour to decide; he flatly refused. Next day saw the work of years undone; the brothers departed; their places were temporarily filled by substitutes; the School Board took the matter in hand; and the sympathies of the Catholics of Halifax were divided between their archbishop and the teachers of their children.

Many think the excitement and worry that he underwent on this occasion had much to do with his death. A gentleman who had some private business with the archbishop called at the glebe-house on the Tuesday following the Sunday on which the rupture with the brothers had taken place. Although it was ten o'clock in the morning, and the sun was shining brightly outside, he found the curtains undrawn, the gas burning, and the archbishop hard at work writing at a table littered with paper. In the course of their conversation he mentioned incidentally to his visitor that he had not been to bed for two nights, nor changed his clothes for three days. Even after the difficulty had been smoothed over, and matters seemed to be going on as of old, it was noticed that the archbishop had lost his cheerfulness and looked wearied and haggard. His duties were not neglected, though sickness and sadness may have weighed him down. He began a series of lectures on the doctrines of the church which unhappily were never to be completed. On the third Sunday before his death, in making an appeal to his parishioners for funds to finish the cathedral, he enumerated the many other works he wished to undertake, and stated that he trusted he had ten or fifteen years of life before him wherein to accomplish these works. The meeting which he had called for that afternoon was poorly attended, and the amount subscribed not nearly what he expected. It was noticed that this troubled him; for he loved to stand well with his people always, and he took this as a sign that his popularity was on the wane.

On Saturday, the 22d of July, he complained of being unwell, but it did not prevent him from speaking as usual at the three churches on the morrow. He never allowed his own sufferings to interfere with what he considered his duty. None of the many who heard him that day surmised that the shadow of death was then on him, and that on the following Sunday they would see the corpse of the speaker laid out on the same altar. On Monday, still feeling unwell, he drove to his residence at the Northwest Arm, thinking that a little rest and quiet would restore him to his usual health. The next day, growing worse, and no doubt feeling his end approaching, he told his attendants to drive him to the glebe-house and to write to Rome. Next day the whole community was startled to hear that the archbishop was stricken down by congestion of the brain; that he was delirious; that he had been given up by the doctors; and that his death was hourly expected.

A gloom seemed to have fallen over the city. The streets leading to the glebe-house were filled all the next day and late into the night with a noiseless throng; and hour after hour the whisper went from one to another, "He still lives, but there's no hope." All this time the dying prelate remained unconscious. The heavy breathing and the dull pulse were all that told

the watchful and sorrowing attendants that he yet lived. From his bedroom to the drawing-room, in which he had at times received such a brilliant company, they carried the dying man for air. Those who wished were allowed in to see him; but he saw not the anxious faces that gazed sorrowfully for a moment and then passed away; he heard not the low chant of the Litany for the Dying that was borne out through the open windows on the still night-air; he knew not of the tears that were shed by those who loved and honored him, and who could not, in the presence of death, repress or hide their sorrow. At midnight on Thursday, the 27th of July, the bell of the cathedral tolled out to tell the quiet city that the good archbishop lived no more.

The next day, in the same apartment, the corpse was laid in state, and was visited by hundreds of all creeds and classes, who came to take their last look at all that remained on earth of the wearied worker who had at last found rest. What were the thoughts of many who looked upon that face, now fixed in death? Among the throng were those who had come to him weighed down by sorrow and sin, and had left him lightened of their loads and strengthened in their resolutions of atonement and amendment by his eloquent words of advice. Some had felt his wide-spreading charity; for his ear and heart were ever open to a tale of distress, and he gave with a free and open hand, and his tongue never told of what his hand let fall. The general feeling was one of bereavement; for the great multitude of his people knew not his worth till they had lost him. Who would take his place? They might find his equal in learning, in eloquence, even in work; but could they find one in whom were united all the qualities that had so eminently fitted him for the position he so ably filled? Perhaps there were others present who had to regret that they had misjudged him, that they had been uncharitable in their thoughts toward him, that they had not assisted as they should have done the great, good, and unselfish man who had worked not to enrich or exalt himself, but who had worn out his life in the struggle for the welfare of his people and the glory of his church.

In his loved cathedral, the unfinished monument of his life, now draped in mourning, the last sad and solemn rites of the Catholic Church were performed by the bishops and clergy who had been ordained by him, who knew him so well and loved him so deeply. He was followed to his last resting-place by the civil and military authorities, by the clergymen of other denominations, and by hundreds of all creeds, classes, and colors, who could not be deterred by the rain, which fell in torrents, from testifying their respect for him who was honored and esteemed by all.

We may add that the late and much-lamented archbishop was ever the sincere and faithful friend of the Superior of the Paulist community. Among the first of their missions was one at St. John; and the archbishop afterwards called them also to his cathedral at Halifax. Both superior and congregation, no less than his own people, owe Dr. Connolly a debt of gratitude which it would indeed be difficult to pay.

The character of Archbishop

Connolly was marked by an ardent zeal for the faith; a magnanimity which, whenever the occasion called for its exercise, rose above all human considerations whatever, even of his own life; and a charity that was not limited either by nationality, race, or religious creed.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MEMOIRS OF THE RIGHT REVEREND SIMON WM. GABRIEL BRUTE, D.D., FIRST BISHOP OF VINCENNES. With sketches describing his recollections of scenes connected with the French Revolution, and extracts from his Journal. By the Rt. Rev. James Roosevelt Bayley, D.D., Bishop of Newark. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1876.

The Catholic Church in America has reason to be thankful that the seeds of faith were sown on her shores by some of the most eminent and holy men that ever lived. The names of Cheverus, Flaget, Carroll, Dubois, and Gallitzin might be fittingly blazoned on the same scroll with those of an Augustine, a Gregory, or an Ambrose. To the untiring labors, profound piety, and extensive learning of these men Catholic faith and sentiment in our land owe their freshness and vitality. To their devotion to the Holy See, and strictest adherence to all that is orthodox and canonical, American Catholics owe their unity and their ardent attachment to the fortunes of the Sovereign Pontiff. And if the distinguished ecclesiastics just mentioned contributed much to secure those glorious results, more still even did that prince of missionaries and model of bishops, Simon William Gabriel Bruté. The growing interest manifested in this admirable character is full, timely, and calculated to do much good. As a man he was eminently human, feeling for his fellows with a keenness of sensibility which could alone grow out of a heart that throbbed with every human emotion. This feature of high humanity also it was which gave that many-sidedness to his character, making it full-orbed and polished *ad unguem*. Thus viewed, he was in truth *totus teres atque rotundus*. His constantly-outgoing sympathies brought him into the closest relations with his people, and magnate or peasant believed that in him they had found one who could peculiarly understand themselves. Nature endowed him with just those gifts which pre-eminently fitted him for missionary life. Lithe, agile, and compactly built, he could endure exposure and privation beyond most men. Constantly cheerful, and with a mind which was a storehouse of the most varied and interesting knowledge, he could illumine darkness itself and convert despondency into joy. Travelling at all seasons and at all hours, his presence was everywhere hailed with delight, and many a cot and mansion among the regions of the Blue Ridge Mountains watched and welcomed his presence. So inured was he to hard labor that he deemed a journey of fifty-two miles in twelve hours a mere bagatelle. And the quaintness with which he relates those wonderful pedestrian achievements, interspersing his recital with humorous and sensible allusions to wayside scenes, is not only interesting, but serves often to reveal the simple and honest character of the man. His English to the end retained a slightly Gallic flavor, which, so far from impairing interest in what he has written, has lent it a really pleasing piquancy. He thus records one of his trips: "The next morning after I had celebrated Mass at the St. Joseph's, I started on foot for Baltimore, without saying a word to anybody, to speak to the Archbishop. . . . Stopped at Taneytown at Father Lochi's, and got something to eat. At Winchester found out that I had not a penny in my pocket, and was obliged to get my dinner on credit. . . . In going I read three hundred and eighty-eight pages in Anquetil's history of France; . . . fourteen pages of Cicero *De Officiis*; three chapters in the New Testament; my Office; recited the chapelet three times." As a worker he was indefatigable; nay,

he courted toil, and the prospect of a long and arduous missionary service filled him with delight. Not content with preaching, administering the sacraments, and visiting the sick and poor, he was constantly drawing on his unbounded mental resources for magazine articles, controversial, philosophic, and historical. He longed to spread the light of truth everywhere, and to refute error and recall the erring was the chief charm of his life. He had early formed the habit of committing to paper whatever particularly impressed him, and recommended this practice to all students as the most effectual mnemonic help, and as accustoming them to precision and exactness. His admirable notes on the French Revolution were the normal outcome of the habit of close observation which this practice engendered. Nothing escaped his notice, and the slightest meritorious act on the part of a friend or acquaintance drew from him the most gracious encomiums, whilst the reproval of faults was always governed by extreme consideration and charity. Consecrated first Bishop of Vincennes, much against his will, he entered on his new field of labor with the same zeal and love of duty which had characterized him as missionary and teacher at Mt. St. Mary's. The limitless distances he had to travel over in his infant diocese never daunted him. Four or five hundred miles on horseback, over prairie and woodland, had no terrors for him, who bore a light heart and an ever cheerful soul within him, praising and blessing God at every step for thus allowing him to do what was pleasing to the divine will. What he most regretted was his separation from the friends he left behind at Mt. St. Mary's. He had a Frenchman's love of places as well as of persons, and he accordingly suffered much from the French complaint of nostalgia, or home-sickness. But nothing with him stood in the way of duty; and when the *fiat* was pronounced, he went on his new way rejoicing. His memory will grow among us "as a fair olive-tree in plains, and as a plane-tree by the waters"; "like a palm-tree in Cades, and as a rose-plant in Jericho." When such another comes among us, our prayer should be, *Serus in cœlum redeas.*

The Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore has honored himself by thus honoring the memory of a saintly bishop; and whoever knows the graces of style which the fluent pen of Archbishop Bayley distils will not delay a moment in obtaining this delightful volume.

THE VOICE OF CREATION AS A WITNESS TO THE MIND OF ITS DIVINE AUTHOR. Five Lectures. By Frederick Canon Oakeley, M.A. London: Burns & Oates. 1876. New York: The Catholic Publication Society.

This little volume bears the undoubted impress of a high reverence for the Creator. It is not a mere refutation of atheistical opinions, as is the celebrated work of Paley, but an eloquent tribute to the divine beneficence as made manifest in the works of nature. Everywhere and in all things the author, looking through the eyes of faith, beholds the finger of God—not alone in those marvels of skill and design in which the animal and vegetable worlds abound, but in those apparent anomalies which the unseeing and unreflecting multitude often pronounce to be the dismal proofs of purposelessness. Canon Oakeley, however, is not a mere pietist, but a highly cultured, scientific man withal, and so grapples with the latest objections of godless philosophers, and disposes of them in a satisfactory manner. In his letter of approbation his Eminence Cardinal Manning thus expresses himself: "The argument of the third lecture on the 'Vestiges of the Fall' seems to me especially valuable. I confess the prevalence of evil, physical and moral, has never seemed to me any real argument against the goodness of the Creator, except on the hypothesis that mankind has no will, or that the will of man is not free. . . . If the freedom of the will has made the world actually unhappy, the original creation of God made it both actually and potentially happy. . . . What God made man marred." His Eminence pronounces the book to be both "convincing and persuasive," with which high approval we commend it to the attention of our readers.

UNION WITH OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST IN HIS PRINCIPAL MYSTERIES. For all seasons of the year. By the Rev. F. John Baptist Saint Jure, S.J. New York: Sadlier & Co. 1876.

Father Saint Jure flourished in the seventeenth century and is known as the author of several spiritual works. The present volume, which is a good transla-

tion of one of these works, published in a neat and convenient form, is intended as a help to meditation during the various seasons of the ecclesiastical year. It is very well adapted for that purpose—simple, brief, easy of use, and in every way practical.

REAL LIFE. By Madame Mathilde Froment. Translated from the French by Miss Newlin. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co. 1876.

Real life is, generally speaking, a dull enough thing to depict. The living of a good Christian family life has nothing outwardly heroic in it, however much heroism there may be, and indeed must be, concealed under the constant calm of its exterior. For Christianity, in its smallest phase, is eminently heroic. It is just such a life that Madame Froment has taken up in the present volume, and out of it she has constructed a useful and, on the whole, an interesting narrative. The narrator is the heroine, who begins jotting down her experiences, hopes, thoughts, aspirations, while still a girl within the convent walls. On the twenty third page she is married, and thenceforth she gives us the story of her married life, its crosses and trials as well as its pleasures. The whole story is told in the first person, and in the form of a diary. This is rather a trying method, especially as in the earlier portions of the narrative Madame Froment scarcely catches the free, thoughtless spirit, the freshness and *naïveté* of a young girl just out of a convent and entering the world. Then, too, many of the entries in the diary are remarkable for nothing but their brevity. Of course this may be a very good imitation of a diary, but too frequent indulgence in such practice is likely to make a very poor book. As the narrative advances, however, the interest deepens, and the whole will be found worthy of perusal. The translation, with the exception of an occasional localism, is free, vigorous, and happy.

SILVER PITCHERS AND INDEPENDENCE. A Centennial Love-Story. By Louisa M. Alcott. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1876.

Of course our Centennial would not be complete without its Centennial literature. We have had odes, poems, and all manner of bursts of song which might have been better, judged from a literary point of view, but which all possess the one undeniable character of genuine and unbounded enthusiasm. It was but proper, therefore, that we should have some Centennial story telling, and we are glad that the task has fallen into no worse hands then those of Miss Alcott. This lady has already recommended herself to the reading public by a series of fresh, sprightly, and very readable little volumes. She tells a story well. She is not pretentious, yet never low, and the English has not suffered at her hands. Of late it has somehow become the vogue among so-called popular writers to supply true tact and the power to enlist interest by a sort of *double-entendre* style which, if it does not run into downright indecency, is at least prurient; and, alas! that we should have to say that our lady writers especially lay themselves open to this charge.

To our own credit be it said that this reprehensible manner of writing is more common in England than among ourselves. Miss Alcott has avoided these faults; and in saying this we consider we have said much in her praise. Her *Silver Pitchers* is a charming little temperance story told in her best vein. It is somewhat New-Englandish, but that has its charms for some—ourselves, we must confess, among the number. Pity Miss Alcott could not understand that there are higher and nobler motives for temperance than the mere impulse it gives to worldly success and the desire to possess a good name. The siren cup will never be effectually dashed aside by the tempted ones till prayer and supernatural considerations come to their assistance.

THE

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THOUGHTS ON MYSTICAL THEOLOGY.

St. John of the Cross, in commenting on these two lines of the thirty-ninth stanza of his *Spiritual Canticle:*

"The grove and its beauty
In the serene night,"

gives us a definition of mystical theology. "'In the serene night'—that is, contemplation, in which the soul 'desires to behold the grove (God as the Creator and Giver of life to all creatures). It is called night because contemplation is obscure, and that is the reason why it is also called mystical theology—that is, the secret or hidden wisdom of God, wherein God, without the sound of words *or the intervention of any bodily or spiritual sense*, as it were in silence and repose, in the darkness of sense and nature, teaches the soul—and the soul knows not how—in a most secret and hidden way. Some spiritual writers call this 'understanding without understanding,' because it does not take place in what philosophers call the active intellect (*intellectus agens*), which is conversant with the forms, fancies, and apprehensions of the physical faculties, but in the intellect as it is passive (*intellectus possibilis*), which, without receiving such forms, receives passively only the substantial intelligence of them, free from all imagery."*

Father Baker explains mystic contemplation as follows: "In the second place, there is a mystic contemplation which is, indeed, truly and properly such, by which a soul, without discoursings and curious speculations, without any *perceptible use* of the internal senses or sensible images, by a pure, simple, and reposeful operation of the mind, in the obscurity of faith, simply regards God as infinite and incomprehensible verity, and with the whole bent of the will rests in him as (her) infinite, universal, and incomprehensible good. . . . This is properly the exercise of angels, for their knowledge is not by discourse (discursive), but by one

* Complete works, vol. iii. p. 208.

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simple intuition all objects are represented to their view at once with all their natures, qualities, relations, dependencies, and effects; but man, that receives all his knowledge first from his senses, can only by effects and outward appearances with the labor of reasoning collect the nature of objects, and this but imperfectly; but his reasoning being ended, then he can at once contemplate all that is known unto him in the object. . . . This mystic contemplation or union is of two sorts: 1. Active and ordinary. . . . 2. Passive and extraordinary; the which is not a state, but an actual grace and favor from God. . . . And it is called passive, not but that therein the soul doth actively contemplate God, but she can neither, when she pleases, dispose herself thereto, nor yet refuse it when that God thinks good to operate after such a manner in the soul, and to represent himself unto her *by a divine particular image, not at all framed by the soul, but supernaturally infused into her.* . . . As for the former sort, which is active contemplation, we read in mystic authors—Thaulerus, Harphius, etc.—that he that would become spiritual ought to practise the drawing of his external senses inwardly into his internal, there losing and, as it were, annihilating them. Having done this, he must then draw his internal senses into the superior powers of the soul, and there annihilate them likewise; and those powers of the intellectual soul he must draw into that which is called their unity, which is the principle and fountain from whence those powers do flow, and in which they are united. And, lastly, that unity (which alone is capable of perfect union with God) must be applied and firmly fixed on God; and herein, say they, consist the perfect divine contemplation and union of an intellectual soul with God. Now, whether such expressions as these will abide the strict examination of philosophy or no I will not take on me to determine; certain it is that, by a frequent and constant exercise of internal prayer of the will, joined with mortification, the soul comes to operate more and more abstracted from sense, and more elevated above the corporal organs and faculties, so drawing nearer to the resemblance of the operations of an angel or separated spirit. Yet this abstraction and elevation (perhaps) are not to be understood as if the soul in these pure operations had no use at all of the internal senses or sensible images (for the schools resolve that cannot consist with the state of a soul joined to a mortal body); but surely her operations in this pure degree of prayer are so subtile and intime, and the images that she makes use of so exquisitely pure and immaterial, that she cannot perceive at all that she works by images, so that spiritual writers are not much to be condemned by persons utterly inexperienced in these mystic affairs, if, delivering things as they perceived by their own experience, they have expressed them otherwise than will be admitted in the schools." *

That kind of contemplation which is treated of in mystical theology is, therefore, a state or an act of the mind in which the intellectual operation approaches to that of separate spirits—that is, of human souls separated from their bodies, and of pure spirits or angels who are, by their essence unembodied, simply intellectual beings. Its direct and chief object is God, other objects

* *Sancta Sophia*, treatise iii. sec. iv. chap. i. par. 5-12.

being viewed in their relation to him. The end of it is the elevation of the soul above the sphere of the senses and the sensible world into a more spiritual condition approaching the angelic, in which it is closely united with God, and prepared for the beatific and deific state of the future and eternal life. The longing after such a liberation from the natural and imperfect mode of knowing and enjoying the sovereign good, the sovereign truth, the sovereign beauty, through the senses and the discursive operations of reason, is as ancient and as universal among men as religion and philosophy. It is an aspiration after the invisible and the infinite. When it is not enlightened, directed, and controlled by a divine authority, it drives men into a kind of intellectual and spiritual madness, produces the most extravagant absurdities in thought and criminal excesses in conduct, stimulates and employs as its servants all the most cruel and base impulses of the disordered passions, and disturbs the whole course of nature. Demons are fallen angels who aspired to obtain their deification through pride, and the fall of man was brought about through an inordinate and disobedient effort of Eve to become like the gods, knowing good and evil. An inordinate striving to become like the angels assimilates man to the demons, and an inordinate striving after a similitude to God causes a relapse into a lower state of sin than that in which we are born. The history of false religions and philosophies furnishes a series of illustrations of this statement. In the circle of nominal Christianity, and even within the external communion of the Catholic Church, heretical and false systems of a similar kind have sprung up, and the opinions and writings of some who were orthodox and well-intentioned in their principles have been tinctured with such errors, or at least distorted in their verbal expression of the cognate truths. This remark applies not only to those who are devotees of a mystical theology more or less erroneous, but also to certain philosophical writers with their disciples. Ontologism is a kind of mystical philosophy; for its fundamental doctrine ascribes to man a mode of knowledge which is proper only to the purely intellectual being, and even a direct, immediate intuition of God which is above the natural power not only of men but of angels.

There are two fundamental errors underlying all these false systems of mystical theology—or more properly theosophy—and philosophy. One is distinctively anti-theistic, the other distinctively anti-Christian; but we may class both under one logical species with the common *differentia* of denial of the real essence and personality, and the real operation *ad extra*, of the Incarnate Word. The first error denies his divine nature and creative act, the second his human nature and theandric operation. By the first error identity of substance in respect to the divine nature and all nature is asserted; by the second, identity of the human nature and its operation with that nature which is purely spiritual. The first error manifests itself as a perversion of the revealed and Catholic doctrine of the deification of the creature in and through the Word, by teaching that it becomes one with God in its mode of being by absorption into the essence whose emanation it is, in substantial unity. The second manifests itself by teaching that the instrumentality and the

process of this unification are purely spiritual. The first denies the substantiality of the soul and the proper activity which proceeds from it and constitutes its life. The second denies the difference of the human essence as a composite of spirit and body, which separates it from purely spiritual essences and marks it as a distinct species. The first error is pantheism; for the second we cannot think of any designating term more specific than idealism. Both these errors, however disguised or modified may be the forms they assume, conduct logically to the explicit denial of the Catholic faith, and even of any form of positive doctrinal Christianity. Their extreme developments are to be found outside of the boundaries of all that is denominated Christian theology. Within these boundaries they have developed themselves more or less imperfectly into gross heresies, and into shapes of erroneous doctrine which approach to or recede from direct and palpable heresy in proportion to the degree of their evolution. Our purpose is not directly concerned with any of the openly anti-Christian forms of these errors, but only with such as have really infected or have been imputed to the doctrines and writings of mystical authors who were Catholics by profession, and have flourished within the last four centuries. There is a certain more or less general and sweeping charge made by some Catholic authors of reputation, and a prejudice or suspicion to some extent among educated Catholics, against the German school of mystics of the epoch preceding the Reformation, that they prepared the way by their teaching for Martin Luther and his associates. This notion of an affinity between the doctrine of some mystical writers and Protestantism breeds a more general suspicion against mystical theology itself, as if it undermined or weakened the fabric of the external, visible order and authority of the church through some latent, unorthodox, and un-Catholic element of spiritualism. We are inclined to think, moreover, that some very zealous advocates of the scholastic philosophy apprehend a danger to sound psychological science from the doctrine of mystic contemplation as presented by the aforesaid school of writers. Those who are canonized saints, indeed, as St. Bonaventure and St. John of the Cross, cannot be censured, and their writings must be treated with respect. Nevertheless, they may be neglected, their doctrine ignored, and, through misapprehension or inadvertence, their teachings may be criticised and assailed when presented by other authors not canonized and approved by the solemn judgment of the church; and thus mystical theology itself may suffer discredit and be undervalued. It is desirable to prove that genuine mystical theology has no affinity with the Protestant heresies which subvert the visible church with its authority, or those of idealistic philosophy, but is, on the contrary, in perfect harmony with the dogmatic and philosophical doctrine of the most approved Catholic schools. It is only a modest effort in that direction which we can pretend to make, with respect chiefly to the second or philosophical aspect of the question. We must devote, however, a few paragraphs to its first or theological aspect.

From the mystery of the Incarnation necessarily follows the substantial reality of human nature as a composite of spirit and body, the

excellence and endless existence, in its own distinct entity, not only of the spiritual but also of the corporeal part of man and of the visible universe to which he belongs as being an embodied spirit. The theology which springs out of this fundamental doctrine teaches a visible church, existing as an organic body with visible priesthood, sacrifice, sacraments, ceremonies, and order, as mediums subordinate to the theandric, mediatorial operation of the divine Word acting through his human nature. Sound philosophy, which is in accordance with theology, teaches also that the corporeal life and sensitive operation of man is for the benefit of his mind and his intellectual operation. He is not a purely intellectual being, but a rational animal. He must therefore derive his intelligible species or ideas by abstraction from sensible species furnished by the corporeal world to the senses, and then proceed by a discursive process of reasoning from these general ideas to investigate the particular objects apprehended by his faculties. False theology denies or undervalues the being of the created universe, or the corporeal part of it. Under the pretence of making way for God it would destroy the creature, and, to exalt the spiritual part of the universe, reduce to nothing that part which is corporeal. Hence the denial of the visible church, the sacraments, the Real Presence, the external sacrifice and worship, the value of reason, the merit of good works, the essential goodness of nature, and the necessity of active voluntary co-operation by the senses and the mind with the Spirit of God in attaining perfection. The corporeal part of man, and the visible world to which it belongs, are regarded as unreal appearances, or as an encumbrance and impediment, at the best but temporary provisions for the earliest, most imperfect stage of development.

Some of the German mystics, especially Eckhardt and the author of the *Theologia Germanica*, undoubtedly prepared the way for the errors of Luther and the pantheists who followed him. But the doctors of mystic theology, the canonized saints of the church and their disciples, have invariably taught that as the human nature of Christ is for ever essentially and substantially distinct from the divine nature in the personal union, so much more the beatified, in their separate personalities, remain for ever distinct in essence and substance from God. So, also, as they teach that the body of Christ is immortal and to be adored for ever with the worship of *latria*, they maintain that the union of the soul with the body and the existence of corporeal things is for the advantage of the soul, and perpetual. It is only by comparison with supernatural life in God that natural life is depreciated by the Catholic mystics, and by comparison with the spiritual world that the corporeal world is undervalued. In a word, all things which are created and visible, even the humanity of the Word, are only mediums and instruments of the Holy Spirit; all nature is only a pedestal for grace; and the gifts and operations of grace are only for the sake of the beatific union with Christ in the Holy Spirit, in whom he is one with the Father. All things, therefore, are to be valued and employed for their utility as means to the final end, but not as ends in themselves; and, consequently, the lower are to give place to the higher, the more remote to the proximate, and that which is

inferior in nature is to be wholly subordinated to that which is highest. Mystical theology is in doctrine what the lives of the great saints have been in practice. Neither can be blamed without impiety; and when the actions or doctrines of those whose lives or writings have not received solemn sanction from the church are criticised, it must be done by comparing them with the speculative and practical science of the saints as a standard.

The psychological doctrine of the doctors and other canonized authors who have treated scientifically of the nature of mystic contemplation, is not, however, placed above all critical discussion. A few important questions excepted, upon which the supreme authority of the Holy See has pronounced a judgment, the theory of cognition is an open area of discussion, and therefore explanations of the phenomena of the spiritual life, given by any author in accordance with his own philosophical system, may be criticised by those who differ from him in opinion. Those who follow strictly the psychology of St. Thomas, as contained in modern writers of the later Thomistic school, may easily be led by their philosophical opinions to suspect and qualify as scientifically untenable the common language of mystical writers. The passage quoted from Father Baker at the head of this article will furnish an illustration of our meaning. Those who are familiar with metaphysics will understand at once where the apparent opposition between scholastic pyschology and mystical theology is found. For others it may suffice to explain that, in the metaphysics of the Thomists, no origin of ideas is recognized except that which is called abstraction from the sensible object, and that the precise difference of the human mind in respect to the angelic intellect is that the former is naturally turned to the intelligible in a sensible phantasm or image, whereas the latter is turned to the purely intelligible itself. Now, as soon as one begins to speak of a mode of contemplation similar to that of the angels—a contemplation of God and divine things without the intervention of images—he passes beyond the known domain of metaphysics, and appears to be waving his wings for a flight in the air, instead of quietly pacing the ground with the peripatetics.

Now, assuming the Thomistic doctrine of the origin of ideas and the specific nature of human cognition to be true, it is worthy of careful inquiry how the statements of mystical authors respecting infused contemplation are to be explained in accordance with this system. We cannot prudently assume that there is a repugnance between them. Practically, St. Thomas was one of those saints who have made the highest attainments in mystic contemplation. He is the "Angelical," and the history of his life shows that he was frequently, and towards the close of his life almost habitually, rapt out of the common sphere of the senses, so as to take no notice of what went on before his eyes or was uttered in his hearing. His last act as an instructor in divine wisdom was an exposition of the Canticle of Solomon to the monks of Fossa Nuova, and he could no doubt have explained according to his own philosophical doctrine all the facts and phenomena of mystic contemplation, so far as these can be represented in human language. There cannot be any sufficient reason,

therefore, to regard the two as dissonant or as demanding either one any sacrifice of the other.

In respect to the purely passive and supernatural contemplation, there seems, indeed, to be no difficulty whatsoever in the way. There is no question of an immediate intuition of the divine essence in this ecstatic state, so that, even if the soul is supposed to be raised for a time to an equality with angels in its intellectual acts, the errors of false mysticism and ontologism are excluded from the hypothesis. For even the angels have no such natural intuition. That the human intellect should receive immediately from angels or from God infused species or ideas by which it becomes cognizant of realities behind the veil of the sensible, and contemplates God through a more perfect glass than that of discursive reason, does not in any way interfere with the psychology of scholastic metaphysics. For the cause and mode are professedly supernatural. In the human intellect of our Lord, the perfection of infused and acquired knowledge, the beatific vision and the natural sensitive life common to all men co-existed in perfect harmony. It is even probable that Moses, the Blessed Virgin, and St. Paul enjoyed temporary glimpses of the beatific vision. Therefore, although it is true that, without a miracle, no mere man "can see God and live," and that the ecstasies of the saints, in which there is no intuitive vision of the divine essence, but only a manifestation of divine things, naturally tend to extinguish bodily life, yet, by the power of God, the operations of the natural life can be sustained in conjunction with those which are supernatural, because they are not essentially incongruous. The only question is one of fact and evidence. Whatever may be proved to take place in souls so highly elevated, philosophy has no objection to offer; for these things are above the sphere of merely human and rational science.

The real matter of difficult and perplexing investigation relates to certain abnormal or preternatural phenomena, which seem to indicate a partial liberation of the soul from the conditions of organic life and union with the body, and to that state of mystic contemplation which is called active or acquired. In these cases there is no liberty allowed us by sound theology or philosophy of resorting to the supernatural in its strict and proper sense. We are restricted to the sphere of the nature of man and the operations which can proceed from it or be terminated to it according to the natural laws of its being. There is one hypothesis, very intelligible and perfectly in accordance with psychology, which will remove all difficulty out of the way, if only it is found adequate to explain all the certain and probable facts and phenomena which have to be considered. Father Baker furnishes this explanation as a probable one, and it no doubt amply suffices for the greatest number of instances. That is to say, we may suppose that whenever the mind seems to act without any species, image, or idea, originally presented through the medium of the senses, and by a pure, spiritual intuition, it is really by a subtile and imperceptible image which it has elaborated by an abstractive and discursive process, and which exists in the imagination, that the intellect receives the object which it contemplates.

But let us suppose that this hypothesis is found insufficient to ex-

plain all the facts to which it must be applied. Can it be admitted, without prejudice to rational psychology, that the soul may, by an abnormal condition of its relations to the body, or as the result of its efforts and habits, whether for evil or good, lawfully or unlawfully, escape from its ordinary limits in knowing and acting, and thus draw nearer to the state of separate spirits?

We must briefly consider what is the mode of knowing proper to separate spirits before we can find any data for answering this question. Here we avail ourselves of the explication of the doctrine of St. Thomas given by Liberatore in his interesting treatise on the nature of man entitled *Dell' Uomo.**

St. Thomas, following St. Augustine, teaches that in the creation, the divine idea in the Word was communicated in a twofold way, spiritual and corporeal. In the latter mode this light was made to reverberate from the visible universe. In the former it was made to shine in the superior and intellectual beings—that is, the angels—producing in them ideally all that which exists in the universe really. As they approximate in intelligence to God, these ideas or intelligible species by which they know all things have a nearer resemblance to the Idea in the Divine Word—that is, approach to its unity and simplicity of intuition—are fewer and more general. As their grade of intelligence is more remote from its source, they depart to a greater and greater distance from this unity by the increasing multiplicity of their intelligible species. Moreover, the inferior orders are illuminated by those which are superior; that is, these higher beings present to them a higher ideal universe than their own, and are as if reflectors or mirrors of the divine ideas, by which they see God mediately in his works. The human soul, being the lowest in the order of intelligent spirits, is not capable of seeing objects distinctly, even in the light of the lowest order of angels. It is made with a view to its informing an organized body, and it is aided by the bodily senses and organic operations to come out of the state of a mere capacity of intelligence, in which it has no innate or infused ideas, into actual intelligence. It is naturally turned, as an embodied spirit, to inferior objects, to single, visible things, for the material term of its operation, and from these abstracts the universal ideas which are the principles of knowledge. The necessity of turning to these sensible phantasms is therefore partly the inchoate state of the intelligence of man at the beginning of his existence, partly its essential inferiority, and, in addition, the actual union of the soul with the body. There is, however, in the soul, a power, albeit inferior to that of angels, of direct, intellectual vision and cognition, without the instrumentality of sensation. When the soul leaves the body and goes into the state of a separate spirit, it has the intuition of its own essence, it retains all its acquired ideas, and it has a certain dim and confused perception of higher spiritual beings and the ideas which are in them. It is therefore, in a certain sense, more free and more perfect in its intellectual operation in the separate state than it was while united with the body. All this proceeds with-

* *Dell' Uomo.* Trattato del P. Matteo Liberatore, D.C.D.G. Vol. ii. Dell' Anima Humana, seconda ed. corretta ed accresciuta. Roma. Befani: Via delle Stimate 23, 1875. Capo x. Dell' Anima separata dal Corpo.

out taking into account in the least that supernatural light of glory which enables a beatified spirit to see the essence of God, and in him to see the whole universe.

We see from the foregoing that the necessity for using sensible images in operations of the intellect does not arise from an intrinsic, essential incapacity of the human mind to act without them. As Father Baker says, and as Liberatore distinctly asserts after St. Thomas, it is "the state of a soul joined to a mortal body" which impedes the exercise of a power inherent and latent in the very nature of the soul, as a form which is in. and by itself substantial and capable of self-subsistence and action in a separate state. Remove the impediment of the body, and the spirit starts, like a spring that has been weighted down, into a new and immortal life and activity. The curtain has dropped, and it is at once in the world of spirits. The earth, carrying with it the earthly body, drops down from the ascending soul, as it does from an aeronaut going up in a balloon. "Animæ, secundum illum modum essendi, quo corpori est unita, competit modus intelligendi per conversionem ad phantasmata corporum, quæ in corporeis organis sunt. Cum autem fuerit a corpore separata, competit ei modus intelligendi per conversionem ad ea, quæ sunt intelligibilia simpliciter, sicut et aliis substantiis separatis"—"To the soul, in respect to the mode of being by union with a body, belongs a mode of understanding by turning toward the phantasms of bodies which are in the bodily organs. But when it is separated from the body, a mode of understanding belongs to it in common with other separate substances, by turning toward things simply intelligible." * "Hujusmodi perfectionem recipiunt animæ separatæ a Deo, mediantibus angelis"—"This kind of perfection the separate souls receive from God through the mediation of angels."† "Quando anima erit a corpore separata plenius percipere poterit influentiam a superioribus substantiis, quantum ad hoc quod per hujusmodi influxum intelligere poterit absque phantasmate *quod modo non potest*"—"When the soul shall be separated from the body, it will be capable of receiving influence from superior substances more fully, inasmuch as by an influx of this kind it can exercise intellectual perception without a phantasm, *which in its present state it cannot do.*" This language of St. Thomas and other schoolmen explains the hesitation of Father Baker in respect to certain statements of mystical authors, especially Harphius. He says, as quoted above: "This abstraction and elevation (perhaps) are not to be understood as if the soul in these pure operations had no use at all of *the internal senses or sensible images* (for the schools resolve that cannot consist with the state of a soul joined to a mortal body)." He says "perhaps," which shows that he was in doubt on the point. The precise question we have raised is whether there is reason for this doubt in the shape of probable arguments, or conjectures not absolutely excluded by sound philosophy. The point to be considered, namely, is whether the reception of this influx and the action of the intellect without the medium of sensible images is made absolutely impossible, unless by a miracle, by the union of the soul and body.

* *Summ. Theol.*, i. p. qu. 89, art i.
† Qq. disp. ii. *de Anima*, art. 19 ad 13.

It is a hindrance, and ordinarily a complete preventive of this kind of influx from the spiritual world into the soul, and this kind of activity properly belonging to a separate spirit. But we propose the conjectural hypothesis that there may be, in the first place, some kind of extraordinary and abnormal condition of the soul, in which the natural effect of the union with a body is diminished, or at times partially suspended. In this condition the soul would come in a partial and imperfect manner, and quite involuntarily, into immediate contact with the world of spirits, receive influences from it, and perceive things imperceptible to the senses and the intellect acting by their aid as its instruments. In the second place, that it is possible to bring about this condition unlawfully, to the great damage and danger of the soul by voluntarily yielding to or courting preternatural influences, and thus coming into immediate commerce with demons. In the third place, that it is possible, lawfully, for a good end and to the soul's great benefit, to approximate to the angelical state by abstractive contemplation, according to the description given by Harphius and quoted by Father Baker. As for passive, supernatural contemplation, it is not possible for the soul to do more than prepare itself for the visitation of the divine Spirit with his lights and graces. In this supernatural condition it is more consonant to the doctrine of St. John of the Cross, who was well versed in scholastic metaphysics and theology; of St. Teresa, whose wisdom is called by the church in her solemn office "celestial"; and to what we know of the exalted experience of the most extraordinary saints, to suppose that God acts on the soul through the intermediate agency of angels, and also immediately by himself, without any concurrence of the imagination or the active intellect and its naturally-acquired forms. The quotation from St. John of the Cross at the head of this article, if carefully reperused and reflected on, will make this statement plain, and intelligible at least to all those who have some tincture of scholastic metaphysics.

There are many facts reported on more or less probable evidence, and extraordinary phenomena, belonging to diabolical and natural mysticism, which receive at least a plausible explanation on the same hypothesis. To refer all these to subjective affections of the external or internal senses and the imagination does not seem to be quite sufficient for their full explanation. It appears like bending and straining the facts of experience too violently, for the sake of a theory which, perhaps, is conceived in too exclusive and literal a sense. At all events it is worth investigation and discussion whether the *dictum* of St. Thomas, *intelligere absque phantasmate modo non potest*, does not admit of and require some modification, by which it is restricted to those intellectual perceptions which belong to the normal, ordinary condition of man within the limits of the purely natural order.

AVILA.

Mira tu muro dichoso
Que te rodea y corona,
Pues de tantos victorioso!
Merece (en triumpho glorioso),
Cada almena su corona.
—*Ariz grandezas de Avila.*

It was on the 31st of January, 1876, we left the Escorial to visit the *muy leal, muy magnifica, y muy noble* city of Avila—*Avila de los Caballeros*, once famed for its valiant knights, and their daring exploits against the Moors, but whose chief glory now is that it is the birthplace of St. Teresa, whom all Christendom admires for her genius and venerates for her sanctity.

Keeping along the southern base of the Guadarrama Mountains, whose snowy summits and gray, rock-strewn sides wore a wild, lonely aspect that was inexpressibly melancholy, we came at length to a lower plateau that advances like a promontory between two broad valleys opening to the north and south. On this eminence stands the picturesque city of Avila, the Pearl of Old Castile, very much as it was in the twelfth century. It is full of historic mansions and interesting old churches that have a solemn architectural grandeur. One is astonished to find so small a place inland, inactive, and with no apparent source of wealth, with so many imposing and interesting monuments. They are all massive and severe, because built in an heroic age that disdained all that was light and unsubstantial. It is a city of granite—not of the softer hues that take a polish like marble, but of cold blue granite, severe and invincible as the steel-clad knights who built it. The granite houses are built with a solidity that would withstand many a hard assault; the granite churches, with their frowning battlements, have the aspect of fortresses; and the granite convents with their high granite walls look indeed like "citadels of prayer." Everything speaks of a bygone age, an age of conflict and chivalrous deeds, when the city must have been far more wealthy and powerful than now, to have erected such solid edifices. We are not in the least surprised to hear it was originally founded by Hercules himself, or one of the forty of that name to whom so many of the cities of Spain are attributed. Avila is worthy of being counted among his labors.

But whoever founded Avila, it afterwards became the seat of a Roman colony which is mentioned by Ptolemy. It has always been of strategic importance, being at the entrance to the Guadarrama Mountains and the Castiles. When Roderick, the last of the Goths, brought destruction on the land by his folly, Avila was one of the first places seized by the Moors. This was in 714. After being repeatedly taken and lost, Don Sancho of Castile finally took it in 992, and the Moors never regained possession of it. But there were not Christians

enough to repeople it, and it remained desolate eighty-nine years. St. Ferdinand found it uninhabited when he came from the conquest of Seville. Alonso VI. finally commissioned his son-in-law, Count Raymond of Burgundy, to rebuild and fortify it.

Alonso VI. had already taken the city of Toledo and made peace with the Moors, but the latter, intent on ruling over the whole of the Peninsula, soon became unmindful of the treaty. In this new crisis many foreign knights hastened to acquire fresh renown in this land of a perpetual crusade. Among the most renowned were Henry of Lorraine; Raymond de St. Gilles, Count of Toulouse; and Raymond, son of Guillaume Tête-Hardie of Burgundy, and brother of Pope Calixtus II. They contributed so much to the triumph of the cross that Alonso gave them his three daughters in marriage. Urraca (the name of a delicious pear in Spain) fell to the lot of Raymond of Burgundy, with Galicia for her portion, and to him was entrusted the task of rebuilding Avila, the more formidable because it required numerous outposts and a continual struggle with the Moors. The flower of Spanish knighthood came to his aid, and the king granted great privileges to all who would establish themselves in the city. Hewers of wood, stone-cutters, masons, and artificers of all kinds came from Biscay, Galicia, and Leon. The king sent the Moors taken in battle to aid in the work. The bishop in pontificals, accompanied by a long train of clergy, blessed the outlines traced for the walls, stopping to make special exorcisms at the spaces for the ten gates, that the great enemy of the human race might never obtain entrance into the city. The walls were built out of the ruins left successively behind by the Moors, the Goths, and the Romans, to say nothing of Hercules. As an old chronicler remarks, had they been obliged to hew out and bring hither all the materials, no king would have been able to build such walls. They are forty-two feet high and twelve feet thick. The so-called towers are rather solid circular buttresses that add to their strength. These walls were begun May 3, 1090. Eight hundred men were employed in the work, which was completed in nine years. They proved an effectual barrier against the Saracen; the crescent never floated from those towers. How proud the people are of them is shown by the lines at the head of this sketch:

"Behold the superb walls that surround and crown thee, victorious in so many assaults! Each battlement deserves a crown in reward for thy glorious triumphs!"

It was thus this daughter of Hercules rose from the grave where she had lain seemingly dead so many years. Houses sprang up as by enchantment, and were peopled so rapidly that in 1093 there were about thirty thousand inhabitants. The city thus rebuilt and defended by its incomparable knights merited the name often given it from that time by the old chroniclers, *Avila de los Caballeros.*

One of these cavaliers, Zurraquin Sancho, the honor and glory of knighthood, was captain of the country forces around Avila. One day, while riding over his estate with a single attendant to examine his herds, he spied a band of Moors returning from a foray into Christian lands, dragging several Spanish peasants after them in chains. As

soon as Zurraquin was perceived, the captives cried to him for deliverance. Whereupon, mindful of his knightly vows to relieve the distressed, he rode boldly up, though but slightly armed, and offered to ransom his countrymen. The Moors would not consent, and the knight prudently withdrew. But, as soon as he was out of sight, he alighted to tighten the girths of his steed, which he then remounted and spurred on by a different path. In a short time he came again upon the Moors, and crying "Santiago!" as with the voice of twenty men, he suddenly dashed into their midst, laying about him right and left so lustily that, taken unawares, they were thrown into confusion, and, supposing themselves attacked by a considerable force, fled for their lives, leaving two of their number wounded, and one dead on the field. Zurraquin unbound the captives, who had also been left behind, and sent them away with the injunction to be silent concerning his exploit.

A few days after, these peasants came to Avila in search of their benefactor, bringing with them twelve fat swine and a large flock of hens. Regardless of his parting admonition, they stopped on the Square of San Pedro, and related how he had delivered them single-handed against threescore infidels. The whole city soon resounded with so brave a deed, and Zurraquin was declared a peerless knight. The women also took up his praises and sang songs in his honor to the sound of the tambourine:

"Cantan de Oliveros, e cantan de Roldan,
E non de Zurraquin, ca fue buen barragan." *

A second band would take up the strain:

"Cantan de Roldan, e cantan de Olivero,
E non de Zurraquin, ca fue buen caballero." *

After rebuilding Avila Count Raymond of Burgundy retired to his province of Galicia, and, dying March 26, 1107, he was buried in the celebrated church of Santiago at Compostella. It was his son who became King of Castile under the name of Alonso VIII., and Avila, because of its loyalty to him and his successors, acquired a new name—*Avila del Rey*—among the chroniclers of the time.

But the city bears a title still more glorious than those already mentioned—that of *Avila de los Santos*. It was in the sixteenth century especially that it became worthy of this name, when there gathered about St. Teresa a constellation of holy souls, making the place a very Carmel, filled with the "sons of the prophets." *Avila cantos y santos*—Avila has as many saints as stones—says an old Spanish proverb, and that is saying not a little. The city has always been noted for dignity of character and its attachment to the church.

The piety of its ancient inhabitants is attested by the number and grave beauty of the churches, with their lamp-lit shrines of the saints and their dusky aisles filled with tombs of the old knights who fought under the banner of the cross. In St. Teresa's time it was honored with the presence of several saints who have been canonized: St. Thomas of Villanueva, St. Peter of Alcantara, St. John of the Cross, and that holy Spanish grandee, St. Francis Borgia, besides many other individuals noted for their sanctity. But St. Teresa is the best type of Avila. Her piety was as sweetly

* "Some sing of Oliver, and some of Roldan:
We sing of Zurraquin, the brave partisan."

* "Some sing of Roland, and others Oliver:
We sing of Zurraquin, the brave cavalier."

austere as the place, as broad and enlightened as the vast horizon that bounds it, and fervid as its glowing sun.

"You mustn't say anything against St. Teresa at Avila," said the inevitable Englishmen we met an hour after our arrival.

"We are by no means disposed to, here or anywhere else," was our reply. On the contrary, we regarded her, with Mrs. Jameson, as "the most extraordinary woman of her age and country"; nay, "who would have been a remarkable woman in *any* age or country." We had seen her statue among the fathers of the church in the first Christian temple in the world, with the inscription: *Sancta Teresa, Mater spiritualis.* We had read her works, written in the pure Castilian for which Avila is noted, breathing the imagination of a poet and the austerity of a saint, till we were ready to exclaim with Crashawe:

"Oh! 'tis not Spanish, but 'tis Heaven she speaks!"

and we had come to Avila expressly to offer her the tribute of our admiration. Here she reigns, to quote Miss Martineau's words, "as true a queen on this mountain throne as any empress who ever wore a crown!"

At this very moment we were on our way to visit the places associated with her memory. A few turns more through the narrow, tortuous streets, and we came to the ponderous gateway of San Vicente on the north side of the city, so named from the venerable church just without the walls, beloved of archæologists. But for the moment it had no attraction for us; for below, in the broad, sunny valley, we could see the monastery of the Incarnation, a place of great interest to the Catholic heart. There it was that St. Teresa, young and beautiful, took the veil and spent more than thirty years of her life. The first glimpse of it one can never forget; and, apart from the associations, the ancient towers of San Vicente on the edge of the hill, the fair valley below with its winding stream and the convent embosomed among trees, and the mountains that girt the horizon, made up a picture none the less lovely for being framed in that antique gateway. We went winding down to the convent, perhaps half a mile distant, by the *Calle de la Encarnacion.* No sweeter, quieter spot could be desired in which to end one's days. It is charmingly situated on the farther side of the Adaja, and commands a fine view of Avila, which, indeed, is picturesque in every direction. We could count thirty towers in the city walls as we turned at the convent gate to look back. St. Teresa stopped in this same archway, Nov. 2, 1533, to bid farewell to her brother Antonio, who, on leaving her, went to the Dominican convent, where he took the monastic habit. She was then only eighteen and a half years old. The inward agony she experienced on entering the convent she relates with great sincerity, but there was no faltering in her determination to embrace the higher life. The house had been founded only about twenty years before, and the first Mass was said in it the very day she was baptized. That was more than three centuries ago. Its stout walls may be somewhat grayer, and the alleys of its large garden more umbrageous, but its general aspect must be very much the same; for in that dry climate nature does not take so kindly to man's handiwork as in the misty north, where the old convents are all draped with moss

and the ivy green. It is less peopled also. In 1550 there were ninety nuns, but now there are not more than half that number.

There is a series of little parlors, low and dim, with unpainted beams, and queer old chairs, and two black grates with nearly a yard between, through which you can converse, as through a tunnel, with the nuns. They have not been changed since St. Teresa's time. In one of these our Lord reproved her for her conversations, which still savored too much of the world. Here, later in life, St. Francis Borgia came to see her on his way from the convent of Yuste, where he had been to visit his kinsman, Charles V. Here she saw St. Peter of Alcantara in ecstasy. In one of these parlors, now regarded as a sacred spot, she held her interviews with St. John of the Cross when he was director of the house. It is related that one day, while he was discoursing here on the mystery of the Holy Trinity, she was so impressed by his words that she fell on her knees to listen. In a short time he entered the ecstatic state, leaving St. Teresa lost in divine contemplation; and when one of the nuns came with a message, she found them both suspended in the air! For a moment they ceased to belong to earth, and its laws did not control them. A picture of this scene hangs on the wall. In a larger and more cheerful parlor some nuns of very pleasing manners of the true Spanish type showed us several objects that belonged to St. Teresa, and some of her embroidery of curious Spanish work, very nicely done, as we were glad to see; likewise, a Christ covered with bleeding wounds as he appeared to St. John of the Cross, and many other touching memorials of the past.

We next visited the church, which is large, with buttressed walls, low, square towers, and a gabled belfry. The interior is spacious and lofty, but severe in style. There is a nave, and two short transepts with a dome rising between them. It is paved with flag-stones, and plain wooden benches stand against the stone walls. The high altar, at which St. John of the Cross used to say Mass, has its gilt retable, with colonnettes and niches filled with the saints of the order, among whom we remember the prophets who dwelt on Mt. Carmel, and St. Albert, patriarch of Jerusalem. The nuns' choir is at the opposite end of the church. We should say *choirs;* for they have two, one above the other, with double black grates, which are generally curtained. It was at the grate of the lower choir, dim and mystic as his *Obscure Night of the Soul*, that St. John of the Cross used to preach to the nuns. What sermons there must have been from him who wrote, as never man wrote, on the upward way from night to light!

The grating of this lower choir has two divisions, between which is a small square shutter, like the door of a tabernacle, on which is represented a chalice and Host. It was here St. Teresa received the Holy Communion for more than thirty years. Here one morning, after receiving it from the hand of St. John of the Cross, she was mysteriously affianced to the heavenly Bridegroom, who called her, in the language of the Canticles, by the sweet name of Spouse, and placed on her finger the nuptial ring. She was then fifty-seven years of age. A painting over the communion table represents this supernatural event.

This choir is also associated with the memory of Eleonora de Cepe-

da, a niece of St. Teresa's, who became a nun at the convent of the Incarnation. She was remarkable for her detachment from earth, and died young, an angel of purity and devotion. St. Teresa saw her body borne to the choir by angels. No Mass of requiem was sung over her. It was during the Octave of Corpus Christi. The church was adorned as for a festival. The Mass of the Blessed Sacrament was chanted to the sound of the organ, and the Alleluia repeatedly sung, as if to celebrate the entrance of her soul into glory. The dead nun, in the holy habit of Mt. Carmel, lay on her bier covered with lilies and roses, with a celestial smile on her pale face that seemed to reflect the beatitude of her soul. The procession of the Host was made around her, and all the nuns took a last look at their beautiful sister before she was lowered into the gloomy vault below. *

In the upper choir there is a statue of St. Teresa, dressed as a Carmelite, in the stall she occupied when prioress of the house. The nuns often go to kiss the hand as a mark of homage to her memory. The actual prioress occupies the next stall below.

It will be remembered that St. Teresa passed twenty-nine years in this convent before she left to found that of San José. She afterwards returned three years as prioress, when, at her request, St. John of the Cross (who was born in a small town near Avila) was appointed spiritual director. Under the direction of these two saints the house became a paradise filled with souls of such fervor that the heavenly spirits themselves came down to join in their holy psalmody, according to the testimony of St. Teresa herself, who saw the stalls occupied by them.

> "The air of Paradise did fan the house,
> And angels office all."

One of St. Teresa's first acts, on taking charge of the house, was to place a large statue of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel in the upper choir, and present her with the keys of the monastery, to indicate that this womanly type of all that is sweet and heavenly was to be the true ruler of the house. This statue still retains its place in the choir, and in its hand are the keys presented by the saint.

The convent garden is surrounded by high walls. It wears the same smiling aspect as in the saint's time, but it is larger. The neighboring house occupied by St. John of the Cross, with the land around it, has been bought and added to the enclosure. The house has been converted into an octagon chapel, called the *Ermita de San Juan de la Cruz*. The unpainted wooden altar was made from a part of St. Teresa's cell. In this garden are the flowers and shrubbery she loved, the almond-trees she planted, the paths she trod. Here are the oratories where she prayed, the dark cypresses that witnessed her penitential tears, the limpid water she was never weary of contemplating —symbol of divine grace and regeneration. St. Teresa's love of nature is evident on every page of her writings. She said the sight of the fields and flowers raised her soul towards God, and was like a book in which she read his grandeur and benefits. And she often compared her soul to a garden which she prayed the divine Husbandman to fill with the sweet perfume of the lowly virtues.

* See *Life of St. Teresa.*

In the right wing of the convent is a little oratory, quiet and solitary, beloved of the saint, where an angel, all flame, appeared to the eyes of her soul with a golden arrow in his hand, which he thrust deep into her heart, leaving it for ever inflamed with seraphic love. This mystery is honored in the Carmelite Order by the annual festival of the Transverberation. Art likewise has immortalized it. We remember the group by Bernini in the church of Santa Maria della Vittoria at Rome, in which the divine transport of her soul is so clearly visible through the pale beauty of her rapt form, which trembles beneath the fire-tipped dart of the angel. What significance in this sacred seal set upon her virginal heart, from this time rent in twain by love and penitence! *Cor contritum et humiliatum, Deus, non despicies!* was the exclamation of St. Teresa when dying.

The sun was descending behind the proud walls of Avila when we regained the steep hillside, lighting up the grim towers and crowning them with splendor. We stopped on the brow, before the lofty portal of San Vicente, to look at its wreaths of stone and mutilated saints, and read the story of the rich man and Lazarus so beautifully told in the arch. Angels are bearing away the soul of the latter on a mantle to Abraham's bosom. On the south side of the church is a sunny portico with light, clustered pillars, filled with tombs, some in niches covered with emblazonry, others like plain chests of stone set against the wall. We went down the steps into the church, cold, and dim, and gray, all of granite and cave-like. The pavement is composed of granite tombstones covered with inscriptions and coats of arms. There are granite fonts for the holy water. Old statues, old paintings, and old inscriptions in Gothic text line the narrow aisles. The windows are high up in the arches, which were still light, though shadows were gathering around the tombs below. There was not a soul in the church. We looked through the *reja* that divides the nave at the beautiful Gothic shrine of San Vicente and his two sisters, Sabina and Chrysteta, standing on pillars under a richly-painted canopy, with curious old lamps burning within, and then went down a long, narrow, stone staircase into the crypt—of the third century—and kept along beneath the low, round arches till we came to a chapel where, by the light of a torch, we saw the bare rock on which the above-mentioned saints were martyred, and the *Bujo* out of which the legendary serpent came to defend their remains when thrown out for the beasts to devour. This *Bujo* was long used as a place of solemn adjuration, a kind of *Bocca de la Verità*, into which the perjurer shrank from thrusting his hand, but the custom has been discontinued.

The following morning we went to visit the place where St. Teresa was born. On the way we passed through the Plaza de San Juan, like an immense cloister with its arcades, which takes its name from the church on one side, where St. Teresa was baptized. The very font is at the left on entering—a granite basin fluted diagonally, surrounded by an iron railing. Over it is her portrait and the following inscription:

Vigesimo octavo Martii
Teresia oborta,
Aprilis ante nona est
sacro hoc fonte
renata
MDXV.

A grim old church for so sweet a flower to first open to the dews of divine grace in; the baptismal font at one end, and the grave at the other, with cold, gray arches encircling both like the all-embracing arms of that great nursing-mother—Death. At each side of the high altar are low, sepulchral recesses, into which you look down through a grating at the coroneted tombs, before which lamps hang dimly burning. Over the altar the Good Shepherd is going in search of his lost lambs, and at the left is a great, pale Christ on the Cross, ghastly and terrible in the shadowy, torch-lit arch. The whole church is paved with tomb-stones, like most of the churches of Avila, as if the idea of death could never be separated from life. But then, which is death and which life? Is it not in the womb of the grave we awaken to the real life?

One of the most popular traditions of Avila is connected with the Square of San Juan: the defence of the city in 1109 by the heroic Ximena Blasquez, whose husband, father, and brothers were all valiant knights. The old governor of the city, Ximenes Blasquez, was dead, and Ximena's husband and sons were away fighting on the frontier. The people, left without rulers and means of defence, came together on the public square and proclaimed her governor of the place. She accepted the charge, and proved herself equal to the emergency. Spain at this time was overrun by the Moors who had come from Africa to the aid of their brethren. They pillaged and ravaged the country as they went. Learning the defenceless state of Avila, and supposing it to contain great riches and many Moorish captives, they resolved to lay siege to it. Ximena was warned of the danger, and, instantly mounting her horse, she took two squires and rode forth to the country place of Sancho de Estrada to summon him to her aid. Sancho, though enfeebled by illness, was too gallant a knight to turn a deaf ear to the behest of ladye fair. He did not make his entrance into the city in a very knightly fashion, however. Instead of coming on his war-horse, all booted and spurred, and clad in bright armor, he was brought in a cart on two feather-beds, on the principle of Butler's couplet, which we vary to suit the occasion:

> "And feather-bed 'twixt knight urbane
> And heavy brunt of springless wain."

In descending at the door of his palace at Avila he unfortunately fell and was mortally injured, and the vassals he had brought with him basely fled when they found they had no chastisement to fear.

But the dauntless Ximena was not discouraged. Determined to save the city, she went from house to house, and street to street, to distribute provisions, count the men, furnish them with darts and arrows, and assign their posts. It is mentioned that she took all the flour she could find at the bishop's; and Tamara, the Jewess, made her a present of all the salt meat she had on hand.*

On the 3d of July Ximena, hearing the Moors were within two miles of the city, sent a knight with twenty squires to reconnoitre their camp and cut off some of the outposts, promising to keep open a postern gate to admit them at their return. Then she despatched several trumpeters in different directions to sound their trumpets, that

* The butchery, at the repeopling of Avila, was given to Benjamin, the Jew, and his sister. There seem to have been a good many Jews in the streets now called St. Dominic and St. Scholastica.

the Moors might suppose armed forces were at hand for the defence of the city. This produced the effect she desired. The knight penetrated to the camp, killed several sentinels, and re-entered Avila by the postern. Ximena passed the whole night on her palfrey, making the round of the city, keeping watch on the guards, and encouraging the men. At dawn she returned to her palace, and, summoning her three daughters and two daughters-in-law to her presence, she put on a suit of armor, and, taking a lance in her hand, called upon them to imitate her, which they did, as well as all the women in the house. Thus accoutred, they proceeded to the Square of San Juan, where they found a great number of women weeping and lamenting. "My good friends," said Ximena, "follow my example, and God will give you the victory." Whereupon they all hastened to their houses, put on all the armor they could find, and covered their long hair with sombreros. Ximena provided them with javelins, caltrops, and gabions full of stones, and with these troops she mounted the walls in order to attack the Moors when they should arrive beneath.

The Moorish captain, approaching the city, saw it apparently defended by armed men, and, deceived by the trumpets in the night, supposed the place had been reinforced. He therefore decided to retreat.

As soon as Ximena found the enemy really gone she descended from the walls with her daughters and daughters-in-law, distributed provisions to her troops on the Square of St. John, and, after the necessary repose, they all went in procession to the church of the glorious martyrs San Vicente and his sisters, and, returning by the churches of St. Jago and San Salvador, led Ximena in triumph to the Alcazar. The fame of her bravery and presence of mind extended all over the land, and has become the subject of legend and song. A street near the church of San Juan still bears the name of Ximena Blasquez.

A convent for Carmelite friars was built in the seventeenth century on the site of St. Teresa's family mansion, in the western part of Avila. The church, in the style of the Renaissance, faces a large, sunny square, on one side of which is a fine old palace with sculptured doors and windows and emblazoned shields. Near by is the *Posada de Santa Teresa.* The whole convent is embalmed with her memory. Her statue is over the door of the church. All through the corridors you meet her image. The cloisters are covered with frescoes of her life and that of St. John of the Cross. Over the main altar of the church, framed in the columns of the gilt retable, is an alto-relievo of St. Teresa, supported by Joseph and Mary, gazing up with suppliant hands at our Saviour, who appears with his cross amid a multitude of angels. The church is not sumptuous, but there is an atmosphere of piety about it that is very touching. The eight side-chapels are like deep alcoves, each with some scene of the Passion or the life of the Virgin. The transept, on the gospel side, constitutes the chapel of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, from which you enter a little oratory hung with lamps and entirely covered with paintings, reliquaries, and gilding, as if art and piety had vied in adorning it. It was on this spot St. Teresa first saw the light in the year 1515, during the pontificate of

Leo X. A quieter, more secluded spot in which to pray could not be desired. But Avila is full of such dim, shadowy oratories, consecrated by some holy memory. Over the altar where Mass is daily offered is a statue of St. Teresa, sad as the Virgin of Many Sorrows, representing her as when she beheld the bleeding form of Christ, her face and one hand raised towards the divine Sufferer, the other hand on her arrow-pierced breast. She wears a broidered cope and golden rosary. Among the paintings on the wall are her Espousals, and Joseph and Mary bringing her the jewelled collar. Two little windows admit a feeble light into this cell-like solitude. The ceiling is panelled. Benches covered with blue cloth stand against the wall. And there are little mirrors under the paintings, in true modern Spanish taste, to increase the glitter and effect. The De Cepeda coat of arms and the family tree hang at one end, appropriate enough here. But in the church family distinctions are laid aside. There only the arms of the order of Mt. Carmel, St. Teresa's true family, are emblazoned.

In a little closet of the oratory we were shown some relics of the saint, among which were her sandals and a staff—the latter too long to walk with, and with a small crook at the end. It might have been the emblem of her monastic authority.

Beneath the church are brick vaults full of the bones of the old friars, into which we could have thrust our hands. Their cells above are less fortunate. They are tenantless, or without their rightful inmates; for since the suppression of the monasteries in Spain only the nuns in Avila have been left unmolested. Here, at St. Teresa's, a part of the convent has been appropriated for a normal school. We went through one of the corridors still in possession of the church. *Ave Maria, sin peccado concebida* was on the door of every cell. We entered one to obtain some souvenir of the place, and found a studious young priest surrounded by his books and pictures, in a narrow room, quiet and monastic, with one small window to admit the light.

Then there is the garden full of roses and vines, also sequestered, where St. Teresa and her brother Rodriguez, in their childhood, built hermitages, and talked of heaven, and encouraged each other for martyrdom.

> "Scarce has she learned to lisp the name
> Of martyr, yet she thinks it shame
> Life should so long play with the breath
> Which, spent, could buy so brave a death."

Avila was full of the traditions of the incomparable old knights who had delivered Spain from the Moor. The chains of the Christian captives they had freed were suspended on the walls of one of the most beautiful churches in the land, and those who had fallen victims to the hate of the infidel were regarded as martyrs. The precocious imagination of the young Teresa was fired with these tales of chivalry and Christian endurance. She was barely seven years of age when she and her brother escaped from home, and took the road to Salamanca to seek martyrdom among the Moors. We took the same path when we left the convent. Leaving the city walls, and descending into the valley, we came to the Adaja, which flows along a narrow defile at the foot of Avila, over a rocky bed bordered by old mills that have been here from time immemorial, this faubourg in the middle ages hav-

ing been inhabited by dyers, millers, tanners, etc. We crossed the river by the same massive stone bridge with five arches, and went on and up a sunny slope, along the same road the would-be martyrs took, through open fields strewn with huge boulders, till we came to a tall, round granite cross between four round pillars connected by stone cross-beams that once evidently supported a dome. This marks the spot where the children were overtaken by their uncle. The cross bends over, as if from the northern blasts, and is covered with great patches of bright green and yellow moss. The best view of Avila is to be had from this point, and we sat down at the foot of the cross, among the wild thyme, to look at the picturesque old town of the middle ages clearly traced out against the clear blue sky—its gray feudal turrets; its *palacios*, once filled with Spanish valor and beauty, but now lonely; the strong Alcazar, with its historic memories; and the numerous towers and belfries crowned by the embattled walls of the cathedral, that seems at once to protect and bless the city. St. Teresa's home is distinctly visible. The Adaja below goes winding leisurely through the broad, almost woodless landscape. Across the pale fields, in yonder peaceful valley, is the convent of the Incarnation, where Teresa's aspirations for martyrdom were realized in a mystical sense. Her brother Rodriguez was afterwards killed in battle in South America, and St. Teresa always regarded him as a martyr, because he fell in defending the cause of religion.

The next morning we were awakened at an early hour by the sound of drum and bugle, and the measured tramp of soldiers over the pebbled streets. We hurried to the window. It was not a company of phantom knights fleeing away at the dawn, but the flesh-and-blood soldiers of Alfonso XII. going to early Mass at the cathedral of San Salvador on the opposite side of the small square. We hastened to follow their example.

San Salvador, half church, half fortress, seems expressly built to honor the God of Battles. Chained granite lions guard the entrance. Stone knights keep watch and ward at the sculptured doorway. Happily, on looking up we see the blessed saints in long lines above the yawning arch, and we enter. The church is of the early pointed style, though nearly every age has left its impress. All is gray, severe, and majestic. Its cold aisles are sombre and mysterious, with tombs of bishops and knights in niches along the wall, where they lie with folded hands and something of everlasting peace on their still faces. The heart that shuts its secrets from the glare of sunlight, in these shadowy aisles unfolds them one by one, as in some mystic Presence, with vague, dreamy thoughts of something higher, more satisfying, than the outer world has yet given, or can give. The distant murmur of the priests at the altars, the twinkling lights, the tinkling bells, the bowed forms grouped here and there, the holy sculptures on the walls, all speak to the heart. The painted windows of the nave are high up in the arches, which are now empurpled with the morning sun. Below, all dimness and groping for light; above, all clearness and the radiance of heaven! *Sursum corda!*

The *coro*, as in most Spanish cathedrals, is in the body of the church, and connected with the *Capilla Mayor* by a railed passage.

The stalls are beautifully carved. Old choral books stand on the lecterns ready for service. The outer wall of the choir is covered with sculptures of the Renaissance representing the great mysteries of religion, of which we never tire. Though told in every church in Christendom, they always seem told in a new light, and strike us with new force, as something too deep for mortal ever to fathom fully. They are the alphabet of the faith, which we repeat and combine in a thousand different ways in order to obtain some faint idea of God's manifestations to us who see here but darkly.

These mysteries are continued in the magnificent retable of the time of Ferdinand and Isabella in the *Capilla Mayor*, where they are richly painted on a gold ground by Berruguete and other famous artists of the day, and now glorious under the descending morning light. It is the same sweet Rosary of Love that seems to have caught new lights, more heavenly hues.

The interesting chapels around the apsis are lighted by small windows like mere loop-holes cut through walls of enormous thickness. In the ambulatory we come to the beautiful alabaster tomb of Alfonso de Madrigal, surnamed *El Tostado*, the tawny, from his complexion, and *El Abulense*, Abula being the Latin for Avila. He was a writer of such astonishing productiveness that he left behind him forty-eight volumes in folio, amounting to sixty thousand pages. It is to be feared we shall never get time to read them, at least in *this* world. He became so proverbial that Don Quixote mentions some book as large as all the works of *El Tostado* combined, as if human imagination could go no farther. Leigh Hunt speaks of some Spanish bishop as probably writing his homilies in a room ninety feet long! He must have referred to *El Tostado*. He is represented on his tomb sitting in a chair, pen in hand, and eyes half closed, as if collecting his thoughts or listening to the divine inspiration. His jewelled cope, embroidered with scenes of the Passion, is beautifully carved. Below him are the Virtues in attendance, as in life, and above are scenes of Our Lord's infancy, which he loved. This tomb is one of the finest works of Berruguete.

Further along we opened a door at a venture, and found ourselves in the chapel of San Segundo, the first apostle of Avila, covered with frescoes of his life. His crystal-covered shrine is in the centre, with an altar on each of the four sides, behind open-work doors of wrought brass. The chapel was quiet and dim and solemn, with burning lamps and people at prayer. Then, by another happy turn, we came into a large cloister with chapels and tombs, where the altar-boys were at play in their red cassocks and short white tunics. The church bells now began to ring, and they hurried away, leaving us alone to enjoy the cloistral shades.

When we went into the church again the service had been commenced, the *Capilla Mayor* was hung with crimson and gold, candles were distributed to the canons, who, in their purple robes, made the round of the church, the wax dripping on the tombstones that paved the aisles, and the arches resonant with the dying strains of the aged Simeon: *Nunc dimittis servum tuum, Domine!* For it was Candlemas-day.

The cathedral of San Salvador was begun in 1091, on the site of a

former church. The pope, at the request of Alonso VI., granted indulgences to all who would contribute to its erection. Contributions were sent, not only from the different provinces of Spain, but from France and Italy. More than a thousand stone-cutters and carpenters were employed under the architect Garcia de Estella, of Navarre, and the building was completed in less than sixteen years.

After breakfast we left the city walls and came out on the Square of San Pedro, where women were filling their jars at the well in true Oriental fashion, the air vocal with their gossip and laughter. Groups of peasant women had come up from the plains for a holiday, and were sauntering around the square or along the arcades in their gay stuff dresses, the skirts of which were generally drawn over their heads, as if to show the bright facings of another color. Yellow skirts were faced with red peaked with green; red ones faced with green and trimmed with yellow. When let down, they stood out, in their fulness, like a farthingale, short enough to show their blue stockings. Their hair, in flat basket-braids, was looped up behind with gay pins. We saw several just such glossy black plaits among the votive offerings in the oratory of St. Teresa's Nativity.

We stopped awhile in the church of San Pedro, of the thirteenth century—like all of the churches of Avila, well worth visiting—and then kept on to the Dominican convent of St. Thomas, a mile distant, and quite in the country. This vast convent is still one of the finest monuments about Avila, though deserted, half ruined, and covered with the garment of sadness. It was here St. Teresa's brother Antonio retired from the world and died while in the novitiate. We visited several grass-grown cloisters with fine, broad arches; the lonely cells once inhabited by the friars, commanding a fine view over the rock-strewn moor and the Guadarrama Mountains beyond; the infirmary, with a sunny gallery for invalids to walk in, and windows in the cells so arranged opposite each other that all the sick could from their beds attend Mass said in the oratory at the end; the refectory, with stone tables and seats, and defaced paintings on the walls; the royal apartments, looking into a cloister with sculptured arches, and everywhere the arrows and yoke, emblems of Ferdinand and Isabella; and the broad stone staircase leading to the church where lies their only son Juan in his beautifully-sculptured Florentine tomb of alabaster, now sadly mutilated. On one side of this fine church is a chapel with the confessional once used by St. Teresa. It was here, on Assumption day, 1561, while attending Mass, and secretly deploring the offences she had confessed here, she was ravished in spirit and received a supernatural assurance that her sins were forgiven her. She was herself clothed in a garment of dazzling whiteness, and, as a pledge of the divine favor, a necklace of gold, to which was attached a jewelled cross of unearthly brilliancy, was placed on her neck. There is a painting of this vision on one side of the chapel, as well as in several of the churches of Avila. Mary Most Pure, in all the freshness of youth, appears with St. Joseph, bearing the garment of purity and the collar of wrought gold—a sweet yoke of love she received just before she founded the convent of San José.

Pedro Ybañez, a distinguished Dominican, who combined sanctity with great acquirements, and has left several valuable religious works, was a member of this house. He was one of St. Teresa's spiritual advisers, and the first to order her to write her life.

We were glad to learn that this convent has been purchased by the bishop of Avila, and is about to be restored to the Dominican Order.

The Jesuit college of San Ginès, likewise among the things of the past, has some interesting associations. It was founded by St. Francis Borgia, and in it lived for a time the saintly Balthazar Alvarez, the confessor *par excellence* of St. Teresa, who said her soul owed more to him than to any one else in the world. She saw him one day at the altar crowned with light, symbolic of the fervor of his devotion. He was a consummate master of the spiritual life, and the guide of several persons at Avila noted for their sanctity.

One day we walked entirely around the walls of Avila, and came about sunset to a terrace at the west, overlooking a vast plain towards Estramadura. The fertile Vega below, with the stream winding in long, silvery links; the purple mist on the mountains that stood against the golden sky; the snowy range farther to the left, rose-flushed in the sunset light, made the view truly enchanting. We could picture to ourselves this plain when it was filled with contending hosts—the Moslem with the floating crescent, the glittering ranks of Christian knights with the proudly streaming cross and the ensigns of Castile, the peal of bugle and clash of arms, and perchance the bishop descending with the clergy from his *palacio* just above us to encourage and bless the defenders of thē land.

Now only a few mules were slowly moving across the plain with the produce of peaceful labor, and the soft tinkle of the convent bells, calling one to another at the hour of prayer, the only sounds to break the melancholy silence.

Near by is the church of Santiago, where the *caballeros* of Avila used to make their *veillée des armes* before they were armed knights, and with what Christian sentiments may be seen from an address, as related by an old chronicle, made by Don Pelayo, Bishop of Oviedo, to two young candidates in this very church, after administering the Holy Eucharist. It must be remembered this was at the end of the eleventh or beginning of the twelfth century, being in the reign of Alonso VI., to whom the rebuilding of Avila was due :

"My young lords, who are this day to be armed knights, do you comprehend thoroughly what knighthood is? Knighthood means nobility, and he who is truly noble will not for anything in the world do the least thing that is low or vile. Wherefore you are about to promise, in order to fulfil your obligations unfalteringly, to love God above all things; for he has created you and redeemed you at the price of his Blood and Passion. In the second place, you promise to live and die subject to his holy law, without denying it, either now or in time to come; and, moreover, to serve in all loyalty Don Alonso, your liege lord, and all other kings who may legitimately succeed him; to receive no reward from rich or noble, Moor or Christian, without the license of Don Alonso, your rightful sovereign. You promise, likewise, in whatever battles or engagements you take part, to suffer death rather than flee; that on your tongue truth shall always be found, for the lying man is an abomination to the Lord; that you will always be ready to fly to the assistance of the poor man who implores your aid and seeks protection, even to encounter

those who may have done him injustice or outrage; that you be ready to protect all matrons or maidens who claim your succor, even to do battle for them, should the cause be just, no matter against what power, till you obtain complete redress for the wrong they may have endured. You promise, moreover, not to show yourselves lofty in your conversation, but, on the contrary, humble and considerate with all; to show reverence and honor to the aged; to offer no defiance, without cause, to any one in the world; finally, that you receive the Body of the Lord, having confessed your faults and transgressions, not only on the three Paschs of the year, but on the festivals of the glorious St. John the Baptist, St. James, St. Martin, and St. George."

Which the two young lords, who were the bishop's nephews, solemnly swore to perform. Whereupon they were dubbed knights by Count Raymond of Burgundy, after which they departed for Toledo to kiss the king's hand.

Not far from the church of Santiago is the convent of Nuestra Señora de la Gracia on the very edge of the hill, inhabited by Augustinian nuns. The church stands on the site of an ancient mosque. The entrance is shaded by a portico with granite pillars. Our guide rang the bell at the convent door, saying: "*Ave Maria Purissima!*" "*Sin peccado concebida*," responded a mysterious voice within, as from an oracle. St. Teresa attended school here, and several memorials of her are shown by the nuns. St. Thomas of Villanueva, the Almsgiver, who is said to have made his vows as an Augustinian friar the very day Luther publicly threw off the habit of the order, was for a time the director of the house, and often preached in the church, which we visited. It consists of a single aisle, narrow and lofty, with the gilt retable over the altar, as in all the Spanish churches, and a tomb or two of some Castilian noblemen at the side. The pulpit, in which saints have preached, is a mere circular rail against the wall, ascended by steps. When used it is hung with drapery. On the same side of the church is a picture of the young Teresa beside her teacher, Maria Briceño, a nun of fervent piety, to whom the saint said she was indebted for her first spiritual light. This nun, who, it appears, conversed admirably on religious subjects, told her pupil one day how in her youth she was so struck on reading the words of the Gospel, "Many are called, but few are chosen," that she resolved to embrace the monastic life; and she dwelt on the rewards reserved for those who abandon all things for the love of Christ—a lesson not lost on the eager listener.

At the end of the church is a large grating, through which we looked into the choir of the nuns, quiet and prayerful, with its books and pictures and stalls. Two nuns, with sweet, contemplative faces, were at prayer, dressed in queer pointed hoods and white mantles over black habits. At the sides of the communion wicket stood the angel of the Annunciation and Raphael with his fish—gilded statues of symbolic import.

One of the most interesting places in Avila is the convent of San José, on the little Plaza de las Madres, the first house of the reform established by St. Teresa. The convent and high walls are all of granite and prison-like in their severity of aspect, but we were received with a kindness by the inmates that convinced us there was nothing severe in the spirit within. It is true we found the doors most inhospitably closed and locked, even those of the outer courts generally left open, and

we were obliged to hunt up the chaplain, who lived in the vicinity, to come to our aid. We thought he would prove equally unsuccessful in obtaining entrance, for he rang repeatedly (giving three strokes each time to the bell, we noticed), and it was a full quarter of an hour before any one concluded to answer so unwelcome a summons from the outer world. We began to suppose them all in the state of ecstasy, and the nun who at length made—her appearance, we were going to say—herself audible spoke to us from some inaccessible depth in a voice absolutely beatific, as if she had just descended from the clouds. We never heard anything so calm and sweet and well modulated. Thanks to her, we saw several relics of St. Teresa, whom she invariably spoke of as "Our holy Mother." She also gave us bags of almonds and filberts, and branches of laurel, from the trees planted in the garden by the holy hands of their seraphic foundress.

The church of this convent is said to be the first church ever erected in honor of St. Joseph. There were several chapels before, which bore his name, in different parts of Europe—for example, one at Santa Maria ad Martyres at Rome—but no distinct church. St. Teresa was the great propagator of the devotion to St. Joseph, now so popular throughout the world. Of the first eighteen monasteries of her reform, thirteen were placed under his invocation; and in all she inculcated this devotion, and had his statue placed over one of the doors. She left the devotion as a legacy to the order, which has never ceased to extend it. At the end of the eighteenth century there were one hundred and fifty churches of St. Joseph in the Carmelite Order alone. His statue is over the door of the church at Avila, and beside him stands the Child Jesus with a saw in his hand. "For is not this the carpenter's son?"

The church consists of a nave with round arches and six side chapels, the severity of which is relieved by the paintings and inevitable gilt retables. A statue of St. Joseph stands over the altar. The grating of the nuns' choir is on the gospel side, opposite which is a painting of St. Teresa with pen in hand and the symbolic white dove at her ear. *Jesus*, *Maria*, *José* are successively carved on the keystones of the arches of the nave.

The first chapel next the epistle side of the altar contains the tomb of Lorenzo de Cepeda, St. Teresa's brother, who entered the army and went to South America about the year 1540, where he became chief treasurer of the province of Quito. Having lost his wife, a woman of rare merit (it is related she died in the habit of Nuestra Señora de la Merced), he returned to Spain with his children, after an absence of thirty four years, and established himself at a country-seat near Avila. He had a great veneration for his sister, and placed himself under her spiritual direction. Not to be separated from her, even in death, he founded this chapel at San José's, which he dedicated to his patron, San Lorenzo, as his burial-place. His tomb is at the left as you enter, with the following inscription: "On the 26th of June, in the year 1580, fell asleep in the Lord Lorenzo de Cepeda, brother of the holy foundress of this house and all the barefooted Carmelites. He reposes in this chapel, which he erected."

In the same tomb lies his daughter Teresita, who entered a novice

at St. Joseph's at the age of thirteen and died young, an angel of innocence and piety.

Another chapel was founded by Gaspar Daza, a holy priest of Avila, who gathered about him a circle of zealous clergymen devoted to works of charity and the salvation of souls. His reverence for St. Teresa induced him to build this chapel, which he dedicated to the Nativity of the Virgin, with a tomb in which he lies buried with his mother and sister. It was he who said the first Mass in the church, Aug. 24, 1562, and placed the Blessed Sacrament in the tabernacle, after which he gave the veil to four novices, among whom was Antonia de Hanao, a relative of St. Teresa's, who attained to eminent piety under the guidance of St. Peter of Alcantara, and died prioress of the Carmelites of Malaga, where her memory is still held in great veneration. At the close of this ceremony St. Peter of Alcantara, of the Order of St. Francis; Pedro Ybañez, the holy Dominican, and the celebrated Balthazar Alvarez, of the Society of Jesus, offered Masses of thanksgiving. What a reunion of saints! On that day—the birthday of the discalced Carmelites—St. Teresa laid aside her family name, and took that of Teresa de Jésus, by which she is now known throughout the Christian world.

Among the early novices at San José was a niece of St. Teresa's, Maria de Ocampo, beautiful in person and gifted in mind, who, from the age of seventeen, resolved to be the bride of none but Christ. She became one of the pillars of the order, and died prioress of the convent at Valladolid, so venerated for her sanctity that Philip III. went to see her on her death-bed, and recommended himself and the kingdom of Spain to her prayers. Her remains are in a tomb over the grating of the choir in the Carmelite convent at Valladolid, suspended, as it were, in the air, among other holy virgins who sleep in the Lord.

Another niece of St. Teresa's,* who belonged to one of the noblest families of Avila, also entered the convent of San José. Her father, Alonso Alvarez, was himself regarded as a saint. Maria was of rare beauty, but, though left an orphan at an early age with a large fortune, she rejected all offers of marriage as beneath her, and finally chose the higher life. All the nobility of Avila came to see her take the veil. Here her noble soul found its true sphere. She rose to a high degree of piety, and succeeded St. Teresa as prioress of the house.

Another chapel at San José, that of St. Paul, at the right as you go in, was founded by Don Francisco de Salcedo, a gentleman of Avila, who was a great friend of St. Teresa's, as well as his wife, a devout servant of God and given to good works. St. Teresa says he lived a life of prayer, and in all the perfection of which his state admitted, for forty years. For twenty years he regularly attended the theological course at the convent of St. Thomas, then in great repute, and after his wife's death took holy orders. He greatly aided St. Teresa in her foundations, and accompanied her in her journeys. He lies buried in his chapel of St. Paul.

Not far from St. Joseph's is the church of St. Emilian, in the tribune of which Maria Diaz, also a friend of St. Teresa's, spent the last forty years of her life in perpetual

* See *Life of St. Teresa.*

adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, which she called her dear neighbor, never leaving her cell, excepting to go to confession and communion at St. Ginès; for she was under the direction of Balthazar Alvarez. She had distributed all her goods to the poor, and now lived on alms. The veil that covers the divine Presence in the Sacrament of the Altar was rent asunder for her, and, when she communed, her happiness was so great that she wondered if heaven itself had anything more to offer. St. Teresa saying one day how she longed to behold God, Maria, though eighty years of age, and bowed down by grievous infirmities, replied that she preferred to prolong her exile on earth, that she might continue to suffer. "As long as we remain in the world," she said, "we can give something to God by supporting our pains for his love; whereas in heaven nothing remains but to receive the reward for our sufferings." Dying in the odor of sanctity, she was so venerated by the people that she was buried in the choir of the church, at the foot of the very tabernacle to which her adoring eyes had been unceasingly turned for forty years.

We have mentioned, too briefly for our satisfaction, some of the persons, noted for their eminent piety, who made Avila, at least in the sixteenth century, a city *de los Santos*. It is a disappointment not to find here the tomb of her who is the crowning glory of the place. The expectations of Lorenzo de Cepeda were not realized. He does not sleep in death beside his sainted sister. The remains of St. Teresa are at Alba de Tormes, where she died, in a shrine of jasper and silver given by Ferdinand VII. It stands over the high altar of the Carmelite church, thirty feet above the pavement, where it can be seen from the choir of the nuns, and approached by means of an oratory behind, where they go to pray. Her heart, pierced by the angel, is in a reliquary below.

We left Avila with regret. Few places take such hold on the heart. For those to whom life has nothing left to offer but long sufferance it seems the very place to live in. The last thing we did was to go to the brow of the hill by San Vicente, and take a farewell look at the convent of the Incarnation, where still so many

> "Willing hearts wear quite away their earthly stains"

in one of the fairest, happiest of valleys. How long we might have lingered there we cannot say, had not the carriage come to hurry us to the station. And so, taking up life's burden once more, which we seemed to have laid down in this City of the Saints, we went on our pilgrim way, repeating the lines St. Teresa wrote in her breviary:

"Nada te turbe,	Let nothing disturb thee,
Nada te espante,	Let nothing affright thee;
Todo se pasa.	All passeth away.
Dios no se muda.	God alone changeth not.
La pacienza	Patience to all things
Todo se alcanza,	Reacheth, and he who
Quien a Dios tiene,	Fast by God holdeth,
Nada le falta;	To him naught is wanting;
Solo Dios basta."	Alone God sufficeth.

ST. TERESA.

"To suffer or to die."

THE air came laden with the balmy scent
Of citron-grove and orange; far beyond
The cloister wall, like towering battlement,
Sierra's frowning range rich colors donned
From ling'ring Day-Star's robe; and brilliant hues
Floated like banners on palatial clouds.
Light floods the river, parts its mist-like shrouds;
Each ripple soft, prismatic gleams transfuse.
Below Avila lay; its cross-lit spires
Blended their even-chime with seraph lyres;
O'er mount and vale pealed out their call to prayer,
And stole with joy upon the list'ning air.

Within the cloister's fragrant, bowery shade,
Gemmed with España's blooms 'mid velvet lawns,
Soft carols stirring leafy bough and glade,
Teresa muses; on her chaste brow dawns
A light celestial—peace and hope and love.
The wasted form, than bending flower more frail,
Is draped in Carmel's saintly robe and veil.
The pale, ethereal face is bowed; those eyes
Whose gaze has revelled in the courts above,
Now pearled with tears, are bent in mournful guise
On image of the Crucified within
Her fingers' slender clasp; in sacred trance
Now rapt, its mysteries are revealed; dark sin
In ghastly horror rises; now her glance
On bleeding form, pierced brow, is fixed; once more
Upon those wounded shoulders, drenched in gore,
The cross hangs trembling; o'er her soul,
Transpierced with love, deep floods of anguish roll;
And burning words her holy passion tell,
Like fountain gushing from her heart's deep cell:

"O earth! break forth in groans; ease thou my pain!
Ye rivers, ocean, weep! My Love is slain!
My Jesus dies, and I—
I cannot die, but through this exile moan
A stranger, midst of multitudes alone,
And vainly seek to fly
Where harps ten thousand wake the echoing sky;
My solace here, to suffer or to die!

"O Jesus! long and wildly have I striven,
By fast and penance this vile body driven
To thy sweet yoke to yield;

And agonies of death have seized this frame,
Dark devils made of me their mock and shame,
Thou, thou alone my shield.
A bower of roses!—looms so steep and high
The path I strain, to suffer or to die!

"Thou walk'st before! O thorn-lined path and cross!
A sceptred queen I walk, on beds of moss,
Nor fear the dark, dark night.
Love strains my sorrows to my heart with grasp
Stronger than aught on earth, save God's dear clasp
Of soul beloved. The height
Will soon appear; the glory I descry:
Strength, Lord, with thee I suffer or I die!

"Augment my woes! Let flesh and spirit share
Each separate pang thou, Crucified, didst bear,
Nor drop of comfort blend.
Let death's stern anguish be my daily bread,
Thy lance transfix my heart, thorns crown my head—
Pain, torture to the end;
And while death's angel seals my glazing eye,
Heart, soul shall yearn to suffer or to die!"

Great soul! be comforted: thy prayer is heard
More huge and terrible than human word
May utter, mortal heart conceive, the throng
Of woes that haste from Calvary to greet
Thy every step. Like Jesus, hate and wrong
Shall make of thee their jest; as purest wheat
Thou shalt be crushed, yet newer life shalt claim;
Slander, the hydra-tongued, shall cloud thy name;
Treason with thee break bread; toil, hunger, cold,
Thy daily 'tendants far from these sweet bowers.
A score of years thy sorrows still enfold,
But myriad souls shall feast on thy dark hours
Through centuries to come, and learn of thee
The path to peace, and prayer's sweet mystery.
The seraph waits with flaming lance to dart
The fires of heaven within thy yearning heart,
And up, far up the Mount of God will lead
Thee face to face, as patriarch of old,
With God; unveiled the Trinity shalt read,
And its resplendent mysteries unfold
To future doctors of the sacred lore.
Then mount thy blood-stained path, heroic saint!
While brave men stand aghast, strong hearts grow faint,
Teresa's seraph-soul its plaint shall pour
Unsated yet: "More suffering, Lord, yet more!"

M. S. P.

SIX SUNNY MONTHS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF YORKE," "GRAPES AND THORNS," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

BIANCA'S FESTA.

BIANCA'S birthday coming, they celebrated it by a little trip into the country. It was getting late for excursions, the weather being hot even for the last of May. But on the day before the proposed journey a few ragged clouds, scudding now and then across the sky, promised refreshment. Clouds never come to Rome for nothing; even the smallest fugitive mist is a herald; and the family, therefore, looked anxiously to see if they were to be kept at home the next day—if the herald announced a royal progress, short and splendid, or a long siege of rainy days.

They were sauntering, late in the afternoon, through a street of the Suburra, on one of those aimless walks that hit the mark of pleasure far oftener than planned pleasure-seeking does, and, seeing at their left a steep grade that ended in a stair climbing through light and shadow up the hillside, and going out under a dark arch into the light again, they followed it without asking questions, and presently found themselves in a quiet *piazza* surrounded by churches and convents as silent and, apparently, uninhabited as a desert. The most living thing was a single lofty palm-tree that leaned out against the sky. A wall hid the base of it, where one would not have been surprised to have found a lion sleeping.

Entering the portico of the nearest church, they saw what might have been taken for two ancient, mossy statues, seated one at either side of the door, one representing a man as ragged and gray as Rip Van Winkle after his nap, the other a woman well fitted to be his companion. The statues stirred, however, at the sound of steps, extended their withered hands, and commenced a sort of gabbling appeal, in which nothing was distinguishable but the inevitable *qualche cosa.*

Inside the church, beside the beautiful Presence indicated by the ever-burning lamp, there was but one person, a gigantic man, all white, who sat leaning forward a little, with the fingers of his right hand tangled in his beard. They saw him gazing, almost glaring, at them across the church as they seated themselves near the door after a short adoration. The painted roof invited their eyes to glimpses of heaven, the tribune walls shone with the story of St. Peter liberated by an angel, and the antique columns told of pagan emperors whom they had served before they were raised to hold a canopy over the head of the King of kings; but through them all, becoming every moment more importunate and terrible, the stare of those motionless, stony eyes drew theirs with an uncomfortable fascination, and the figure seemed to lean more forward, as if about to stride toward them,

and the fingers to move in the beard, as if longing to catch and toss them out of the church.

"He appears to resent our not saluting him," Mr. Vane said. "I do not need an introduction. Suppose we go to him before he comes clattering down the nave to us!"

They rose, and, with a diffidence amounting almost to fear, went up the aisle to pay their respects to Michael Angelo's *Moses*.

"O Mr. Vane!" the Signora whispered, suddenly touching his arm, "does he look as if he went up the mountain to bring down Protestantism?"

She said it impulsively, and was ashamed of herself the next moment. He was not offended, however, but smiled slightly, and, feeling the touch, drew her hand into his arm. "He doesn't look like a man who would carry any sort of *ism* about long."

He was looking at the *Moses* as he spoke; but he felt the dissatisfaction which the lady at his side did not indicate by word or motion, and added after a moment: "It must be owned that Protestantism has reduced the stone tables to dust, and that your church is the only one that has graven laws."

She did not venture to press him any farther. The question with him, then, was evidently whether graven laws were necessary. He was not at all likely to write his faith in the dust of the sects.

"It is the most uncomfortable marble person in Rome," she said of the *Moses*. "I always have a feeling that it is never quite still; that he has turned his face on being interrupted in something, as if he had been talking with God here alone, and were waiting for people to go and leave him to continue the conversation. He will watch us out the door, though. I wonder if he can see through the leathern curtain? Come, little girls, we are going."

Bianca had a rose in her belt, and, as the others walked slowly away, she slipped across the church and threw it inside the railing before the Blessed Sacrament, repeating from the Canticle of St. Francis of Assisi, which they had been reading with their Italian teacher the evening before:

> "Laudate sia il mio Signor per la nostra
> Madre terra, la quale
> Ci sostenta, e nudrisce col produrre
> Tanta diversità
> D'erba, di fiori e frutti."

"They speak of the Blessed Sacrament here as *Il Santissimo*," she heard the Signora say when she joined them at the door. "It is beautiful; but I prefer the Spanish title of 'His Majesty.' One would like to be able to ask, on entering a church, 'At which altar is His Majesty?' It sounds like a live faith. Isn't that palm beautiful? And do you see the ghost of Lucretia Borgia up in her balcony there? That is, or was, her balcony. Dear me! what an uncanny afternoon it is. I quite long to get among common people."

In fact, a solid post of snow-white cloud showed like a motionless figure over the balcony, changing neither shape nor position while they looked at it. There was, evidently, something behind worth seeing, and they took a carriage to the Janiculum for a better view. When they reached the parapet of San Pietro in Montorio, they saw the horizon beyond the city bound by a wonderful mountain-range—not the accustomed Sabine Apennines and Monte Cimino; these had disappeared, and over their places rose a solid magnificence of cloud that

made the earth and sky look unstable. Ruby peaks splintered here and there against the blue in sharp pinnacles, their sides cleft into gorges of fine gold, their bases wrapped about with the motionless smoke and flame of a petrified conflagration. Beneath all were rough masses of uneasy darkness, in which could be seen faintly the throb of a pulse of fire. The royal progress had begun, and promised to be a costly one to some. The poor farmers would have to pay, at least.

They leaned on the parapet, and took a new lesson in shape and color from the inexhaustible skies, and the Signora told them one of the many legends of the Janiculum.

"It is said that after the Flood Noe came here to live, held in high honor, as we may well imagine, by his descendants. As time passed, after his death, the truth became mixed with error, and the patriarch Noe became the god Janus, with two faces, because he had seen the old world and the new. So all antique truth, left to human care, became corrupted little by little. It was only when the Holy Spirit came down to stay on earth that truth could be preserved unadulterated. 'Teaching you all truth.' Am I preaching? Excuse me!"

Turning her face, as she spoke slowly and dreamily, she had found Mr. Vane looking at her with a steady and grave regard which did not evade, but lingered an instant, when it met hers. She recollected that he had not her faith, and thought he might be displeased a little at having alien doctrines so constantly held up before him.

On the contrary, he was admiring her fair, pale face, which the glowing west and a glowing thought were tinting with soft rose, and was thinking he had never known a woman who so habitually lived in a high atmosphere, who so easily gathered about her the beauties of the past and the present, and who had so little gossip to talk. When she descended to trifling things, it was to invest them with a charm that made them worthy of notice as pretty and interesting trifles, but never to elevate them to places they were not made for. Besides, he liked her way of talking—a certain cool sweetness of manner, like the sweetness of a rose, that touched those who came near, but was not awakened by their presence, and would be as sweet were no one by to know. He glanced at her again when she was again looking off thoughtfully into the west, and marked the light touch with gold the strands of a braid that crowned her head under the violet wreath. She was certainly a very lovely woman, he thought. Why had she never married?

For, though we call her Signora, the Vanes' *padrona* was, in fact, a *signorina*.

"Well, what is it?" she asked smilingly, turning again, aware of his eyes. She was one of those persons who always feel the stress of another mind brought to bear on them. "You should tell me what it is."

The two girls had gone to a little distance, and he ventured to put the question.

"It is an impertinence," he said hastily, "but I was wondering why you never married. You are thirty-five years old, and have had time and opportunities. If you command me to ask no more, I shall not blame you."

"It is not an impertinence," she replied quite easily. "There is no tragedy hidden behind my 'maiden

meditation.' The simple truth is that I have never had an offer from any one whom I could willingly or possibly promise to love, honor, and obey for my whole life, though I have refused some with regret; and if I have known any person to whom I could have so devoted myself, no approach on his part and no consciousness on mine have ever revealed the fact to me. My mind and life were always full. My mother taught me to love books and nature, and said nothing about marriage. There is nothing like having plenty to think of. Are you satisfied?"

"Perfectly," he replied, but seemed not altogether pleased. Perhaps he would have found a less self-sufficing woman more interesting and amiable. "Still, I beg your pardon for a question which, after all, no one should ask. One never knows what may have happened in a life."

"That is true," she replied. "And it is true that the question might be to some an embarrassing one to answer. It does not hurt me, however."

"Papa does not allow us to ask questions," Isabel said a little complainingly, having caught a few words of their talk. "You have no idea how sharply he will speak to us, or, at least, look at us, if he hears us asking the simplest question that can be at all personal. And yet people question us unmercifully. I think one might retort in self-defence."

"How I wish you could have a larger number of pupils than these two, Mr. Vane!" the Signora sighed. "I would like to send some of my lady friends to school to you. The questions that some ladies, who consider themselves well bred, will ask, are astonishing. Indeed, there is, I think, more vulgarity in fine society than among any other class of people in the world. Delicacy and refinement are flowers that need a little shade to keep their freshness. I have more than once been shocked to see, in a momentary revelation, how slight was the difference of character between a bold, unscrupulous virago of the streets, and some fine lady when an unpleasant excitement had disturbed the thin polish of manner with which she was coated. Madame de Montespan—not a model by any means, though—relates that, when she came to Paris to be trained for polite life, among the admonitions and prohibitions, one of the strongest was that she must not ask questions. Not long ago, on thinking over a conversation I had with a lady whom I had known just three weeks, I found that these questions had been propounded to me in the course of it: How old are you? Who visits you? What is your income? Have you any money laid up? Have you sold your last story? To whom have you sold it? How much do they pay you? Is it paid for? Of course the lady was fitting herself to speak with authority of my affairs."

The Signora made an impatient motion of the shoulders, as if throwing off a disagreeable burden. "How did we fall into this miserable subject? Let us walk about awhile and shake it off. We might go into the church and say a little prayer for poor Beatrice Cenci, who is buried here. One glance at Piombo's *Scourging of Christ*, one thought of that girl's terrible tragedy, will scorch out these petty thoughts, if one breath of the Lord's presence should not blow them away."

She hurried up the steps and ran into the church, as one soiled and

dusty with travel rushes into a bath. Coming out again, they strolled back into the gardens, and looked off over the green sea of the luxuriant Campagna, where St. Paul's Church floated like an ark, half swamped in verdure and flowers, and a glistening bend of the Tiber bound the fragrantly breathing groves like a girdle, the bridge across it a silver buckle. Beneath the wall that stopped their feet a grassy angle of the villa beyond was red with poppies growing on their tall stems in the shade. So everywhere in Italy the faithful soil commemorates the blood of the martyrs that has been sprinkled over it, a scarlet blossom for every precious drop, flowering century after century; to flower in centuries to come, till at last the scattered dust and dew shall draw together again into the new body, like scattered musical notes gathering into a song, and the glorified spirit shall catch and weld them into one for ever!

Looking awhile, they turned silently back into the garden. The two girls wandered among the flowers; Mr. Vane and the Signora walked silently side by side. Now and then they stopped to admire a campanile of lilies growing around a stem higher than their heads, springing from the midst of a sheaf of leaves like swords. One of these leaves, five feet long, perhaps, thrown aside by the gardener, lay in the path. It was milk-white and waxy, like a dead body, through its thickness of an inch or two. Long, purple thorns were set along its sides and at the point, and a faint tinge of gold color ran along the centre of its blade. It was not a withered leaf, but a dead one, and strong and beautiful in death.

Mr. Vane glanced over the bristling green point of the plant, and up the airy stem where its white bells drooped tenderly. "So God guards his saints," he said.

Isabel came to them in some trepidation with her fingers full of small thorns. She had been stealing, she confessed. Seeing that, in all the crowds of great, ugly cacti about, one only had blossomed, she had been smitten by a desire to possess that unique flower.

"I called up my reasoning powers, as people do when they want to justify themselves," she said, "and I reasoned the matter out, till it became not only excusable but a virtue in me to take the flower. I spare you the process. If only you would pick the needles out of my fingers, papa! Isn't it a pretty blossom? It is a bell of golden crystal with a diamond heart."

When the tiny thorns were extracted and the young culprit properly reproved for her larceny, the clouds of the west had lost all their color but one lingering blush, and were beginning to catch the light of the moon, that was sailing through mid-air, as round as a bubble. They went down the winding avenue on foot, sending the carriage to wait for them in the street below. The trees over their heads were full of blossoms like little flies with black bodies and wide-spread, whitish wings, and through the heaps of these blossoms that had fallen they could see a green lizard slip now and then; the fountains plashed softly, lulling the day to sleep. Near the foot of the hill all the lower wall of one of the houses was hidden by skeins of brilliant, gold-colored silk, hung out to dry, perhaps, making a sort of sunshine in the shady street.

It was a lovely drive home through the *Ave Marias* ringing all

about, through the alternate gloom and light of narrow streets and open *piazze*, where they spoke no word, but only looked about them with perhaps the same feeling in all their minds :

"How good is our life—the mere living !"

Not only the beauty they had seen and their own personal contentment pleased them ; the richness and variety of the human element through which they passed gave them a sense of freedom, a fuller breath than they were accustomed to draw in a crowd. It was not a throng of people ground and smoothed into nearly the same habits and manners, but a going and coming and elbowing of individuals, many of whom retained the angles of their characters and manners in all their original sharpness.

"The moon will be full to-morrow in honor of your *festa*," Isabel said as they went into the house; "and there is a prospect that the roads may be sprinkled."

The roads were sprinkled with a vengeance; for the delectable mountains of sunset came up in the small hours and broke over the city in a torrent. There had not been such a tempest in Rome for years. It was impossible to sleep through it, and soon became impossible to lie in bed. Not all their closing of blinds and shutters could keep out the ceaseless flashes, and the windows rattled with the loud bursts of thunder. The three ladies dressed and went into the little *sala*, where the Signora lighted two blessed candles and sprinkled holy water, like the old-fashioned Catholic she was; and presently Mr. Vane joined them.

"I should have expected to hear more cultivated thunders here," he said. "These are Goths and Vandals."

"Speak respectfully of those honest barbarians," exclaimed the Signora. "They were strong and brave, and some things they would not do for gain. Do you recollect that Alaric's men, when they were sacking Rome, being told that certain vessels of silver and gold were sacred, belonging to the service of the church, took the treasure on their heads and carried it to St. Peter's, the Romans falling into the procession, hymns mingling with their war-cries? Fancy Victor Emanuel's people making restitution! Fancy Signor Bonghi and his associates marching in procession through the streets of Rome, bearing on their heads the libraries they have stolen from religious houses to make their grand library at the Roman College, which they have also stolen. Honor to the barbarians! There were things they respected. Ugh! what a flash. And what about cultivated thunders, Mr. Vane?"

"Do you not know that there are thunders and thunders?" he replied. "Some roll like chariot-wheels from horizon to horizon, rattling and crashing, to be sure, but following a track. Others go clumsily tumbling about, without rhyme or reason, and you feel they may break through the roof any minute."

The rain fell in torrents, and came running in through chinks of the windows. The storm seemed to increase every moment. Bianca drew a footstool to the Signora's side, and, seating herself on it, hid her face in her friend's lap. Isabel sought refuge with her father, holding his arm closely, and they all became silent. Talk seems trivial in face of such a manifestation

of the terrible strength of nature; and at night one is so much more impressed by a storm, all the little daylight securities falling off. They sat and waited, hoping that each sharp burst might be the culminating one.

While they waited, suddenly through the storm broke loudly three clear strokes of a bell.

"Oh!" cried Bianca, starting up.

"*Fulgura frango*," exclaimed the Signora triumphantly. Four strokes, five, and one followed with the sweet and deliberate strength of the great bell, then the others joined and sang through the night like a band of angels.

"Brava, Maria Assunta!" exclaimed the Signora. "Where is the storm, Mr. Vane?"

He did not answer. In fact, with the ceasing of the fifteen minutes' ringing the storm ceased, and there was left only a low growling of spent thunders about the horizon, and a flutter of pallid light now and then. It was only the next morning at the breakfast-table that Mr. Vane thought to remark that the bell-ringer of the basilica must be a pretty good meteorologist, for he knew just when to strike in after the last great clap.

"It was a most beautiful incident," Bianca said seriously. "Please do not turn it into ridicule, papa!"

They were just rising from the table, and, in speaking, the daughter put her arm around her father's shoulder and kissed him, as if she would assure him of her loving respect in all that was human, even while reproving him from the height of a superior spiritual wisdom.

The father had been wont to receive these soft admonitions affectionately, indeed, but somewhat lightly. Lately, however, he had taken them in a more serious manner. Perhaps the presence of the Signora, whose sentiments in such matters he could not regard as childish, and whose displeasure he could not look upon with the natural superiority of a father, put him a little more on his guard. He glanced at her now, biting his lip; but she did not seem to have heard.

"May not the effect bell-ringing has on tempests be accounted for on natural principles?" Isabel asked, with the air of one making a philosophical discovery.

"My dear Isabel, it is said that the miracles of Christ may be so accounted for," the Signora replied. "But who is to account for the natural principles? We have no time to spare," she added brightly. "The train starts in fifteen minutes. Hurry, children!"

But, brightly as she spoke, a slight cloud settled over her feelings after this little incident. She was not displeased with Mr. Vane; for she had learned that no real irreverence underlay these occasional gibes, and had observed that they grew more rare, and were rather the effect of habit than of intention. She was grateful to him, indeed, for the delicacy and consideration he showed, and for the patience with which he submitted himself to a Catholic atmosphere and mode of life which did not touch his convictions, though it might not have been foreign to his tastes.

"We are frequently as unjust to Protestants as they are to us," she constantly said to her over-zealous friends. "If they are sincere in their disbelief, it would show a lack of principle in them to be over-indulgent and complacent to us. You must recollect that many a Protestant cannot help believing us guilty of something like, at least,

unconscious idolatry; cannot help having a sort of horror for some of our ways. Besides, we must not claim merit to ourselves for having faith. '*Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, sed nomini tuo da gloriam.*' Then, again, here is an inquiry worth making: Look about among your Catholic acquaintances, including yourself among them, and ask, from your knowledge of them and of yourself, 'If the drama of salvation were yet to be acted, and Christ were but just come on earth, poor, humble, and despised, how many of these people would follow him? Would I follow him? What instance of a sacrifice of worldly advantages, a giving up of friends and happiness, a willingness to be despised for God's sake, have I or any of these given?' It is easy, it is a little flattering, indeed, to one's vanity, and pleasing to one's imagination, to stand in very good company, among people many of whom are our superiors in rank and reputation, and have our opponents fire their poor little arrows at us. We feel ourselves very great heroes and heroines indeed, when, in truth, we are no more than stage heroes, with tinsel crowns and tin swords, and would fly affrighted before a real trial. It is easy to talk, and those who do the least talk the most and the most positively. Some of the noblest natures in the world are outside of the fold, some of the meanest are inside. God's ways are not our ways, and we cannot disentangle these things. Only we should not take airs to ourselves. When I see the primitive ardor and nobleness of Christianity in a person, I hold that person as independent of circumstances, and am sure that he would join the company of the fishermen to-day, if they were but just called. The others I do not wish to judge, except when they make foolish pretences."

The Signora had sometimes displeased some of her friends by talking in this manner and pricking their vainglorious bubbles; and she consistently felt that, according to his light, Mr. Vane was forbearing with his daughters and with her, and that they should show some forbearance with him. She was, therefore, not displeased with him for his unintentional mocking. Her cloud came from another direction. She found herself changing a little, growing less evenly contented with her life, alternating unpleasantly between moods of happiness and depression. While she lived alone, receiving her friends for a few hours at a time, she had found her life tranquil and satisfying. Sympathy and kind services were always at hand, and there was always the equal or greater pleasure of sympathy and kind services demanded to make of friendship a double benefit. But the question had begun to glance now and then across her mind whether she had been altogether wise in taking this family into her house, having before her eyes the constant spectacle of an affection and intimacy such as she had left outside her own experience, and had no desire to invite or admit, even while she felt its charm. She, quite deprived of all family ties, felt sometimes a loneliness which she had never before experienced, in witnessing the affection of the father and his daughters; and, at the same time that she saw them as enclosed in a magic circle from which she was excluded, she looked forward with dread to the time when they should leave her, with a new void in her life, and a serenity permanently disturbed, perhaps. There

were little moments, short and sharp, when she could have sympathized with Faust casting aside with passionate contempt his worthless gifts and learning at sight of the simple happiness of love and youth.

But these moments and moods were short and disconnected. She was scarcely aware of them, scarcely remembered that each, as it came, was not the first, and her life flowed between them always pleasantly, sometimes joyfully. She was quite gay and happy when they ran down to the carriage and hurried to the station.

The morning was delicious, everything washed clean and fresh by the plentiful shower. A light, pearly cloud covered the sky, veiling all with a delicate softness that was to sunshine as contentment is to joy. Here and there a deep shadow slept on the landscape. Our little party took possession of a first-class car, and seated, each at a corner of it, were every moment calling attention to some new beauty. Isabel glanced with delight along the great aqueduct lines and the pictures they framed, all blurred and swimming with the birds with which the stone arches were alive; Bianca watched the mountain, her eyes full of poetical fancies; and Mr Vane presently fell in love with a square of solid green he espied in the midst of the bare Campagna, a little paradise, where the trees and flowers seemed to be bursting with luxuriance over the walls, and regarding with astonishment the dead country about them, that stretched off its low waves and undulations in strong and stubborn contrast with that redundant spot.

"Aladdin's lamp must have done it," he said; and after a moment added, having followed the subject a little in his own mind: "I am inclined to think that one element of the picturesque must be inconsistency. Ah! here are your white Campagna cattle we have heard so much about. Aren't they of rather a bluish color?"

"But look and see what they are eating, papa," Bianca said. "No wonder it turns them blue."

The ground all about was deeply colored with blue flowers, in the midst of which these large, white cattle wandered, feeding lazily, as if eating were a pleasure, not a necessity. They were like people reading poetry.

"We do not often have such a day here," the Signora said, "and to me the clouds are a luxury. I own that I have sometimes grown weary of seeing that spotless blue overhead week after week, month after month, even. Clouds are tender, and give infinite lights and shades. The first winter I spent in Rome there were a hundred days in succession of windless, cloudless, golden weather, beginning in October, and lasting till after New Year's day. Then came a sweet three days' rain, which enchanted me. I went out twice a day in it."

"This reminds me," Isabel said, "of our first visit to the White Mountains. We went there under the 'rainy Hyades,' apparently; for we hadn't seen sunshine for a week. When we reached Lancaster, at evening, the fog touched our faces like a wet flannel, and there was a fine, thick rain in the morning when I awoke. About nine o'clock there was a brightening, and I looked up and saw a blue spot. The clouds melted away from it, still raining, and sunbeams shot across, but none came through. First I saw a green plain with a river winding through it, and countless little pools of water, everything a brilliant green

and silver. A few trees stood about knee-deep in grass and yellow grain. And then, all at once, down through the rain of water came a rain of sunshine; and, lastly, the curtains parted, and there were the mountains! They are a great deal more solemn-looking and impressive than these," she said, with a depreciatory glance toward the Alban Mountains. "On the whole, I think the scene was finer and more brilliant."

As if in answer to her criticism, a slim, swift sunbeam pierced suddenly the soft flecks of mist overhead, shot across the shadowed world, and dropped into Rome. Out blazed the marvellous dome, all golden in that light, the faint line of its distant colonnades started into vivid clearness with all their fine-wrought arches, and for a moment the city shone like a picture of a city seen by a magic-lantern in a dark room.

"Very true!" the young woman replied quite coolly, as if she had been spoken to. "We have no such city, no such towns and villages and villas set on the mountain-side; but we are young and fresh and strong, and we are brave, which you are not. Your past, and the ruins left of it, are all you can boast of. We have a present and a future. And after all," she said, turning to her audience, who were smilingly listening to this perfectly serious address, "it is ungrateful of the sun to take the part of Italy so, when we welcome him into our houses, and they shut him out. Why, the windows of the Holy Father's rooms at the Vatican are half walled up."

"Maybe the sun doesn't consider it such a privilege to come into our houses," her father suggested.

"And as for Rome," the young woman went on, "to me it seems only the skull of a dead Italy, and the Romans the worms crawling in and out. But there! I won't scold to-day. How lovely everything is!"

The yellow-green vineyards and the blue-green canebrakes came in sight, the olive-orchards rolled their smoke-like verdure up the hills, and at length the cars slid between the rose-trees of the Frascati station, and the crowd of passengers poured out and hurried up the stairs to secure carriages to take them to the town. The family *Ottant'-Otto*, finding themselves in a garden, did not make haste to leave it, but stayed to gather each a nosegay, nobody interfering. More than one, indeed, of the passengers paused long enough to snatch a rosebud in passing.

Going up then to the station-yard, they found it quite deserted, except for the carriage that had been sent for them, and another drawn by a tandem of beautiful white horses, in whose ears their owner, one of the young princes living near the town, was fastening the roses he had just gathered below. The creatures seemed as vain of themselves as he evidently was proud of them, and held their heads quite still to be adorned, tossing their tails instead, which had been cut short, and tied round with a gay scarlet band.

Every traveller knows that Frascati is built up the sides of the Tusculan hills, looking toward Rome, the railway station on a level with the Campagna, the town rising above with its countless street-stairs, and, still above, the magnificent villas over which look the ruins of ancient Tusculum. On one of the lower streets of the town, in Palazzo Simonetti, lived a friend of the Signora, and there rooms had been

provided for the family, and every preparation made for their comfort. They found a second breakfast awaiting them, laid out in a room looking up to one of the loveliest nooks in the world—the little *piazza* of the *duomo vecchio*, with its great arched doorway, and exquisite fountain overshadowed by a weeping willow. If it had been a common meal, they would have declined it; but it was a little feast for the eyes rather: a dish of long, slim strawberries from Nemi, where strawberries grow every month in the year by the shores of the beautiful lake, in a soil that has not yet forgotten that it once throbbed with volcanic fires; tiny rolls, ring-shaped and not much too large for a finger-ring, and golden shells of butter; all these laid on fresh vine-leaves and surrounded by pomegranate blossoms that shone like fire in the shaded room. The coffee-cups were after-dinner cups, and so small that no one need decline on the score of having already taken coffee; and there was no sign of cream, only a few lumps of sugar, white and shining as snow-crust.

"It is frugal, dainty, and irresistible," Mr. Vane said. "Let us accept by all means."

They were going up to Tusculum, and, as the day was advancing, set off after a few minutes, going on foot. They had preferred that way, being good walkers, and having, moreover, a unanimous disinclination to see themselves on donkeys.

"A gentleman on a donkey is less a gentleman than the donkey," Mr. Vane said. "I would walk a hundred miles sooner than ride one mile on a beast which has such short legs and such long ears. The atmosphere of the ridiculous which they carry with them is of a circumference to include the tallest sort of man. Besides, they have an uncomfortable way of sitting down suddenly, if they only feel a fly, and that hurts the self-love of the rider, if it doesn't break his bones."

"Poor little patient wretches! how they have to suffer," said the Signora. "Even their outcry, while the most pitiful sound in the world, a very sob of despairing pain, is the height of the ridiculous. If you don't cry hearing it, you must laugh, unless, indeed, you should be angry. For they sometimes make a 'situation' by an inopportune bray, as a few weeks ago at the Arcadia. The Academy was holding an *adunanza* at Palazzo Altemps, and, as the day was quite warm and the audience large, the windows into the back court were opened. The prose had been read, and a pretty, graceful poetess, the Countess G——, had recited one of her best poems, when a fine-looking monsignore rose to favor us with a sonnet. He writes and recites enthusiastically, and we prepared to listen with pleasure. He began, and, after the first line, a donkey in the court struck in with the loudest bray I ever heard. Monsignore continued, perfectly inaudible, and the donkey continued, obstreperously audible. A faint ripple of a smile touched the faces least able to control themselves. Monsignore went on with admirable perseverance, but with a somewhat heightened color. A sonnet has but fourteen lines, and the bray had thirteen. They closed simultaneously. Monsignore sat down; I don't know what the donkey did. One only had been visible, as the other only had been audible. The audience applauded with great warmth and politeness. 'Who are they applauding,' asked

my companion of me—'the one they have heard, or the one they have not heard?' If it had been my sonnet, I should instantly have gone out, bought that donkey, and hired somebody to throw him into the Tiber."

"Here we are at the great *piazza*, and here is the cathedral. See how the people in the shops and fruit-stands water their flowers!"

In fact, all the rim of the great fountain-basin was set round with a row of flower-pots containing plants that were dripping in the spray of the falling cascades. Just out of reach of the spray were two fruit-shops large enough to contain the day's store and the chair of the person who sold it. Temporary pipes from the fountain conducted water to the counters, where a tiny fountain tossed its borrowed jet, constantly renewed from the cool cascade, and constantly returning to the basin.

"We must take *excelsior* for our motto," the Signora said to the two girls, who wanted to stop and admire everything they saw. "We are for the mountain-height now. When we return, you may like to dress up with flowers two shrines on the road. I always do it when I come this way."

They climbed the steep and rocky lane between high walls, passed on the one side the house where Cardinal Baronius wrote his famous *Annals*, which had an interest too dry to fascinate the two young ladies; passed the wide iron gate of a villa to left, and another to right, giving only a glance at the paradises within; passed the large painting of the Madonna embowered in trees at the foot of the Cappucini Avenue; passed under the stone portal, and the rod of verdant shadow almost as solid, that formed the entrance to Villa Tuscolana, ravished now and then by glimpses of the magnificent distance; on into the lovely wood-road, the ancient *Via Tusculana;* and presently there they were at last in the birthplace of Cato, the air-hung city that broke the pride of Rome, and that, conquered at last, died in its defeat, and remained for ever a ruin.

Not a word was spoken when they reached the summit, and stood gazing on what is, probably, the most magnificent view in the world. Only after a while, when the three new-comers began to move and come out of their first trance of admiration, the Signora named some of the chief points in the landscape and in the ruins. The old historical scenes started up, the old marvellous stories rushed back to their memories, the mountains crowded up as witnesses, and the towns, with all their teeming life and countless voices of the present hushed by distance, became voluble with voices and startling with life of the past.

After a while they seated themselves in the shade of a tree, facing the west, and silently thought, or dreamed, or merely looked, as their mood might be. Their glances shot across the bosky heights that climbed to their feet, and across the wide Campagna, to where Rome lay like a heap of lilies thrown on a green carpet, and the glittering sickle of the distant sea curved round the world.

Day deepened about them in waves. They could almost feel each wave flow over them as the sun mounted, touching degree after degree of the burning blue, as a hand touches octaves up an organ. The birds sang less, and the cicali more, and the plants sighed forth all their perfume.

Isabel slipped off her shoes, and set her white-stockinged feet on a tiny laurel-bush, that bent kindly under them without breaking, making a soft and fragrant cushion. All took off their hats, and drank in the faint wind that was fresh, even at noon.

"The first time I came here," the Signora said after a while, "was on the *festa* of SS. Roch and Sebastian, in the heat of late summer-time. That is a great day for Frascati, for these two saints are their protectors against pestilence, which has never visited the city. When, in '69, the cholera dropped one night on Albano, just round the mountain there a few miles, and struck people dead almost like lightning, and killed them on the road as they fled to other towns, so that many died, perhaps, from fear and hofror, having no other illness, none who reached Frascati in health died. The nobility died as well as the low, and the cardinal bishop died at his post taking care of his people. Whole families came to Frascati, the people told me, flying by night along the dark, lonely road, some half-starving; for all the bakers were dead, and there was no bread except what was sent from Rome. The saints they trusted did not refuse to help them. In Frascati they found safety. If any died there, certainly none sickened there. So, of course, the saints were more honored than ever. I sat here and heard the bells all ringing at noon, and the guns firing salutes, and saw the lovely blue wreaths of smoke curl away over the roofs after each salvo. In Italy they do not praise God solely with the organ, but with the timbrel and the lute. Anything that expresses joy and triumph expresses religious joy and triumph, and the artillery and military bands come out with the candles and the crucifix to honor the saint as well as the warrior. Then in the evening there was the grand procession, clergy, church choirs, military bands, crucifixes, banners, women dressed in the ancient costume of the town, and the bells all ringing, the guns all booming, and the route of the procession strewn with fragrant green. The evening deepened as they marched, and their candles, scarcely visible at first, grew brighter as they wound about the steep streets and the illuminated piazzas. All the houses had colored lamps out of their windows, and there were fireworks. But my noon up here impressed me most. My two guides, trusty men, and my only companions, sat contentedly in the shade playing *Morra* after their frugal bread and wine. Sitting with my back to them, only faintly hearing their voices as they called the numbers, I could imagine that they were Achilles and Ajax, whom you can see on an ancient Etruscan vase in the Vatican playing the same game. The present was quite withdrawn from me. I felt like *Annus Mundi* looking down on *Annus Domini*, and seeing the whole of it, too. I could have stayed all day, but that hunger admonished me; for I had not been so provident as my guides, nor as I have been to-day. Going down, however, just below the Capuchin convent, I saw a man on a donkey coming up, with a large basket slung at each side of the saddle in front of him. No one could doubt what was under those cool vine-leaves. He was carrying fresh figs up to the Villa Tuscolana, where some college was making their *villigiatura*. I showed him a few soldi, and he stopped and let me lift the leaves

myself. There they lay with soft cheek pressed to cheek, large, black figs as sweet as honey. The very skins of them would have sweetened your tea. Where we stood a little path that looked like a dry rivulet-bed led off under the wall of the convent grounds. When I asked where it went, they answered, 'To the Madonna.' We will go there on our way down. Meantime, has Isabel nothing hospitable to say to us?"

Miss Vane displayed immediately the luncheon she had been detailed to prepare, a bottle of Orvieto, only less delicate because richer than champagne, a basket of *cianbelli*, and lastly a box. "In the name of the prophet, figs!" she said, opening it. "They are dried, it is true; but then they are from Smyrna."

They drank *felicissima festa* to Bianca, drank to the past and the present, to all the world; and Mr. Vane, when their little feast was ended, slipped a beautiful ring on his younger daughter's finger. "To remember Tusculum by, my dear," he said; and, looking at her wistfully, seeming to miss some lightheartedness even in her smiles, he added: "Is there anything you lack, child?"

She dropped her face to his arm only in time to hide a blush that covered it. "What could I lack?" she asked.

But a few minutes afterward, while the others recalled historical events connected with the place, and the Signora pointed out the cities and mountains by name, the young girl walked away to the Roman side, and stood looking off with longing eyes toward the west. She lacked a voice, a glance, and a smile too dear to lose, and her heart cried out for them. She was not unhappy, for she trusted in God, and in the friend whose unspoken affection absence and estrangement had only strengthened her faith in; but she wanted to see him, or, at least, to know how he fared. It seemed to her at that moment that if she should look off toward that part of the world where he must be, fix her thoughts on him and call him, he would hear her and come. She called him, her tender whisper sending his name out through all the crowding ghosts of antiquity, past pope and king and ambassador, poet and orator, armies thrust back and armies triumphant—the little whisper winged and heralded by a power older and more potent than Tusculum or the mountain whereon its ruins lie.

They went down the steep way again, gathering all the flowers they could find, and, when they reached the shrine at the turn of the Cappucini road, stuck the screen so full of pink, white, and purple blossoms that the faces of Our Lady and the Child could only just be discerned peeping out. Then they turned into the pebbly path under the Cappucini wall, where the woods and briers on one side, and the wall on the other, left them room only to walk in Indian file; came out on the height above beautiful Villa Lancilotti, with another burst of the Campagna before their eyes, and the mountains with their coronets of towns still visible at the northeast over the Borghese Avenue and the solid pile of Mondragone.

Here, set so high on the wall that it had to be reached by two or three stone steps, was the picture of the Madonna, looking off from its almost inaccessible height over the surrounding country. It was visible from the villas below, and many

a faithful soul far away had breathed a prayer to Mary at sight of it, though nothing was visible to him but the curve of high, white wall over the trees, and the square frame of the picture. Now and then a devout soul came through the lonely and thorny path to the very foot of the shrine, and left a prayer and a flower there.

The others gave their flowers to Bianca, who climbed the steps, and set a border of bloom inside the frame, and pushed a flower through the wires to touch the Madonna's hand, and set a little ring of yellow blossoms where it might look like a crown.

As she stood on that height, visible as a speck only if one had looked up from the villa, smiling to herself happily while she performed her sweet and unaccustomed task, down in the town below, a speck like herself, stood a man leaning against the eagle-crested arch of the Borghese Villa gate, and watching her through a glass. He saw the slight, graceful form, whose every motion was so well known to him; saw the ribbon flutter in her uncovered hair, the little gray mantle dropped off the gray dress into the hands of the group at the foot of the steps; saw the arms raised to fix flower after flower; finally, when she turned to come down, fancied that he saw her smile and blush of pleasure, and, conquered by his imagination, dropped the glass and held out his arms, for it seemed that she was stepping down to him.

The party went home tired and satisfied, and did not go out again that day. It was pleasure enough to sit in the westward windows as the afternoon waned and watch the sun go down, and see how the mist that for ever lies over the Campagna caught his light till, when he burned on the horizon in one tangle of radiating gold, the whole wide space looked as if a steady rainbow had been straightened and drawn across it, every color in its order, glowing stratum upon stratum pressed over sea and city and vineyard, blurring all with a splendid haze, till the earth was brighter than even the cloudless sky.

"It is so beautiful that even the stars come out before their time to look," the Signora said. "Your Madonna on the wall can see it too, Bianca. But as for the poor Madonna in her nest of trees, she can see nothing but green and flowers."

"I wonder why I prefer the Madonna of the wall?" asked Bianca dreamily. "I feel happy thinking of it."

TO BE CONTINUED.

TEXT-BOOKS IN CATHOLIC COLLEGES.

AFTER many advances on the part of editors and correspondents towards approaching this question in a *tangible* form, the Rev. Dr. Engbers, a professor of the Seminary of Mount St. Mary's of the West, Cincinnati, Ohio, has been the first to take up the subject in earnest. Often have we heard men, admirably adapted to handle this question, express the wish that some one would come forward and propose a system of improvement: we need better books, we are at the mercy of non-Catholic compilers, in every department of learning, except divinity. "Well, why do you not set to work and give us such text-books as can be safely adopted in *our* schools?—books of history, sacred, ecclesiastical, secular; books of mental or rational and natural philosophy; treatises on the philosophy of religion; books of geography, sadly wanted to let our boys know how wide the Catholic world is; then grammars; then Greek and Latin text-books—all and each of them fit to be placed in the hands of Catholic young men and women, for the salvation of whose souls some one will be called to an account, etc. etc." "Oh! you see, I cannot tax my time to such an extent; I cannot afford it. Then do you think I can face the apathy, perhaps the superciliousness, of those who should encourage, but will be sure to sneer at me and pooh-pooh me down? No, no; I cannot do it." Time and again have we heard such remarks. But, luckily, it seems as if at this propitious moment *rerum nascitur ordo.* All praise to the Rev. Dr. Engbers! Not only has he raised his voice and uttered words expressive of a long, painful experience, and resolutely cried out that something must be done, but has actually addressed himself to the work, and has broken ground on a road whereon we can follow him, whether pulling with him or not. That we need *text-books* for *our* schools is admitted by all who give a thought to the importance of a proper training in Catholic schools—that training which should distinguish the Catholic citizen from all others. There is no doubt but a judicious training in a properly-conducted Catholic college will stamp the pupil with a character we may dare to call *indelible.*

There must needs be a character imprinted on the mind of the graduate, whether he goes forth from the halls of his Alma Mater as a literary man or a philosopher, a scientist or a professional man. We cannot refrain from transcribing the beautiful sentiments uttered by the Hon. George W. Paschal, in his annual address before the Law Department of the University of Georgetown, on the 3d of June, 1875:

"You go forth from an institution long honored for its learning, its high moral character, its noble charities, which have been bestowed in the best possible way—mental enlightenment, and its watchful sympathy for its learned children spread all over the land. The fathers of that institution expect much from you, and they will be ever ready to accord to you every possible encouragement. Your immediate instructors in your profession

cannot fail to feel for you the deepest interest."

Surely the gist of the above is that the graduates who "stand upon the threshold of their profession, holding passes to enter the great arena"—as Mr. Daly has so happily expressed it in his valedictory on the same occasion—must bear imprinted on their brows the parting kiss of their Alma Mater.

Now, if *bonum ex integrâ causâ, malum ex quocumque defectu*, everything in a collegiate course must tend to give the graduate a Catholic individuality in the world of science and of letters.

And here it is that we cannot fail to admire the great wisdom of the Holy Father, who, when the question of classics in the Catholic schools began to be mooted, *ex professo* and in earnest, would not sanction a total and blind exclusion of the pagan classics—for that would be *obscurantism*—but advised the use of the classics, with a *proviso* that the rich wells of Christian classicism should not be passed by.

Then it cannot be gainsaid that the use of pagan classics is necessary in the curriculum of belles-lettres, just as, if we may be allowed the comparison, the study of the sacred books is indispensable to the student of divinity; although even in Holy Writ there are passages which should not be wantonly read, and much less commented upon.

And here we must differ from the admirable letter of Dr. Engbers, who certainly is at home on the subject and makes some excellent points. He avers that it is neither possible nor necessary "to prepare Catholic books for the whole extent of a college education."

For brevity's sake we shall not give his reasons, but shall limit ourselves to our own views on the subject.

In the first place, it *is* necessary to prepare text-books of the classics for our schools. For, surely, we cannot trust to the scholar's hand Horace, or Ovid, or even Virgil, as they came from their authors; and this on the score of morality. Secondly, we have no hesitation in saying that we do not possess as yet a single Latin classic (to speak of Latin alone) so prepared to meet all the requirements of the youthful student. We may almost challenge contradiction when we assert that, in all such editions as are prepared for American schools, the passages really difficult are skipped over. True, it is many years since we had an opportunity of examining such works thoroughly; but from what we knew then, and have looked into lately, we find no reason for a change of opinion. The work of such editions is perfunctorily done. The commentators, annotators, or whatsoever other name they may go by, seem to have only aimed at doing a certain amount of work somewhat *à la* penny-a-liner; but nothing seems to be done *con amore*, and much less according to thorough knowledge. Let our readers point to one annotator or editor of any poet adopted in American schools who is truly æsthetic in his labors.

Classics must, then, be prepared. Dr. Engbers avers that we can safely use what we have, no matter by whom they have been prepared; and in this we must willingly yield to his judgment, because it would be temerity in us, who are not a professor and have so far led a life of quite the reverse of classical application, to make an issue with him. But we must be allowed to differ from him in that "we have not the means to provide for all,

and our educators are unable to satisfy the wants for the whole college course."

Let us bear in mind that we limit our disquisition to the Latin classics for the present. What we say about them will be equally applicable to the Greek, as well as to the authors of all nations.

It seems to us abundantly easy to prepare books for this department. Let a certain number of colleges, schools, and seminaries join together, and through their faculties make choice of a competent scholar. Set him apart for one year for the purpose of preparing a neat, cheap *school* edition of the Latin classics *for our Catholic schools*. He must limit himself to the *Ætas aurea*, giving some of those authors in their entirety, such as Nepos; some with a little pruning, such as the *Æneid;* others, again, *summo libandi calamo;* while of Cicero and Livy we would advise only selections for a beginning. Of Cicero, *e.g.*, give us a few letters *Ad Familiares*, his *De Oratore*, six Orations, *Somnium Scipionis*, *De Officiis*, and *De Senectute*. From what we are going to say it will be evident that no more will be necessary at first. Teach the above well, *et satis superque satis!*

Exclude from your classes the cramming system. Prof. Cram is the bane, the evil genius of our classical halls. Supporters of the "forty lines a day" rule, listen! It was our good fortune to learn the classics in a Jesuit college. We were in rhetoric. Our professor gave Monday and Wednesday afternoons to Virgil, Tuesday to Homer, and Friday to Horace. Of Virgil we read book vi., and of Horace the third book of Odes—that is, what we *did* read of them. The professor was a perfect scholar, an orator, a poet, as inflammable as petroleum, and as sensitive as the "touch-me-not" plant, with a mind the quickest we ever knew, and a heart most affectionate, besides being truly a man of God. Well, the session had entered its fourth month, and we had gone through about three hundred verses of Virgil, while from Horace we were just learning not *magna modis tenuare parvis*. One afternoon the rector suddenly put in an appearance with some of the *patrassi*. As they had taken their seats, the former asked what portions of the Latin classics we had been reading. "Cicero and Livy of the prose, Horace and Virgil of the poets." "But what part?" quoth he. "Any part," replied the master. The rector looked puzzled; the boys—well, we do not know, for we had no looking-glass, nor did we look at one another—but perfectly astounded at the coolness of the teacher. One thing, however, all who have survived will remember: the strange feeling that seized us; for "Was he going to make a fool of every one of his boys?" We were eleven in the class. It was a small college, in a provincial town, that has given some very great men to the world, but of which Lord Byron did not sing enthusiastically. There we were: on the pillory, in the stocks, billeted for better for worse, for "what not?" The rector, with ill-disguised impatience, called for one of the boys, and, opening Virgil at random, chanced on the very death of Turnus. The poor boy, pale and trembling, began to read, and on he went, while the relentless questioner seemed carried away by the beauty of the passage, unconscious of the torture to which he had doomed the unlucky pupil. But, no; we take the word back: be-

cause as he was advancing he seemed to become more self-possessed, and so much so that at the end he described the last victim of the Lavinian struggle with uncommon pathos, until, with a hoarse sound of his voice, he launched the soul of the upstart *sub umbras*, just as the teacher would himself have read to us a parallel passage. It was evident that, although he had never before read those lines, he had caught their spirit, and the recitation ended perfectly. Then, as he was requested to render the whole passage into vernacular, with a fluent diction, choice words, and not once faltering, he acquitted himself with universal applause. One or two more boys were called up, and the visitors took their leave much pleased.

Then it was our turn to ask the master why he had done that. "Well, boys," said he, "I expected it all along. You see it now. How many times you have wondered at my keeping you so long on perhaps only three or four lines a whole afternoon! Now you understand. We have not read Virgil, but we have studied Latin poetry, and you have learned it. In future we shall skim the poets here and there, as I may choose, and at the final exhibition you shall be ready to read to the auditorium any part of the Greek and Latin authors the audience may think fit to call for." And so we did, and did it well.

Once, being on a school committee, we asked the master of the high-school—and a learned man he was—why he hurried through so many lines. "I cannot help it," said he; "they must have read so many lines [*sic*] when they present themselves for examination at Harvard"! Nor shall we omit here to note that young men have failed in their examinations to enter Harvard because, in sooth, they could not get through *the recitation*. Prof. Agassiz himself told us that one of his favorite students (whom we knew well) failed because he could not repeat *verbatim* a certain portion of a treatise on some point of natural philosophy. However, the good professor insisted on the youth being examined as to the sense, and not, parrot-like, repeating sentence after sentence, and the candidate carried the palm.

This "recitation" system, the "forty lines" routine, is a curse. We are sure professors will bear us out in our assertion. Dr. Becker, in his excellent article in the *American Catholic Quarterly*, deals with this matter in a very luminous style. What use, then, of so many authors, or of the whole of any one of them, for a text-book? *Non multa sed multum*, and *multum in parvo*. The bee does not draw all that is garnered in the chalice, but just that much which is necessary to make the honey. No wonder that so few are endowed with the *nescio quo sapore vernaculo*, as Cicero would call it. We have treasured for the last three-and-forty years the paper on which we copied the description of the war-horse, as rendered by our professor of rhetoric, who gave two lectures on it, bringing in and commenting on parallel descriptions in prose and verse. Nearly half a century has passed away, and those two charming afternoons in that old class-room are yet fresh in our remembrance.

If some prelates have gone so far as to exclude profane classics from the schools in their seminaries altogether, the Holy Father, on the other hand, does not approve of such indiscriminate ostracism; nay, he recommends that a judicious

adoption be made of the pagan classics, at the same time bringing before the Catholic student the great patterns of sacred writings which have been preserved for us from the Greek and Latin fathers. Surely only a senseless man would withhold from the "golden-mouthed John" that meed of praise which is allowed to the Athenian Demosthenes. Are they not both noble patterns on which the youthful aspirant to forensic or ecclesiastical eloquence should form himself?

And here it is that the necessity of preparing *Catholic text-books* becomes self-evident. Outsiders cannot furnish us with the materials we need for a thorough and wholesome Catholic training—even more important, in our estimation, when we take into consideration that such works *in extenso* are too costly and far beyond the means of the average of scholars. Hence if we are really in earnest in our desire of having perfect Catholic schools, such books must needs be prepared.

After we have carefully prepared proper editions of the pagan classics, *Ætatis aureæ*, for our schools, what else have we to do to furnish our arsenal with a well-appointed complement? We must look about for a choice of the best Christian Latin classics. As for Christian Latin poets of antiquity, the choice will be less difficult, because there is not an embarrassing wealth of them, yet enough to learn how to convey the holiest ideas in the phraseology of Parnassus, how to sing the praises of Our Lady with the rhythm of the Muses.

It is well known that a new departure is about to take place, nay, has taken place, in the Catholic schools of Europe. The great patristic patterns of oratory and poetry will in future be held before the Catholic student for his imitation and improvement.

The movement inside the Catholic world has become known, because there is no mystery about it, and the Catholic Church, faithful to her Founder's example, does and says everything "openly." The debate on the classics is over, and every one is satisfied of the necessity of the new arrangement. Outside the church some one stood on tiptoe, *arrectis auribus;* all at once a clapping of hands—*presto!* The chance is caught, the opportunity improved. We have used pagan classics in our schools as they came from a non-Catholic press, and *we felt safe in adopting them!* Moreover, it has been, so far, next to impossible to detail any one, chosen from our bands, to prepare new sets. Now a plan seems to be maturing, and a line drawn, following which one will know how to work; and it is on this line that the writer is adding his feeble efforts to aid a great cause.

But what of the Christian classics? *Obstupescite, cœli!* Harper & Brothers have come to the rescue. To them, then, we must suppliantly look for help to open this avenue of Christian civilization—the blended instruction, in our schools, of pagan and Christian training in belles-lettres!

"*Latin Hymns, with English Notes.* For use in schools and colleges. New York: Harper & Bros., Publishers, Franklin Square. 1875. Pp. 333. 12mo, tinted paper, $1 75."

The book is to be the first of a series of what may be called sacred classics. The second of the series, already printed, is *The Ecclesiastical History of Eusebius;* it will be followed by Tertullian and Athanagoras (surely a worse choice as regards style could not be made),

both in press. Then, "*should the series be welcomed*, it will be continued with volumes of Augustine, and Cyprian, and Lactantius, and Justin Martyr, and Chrysostom, and others; in number sufficient for a complete college course."

From a notice intended to usher the whole series before the public we learn that "for many centuries, down to what is called the pagan Renaissance, they [the writings of early Christians] were the common linguistic study of educated Christians." A startling disclosure to us. For the future, pagan classics are to be eliminated. Is it not evident that the industrious editors have taken the clue from us?—at least for a part of their programme; for they push matters too far.

But here is the mishap. If we have to judge by the first book, their works will be unavailable, their labor bootless. Dr. Parsons closes his admirable translation of Dante's *Inferno* (albeit with a little profanity, which we are willing to forgive, considering the subject and its worth) with those imploring words, *Tantus labor non sit cassus!* Mr. March will find them at page 155 of his book. He may as well appropriate them to himself, with a little suppression, however; nor should he scruple to alter the text, seeing that he has taken other unwarrantable liberties with the ancient fathers. What right has he to mutilate Prudentius' beautiful hymn *De Miraculis Christi*, and of thirty-eight stanzas give us only eight, therewith composing, as it were, a hymn of his own, and entitling it *De Nativitate Christi?* Without entering into other damaging details, we assure the projectors of this new enterprise that they have undertaken a faithless job. Catholic teachers cannot adopt their books. For, surely, we are not going to make our youth buy publications which tell us, *e.g.*, that the hymn *Stabat Mater* is "simple Mariolatry," to say nothing of other notes equally insulting, especially when we come to the historical department. Nor can it be said that they give proof either of knowledge or of taste when they choose Eusebius for the very first sample of patristic classicism. Ah! *sutor, sutor!*

But enough. We have dwelt on this new departure of Protestant zeal for the study of the fathers, to give an additional proof in favor of our opinion as to how far we can trust non-Catholic text-books. Even the most superficial reader will at once discover that we only take up side questions, and our remarks and arguments do not in the least clash with the argument and judgment of Dr. Engbers, with whom we agree in the main. We only assert that it would be better were we to strain every nerve in preparing text-books of our own, whilst we also believe it would not be so very difficult to attain the long-wished-for result. It will take some time, it will require sacrifices, yet the object can be accomplished. A beginning has been made already in two American Catholic colleges. Nor should we forget that none but Catholics can be competent to perform such a work. The fathers are *our* property; and the same divine Spirit that illumined their minds will not fail to guide the pens of those who, in obedience to authority, undertake this work.

As for the Christian authors, the difficulty is in the choice, as Dr. Engbers points out. For the sake of brevity we limit ourselves to the Latin fathers.

From the works of St. Augustine

(a mine of great wealth) might be compiled a series of selections which, put together with some from the Ciceronian Jerome and a few others, would furnish an anthology of specimens of eloquence, whether sacred, historical, or descriptive, that could not be surpassed. A judicious *spicilegium* from the *Acta Martyrum* and the liturgies of the first ages should form the introductory portion. This first volume would be characteristic. We would suggest that it were so prepared as at once to rivet the attention of the scholar and enamor him with the beauties of apostolic literature.

Dr. Engbers is very anxious—and justly so, when we consider our needs—that something were done to supply our schools with works of "history, natural science, and geography." Indeed, it is high time that we had a supply of such works. But here many will ask: "Have we resources in our own Catholic community on which to depend for such works?" Most assuredly we have. For, to quote only a few, is not Professor James Hall, of Albany, a Catholic? Indeed he is, and one of the first men in the department of natural history, acknowledged as such by all the eminent societies of the European continent.

And who is superior to S. S. Haldeman, of Pennsylvania? And is he not "one of ours"? The fact is, we do not know our own resources. Here we have two men, inferior to none in their own departments of learning, and they are totally ignored by the Catholic body, to which they nevertheless belong! Indeed, John Gilmary Shea, another of our best men, has touched a sad chord in his article in the first number of the new *Catholic Quarterly*. We have allowed our best opportunities to slip by unnoticed, and may God grant it is not too late to begin the seemingly herculean task before us!

We have written under the inspiration and after the guidance of the well-known wishes, nay, commands, of our Holy Father. He insists upon education being made more Christian. His Holiness does not exclude the pagan authors; he wishes them to be so presented to our youth that no harm may result therefrom to the morals of the student; and we have no doubt that the programme we have only sketched will meet with the approval of all who are interested in the matter, and who will give us the credit of having most faithfully adhered to our Holy Father's admonition.

Nor will the reader charge us with presumption if we dare to quote the words of our great Pope, with the pardonable assurance that no more fitting close could be given to our paper.

Monseigneur Bishop of Calvi and Teano, in the kingdom of Naples, now a cardinal, is a most determined advocate of the needed reform, and justly claims the merit of having been the first to inaugurate it in Italy. In a letter to him Pius IX. sets down the importance of the movement, and distinctly places the limits within which it should be confined in order to attain complete success.

"R. P. D. d'Avanzo, Episcopo Calven, Theanen.*

"Pius P.P. IX., *Venerabilis Frater, Salutem et Apostolicam Benedictionem.*

"Quo libentius ab orbe Catholico indicti a Nobis Jubilæi beneficium fuit exceptum, Venerabilis Frater, eo uberiorem inde fructum expectandum esse confidimus, divina favente clementia. Grati propterea sensus animi, quos hac de causa prodis, iucunde excipimus, Deo-

* *Acta Sanctæ Sedis*, vol. viii. p. 560

que exhibemus, ut emolumentum lætitiæ a te conceptæ respondens diœcesibus tuis concedere velit. Acceptissimam autem habemus eruditam epistolam a te concinnatam de mixta latinæ linguæ institutione. Scitissime namque ab ipsa vindicatur decus christianæ latinitatis, quam multi corruptionis insimularunt veteris sermonis; dum patet, linguam, utpote mentis, morum, usuum publicorum enunciationem, necessario novam induere debuisse formam post invectam a Christo legem, quæ sicuti consortium humanum extulerat et refinxerat ad spiritualia, sic indigebat nova eloquii indole ab eo discreta, quod societatis carnalis, fluxis tantum addictæ rebus, ingenium diu retulerat. Cui quidem observationi sponte suffragata sunt recensita a te solerter monumenta singulorum Ecclesiæ sæculorum; quæ dum exordia novæ formæ subjecerunt oculis, ejusque progressum et præstantiam, simul docuerunt constanter in more fuisse positum Ecclesiæ, juventutem latina erudire lingua per mixtam sacrorum et classicorum auctorum lectionem. Quæ sane lucubratio tua cum diremptam iam disceptationem clariore luce perfuderit, efficacius etiam suadebit institutoribus adolescentiæ, utrorumque scriptorum opera in eius usum esse adhibenda. Hunc Nos labori tuo successum ominamur; et interim divini favoris auspicem et præcipuæ nostræ benevolentiæ testem tibi, Venerabilis Frater, universoque Clero et populo tuo Benedictionem Apostolicam peramanter impertimus.

Datum Romæ apud S. Petrum die 1 Aprilis anno 1875, Pontificatus Nostri anno Vigesimonono.

PIUS PP. IX.

This very letter is an instance of the results to which a thorough and judicious mixed Latin classical education will lead the student of Latinity—the resources of the pagan Latin made classically available even to him who is secretary to the Pope *ab epistolis Latinis*, to which post are appointed those who, with other proper qualifications, are good Latin scholars. Some of these letters, especially those issued under the pontificates of Benedict XIV. and Pius VI. and VII., are truly Ciceronian in style and language.

We call the closest attention of such of our readers as are not acquainted with Latin to the following translation of the above most important document:

"To the REV. FATHER BARTHOLOMEW D'AVANZO, Bishop of Calvi and Teano.

"PIUS IX., Pope.

"Venerable Brother, health and Apostolic Benediction: In proportion, Venerable Brother, to the eager good-will with which our proclamation of the Jubilee has been received by the Catholic world, is the harvest of good results we expect therefrom under favor of divine mercy. Heartily, therefore, do we welcome the sentiments of gratitude which you express, and offer them to God, that he may vouchsafe to your dioceses a share in your joy. Most seasonable, moreover, do we account the learned letter you have written on the mixed teaching of the Latin language. For with great erudition have you therein vindicated the honor of Christian Latinity, which many have charged with being a corruption of the ancient tongue; whereas it is clear that speech, as the expression of ideas, manners, and public usages, must necessarily have assumed a new garb after the law introduced by Christ—a law which, while it elevated human inter course, and refashioned it to spiritual requirements, needed a new form of conversation, distinct from that which had so long reflected the bent of a carnal society swayed only by transitory things. And truly the monuments you have skilfully gathered from the several ages of the church afford a self-evident proof of our assertion; for, while they lay before the eyes of the reader the beginnings of the new form, its progress and importance, they also aver it to have been an established practice in the church to train youth in the Latin tongue by a mixed reading of sacred with classic authors. And assuredly this your dissertation, in throwing greater light on a question already well ventilated, will the more effectually urge upon the instruc-

tors of youth the advisability of calling to their aid the works of authors of both kinds. Such is the result we predict for your labors; and in the meanwhile, as a pledge of divine favor and a token of our own good-will, we most affectionately bestow upon yourself, Venerable Brother, and upon all your clergy and people, the Apostolic Benediction.

"Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, on the 1st of April, in the year 1875, the twenty-ninth of our pontificate."

"PIUS PP. IX."

And thus *Roma locuta est!*

FLYWHEEL BOB.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ROMANCE OF CHARTER OAK," "PRIDE OF LEXINGTON," ETC., ETC.

DOWN in a dismal cellar, so poorly lighted, indeed, that you could scarce distinguish his tiny figure when it came into the world, Bob was born. Our little hero began life where we all must end it—underground; and certainly many a burial-vault might have seemed a less grimy, gloomy home than his. But Bob's wretchedness being coeval with his birth, he never knew what it was to be otherwise than wretched. He cried and crowed pretty much like other infants, and his mother declared he was the finest child ever born in this cellar. "And, O darling!" she sighed more than once, while he snugged to her bosom—"O darling! if you could stay always what you are." It was easy to feed him, easy to care for him, now. How would he fare along the rugged road winding through the misty future?

Nothing looked so beautiful to his baby eyes as the golden streak across the floor which appeared once a day for a few minutes; and as soon as he was able to creep he moved towards it and tried to catch it, and wondered very much when the streak faded away.

Bob's only playmate was a poodle dog, who loved the sunshine too, and was able at first to get more of it than he; and the child always whimpered when Pin left him to go bask on the sidewalk. But by and by, when he grew older, he followed his dumb friend up the steps, and would sit for hours beside him; and the dog was very fond of his little master, if we may judge by the constant wagging of his bushy tail.

When Bob was four years old his mother died. This was too young an age for him to comprehend what had happened. It surprised him a little when they carried the body away; and when she breathed her last words: "I am going, dear one; I wish I could take you with me," he answered: "Going where, mammy?" "When is mammy coming home?" he asked of several persons who lodged in the cellar with him, and stayed awake the first night a whole hour waiting for her to return. But ere long Bob ceased to think about his mother, and in the course of a month 'twas as if she had never been; there was rather more space in the underground chamber than before, and now he had all the blanket to himself.

Thus we see that the boy began early the battle of life. When he felt hungry, he would enter a baker's shop near by, and stretch

forth his puny hand; and sometimes he was given a morsel of bread, and sometimes he was not. But Bob was too spirited to lie down and starve. So, when the baker shook his head, saying, "You come here too often," he watched a chance and stole peanuts from the stand on the corner. The Ten Commandments did not trouble him in the least; for he had never heard of them. Bob only knew that there was a day in the week when the baker looked more solemn than on other days, and when the streets were less crowded.

The one thing in the world Bob cherished was Pin. And the feeling was mutual; for not seldom, when the dog discovered a bone or crust of bread among the rubbish-heaps, he would let himself be deprived of the treasure without even a growl. Then, when Christmas came round, Bob and the poodle would stand by the shop-windows and admire the toys together; and the child would talk to his pet, and tell him that this was a doll and that a Noe's ark. Once he managed to possess himself of a toy which a lady let drop on the sidewalk. But he did not keep it long; for another urchin offered him a dime for it, which Bob accepted, then forthwith turned the money into gingerbread, which he shared with Pin.

Such was the orphan's childhood. He was only one vagrant amid thousands of others. In the great beehive of humanity his faint buzz was unheard, and he was crowded out of sight by the swarm of other bees. Still, there he was, a member of the hive; moving about and struggling for existence; using his sting when he needed it, and getting what honey he could. When the boy was in his seventh year, a misfortune befell him which really smote his heart—the poodle disappeared. And now, for the first time in his life, Bob shed tears. He inquired of everybody in the tenement-house if they had seen him; he put the same query to nearly every inhabitant of Mott Street. But all smiled as they answered: "In a big city like New York a lost dog is like a needle in a haystack." Many a day did Bob pass seeking his friend. He wandered to alleys and squares where he had never been before, calling out, "Pin! Pin!" but no Pin came. Then, when night arrived and he lay down alone in his blanket, he felt lonely indeed. Poor child! It was hard to lose the only creature on earth that he loved—the only creature on earth, too, that loved him. "I'll never forget you," he sighed—"never forget you." And sometimes, when another dog would wag his tail and try to make friends, Bob would shake his head and say: "No, no, you're not my lost Pin."

It took a twelvemonth to become reconciled to this misfortune. But Time has broad wings, and on them Time bore away Bob's grief, as it bears away all our griefs; otherwise, one sorrow would not be able to make room for another sorrow, and we should sink down and die beneath our accumulated burdens.

We have styled Bob a vagrant. Here we take the name back, if aught of bad be implied in it. It was not his fault that he was born in a cellar; and if he stole peanuts and other things, 'twas only when hunger drove him to it. Doubtless, had he first seen the light in Fifth Avenue, he would have known ere this how to spell and say his prayers; might have

gone, perhaps, to many a children's party, with kid gloves on his delicate hands and a perfumed handkerchief for his sensitive little nose. But Bob was not born in Fifth Avenue. He wore barely clothes enough to cover his nakedness. His feet, like his hands, had never known covering of any sort; they were used to the mud and the snow, and once a string of red drops along the icy pavement helped to track him to his den after he had been committing a theft. In this case, however, the blood which flowed from his poor foot proved a blessing in disguise, for Bob spent the coldest of the winter months in the lock-up: clean straw, a dry floor, regular meals—what a happy month!

As for not being able to read—why, if a boy in such ragged raiment as his were to show himself at a public school, other boys would jeer at him, and the pedagogue eye him askance.

But Bob proved the metal that was in him by taking, when he was just eight years of age, a place in a factory. "Yes," he said to the man who brought him there, "I'd rather work than be idle."

It were difficult to describe his look of wonder when he first entered the vast building. There seemed to be no end of people—old men, young men, and children like himself, all silent and busy. Around them, above them, on every side of them, huge belts of leather, and rods of iron, and wheels and cog-wheels were whirring, darting in and out of holes, clearing this fellow's head by a few inches, grazing that one's back so close that, if he chanced to faint or drop asleep, off in an eye's twinkle the machinery would whirl him, rags, bones, and flesh making one ghastly pulp together. And the air was full of a loud, mournful hum, like ten thousand sighs and groans. Presently Bob sat down on a bench; then, like a good boy, tried to perform the task set for him. But he could only stare at the big flywheel right in front of him and close by; and so fixed and prolonged was his gaze that, by common consent, the operatives christened him Flywheel Bob. Next day, however, he began work in earnest, and it was not long ere he became the best worker of them all.

When Bob was an infant, we remember, he used to creep toward the sun-streak on the cellar floor, and cry when it faded away.

Now, although the building where he toiled twelve hours a day was gloomy and depressing, and the sunshine a godsend to the spirits, the boy never lifted his eyes for a single moment when it shimmered through the sooty windows. At his age one grows apace; one is likewise tender and easily moulded into well-nigh any shape.

So, like as the insect, emerging from the chrysalis, takes the color of the leaf or bark to which it clings, Bob grew more and more like unto the soulless machinery humming round him. If whispered to, he made no response. When toward evening his poor back would feel weary, no look of impatience revealed itself on his countenance. If ever he heaved a sigh, no ears heard it, not even his own; and the foreman declared that he was a model boy for all the other boys to imitate—so silent, so industrious, so heartily co-operating with the wheels and cog-wheels, boiler, valves, and steam; in fact, he was the most valuable piece in the whole complicated machinery.

Bob was really a study. There

are children who look forward to happy days to come; who often, too, throw their mind's eye backward on the Christmas last gone by. This Bob never did. His past had no Santa Claus, his present had none, his future had none. It were difficult to say what life did appear to him, as day after day he bent over his task. Mayhap he never indulged in thoughts about himself —what he had been, what he was, what he might become Certainly, if we may judge by the vacant, leaden look into which his features ere long crystallized, Bob was indeed what the foreman said—a bit of the machinery. And more and more akin to it he grew as time rolled by. Bob had never beheld it except in motion; and on Sundays, when he was forced to remain idle, his arm would ever and anon start off on a wild, crazy whirl; round and round and round it would go; whereupon the other children would laugh and shout: "Hi! ho! Look at Flywheel Bob!"

The child's fame spread. In the course of time Richard Goodman, the owner of the factory, heard of him. This gentleman, be it known, was subject to the gout; at least, he gave it that name, which sounded better than rheumatism, for it smacked of family, of gentle birth; though, verily, if such an ailment might be communicated through a proboscis, there was not enough old Madeira in his veins to have given a mosquito the gout.

When thus laid up, Mr. Goodman was wont to send for his superintendent to inquire how business was getting on; and it was upon one of these occasions that he first heard of Bob. Although not a person given to enthusiasm, not even when expressing himself on the subject of money—money, which lay like a little gold worm in the core of his heart—he became so excited when he was told about the model child, who never smiled, who never sulked, who never asked for higher wages, that the foreman felt a little alarm; for he had never seen his employer's eyes glisten as they did now, and even the pain in his left knee did not prevent Mr. Goodman from rising up out of the easy-chair to give vent to his emotion. "Believe me," he exclaimed, "this child is the beginning of a new race of children. Believe me, when our factories are filled by workers like him, then we'll have no more strikes; strikes will be extinguished for ever!" Here Mr. Goodman sank down again in the chair, then, pulling out a silk handkerchief, wiped his forehead. But presently his brow contracted. "There is some talk," he continued, "of introducing a bill in the legislature to exclude all children from factories under ten years of age. Would such a bill exclude my model boy?"

"I can't say whether it would," replied the manager. "Bob may be ten, or a little under, or a little over. I don't think he'll change much from what he is, not if he lives fifty years. His face looks just like something that has been hammered into a certain shape that it can't get out of."

"And they talk, too, of limiting the hours of work to ten per day for children between ten and sixteen years," went on Mr. Goodman, still frowning; "and, what's more, the bill requires three months' day-schooling or six months' night-schooling. I declare, if this bill becomes a law, I'll retire from business. The public has no right to interfere with my employment of labor. It is sheer tyranny."

"Well, it would throw labor considerably out of gear," remarked the superintendent; "for there are a hundred thousand children employed in the shops and factories of this city and suburbs."

"But, no; the bill sha'n't pass!" exclaimed Mr. Goodman, thumping his fist on the table. "Why, what's the use of a lobby, if such a bill can go through?"

Here the foreman smiled, whereupon his employer gave a responsive smile; then pulling the bell, "Now," said the latter, "let us drink the model boy's health." In a few minutes there appeared a decanter of sherry. "Here's to Flywheel Bob!" cried Mr. Goodman, holding up his glass.

"To Flywheel Bob!" repeated the other; and they both tossed off the wine.

"Flywheel Bob! Why, what a funny name!" spoke a low, silvery voice close by. Mr. Goodman turned hastily round, and there, at the threshold of the study, stood a little girl, with a decidedly pert air, and a pair of lustrous black eyes fixed full upon him; they seemed to say: "I know you told me not to enter here, yet here I am." A profusion of ringlets rippled down her shoulders, and on one of her slender fingers glittered a gold ring.

"Daisy, you have disobeyed me," said her father, trying to appear stern; "and, what is more, you glide about like a cat."

"Do I?" said Daisy, smiling. "Well, pa, tell me who Flywheel Bob is; then I'll go away."

"Something down at my factory—a little toy making pennies for you. There, now, retire, darling, retire."

"A little toy? Then give me Flywheel Bob; I want a new plaything," pursued the child, quite heedless of the command to withdraw.

"Well, I'd like to know how many toys you want?" said Mr. Goodman impatiently. "You've had dear knows how many dolls since Christmas."

"Nine, pa."

"And pray, what has become of them all, miss?"

"Given away to girls who didn't get any from Santa Claus."

"I declare! she's her poor dear mother over again," sighed the widower. "Margaret would give away her very shoes and stockings to the poor."

The sigh had barely escaped his lips when the foreman burst into a laugh, and presently Mr. Goodman laughed too; for, lo! peeping from behind the girl's silk frock was the woolly head of a poodle. In his mouth was a doll with one arm broken off, hair done up in curls like Daisy's, and a bit of yellow worsted twined around one of the fingers to take the place of a ring. "Humph! I don't wonder you've had nine dolls in five months," ejaculated Mr. Goodman after he had done laughing. "Rover, it seems, plays with them too; then tears them up."

"Well, pa, he is tired of dolls now, and wants Flywheel Bob; and so do I."

"I wish I hadn't mentioned the boy's name," murmured Mr. Goodman. Then aloud: "Daisy dear, I am going out for a drive by and by; which way shall we go? To the Park?"

"No; to Tiffany's to have my ears pierced." At this he burst into another laugh.

"Why, pa, I'm almost ten, and old enough for earrings," added Daisy, tossing her head and mak-

ing the pretty ringlets fly about in all directions.

"Well, well, darling; then we will go to Tiffany's."

"And afterwards, pa, we'll get Flywheel Bob."

"Oh! hush, my love. You cannot have him."

"*Him!* Is he a little boy, pa?" Mr. Goodman did not answer. "Well, whatever Flywheel Bob is," she continued, "I want a new plaything. This doll Rover broke all by accident. And I scolded you hard; didn't I, Rover?" Here she patted the dog's head. "But, pa, he sha'n't hurt Flywheel Bob."

"Well, well, we'll drive out in half an hour," said her parent, who would fain have got the notion of Flywheel Bob out of his child's head, yet feared it might stick there.

"In half an hour," repeated Daisy, feeling the tips of her ears, while her eyes sparkled like the jewels which were shortly to adorn them. Then, going to the bell, she gave a ring. Mr. Goodman, of course, imagined that it was to order the carriage. But when the domestic appeared, Daisy quietly said: "Jane, I wish the boned turkey brought here." No use to protest—to tell the child that this room was his own private business room, and not the place for luncheon.

In the boned turkey was brought, despite Mr. Goodman's sighs. But it was well-nigh more than he could endure when presently, after carving off three slices, she bade Rover sit up and beg.

In an instant the poodle let the doll drop, then, balancing himself on his haunches, gravely opened his mouth. "He never eats anything except boned turkey," observed Daisy in answer to her father's look of displeasure. "Bones are bad for his teeth." Then, while her pet was devouring the dainty morsels: "Pa," she went on, "you haven't yet admired Rover's blue ribbon."

"Umph! he certainly doesn't look at all like the creature he was when you bought him three years ago," answered Mr. Goodman.

"Well, pa, this summer I will not go to the White Mountains. Remember!"

"Why not?" inquired Mr. Goodman, who failed to discern any possible connection between the poodle and this charming summer resort.

"Because I want surf-bathing for Rover. I love to throw your cane into the big waves, then see him rush after it and jump up and down in the foam. This season we must go to Long Branch." Her father made no response, but turned to address a parting word to the superintendent, who presently took leave, highly amused by the child's bold, pert speeches.

"Now, Daisy, for our drive," said Mr. Goodman, rising stiffly out of the arm-chair.

But he had only got as far as the door when another visitor was announced. It proved to be a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals—a society which has already done much good, and whose greatest enemy is the ill-judged zeal of some of its own members.

"What on earth can he want?" thought Mr. Goodman, motioning to the gentleman to take a seat.

"I am come, sir," began the latter, "to inquire whether you would accept the position of president of our society? We have much to contend with, and gentlemen like yourself—gentlemen of wealth and influence in the community—are needed to assist us."

Mr. Goodman, who in reality cared not a rush how animals were treated, yet was ambitious to be known as a citizen of influence, bowed and replied: "I feel highly honored, sir, and am willing to become your president." Then, filling anew the wine-glasses, he called out:

"Here is success and prosperity to—"

"Flywheel Bob," interrupted Daisy. "For, pa, he is a little boy, isn't he? A little boy making pennies?"

Mr. Goodman frowned, while the child laughed and Rover barked. But presently the toast to the society was duly honored, after which the visitor proceeded to speak of several cruel sports which he hoped would soon be put a stop to. "Turkey-matches on Thanksgiving day must be legislated against, Mr. President." Mr. President bowed and waved his hand. "And there is talk, sir, of introducing fox-chases, as in England. This sport must likewise be prevented by law." Another bow and wave of the hand.

"Well, pa, you sha'n't stop me killing flies; for flies plague Rover," put in Daisy, with a malicious twinkle in her eye.

Again the poodle barked. Then, clapping her hands, off she flew to get her hat and gloves, leaving the gentlemen smiling at this childish remark.

"My darling," said Mr. Goodman a quarter of an hour later, as they were driving down Fifth Avenue together—"my darling, I have been placed at the head of another society—a society to prevent cruelty to animals."

"I am glad," replied Daisy, looking up in his face. "Everybody likes you, pa; don't they?"

Daisy, let us here observe, was the rich man's only child. His wife was dead; but whenever he gazed upon the little fairy at this moment seated beside him, he seemed to behold his dear Margaret anew: the same black eyes, the same wilful, imperious, yet withal tenderly affectionate ways. No wonder that Richard Goodman idolized his daughter. To no other living being did he unbend, did his heart ever quicken.

But to Daisy he did unbend. He loved to caress her, to talk to her, too, about matters and things which she could hardly understand. And she would always listen and appear very pleased and interested. Search the whole city of New York, and you would not have found another of her age with so much tact when she chose to play the little lady, nor a better child, either, considering how thoroughly she had been spoilt. If Daisy was a tyrant, she was a very loving one indeed, and none knew this better than her father and the poodle, who is now perched on the front cushion of the barouche, looking scornfully down at the curs whom he passes, and saying to himself: "What a lucky dog I am!"

"I am sure the Society to prevent Cruelty to Animals will do good," observed Daisy, after holding up her finger a moment and telling Rover to sit straight. "But, pa, is Flywheel Bob an animal or a toy? Or is he really a little boy, as I guessed awhile ago?"

"There it comes again," murmured Mr. Goodman. Then, with a slight gesture of impatience, he answered: "A boy, my love, a boy."

"Well, what a funny name, pa! Oh! I'm glad we're going to see him."

"No, dear, we are going to Tiffany's—to Tiffany's, in order to have

your darling ears pierced and elegant earrings put in them."

"I know it, pa, but I ordered James to drive first to the factory."

No use to protest. The coachman drove whither he was bidden. But not a little surprised was he, when they arrived, to see his young mistress alight instead of his master.

"I am too lame with gout to accompany her," whispered Mr. Goodman to the foreman, who presently made his appearance. "It is an odd whim of hers. Don't keep her long, and take great care about the machinery."

"I'll be back soon, pa," said Daisy—"very soon." With this she and Rover entered the big, cheerless edifice, which towered like a giant high above all the surrounding houses.

"Now, Miss Goodman, keep close to me and walk carefully," said her guide.

"Let me hold your hand," said the child, who already began to feel excited as the first piece of machinery came in view. Then, pausing at the threshold of floor number one, "Oh! what a noise," she cried, "and what a host of people! Which one is Flywheel Bob?"

"Yonder he sits, miss," replied the superintendent, pointing to the curved figure of a boy—we might better say child; for, in the two and a half years since we last met him, Bob has hardly grown a quarter of an inch. "Why doesn't he sit straight?" asked Daisy, approaching him.

"Because, miss, Bob minds his task."

"Well, he does indeed; for he hasn't looked at me once, while all the rest are staring."

"You are the first young lady that has ever honored us by a visit," answered the foreman.

"Am I?" exclaimed Daisy, not a little gratified to have so many eyes fastened upon her. At children's parties, pretty as she was, she had rivals; here there were none. And now, as she moved daintily along, with her glossy curls swaying to and fro, and her sleeves not quite hiding the gold bracelets on her snowy wrists, she formed indeed a bewitching picture. Presently they arrived beside Flywheel Bob; then Daisy stopped and surveyed him attentively, wondering why he still refused to notice her. "How queerly he behaves!" she said inwardly, "and how pale he is! I wonder what he gets to eat? His fingers are like spiders' claws. I'd rather be Rover than Bob." While she thus soliloquized the poodle kept snuffing at the boy's legs, and his tail, which at first had evinced no sign of emotion, was now wagging slowly from side to side, like as one who moves with doubt and deliberation. Mayhap strange thoughts were flitting through Rover's head at this moment. Perchance dim memories were being awakened of a damp abode underground; of a baby twisting knots in his shaggy coat; of hard times, when a half-picked bone was a feast. Who knows? But while the dog poked his nose against the boy's ragged trowsers, while his tail wagged faster and faster, while his mistress said to herself: "I'll tell pa about poor Bob, and he shall come to Long Branch with us," the object of her pity continued as unmoved by the attention bestowed on him as if he had been that metal rod flashing back and forth in yon cylinder.

"How many hours does Bob work?" inquired Daisy, moving

away and drawing Rover along by the ear; for Rover seemed unwilling to depart.

"Twelve, miss," replied the foreman.

"Twelve!" repeated Daisy, lifting her eyebrows. "Does he really? Why, I don't work two. My governess likes to drive in the Park, and so do I; and we think two hours long enough."

"Well, I have seen him, pa," said Daisy a few minutes later, as she and her father were driving away.

"Have you? Humph! then I suppose we may now go to Tiffany's," rejoined Mr. Goodman somewhat petulantly.

"And, pa, Flywheel Bob isn't a bit like any other boy I have ever seen. Why, he is all doubled up; his bony fingers move quick, quick, ever so quick; his eyes keep always staring at his fingers, and"—here an expression of awe shadowed the child's bright face a moment—"and really, pa, I thought he said 'hiss-s-s' when the steam-pipe hissed."

"Humph!" ejaculated the manufacturer. Then, after a pause: "Well, now, my dear, let us talk about something else—about your earrings; which shall they be, pearls or diamonds?"

"Diamonds, pa, for they shine prettier." Then clapping her hands: "Oh! wouldn't it surprise Bob if I gave him a holiday? He is making pennies for me, isn't he? You said so this morning. Well, pa, I have pennies enough, so Bob shall play awhile; he shall come to Long Branch."

"My daughter, do not be silly," said Mr. Goodman.

"Silly! Why, pa, if Rover likes surf-bathing, I'm sure Flywheel Bob'll like it too."

"He is too good a boy to idle away his time, my love."

"Well, but, pa, I heard you say that bathing was so healthy; and Bob doesn't look healthy."

"Thank heavens! here we are at Tiffany's," muttered Mr. Goodman when presently the carriage came to a stop. But before his daughter descended he took her hand and said: "Daisy, you love me, do you not?"

Love you, pa? Of course I do." And to prove it the child pressed her lips to his cheek.

"Then, dearest, please not to speak any more about Flywheel Bob; otherwise your governess will think you are crazy, and so will everybody else who hears you."

"Crazy!" cried Daisy, opening her eyes ever so wide. Then turning up her little, saucy nose: "Well, pa, I don't care what Mam'selle thinks!"

"But you care about what *I* think?" said Mr. Goodman, still retaining her hand; for she seemed ready to fly away.

"Oh! indeed I do."

"Then I request you not to mention Flywheel Bob any more."

"Really?" And Daisy gazed earnestly in his face, while astonishment, anger, love, made her own sweet countenance for one moment a terrible battle-field. It was all she spoke; in another moment she and Rover were within the splendid marble store.

As soon as she was gone Mr. Goodman drew a long breath. Yet he could not bear to be without his daughter, even for ever so short a time; and now she was scarcely out of sight when he felt tempted to hobble after her. He worshipped Daisy. But who did not? She was the life of his home. Without her it would have been sombre indeed;

for No. — Fifth Avenue was a very large mansion, and no other young person was in it besides herself. But Daisy made racket enough for six, despite her French governess, who would exclaim fifty times a day: "Mademoiselle Marguerite, vous vous comportez comme une bourgeoise." If an organ-grinder passed under the window, the window was thrown open in a trice, and down poured a handful of coppers; and happy was the monkey who climbed up to that window-sill, for the child would stuff his red cap with sugar and raisins, and send him off grinning as he had never grinned before.

"O darling! do hurry back," murmured Mr. Goodman, while he waited in the carriage, longing for her to reappear. At length she came, and the moment she was beside him again he gave her an embrace; then the rich man drove home, feeling very, very happy.

But not so Daisy. And this afternoon she stood a whole hour by the window, looking silently out. In vain the itinerant minstrel played his finest tunes; she seemed deaf to the music. Rover, too, looked moody and not once wagged his tail; nor when dinner-time came would he touch a mouthful of anything—which, however, did not surprise the governess, who observed: "Ma foi! l'animal ne fait que manger." But when a whole week elapsed, and Daisy still remained pensive, her father said: "You need change of air, my love; so get your things ready. To-morrow we'll be off for Long Branch."

"So soon!" exclaimed Daisy. It was only the first of June.

"Why, my pet, don't you long to throw my cane into the waves, to see Rover swim after it?" Then, as she made no response, "Daisy," he went on, "why do you not laugh and sing and be like you used to be? Tell me what is the matter."

Without answering, Daisy looked down at the poodle, who turned his eyes up at her and faintly moved his tail.

"Yes, yes; I see you need a change," continued Mr. Goodman. "So to-morrow we'll be off for the seaside. There I know you will laugh and be happy."

"Is Flywheel Bob happy?" murmured the child under her breath.

"A little louder, dear one, a little louder. I didn't catch those last words."

"You asked me, pa, not to speak of Flywheel Bob to you; so I only spoke about him to myself."

"Well, I do declare!" exclaimed Mr. Goodman in a tone of utter amazement; then, after staring at her for nearly a minute, he rose up and passed into his private room, thinking what a very odd being Daisy was. "She is her poor, dear mother over again," he muttered. "I never could quite understand Margaret, and now I cannot understand Daisy."

Mr. Goodman had not been long in his study when a visitor was announced. The one who presently made his appearance was as unlike the benevolent and scrupulous gentleman who came here once to beg the manufacturer to become president of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals—as unlike him, we repeat, as a man could possibly be.

This man's name was Fox; and verily there was something of his namesake about him. Explain it as we may, we do occasionally meet with human beings bearing a mysterious resemblance to some one of the lower animals; and if Mr. Fox could only have dwindled in size,

then dropped on his hands and knees, we should have fired at him without a doubt, had we discovered him near our hen-roost of a moonlight night.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Fox," said Mr. Goodman, motioning to him to be seated. "I sent for you to talk about important business."

"At your service, sir," replied the other, with a twinkle in his gray eye which pleased Daisy's father; for it seemed to say, "I am ready for any kind of business."

"Very good," said Mr. Goodman; then, after tapping his fingers a moment on the table: "Now, Mr. Fox, I would like you to proceed at once to Albany. Can you go?"

Mr. Fox nodded.

"Very good. And when you are there, sir, I wish you to exert yourself to the utmost to prevent the passage of a bill known as 'The Bill for the protection of factory children.'"

Here Mr. Fox blew his nose, which action caused his cunning eyes to sparkle more brightly. Then, having returned the handkerchief to his pocket, "Mr. Goodman," he observed, "of course you are aware that it takes powder to shoot robins. Now, how much, sir, do you allow for this bird?"

Mr. Goodman smiled; then, after writing something on a slip of paper, held it up before him.

"Humph!" ejaculated Mr. Fox. "That sum may do—it may. But you must know, sir, that this legislature is not like the last one. This legislature"—here Mr. Fox himself smiled—"is affected with a rare complaint, which we gentlemen of the lobby facetiously call 'Ten-Commandment fever'; and the weaker a man is with this complaint, the more it takes to operate on him."

"Then make it this." And Mr. Goodman held up another slip with other figures marked on it.

"Well, yes, I guess that'll cure the worst case," said Mr. Fox, grinning.

"Good!" exclaimed Daisy's father. "Then, sir, let us dismiss the subject and talk about something else—about a bill introduced by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, of which society I am president. It relates to chasing foxes."

"And this bill you *don't* want killed?" said Mr. Fox.

"Precisely."

"Well, sir, how much are you willing to spend for that purpose?"

Again Mr. Goodman held up a piece of paper.

"Why, my stars!" cried the lobby-member, after glancing at the figures—"my stars! isn't it as important a bill as the other?"

"I won't alter my figures," replied Mr. Goodman.

"But remember, sir, you are president of the So—"

"I won't alter my figures," repeated Mr. Goodman, interrupting him.

"Then, sir, you cannot count on a law to prevent people running after foxes," answered Mr. Fox dryly; but presently, shrugging his shoulders, "However, as much as can be accomplished with that small sum of money, I will accomplish."

"I don't doubt it," observed Mr. Goodman; then, turning toward the table, "And now, sir, suppose we drink a glass of wine, after which you will proceed to Albany."

Accordingly, to Albany Mr. Fox went, while Richard Goodman and his daughter took wing for Long Branch.

But, strange to relate, the change

of air did not work the beneficial effects which her father had expected. There was evidently something the matter with Daisy. She had grown thoughtful beyond her years, and would ever and anon sit down on the beach, and, with Rover's head resting on her lap, gaze out over the blue waters without opening her lips for perhaps a whole hour.

"What can ail my darling child?" Mr. Goodman often asked himself during these pensive moods. Then he consulted three physicians who happened to be taking a holiday at the Branch; one of whom recommended iron, another cod-liver oil, while the third doctor said: "Fresh milk, sir, fresh milk."

While he was thus worried about Daisy, the torrid, sunstroke heat of summer flamed down upon the city, and more and more people followed his example and fled to Newport and the White Mountains, to Saratoga and Long Branch. But those who went away were as a drop in the ocean to those who remained behind. The toilers are ever legion. We see them not, yet they are always near, toiling, toiling; and our refinement, our luxury, our happiness, are too often the fruit of their misery. The deeper the miner delves in the mine, the higher towers the castle of Mammon. So in these sultry dog-days Flywheel Bob's spider fingers were at work for Richard Goodman's benefit, as deftly as in the depths of winter—no holiday for those poor fingers. Yet not even a sigh does Bob heave, and he cares less now for the blessed sunshine than he did in his baby days, when it painted a golden streak on the cellar floor. O foolish boy! why didst thou not go with thy mother? There was room enough in the pine box to have held ye both, and in Potter's field thy weary body would have found rest long ago.

But Bob, instead of dying, lived; and now behold him, in his eleventh year, in the heart of this big factory, the biggest in the metropolis, and the clatter and din of it are his very life. Oh! show him not a rose, Daisy dear. Keep far from his ears the song of the birds! Let him be, let him be where he is! And O wheels and cogwheels, and all ye other pieces of machinery! whatever name ye go by, keep on turning and rumbling and groaning; for Flywheel Bob believes with all his heart and soul that he is one with you, that ye are a portion of himself. Break not his mad illusion! 'Tis the only one he has ever enjoyed. And on the machinery went—on, on, on, all through June, July, August, earning never so much money before; and the millionaire to whom it belonged would have passed never so happy a summer (for his manager wrote him most cheering reports), if only Daisy had been well and cheerful.

It was the 1st of September when Mr. Goodman returned to New York—the 1st of September; a memorable day it was to be.

Hardly had he crossed the threshold of his city home when he received a message which caused him to go with all haste to the factory. What had happened? The machinery had broken down, come to a sudden dead pause; and the moment's stillness which followed was not unlike the stillness of the death-chamber—just after the vital spark has fled, and when the mourners can hear their own hearts beating. Then came a piercing, agonizing cry; up, up from floor to floor it shrilled. And lo! Flywheel Bob had become a raving maniac,

and far out in the street his voice could be heard: "Don't let the machine stop! Don't let the machine stop! Oh! don't, oh! don't. Keep me going! keep me going!" Immediately the other operatives crowded about him; a few laughed, many looked awe-stricken, while one stalwart fellow tried to prevent his arms from swinging round like the wheel which had been in motion near him so long. But this was not easy to do, and the mad boy continued to scream: "Keep me going, keep me going, keep me going!" until finally he sank down from utter exhaustion. Then they carried him away to his underground home, the same dusky chamber where he was born, and left him.

But ere long the place was thronged with curious people, drawn thither by his cries, and who made sport of his crazy talk; for Bob told them that he was a flywheel, and it was dangerous to approach him. Then they lit some bits of candle, and formed a ring about him, so as to give his arms full space to swing. And now, while his wild, impish figure went spinning round and hissing amid the circle of flickering lights, it was well-nigh impossible to believe that he was the same being who eleven years before had crept and crowed and toddled about in this very spot, a happy babe, with Pin and a sunbeam to play with.

It was verging towards evening when Mr. Goodman received the message alluded to above; and Daisy, after wondering a little what could have called her father away at this hour, determined to sally forth and enjoy a stroll in the avenue with Rover. Her governess had a headache and could not accompany her; but this did not matter, for the child was ten years old and not afraid to go by herself. Accordingly, out she went. But, to her surprise, when she reached the sidewalk her pet refused to follow. He stood quite still, and you might have fancied that he was revolving some project in his noddle. "Come, come!" said Daisy impatiently. But the dog stirred not an inch, nor even wagged his tail. And now happened something very interesting indeed. Rover presently did move, but not in the direction which his young mistress wished—up towards the Park—but down the avenue. Nor would he halt when she bade him, and only once did he glance back at her. "Well, well, I'll follow him," said Daisy. "He likes Madison Square; perhaps he is going there."

She was mistaken, however. Past the Square the poodle went, then down Broadway, and on, on, to Daisy's astonishment and grief, who kept imploring him to stop; and once she caught his ear and tried to hold him back, but he broke loose, then proceeded at a brisker pace than before, so that it was necessary almost to run in order to keep up with him. By and by the child really grew alarmed; for she found herself no longer in Broadway, but in a much narrower street, where every other house had a hillock of rubbish in front of it, and where the stoops and sidewalks were crowded with sickly-looking children in miserable garments, and who made big eyes at her as she went by. The curs, too, yelped at Rover, as if he had no business to be among them; and one mangy beast tried to tear off his pretty blue ribbon. But, albeit no coward, Rover paused not to fight; steadily on he trotted, until at length he dived down a flight of rickety steps. Daisy had to follow, for she durst not leave him now; she seemed to

be miles away from her beautiful home on Murray Hill, and there was no choice left, save to trust to her pet to guide her back when he felt inclined.

But it was not easy to penetrate into the cavern-like domicile whither the stairway led; for it was very full of people. The dog, however, managed to squeeze through them; and Daisy, who was clinging to his shaggy coat, presently found herself in an open space lit up by half a dozen tapers, and in the middle of the ring a boy was yelling and swinging his arms around with terrific velocity, and the boy looked very like Flywheel Bob.

"Hi! ho! Here's a fairy, Bob—a fairy!" cried a voice, as Daisy emerged from the crowd and stood trembling before him. "It's Cinderella," shouted another. "Isn't she a beauty!" exclaimed a third voice.

While they were passing these remarks upon the child, Rover was yelping and frisking about as she had never seen him do before; he seemed perfectly wild with delight. But the one whom the poodle recognized and loved knew him not.

"O Bob! Bob!" cried Daisy presently, stretching forth her hands in an imploring manner, "don't kill my Rover! Don't, don't!"

There was indeed cause for alarm. The mad boy had suddenly ceased his frantic motions and clutched her pet by the throat, as if to choke him. Yet, although in dire peril of his life, Rover wagged his tail, and somebody shouted: "Bully dog! He'll die game!"

"Come away, come away quick!" said a man, jerking Daisy back by the arm. Then three or four other men flew to the rescue of the poodle, and not without some difficulty unbent Bob's fingers from their iron grip; after which, still wagging his poor tail, Rover was driven out of the room after his mistress

Oh! it seemed like heaven to Daisy when she found herself once more in the open air. But what she had heard and witnessed in the horrible place which she had just quitted wrought too powerfully on her nerves, and now the child burst into hysterical sobs. While Daisy wept, somebody—she hardly knew whether it was a man or woman—fondled her and tried to soothe her, and at the same time slipped off her ring, earrings, and bracelets. The tender thief was in the very nick of time; for in less than five minutes, to Daisy's unutterable joy, who should appear but her father, accompanied by a policeman and the superintendent of the factory. "O my daughter! my daughter! how came you here?" cried Mr. Goodman, starting when he discovered her. "Have you lost your senses too?"

"Oh! no, no, pa," answered Daisy, springing into his arms. "Rover brought me here."

Then after a brief silence, during which her father kissed the tears off her cheek: "And, pa," she added, "I have seen Flywheel Bob, and do you know I think they have been doing something to him; for he acts so very strangely. Poor, poor Bob!"

While she was speaking the object of her commiseration was carried up the steps. Happily, he was tired out by his crazy capers and was now quite calm, nor uttered a word as they laid him on the sidewalk.

"Dear Bob, what is the matter? What have they done to you?" said Daisy, bending tenderly over him. Bob did not answer, but his eyes rolled about and gleamed brighter than her lost diamonds.

"Don't disturb him, darling. He is going to the hospital, where he will soon be well again," said Mr. Goodman.

"Well, pa, he sha'n't go back to that horrid factory," answered Daisy; "and, what's more, now that he is ill, he sha'n't go anywhere except to my house."

"Darling, don't be silly," said Mr. Goodman, dropping his voice. "How could a little lady like you wish to have him in your house?"

"Why, pa, Bob is ill; look at the foam on his lips. Yes, I'm sure he is ill, and I wish to nurse him."

"Well, my child, you cannot have him; therefore speak no more about it," replied Mr. Goodman, who felt not a little annoyed at the turn things were taking.

"Then, pa, I'll go to the hospital too, and nurse him there; upon my word I will."

"No, you sha'n't."

"But I will. O father!" Here the child again burst into sobs, while the crowd looked on in wonder and admiration, and one man whispered: "What a game thing she is!"

Three days have gone by since Daisy's noble triumph, and now, on a soft, luxurious couch in an elegant apartment, lies Flywheel Bob, while by the bedside watches his devoted little nurse. The boy's reason has just returned, but he can hardly move or speak.

"O Bob! don't die," said Daisy, taking one of his cold, death-moistened hands in hers. You sha'n't work any more. Don't, don't die!" The physician has told her that death is approaching.

"Where am I?" inquired Bob in a faint, scarce audible whisper, and turning his hollow, bewildered eyes on the child.

"You are here, Bob, in my home, and nobody shall put you out of it; and when you get well, you shall have a long, long holiday."

The boy did not seem to understand; at least, his eyes went roving strangely round the room, and he murmured the word "Pin."

"What do you mean, dear Bob?" asked Daisy.

"Pin," he repeated—"my lost Pin."

Here the door of the chamber was pushed gently open and Rover thrust his head in. The dog had been thrice ordered out for whining and moaning, and Daisy was about to order him away a fourth time, when Bob looked in the direction of the door. Quick the poodle bounded forward, and as he bounded Flywheel Bob rose up in the bed, and cried in a voice which startled Daisy, it was so loud and thrilling: "O Pin! Pin! Pin!" In another moment his arms were twined round the creature's neck; then he bowed down his head.

Bob spoke not again—Bob never spoke again and when Daisy at length discovered that he was dead, she wept as if her heart would break.

. . . . . .

"Father, I think poor Bob would not have died, if you had let me have him sooner," said Daisy the evening of the funeral.

"Alas! my child, I believe what you say is too true," replied Mr. Goodman. "But his death has already caused me suffering enough; do let me try and forget it. I promise there shall be no more Flywheel Bobs in my factory."

"Oh! yes, pa; give them plenty of holidays. Why, Rover, I think, is happier than many of those poor people." Then, patting the dog's head: "And, pa, I am going now to call Rover Pin; for I am sure that was his old name."

"Perhaps it was, darling," said Mr. Goodman, fondling with her ringlets. Then, with a smile, he added: "Daisy, do you know both Mr. Fox and my superintendent believe that I am gone mad!"

"Mad? Why, pa?"

"Because I have sworn to undo all I have done. Ay, I mean to try my best to be elected president of another society—the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children; and I will try to make them all happy."

"Oh! yes, yes, as happy as Pin is," said Daisy, laughing. "Why, pa, I only work two hours a day, and Mam'selle is always pleased with me." Then, her cherub face growing serious again: "And now," she added, "I must have a pretty tombstone placed on Bob's grave, and I will pay for it all myself out of my own money."

"Have you enough, darling?"

"Well, if I haven't, pa, you'll give me more money; for I wish to pay for it all, all myself."

"So you shall, my love," said Mr. Goodman, smiling. "But what kind of a monument is it to be?"

"A white marble cross, pa. Then I'll often go and hang wreaths upon it—wreaths of beautiful flowers; for I never, never, never will forget Flywheel Bob."

THE PONTIFICAL VESTMENTS OF EGYPT AND ISRAEL.

MUCH discussion has arisen among commentators and archæologists with regard to the sacred vestments of the Jewish high-priest and the Levites; and yet it does not appear to have hitherto occurred to them to refer to the only sources whence additional and authentic information respecting these vestments can be obtained—namely, the monuments of ancient Egypt.

Age after age have repeated attempts been made to remake the vestments of the Hebrew priesthood solely from the descriptions given in the Pentateuch; but hitherto the words of Moses have been subjected to the most discordant interpretations. In a book by the Abbé Ancessi, entitled *Egypt and Moses*,* the first part only of which has as yet appeared, we at last obtain a lucid idea of the Mosaical directions, the very vagueness of which testifies that the great Lawgiver is speaking of things already familiar to those whom he addresses. So much in this work is new, and so much is suggestive of what farther discoveries may bring to light, that we shall, with the kind permission of the learned author, make free use of it in the present notice.

At the very epoch to which chronologists are wont to refer the origin of the human race we find on the borders of the Nile an already powerful nation. Most of the peoples whose names were in after-times to be renowned in history were then tribes of mere barbarians, dwelling in the depths of forests, in caverns, or on the islets of the lakes, their weapons rude flint-headed axes and arrows, and their ornaments the teeth of the wild beasts they had slain in the chase, a few amber beads or rings

* *L'Egypte et Moïse.* Première Partie. Par l'Abbé Victor Ancessi. Paris: Leroux, Editeur, 28 Rue Bonaparte.

of cardium, threaded on tendons dried in the sun.

At this time the nobles of Egypt inhabited sumptuous palaces, wore necklaces of gold adorned with brilliant enamels, and hung from their girdles *laminæ* of bronze, damascened in gold with marvellous delicacy.* Already during a long period had the Egyptians depicted their annals, their symbolism, and their daily life and surroundings on the massive pages of stone which fill the museums of two of the greatest capitals of modern Europe, and on the rolls of linen and papyrus which enfold their mummies in the depth of those *Eternal Abodes*† whose sleep of ages has been disturbed by our unsparing hands. The bold chisel of the Egyptian sculptors carved from the hardest rock these statues of strange aspect, these grave and tranquil countenances of the sovereigns contemporary with Abraham or Moses, which, after long centuries, passed in their own unchanging and conservative clime, we find amongst us, under our own changeful skies, and amid the noise and unrepose of our modern existence.

The deciphering of inscriptions has given an insight into the history of Egypt, and "there are," as M. Ancessi observes, "kings of the middle ages who are less known to us than these Pharaos of every dynasty," who, by way of relaxation from the long, funereal labors in the building of the Pyramids imposed upon each prince by the belief and traditions of his ancestors, would ravage Africa or Asia; then, returning from these expeditions, exchange the fatigues of arms for the pleasures of the chase. In the desert or on Mount Sinai we find them hunting the lion and the gazelle, after having carried their thank-offerings to the temples of Memphis or of Thebes.

Thus we find in remote ages the fame of Egypt reaching to distant regions, besides exercising an immense influence on neighboring nations. It was what, later on, Athens became, and after Athens Rome—an object of wonder, interest, and envy for its power, its wealth, and splendor.

Such were the position and influence of Egypt when the family of shepherds which was one day to become the Hebrew nation wandered in the valley of the Jordan and on the plains of Palestine—that family to whom those pastures, streams, and mountain gorges were already peopled with precious memories, and who were farther bound to the land by the promises of God and their own most cherished hopes. Too feeble then to overcome the races of Amalec and Chanaan, it was needful that this tribe should be for a time withdrawn into a country in which they would forget their nomadic habits and become habituated to the settled life of civilized nations; in which, moreover, they would be disciplined and strengthened, and where their numbers would increase, until the time appointed should arrive when God would deliver into their hands the country so repeatedly promised to their race. This time being come, he had recourse, if one may say so, to a touching stratagem, and drew the sons of Jacob into the land of the Pharaos by placing Joseph on the steps of the throne.

During the gradual transformation of a wandering tribe into a

* The secret of this art was only recovered by the engravers of Damascus in the time of the caliphs.

† The name given by the Egyptians to their tombs.

settled people, another process, no less slow and difficult, was also preparing them for the future to which they were destined.

On the arrival of the patriarch Jacob in the fertile plains of the Delta the great and powerful of that day hastened to meet him with royal magnificence. These shepherds, accustomed only to the shelter of the tents which they carried away at will on their beasts of burden, found themselves face to face with palaces and temples of which the very ruins strike us with amazement.

And farther, what marvels were in store for the strangers in the various arts of civilization carried on in the cities of Mizraim, where painting and music flourished, where gravers and goldsmiths produced their excellent works, where unceasingly resounded the hammers of those who wrought in wood and stone, and the hum of a thousand looms, weaving those wondrous tissues * famous alike in the time of Solomon, of Ezechiel, and of Pliny—the "fine linen of Egypt."

The sight of all this must have vividly struck the imagination of the strangers; nevertheless, the prejudices and antipathies of race which speedily declared themselves, doubtless on the occasion of changes on the throne, would have kept them aloof from sharing in the pursuits by which they were surrounded, had not their new masters forced them away from tending their flocks and herds in the land of Goshen, and scattered them in the cities, mingling them with the Egyptian people.

They now found themselves compelled to make brick, hew stone, and handle the workman's hammer; to build, to cultivate the ground, and, in spite of any hereditary repugnance which might exist, to suffer themselves to be initiated into the arts and manufactures of ancient Egypt.

That which at first was only submitted to under coercion soon grew into the habits, tastes, and customs of the Israelites. They had entered upon a new phase of their existence, thence to issue, after a period of four hundred years, transformed into a people ripe for a constitution, laws, government, and national worship. A man alone was wanting to them, and this man God provided. When Moses arose amongst them, they were familiar with all the secrets of Egyptian art and manufacture. But it was not only by the formation of skilful craftsmen that the influence of this mighty nation made itself felt. It penetrated the whole of their daily life; and this indelible impression was not effaced when Israel had traversed a career of well-nigh twenty centuries. After the fall of Jerusalem and the dispersion of the Jewish people, it still attracted the attention of historians and thoughtful men.

It did not even occur to those not well acquainted with the customs of the Hebrews and of ancient Egypt, such as Tacitus, to separate the names of the two peoples, which were included by them in one and the same judgment, meriting in their eyes the same reproaches and together sharing the scanty praise which their new masters allowed at times to fall from their disdainful lips.

But there were others, more attentive and better informed, who

* See Prov. vii. 16: "Intexui funibus lectulum meum, stravi tapetibus pictis ex Ægypto"; Ezech. xxvii. 7; Pliny, *Nat Hist.*, xix. 2.

entered more deeply into the study and comparison of the two races—to name only Tertullian, Origen, St. Jerome, and St. Augustine. Eusebius had been attracted by the problem, as is proved by the few almost parenthetical lines in his great work, *The Preparation of the Gospel*, where he says: "During their sojourn in Egypt the Israelites adopted so completely the habits and customs of the Egyptians that there was no longer any apparent difference in the manner of life of the two peoples."*

Nearer to our own time the learned Kircher devoted long years to searching out those points of resemblance which could not at that time be studied by the light of original documents. The severest censors would be disarmed by the telling, though somewhat barbaric, form in which he has presented the true relationship existing between the Mosaic and Egyptian constitutions: "Hebræi tantam habent ad ritus, sacrificia, cæremonias, sacrasque disciplinas Ægyptiorum affinitatem, ut vel Ægyptios hebraïzantes, vel Hebræos ægyptizantes fuisse, mihi plane persuadeam."†

Kircher is right. These men of Asiatic race, born at Memphis, Tanis, or Ramses, were practically Egyptians, and had forgotten their ancient habits, their pastoral life, and the land where the ashes of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob were awaiting them. They had grown up and lived amongst a people whose tongue they had learned,‡ whose toils they shared, and whose gods they worshipped.* The children of Jacob could only be distinguished by the aquiline nose and slight beard from the brick-makers and masons of the country, as we see them frequently represented in the monuments of this epoch.

Moses, who was to become their lawgiver, was a learned and accomplished Egyptian in everything but the fact of race. Early separated from his family and countrymen, he had grown up at the court of Pharao, among the near attendants and favorites of the king, and was "instructed in all the wisdom of the Egyptians."† He had beheld the statues of the gods borne in the long processions, and had entered the now silent temples of Memphis; he had looked upon the arks whereon were portrayed the divine symbols, hidden under the guarding wings of mysterious genii;‡ and he had been present when the king, who was also sovereign pontiff, removed on solemn occasions the seals of clay from this sombre abode where, veiled in mystery, dwelt the name and the glory of God.

Into this inner sanctuary, the Egyptian Holy of Holies, the pontiff alone entered, but Moses could behold him from afar, when he burnt the incense before the veiled ark, where, concealing itself from mortal sight, dwelt the invisible majesty of Ra, "Creator and lord of the world."

* Euseb., *Evang. Prep.*, l. vii. c. viii.; *Pat. Grec.*, l. xxi. p. 530.

† "The Hebrews have so much affinity with the rites, sacrifices, ceremonies, and sacred customs of the Egyptians that I am fully persuaded we have before us either Hebraizing Egyptians or Egyptizing Hebrews.'

‡ Exod. xii.

* The Apis of gold, worshipped by the Israelites in the desert.

† Acts vii. 22.

‡ See in Sir J. G. Wilkinson's work, *A Popular Account of the Ancient Egyptians*, vol. i. pp. 267 and 270, two arks, covered with the symbols of divinity. The long wings of the genii are there represented as veiling the face of Ammon Ra and Ra Keper—the *Creator-God* and the *Hidden God*. The two genii are face to face, and veil the divine mystery with their wings, like the cherubim over the Ark of the Covenant.

Many a time must Moses have been present when the Pharao arrayed himself in the sacerdotal vestments—the long linen tunic and the bright, engirdling ephod. With his own hands he may have tied the cords of the sacred tiara upon the monarch's head, and clasped on his shoulders the golden chains of the pectoral. With the colleges of the priests he had chanted the hymns and litanies it was customary to sing in procession around the sanctuaries during the octaves and on the vigils of great solemnities. He was familiar with the legislative and moral code of the Egyptians, and all the ancient traditions of their race. And after he had crossed the frontier and the Red Sea, all these things could not disappear from his remembrance; in fact, they were intended to live in the constitution, laws, and religious ceremonial of the Israelites, but purified and freed from the corrupt elements of Egyptian mythology.

To show this in detail is the object of M. Ancessi's interesting work, in which, with minute care and research, he proceeds, in the first place, to consider the material portion of the worship—the sacerdotal garments, the ark, the altars, and the sacrifices—with the intention later of approaching the moral code, and, lastly, the literature of the two peoples.

The first of the sacerdotal garments described by Moses is the *ephod.* This vestment, conspicuous for its richness, was woven of threads of brilliant colors and adorned with precious stones set in gold. But it owed its peculiar excellence to the pectoral with the Urim and Thummim, that mysterious organ of the divine oracles which manifested God's care over his people by a perpetual miracle.*

Tradition makes frequent mention of this marvellous vestment. After the ruin of the Temple, Oriental writers gave free scope to their imagination and to the influence of family reminiscences in their descriptions of the ephod. We must not, however, take these as guides by any means trustworthy, but endeavor to arrive at the exact meaning of the Mosaic description,† as this, though brief and obscure, suffices to enable us to recognize the representations of the vestment which come to us from those remote ages.

Referring to the Vulgate, we find as follows: "Facient autem superhumerale [ephod] de auro et hyacintho et purpura, coccoque bis tincto, et bysso retorta, opere polymito."‡ And farther on: "Inciditque bracteas aureas, et extenuavit in fila, ut possint tor-

* The following episode in the life of David shows the importance and purpose of the ephod in Israel: "Now when David understood that Saul secretly prepared evil against him, he said to Abiathar the priest: Bring hither the ephod. And David said: O Lord God of Israel, thy servant hath heard a report that Saul designeth to come to Ceila, to destroy the city for my sake: will the men of Ceila deliver me into his hands? and will Saul come down as thy servant hath heard? O Lord God of Israel, tell thy servant. And the Lord said: He will come down. And David said: Will the men of Ceila deliver me, and my men, into the hands of Saul? And the Lord said: They will deliver thee up."—1 Kings xxiii. 9. See also 1 Kings xxx. 7, 8. Thus God answered by the ephod.

† We find the following, for example, in Suidas, under the word *ephod: Ephod* signifies in Hebrew *science* and *redemption.* In the middle of this vestment there was, as it were, a star of gold, and on its sides two emeralds; between the two emeralds a *diamond.* The priest consulted God by these stones. If Jehovah were favorable to the projects of Israel, the diamond flashed forth light; if they were displeasing to him, it remained in its natural state; and if he were about to strike his people by war, it became the color of blood; or by pestilence, it turned black." (Suidas is here commenting upon Josephus.) *Ant. Jud.* i. iii. c. 8, n.9.

‡ Exod. xxviii. 6: "And they shall make the ephod of gold, and violet, and purple, and scarlet twice-dyed, and fine twisted linen, embroidered with divers colors.'

queri cum priorum colorum subtegmine."*

This gives us the tissue of which the ephod was made—namely, a rich stuff of fine linen, composed of threads of blue, purple, and scarlet worked in with filaments of gold. So far there is no difficulty.† In the following verses Moses describes its form, and his words are: "Duo humeralia juncta erunt ei ad ejus duas extremitates et jungetur"—that is to say, literally: "Two joined shoulder-bands shall be fixed to the ephod at its two extremities, and thus it shall be fastened."

Now, if we compare with this the drawings representing the gods or kings of Egypt in their richest apparel, our attention is at once attracted by a broad belt of precious material and brilliant colors which encircles the body from the waist upwards to a little below the arms, and is upheld by two narrow bands, one passing over each shoulder, and joined together at the top, their lower extremities being sewn to the vestment before and behind. These are clearly the two *humeralia* spoken of by Moses.

In the Egyptian paintings we notice that the buttons by which the bands are fastened together on the shoulders are precious stones in a gold setting, and fixed, not on the top, but a little lower down towards the front, and at the exact place where Moses directs two gems to be placed, each on a disc of gold.

We know from Josephus that in the vesture of the high-priest these two uncut stones joined the shoulder-bands of the ephod together;* the parallel is therefore complete. Indeed, if we may believe Dom Calmet, a reminiscence of ancient Egypt is to be found even in the form of the hooks affixed to the two precious stones. These hooks, he tells us, had the form of an asp biting into the loop or eye of the opposite shoulder-band: "Dicunt Græci uncum illum exhibuisse formam aspidis admordentis oram hujus hiatus."† The head of the asp is a favorite object in Egyptian decoration.‡ This detail, however, is not insisted on, but merely mentioned in passing, as we find no allusion to it in the Pentateuch, nor is it based upon a tradition of ascertained authority.

We read further: "And thou shalt take two onyx stones, and shalt grave on them the names of the children of Israel: six names on one stone, and the other six on the other, according to the order of their birth. With the work of an engraver and a jeweller thou shalt engrave them with the names of the children of Israel, set in gold and compassed about: *and thou shalt put them on both sides of the ephod*, a memorial of the children of Israel. And Aaron shall bear their names before the Lord upon both shoulders, for a remembrance."§

Our European museums, and more so still that of Boulaq, near Cairo, possess a large number of

* Exod. xxxix. 3: "And he cut thin plates of gold, and drew them small into threads, that they might be twisted with the woof of the aforesaid color." (Douai).

† Neither St. Jerome nor the LXX. are successful in conveying any clear idea of the vestment.

* "In utroque humero, singuli sardonyches, auro inclusi, *fibularum vice* epomidem adnectunt"—*Antiq.*, lib. iii. c. vii.

† Calmet, Commentary upon Exodus, chap. xxviii. v. 11, Edit. of Mansi.

‡ The exquisite chain of gold found in the tomb of Queen Aa Hotep is terminated by two hooks shaped like the head of the asp. Many very similar ones are to be seen among the Egyptian antiquities in the Louvre and in the British Museum. The eyes of the serpent, enamelled in blue and black, have a striking effect.

§ Exod. xxviii. 9–12.

gems of every form, engraven with mystic inscriptions or the names of the members of a noble family. The exact destination of many of these stones is often unknown, and it is probable that some of them have belonged to sacerdotal garments, or may have adorned the shoulder-bands we are considering. In any case, we know not only that the Egyptians engraved precious stones with marvellous skill, but also that they were in the habit of dedicating, as *ex voto*, gems bearing the names of a whole family, to render each of its members always present to the remembrance of the gods. Thus many of the stones now in the Louvre were offered by princely houses to the gods whose protection they sought to secure.*

Moses, by the command of God, adopted this idea in composing the vestments of Aaron, placing on the shoulders of the high-priest two precious stones, upon which were engraven the names of the twelve tribes of Israel; expressing under this graceful symbolism the office and character of the priesthood. He thus reminded his people that the priest is a mediator between God and men, and that he presents himself before JEHOVAH in the name and on behalf of this people, whose whole weight, so to speak, he seems to bear upon his shoulders.

"The ephod," says Josephus, "is a cubit in width, and leaves the middle of the chest open." † These words have been a great perplexity to the learned, but are easily explained when we look at the Egyptian vestment, which is not more than a cubit in width, and leaves open the middle of the chest in the space between the two shoulder-bands and the upper edge of the corselet. "It is there," adds Josephus, "that the pectoral is placed." This was a span square, of the same fabric as the ephod, enriched with precious stones, and called εσσήνης, (essenes), which signifies also λόγιον, *oracle*. This exactly filled up the space left bare by the ephod. It would be difficult to give a more accurate description of the Egyptian vestment. In the eighth verse of the twenty-eighth chapter of Exodus we read: "*And the belt of the ephod, which passes over it, shall be of the same stuff.*"

In the Egyptian paintings the lower edge of the ephod is encircled by a girdle usually made of the same material as the corselet itself. The resemblance in every particular between the Hebrew and the Egyptian ephod is, in fact, perfect.

We must now proceed more fully to consider the pectoral, the importance of which renders it worthy of very careful study.

"And thou shalt make the rational of judgment," * the Lord God commands Moses, "with embroidered work of divers colors, according to the workmanship of the ephod, of gold, violet, and purple, and scarlet twice dyed, and fine twisted linen. It shall be four-square and doubled: it shall be the measure of a span both in length and breadth. And thou shalt set in it four rows of stones: in the first row shall be a sardius stone, a topaz, and an emerald; in the second a carbuncle, a sapphire, and a jasper; in the third a ligurius, an agate, and an amethyst; in the fourth a chrysolite, an onyx, and a beryl. They shall be set in gold by their rows. And they shall have the names of the children of Israel: with twelve names shall they be engraved, each stone with the name of one according to the twelve

* Glass case No. 4, in the *Salle Historique du Musée Egyptien* at the Louvre, contains jewels found in the tomb of an Apis, and dedicated by a powerful prince. Some of the most beautiful objects in the collection are contemporary with Moses. See *Notice du Musée Egyptien*, by M. Rougé, p. 64.

† *Ant. Jud.*, lib. iii. c. 7, n. 5.

* Exod. xxviii. 15–22, 29.

tribes. . . . And Aaron shall bear the names of the children of Israel in the rational of judgment upon his breast, when he shall enter into the sanctuary, a memorial before the Lord for ever."

This passage has been compared by commentators with the following from Elian: "Among the Egyptians, from the remotest ages, the priests were also the judges; the senior being chief, and judge over all the rest. It was required of him that he should be the most just and upright of men. He wore suspended from his neck an image made of sapphire, and which was called TRUTH." *

And Diodorus Siculus, respecting the same symbol, writes as follows: "The chief of the judges of Egypt wore round his neck, suspended from a chain of gold, a symbol made of precious stones, and called *Truth*. Until the judge had put on this image no discussion began." †

In examining the Egyptian monuments we find that the personages who are represented wearing the vestment corresponding to that which, by Moses, is designated the ephod, usually also wear upon the breast a square ornament adorned with precious stones. It is placed between the shoulder-bands, and rests, as it were, on the upper edge of the ephod, its position exactly corresponding to that of the pectoral of Aaron.

The museums of Boulaq and the Louvre possess pectorals of rare beauty. That of Boulaq was sent to Paris, with the other jewels of Queen Aa Hotep, to the Exhibition of 1867. It is a *chef-d'œuvre* of ancient jewelry. The frame, which is almost square, encloses a mythological scene much in favor with the Egyptians. King Amosis is standing in a bark of lapis lazuli and enamel, while two divinities pour upon his head the waters of purification.*

This pectoral, which belonged to the mother of Amosis, is worthy of particular notice, not only because of its admirable workmanship, but also because its date is known to us as being to a certainty anterior to Moses.

In the pectoral of Aaron the precious stones were attached to the rich stuff which formed the foundation by little rings of fine gold, instead of being held in place by small plates of gold, as they usually are in the Egyptian pectorals. There is, however, in the museum at Boulaq, a splendid necklace, the arrangement of which proves that if the idea of the pectoral is Egyptian, so also is the manner of its workmanship. This necklace is composed of a multiplicity of tiny objects, garlands, twisted knots, four-petalled flowers, lions, antelopes, hawks, vultures, and winged vipers, etc., all of which are arranged so as to lie in parallel curves on the breast of the wearer. *Now, each one of these objects* forms a piece apart, quite separate from the others, and is sewn to the stuff serving for a foundation by minute rings fastened behind each. It seems to have been by a similar arrangement that the precious stones were attached

* Elian. *Hist. Div.*, lib. xiv. c. 34.
† Diod. Sic., lib. i. c. 75.

* "The workmanship of this little gem," says M. Mariette, "is exceptionally admirable. The ground of the figures is cut in open-work. The figures themselves are designed in gold outlines, into which are introduced small cuttings of precious stones; carnelian, turquois, lapis lazuli, something resembling green feldspar, are introduced so as to form a sort of mosaic, in which each color is separated from its surrounding ones by a bright thread of gold; the effect of the whole being exceedingly rich and harmonious." The fineness and precision of the work on the back of this pectoral is as remarkable as that on the front.—*Notice sur les principaux monuments du Musée de Boulaq*, par M. Mariette, p. 262.

to, or, to speak in more exact accordance with the meaning of the Hebrew, *embedded* in, the pectoral of Aaron.

With regard to the word *caphul—duplicatum :* "it shall be square and *doubled* [or double]"—it is, with our present knowledge, impossible to say whether Moses intended to direct that the ornamentation of the *back* of the pectoral was not to be neglected, or that the stuff was to be doubled, so as the better to support the weight of the precious stones.

Some of these stones it is now difficult to identify; but we cannot leave this part of the subject without giving an abridged quotation from the ingenious work of M. de Charancey, *Actes de la Société philologique*, v. iii. No. 5: "*De quelques Idées symboliques*," etc.

According to M. de Charancey, the twelve stones of the pectoral ought to be divided into two series,* the first of seven stones, answering, in accordance with Judaic symbolism, to the celestial spheres and the seven planets; while the second, of five stones, related to the terrestrial sphere, to the five regions of space, including the central point; the whole creation being gathered up, as it were, into this microcosm, resplendent with the wisdom and goodness of God in the oracles of the urim and thummim.

It is in any case certain that the church, in her liturgy, makes occasional allusion to this symbolism; as, for instance, in the second response for the Tuesday following the third Sunday after Easter we find: "In diademate capitis Aaron magnificentia Domini sculpta erat. . . . In veste poderis quam habebat totus erat orbis terrarum et parentum magnalia in quatuor ordinibus lapidum sculpta erant" (*Brev. Romanum*).

The Egyptian pectorals, being usually made with a ground-work of metal, were simply suspended from a gold chain which passed round the neck; but the foundation of the Aaronic pectoral, being of woven material, needed a different kind of support to keep it stretched out and in place. We accordingly find exact directions given that to each of the two upper corners should be fastened a ring of pure gold, and to each ring a chain, the other end of which should be fixed to one of the gems on the shoulders. These gems are also directed to be placed, not on the top of the shoulders, but a little lower and towards the front, exactly as we see them in the sculptures and paintings of Egypt. To the lower corners of the pectoral rings were also attached, and again at the joining, in front, of the bands with the ephod, while a violet-colored fillet passed through the two on the right, and tied, and another similarly through the two on the left. The directions (Exod. xxviii. 13, 14, 23, 25) are so explicit as to give evidence that we have here some departure from the well-known arrangements with which the Israelites were familiar.

We must now consider the question of the urim and thummim, celebrated for its inextricable difficulties; but as no authoritative document has as yet given the solution of this problem, it is impossible

* A traditional symbolism attached the greatest importance to this division of the twelve tribes and the twelve stones into two unequal numbers. The prophecy of Jacob is divided into two parts by the exclamation into which he breaks forth after the name of the seventh patriarch: "I will look for thy salvation, O LORD" (Gen. xlix. 14). Ezechiel also, in the last chapter of his prophecy, interrupts his narrative after the mention of the seventh tribe by the description of the temple, and then resumes his enumeration of the territories.

to explain it with certainty. It would be useless to take up the reader's time with all the opinions of the learned upon this subject, especially as they are for the most part as unsatisfactory as they are diverse. The hypothesis advanced by the Abbé Ancessi appears to rest upon the most reasonable foundation. We give it in his own words:

"Without entering into lengthy philological discussions, it is easy to show that the word *urim* must have originally signified *light*. This is the sense of *aor*, to sparkle, to shine; it is the sense of *iara*, which has a relationship with *iara* to see, and with the analogous root of the Indo-Germanic languages from which come *ordo*, *orior*, *Iris*, *Jour*, *Giorno*, etc., etc. In Egyptian we also find this radical in the name of *Horus*, the Shining One, the Morning Sun. With this root again is connected *iara*, the river, the sparkling, and in Hebrew *nahar*,* which has the same sense.

"Besides, the meaning of the word *urim* is scarcely contested, and it is generally admitted that its original signification is *lights*, or *beams*.

"The word thummim has been less easy to interpret.

"The Egyptian radical *tum* signifies to be shut up, veiled, hidden, dark, obscure. This meaning reappears in the triliterate form of the Semitic *Tamam*.†

"As from the radical *aor* the Egyptians had made the god of *light*, so from the radical *tum* they made the name of the hidden god, the god veiled in darkness and obscurity, who had not manifested himself in the bright vesture of creation—the god Tum, hidden in the silence and darkness of eternity, in opposition or contrast to Horus, the god of the morning of creation, shining in the sunbeams, and glittering in the bright gems of the midnight skies.

"Thus, according to the etymology of these words, we have in the *urim* the lights, beams, or rays, and in the *thummim* the obscurities and shadows, which doubtless passed over the face of the pectoral. . . . The high-priest grouped the luminous signs according to a system which remained one of the mysteries of the tabernacle. This key alone could give the interpretation of the will of JEHOVAH, and this may explain the curious episode in the time of the Judges to which allusion has already been made, when we find one of the tribes of Israel hire a Levite to place the ephod and interpret its oracles."

What rule was followed in interpreting the answers—whether it was formed by grouping all the luminous letters, or only that one which was brightest in the name of each tribe—we know not. We do not even know whether the foregoing explanation is the true one, although we may safely allow that it answers to all the requirements of the Scriptural texts, as well as to the indications of tradition. It is thus that Josephus explains the manner in which the oracles were given by the "rational of judgment," and well-nigh the whole of Jewish and Christian tradition follows in his steps.

Some have found a difficulty in the thirtieth verse of Exodus xxviii.: "Thou shalt place on the pectoral of judgment the urim and the thummim,* which shall be upon the heart of Aaron when he shall come before the Eternal." But this text opposes no serious difficulty, as it is evident that Moses here speaks of the twelve stones. Besides, he is merely returning upon his subject at the end of a description (as is so frequently the case in the Pentateuch), as if to give a short summary of what he had previously been saying.

We have now, as briefly as may be, to consider the remaining "or-

* With regard to the N pre-formative, see M. Ancessi's *Etudes sur la Grammaire comparée des Langues de Sem et de Cham*—the S causative, and the subject N. Paris: Maisonneuve.

† On the formation of triliterate radicals see, in the above *Etudes*, "the fundamental law of the triliterate formation."

* In the Douai version translated "doctrine and truth."

naments of glory" exclusively appropriated to the high-priest. The *tiara*, which Moses calls *Mitznephet*, is evidently too well known to those whom he is addressing to need description. We, however, have unfortunately no means of forming from this word any precise idea of its form, and are able only to indicate some of its adjuncts.

The Israelites were familiar with the symbols and rich ornaments which in Egypt characterized the head-dress of the deities and kings; each god and goddess wearing on the head a particular sign indicative of his or her attributes or functions, and consecrated by a long tradition. Among these symbols that of most frequent occurrence is the serpent *Uræus*, which encircles with its coils the heads of kings, raising broad, inflated chest over the middle of the forehead. The Uræus, by some capricious association, signified the only true and eternal king, of whom all earthly monarchs are but the image and representative incarnation. At the time the Hebrews were in Egypt the form of this serpent had been gradually modified into that of the *fleur-de-lys*, which we so often find carved on the brow of kings and sphinxes, springing from a fillet at the border of the head-attire. Instead of passing round the head, this fillet is only visible on the forehead, disappearing over the ears in the folds of a kind of veil.

Now, Moses is directed to place upon the forehead of Aaron a band of gold engraven with the name of the Most Holy.

He gives to the high-priest not only an ornament analogous to that worn by the Egyptian kings—that is to say, the chiefs of the priesthood and the representatives of the Deity—but he preserves also the same symbolical idea which it had for the people of Egypt.

No created thing could either represent or even symbolize JEHOVAH; nothing but the most holy name itself could remind them of the uncreated Essence, who, being pure spirit, has no form. Hence the great importance of the name of Jehovah—or, more exactly, YAHVEH—in the history of Israel. The name of Him who dwelt in the most holy place, whose glory shone above the mercy-seat—this name alone, with the ascription of sanctity, was engraven on the golden fillet on the brow of his high-priest.*

"And the band shall be always upon his forehead, that the Lord may be well pleased with him."

This idea of the abiding of God on the head of the pontiff-kings was one very familiar to the Egyptians, and has been expressed by them in a variety of ways. For example, we find the "*divine Horus*" forming with his wings a graceful ornament on the head-attire of some of the statues of the Pharaos, or again spreading his wings upon them to communicate the divine life.

The sign of the God of Israel was placed on the forehead of the high-priest, as if to overshadow him with his majesty, and to give

* "Thou shalt make a plate of purest gold, wherein thou shalt grave with engraver's work, HOLINESS TO THE LORD. Thou shalt tie it with a violet fillet, and it shall be upon the borders of the mitre, over the forehead of the high-priest."—Exod. xxviii. 36-38. The description given by Josephus of the crown of the high priest would lead to the supposition that the fillet of Aaron did not always preserve its primitive simplicity. Speaking of a section of a diadem ornamented with the cups of flowers, which passed round the back of the head and reached to the temples, he adds, however, that in front there was only the golden band engraven with the name of Jehovah. The course of ages, broken by captivity and troubles, as well as successive influences, first Assyrian and afterwards Greek, may have occasioned some modification in the form of the sacred vestments of the Temple; and thus it is not surprising that the descriptions of Josephus sometimes vary from the Mosaic texts.

merit and value to his offerings; supplying what was lacking to the perfection of the sacrifice by enveloping him who offered it with his own glory.

Under the ephod was worn the long *tunic*, called in Hebrew *Mehil*, the most noticeable part of which is its fringe, composed of little bells of gold alternating with colored pomegranates. The description given by Moses (Exod. xxviii. 31, 34) is very simple: "And thou shalt make the tunic of the ephod all of violet; in the midst whereof above shall be a hole for the head, and a border round about it woven, as is wont to be made in the outmost part of garments, that it may not easily be broken. And beneath, at the feet of the same tunic, round about, thou shalt make as it were pomegranates, of violet, and purple, and scarlet twice-dyed, with little bells between: so that there shall be a golden bell and a pomegranate, and again a golden bell and a pomegranate."

The *Mehil* was not only the counterpart of an Egyptian vestment worn by the Pharaos, and which we see represented with a broad hem round the neck, but we find upon it the same ornaments as those mentioned in Exodus—namely, acorns or tassels of colored threads alternating with pendants of gold.* There are in the Louvre some pomegranates of enamelled porcelain, furnished with a ring by which to hang, and which have evidently formed part of the border of a garment or a very large necklace. We find there blue, yellow, red, and white ones, of a shape that might have been run in the very mould of those which adorned the vestments of Aaron. Others, again, are made in the form of an olive, encased in a sort of network of colored threads. Nor are the little golden bells wanting. Some of those which have come down to us are of very pleasing and varied design.

It must not be forgotten that there was, in the ornamentation of the period we are considering, a singular admixture of Assyrian with Egyptian forms. Assyrian garments were also bordered with heavy fringes, the tassels of which sometimes take the form of pomegranates. Moses must have seen at the palace of the Pharaos, as ambassadors, as tributaries, or as captives, some of those Eastern princes whose majestic countenances and kingly garments long ages have preserved to us on the sculptured blocks of the palaces of Babylon and Ninive.

In a fragment of a Coptic translation of the *Acts of the Council of Nicæa*, which has lately been discovered by M. Revillout among the Oriental MSS. of the Museum of Turin, the fathers of the holy council give the following advice to a young man just entering into life: "My son, avoid a woman who loves gay clothing; for *displays of rings and little bells* * are but her signals of wantonness." † The piety of the middle ages brought back these ornaments to their ancient and sacred uses. The memory of Aaron's vestments gave the idea of fastening long borders of little bells to the edges of sacerdotal garments. ‡

* See Wilkinson, vol. ii. ch. ix. p. 32.

* *Holk et Schilkil.*

† *Concile de Nicée d'après les textes Coptes.* Par E. Revillout. *Journal Asiatique*, Fev.-Mars, 1873.

‡ In a valuable MS. preserved in the library of Tournus we read: "In aurifedo sancti Filiberti sunt xlix. tintinnabula: inter stolam nigram et manipulum, xxi.; inter stolam rubram et manipulum, xx.; in candida vero cum manipulo, xxviii.; manipulus unus restat, ubi sunt tredecim baltei cum quinquaginta tintinnabulis."

Claude Quitton, librarian of Clairvaux, passing by the Château de Larrey in Burgundy, the 5th and 6th of September, 1744, saw there certain rich vestments, among others a chasuble, closed everywhere, save at the top to pass the head through, and having little bells (*grelots*) hanging all round its lower edge or border.

Thus through a long series of ages this custom of adorning vestments with bells has come, almost without a break, down to these latter centuries.

The other vestments of the high-priest were common also to the Levites, and, as well as the striking analogies between the Egyptian and Mosaic manner of offering sacrifice, may furnish matter for consideration at some future time. Meanwhile, we will close the present notice with the appropriate words of St. John Chrysostom: "Deus ad errantium salutem his se coli passus est quibus dœmonas gentiles colebant aliquantulum illa in melius inflectens"—"God, for the salvation of the erring, suffered himself to be honored in those things which had served in the worship of idols, modifying them in some measure for the better." And, continues this great doctor, God, by thus introducing into his temple all that was richest in the vestments of the Egyptians, all that was most solemn in their sanctuaries, most elevated in their symbolism, and most impressive in their ceremonies, willed that his people should feel no regret, and experience no want or void, in their worship of him, when, amid the new ceremonial, they should call to mind that which they had seen in Egypt: "Ne unquam postea Ægyptiorum aut eorum quæ apud Ægyptios fuerant experti cupiditate tangerentur." It was not only fitting but also necessary that the worship of the Lord JEHOVAH should not in any point appear inferior to that of idols; for the unspiritually-minded nation of whom Moses was the leader was incapable of appreciating the greatness and majesty of God, except in some proportion to the splendor of his worship.

LETTERS OF A YOUNG IRISHWOMAN TO HER SISTER.

FROM THE FRENCH.

ORLEANS, Feb. 15, 1868.

DEAR, sweet Kate, I have seen Sainte-Croix again, and now I write to you. The general installation has scarcely begun; great agitation and noise in all directions. Everybody is surprised to see me so soon settled down and quiet, but Marianne and Antoine are of a fairy-like agility. René is busy; Marcella still asleep, having watched till very late by her little Anna, who was rather feverish.

Thérèse and Madeleine will regularly attend catechism at Sainte-Croix during some weeks, unless their mother consents to their speedy departure. This good and amiable Berthe has promised the superior of —— to send her daughters to her for a year at the time of their First Communion; now she hesitates, and none of us, to say the truth, persuades her to send them—they are so gentle and sweet, so truly two in one.

This is but a sign of life, dear sister. Good-by for the present.

FEBRUARY 17.

My good paralytic showed much pleasure at seeing me again. It is arranged that Marcella and I are to go to her by turns, and Gertrude, who ardently desires some active occupation, claims her share of *presents of poor*. Not a minute is wasted here, dear Kate. We are keeping the twins, not wishing to place them under any external influence; and although Arthur has entered at the Jesuits', the good *abbé* has consented to remain *permanently* the guest of Mme. de T——, as preceptor to these lovable children, whom he finds so attractive. Marcella is giving them lessons in Italian. How *learned* they are already! Every month, in accordance with Adrien's decision, there are solemn examinations. The delicate little Anna studies with zeal, finding herself very ignorant by the side of the twins.

I have knelt again before Notre Dame des Miracles, and have done the honors of Recouvrance to our fair Roman. Did I tell you that Margaret is a little jealous? "Keep me at least a tiny little corner in your heart, which I see invaded from so many quarters." Her happiness has undergone no alteration; she is expecting and wishing for me. . . .

Read *Emilia Paula*, a story of the Catacombs. Mgr. La Carrière, formerly Bishop of Guadaloupe, will preach the Lent, and Mgr. Dupanloup will speak in the *réunions* of the Christian Mothers. It is also said, though it is not very likely, that the great bishop will this year deliver the panegyric of Joan of Arc.

Marcella is in a state of enthusiasm. Her heart opens out in the warm atmosphere created for her by our friendship. Anna is well—still a little shy; the delicate temperament of the dear orphan having for so long kept her at a distance from anything like noisy play. Marguérite and Alix teach her her

lessons. What pretty subjects for my brush!

We all communicated this morning, the anniversary of Mme. de T——'s marriage. O my God! what can the soul render to thee to whom thou givest thyself? Oh! how I pity those who know thee not, who never receive thee as their Guest, who never weep at thy feet like Magdalen, who return not to thee like the prodigal, who lean not upon thy heart like St. John. Oh! with the divine and fiery beams of thy bright dawn illuminate this earth, wherein the evil fights against the good.

Still more deaths, dear Kate. See what Isa writes to me: "My grandfather suffers continually more and more from fearful pain and extreme weakness. His patience and resignation are admirable. We pray together; I read him the *Imitation;* the *Sick Man's Day*, by Ozanam, which Lizzy has translated for me, since your friendly kindness made me acquainted with Eugénie de Guérin; also a book most effectually consoling, and to which my grandfather listens with tears. We make Novenas. He has received the 'Bread of the strong,' and the help of Heaven cannot fail this manly soul, who has passed through life so nobly." Jenny has lost her sister-in-law—another house disorganized and without its soul. The little nephew is given to the two sisters, who are going to bring him up and educate him; and Jenny, who had a horror of Latin, is going to learn it in order to lessen its difficulties to the pretty darling.

Mother St. André is in heaven. It makes my heart bleed to think of the grief of Mother St. Maurice. It is so cruel a sorrow to lose one's mother, and *such* a mother—an exceptionally holy soul, friend of the saintly foundress, destined by Providence to such great things; who has known the brightest joys and the most deadly sorrows, seeing her children die after she had given them up to God. What holy joy gladdened her soul on that day when, herself a religious, she beheld her two daughters clothed in the livery of Christ, and her son, her third treasure, the third pearl in her maternal crown, a priest! What a family of chosen ones, and what sorrows! Oh! when this mother, at the same time austere and tender, was called upon to close her children's eyes, were there not, side by side with the feelings of the Christian and the saint, those also of the wife and mother? Dear Kate, I can understand that a religious loves more deeply than other women. The love of God, sanctifying her affections and rendering them almost divine, communicates to them something of the infinite, which is not broken without indescribable suffering.

I am writing to Mother St. Maurice. How much I pray God that He may console her—he, the Comforter above all others, who alone touches our wounds without wounding us still more!

René is sending you a volume. The affection of all those who love you would fill many. May all good angels of holy affections protect you, dear Kate!

FEBRUARY 26, 1868.

Behold me with ashes on my brow—ashes placed there by the great bishop. "*Memento, homo, quia pulvis es, et in pulverem reverteris.*" But, O my soul! it is but the envelope of flesh and clay which must return to dust. The immaterial being escapes the corruption of

the grave; my soul, come from God, must ascend again to him.

Yesterday the dressed-up figures going about the streets were anything but attractive, but there were others elsewhere at which the angels would smile. M. l'Abbé Baunard, director of the *catéchisme* of Sainte-Croix, a few days ago organized a lottery, with the produce of which some little girls, disguised as scullions, gave yesterday an excellent dinner to the old people of the Little Sisters of the Poor. This feast of charity was a charming idea, bringing together under the eye and the blessing of God smiling and happy childhood with suffering and afflicted decrepitude—poverty and riches, two sisters in the great Catholic communion. And the twins were not there! Our good *curé* in Brittany requested *as a favor* that they might make their First Communion in his church. The good *abbé* is preparing them for it, and the ceremony is fixed for the 2d of July, the Feast of the *Magnificat.*

We are all in deep mourning for my Aunt de K——, and neither visit nor receive company this winter; thus we shall have more leisure for our different works. Adrien and Raoul were present at the funeral. My mother feels this death very much.

Bought a pamphlet by the great bishop. It is admirable—worthy of Bossuet. What a portrait of the Christian Frenchwoman! What vehement and sublime indignation against those who would make this noble type disappear from *our* France! What nobility of soul! Oh! if all fathers, if all mothers, heard these accents, which proceed from a more than paternal heart, how they would reflect upon themselves, and long to become worthy of the mission entrusted to them by Providence. Poor France! what will become of her? I was glad to hear one of the *vicaires* of Sainte-Croix, M. Berthaud, in speaking of the horoscope of the impious against religion, say: "Prophecy for prophecy. I prefer to believe the words of the Count de Maistre, the noble genius who saw so deeply and so far into the events of the present time, and who said fifty years ago: 'In a hundred years France will be wholly Christian, Germany will be Catholic, England will be Catholic; all the peoples of Europe will go into the basilica of St. Sophia at Constantinople to sing a *Te Deum* of thanksgiving.'" God grant it may be so! Lizzy announces to me the mourning of Isa, who is not well enough to write to me. "There is a yoke upon all the children of Adam." These words of Holy Scripture often come into my mind as I see all around me darkened by mourning. *Spes unica!* Hope remains, and the love of God shows heaven open. Dear sister of my life, this letter, begun yesterday, is to contain yet a third funereal announcement: Nelly has been suddenly summoned from this world. I know how much you loved her. Thus this time of penitence opens for us. Dead!—Nelly, in her spring-time, her grace, her youth; dead, after a long and holy prayer, which had preceded a walk with Madame D——.

Imagine the distress of this poor mother, roused from her sleep by the cry: "Mother, I think I am dying!" Mme. D—— rushes, terrified, into Nelly's room; her child embraces her with only these words: "Adieu—on high—heaven! . . ." and expires.

The whole town is in consterna-

tion. Margaret is inconsolable; all our friends are weeping. What a death! God has spared her all suffering. Let us pray for her, or rather for her unhappy mother; for I cannot believe that Nelly is not in heaven. Do you recollect that she used to be called *the Angel in prayer?*

René wishes me to stop here. Adieu, dear Kate.

MARCH 5, 1868.

I have been rather ill, dear Kate, and to-day I am beginning to get up. The doctor forbids me emotion, but as soon might he forbid me to live. Marcella has nursed me like a sister. Anna is growing stronger. How pretty she was, playing with her doll near my bed, silently and gravely, without any demonstrative gayety, but often raising her beautiful eyes to look at me!

I have thus missed the two first Lenten sermons. René has never left me a moment. Dear, kind René! how thoughtful he is, even about the smallest details.

A letter from Isa: still in bed; weak, very weak, but wishing to live, that she may be a comfort to her much-tried family. "Aunt D—— finds no peace but when she is with me. Oh! I can truly say with St. Augustine that the Christian's life is a cross and martyrdom!"

Hear what René was reading to me this morning: "Every Christian," says Mgr. de Ségur, "receives in baptism the all-powerful lever of faith and love, capable of moving more than the world. Its fulcrum is heaven; it is Jesus Christ himself, the King of Heaven, whose love brings him down into the heart of each one of his faithful. The prospect of eternity keeps us from fainting. How everything there will change its aspect! Tears will be turned into joy—a joy divine, eternal, infinite, ineffable, of which none can deprive us for ever."

May God guard you, dear Kate, and may he guard our Ireland, her cradles and her tombs!

MARCH 8, 1868.

Beautiful sunshine; your Georgina in the drawing-room; René at the piano, making the children sing a quartette. This harmony penetrates my heart. All these deaths had overwhelmed me; I have now recovered my balance of mind. Oh! it is undeniably sad to see so many sister-souls disappear; but they go to God. Each day brings us nearer to the eternal reunion; and your Georgina says, with Mme. Swetchine, that "life is fair and happy, and yet more and more happy, fair, and full of interest."

Yesterday Monsignor preached at Saint-Euverte; I wished very much to go, but the wish was not reasonable. I must wait until Saturday for my ecstasy. Heard a strange bishop this evening. "I will give thee every good thing." "The eye of man hath not seen, nor his ear heard, nor his heart conceived what God hath prepared for them that love him." The preacher employed a profusion of words, thoughts, and images which interfered with his principal idea; and it was only with the greatest difficulty that one could keep hold of it under this overflow, this torrent, this avalanche of expressions, which, although rich and well chosen, were far too superabundant. Monsignor was there. How well he would have treated this fruitful subject! With what genius would he have depicted the immense suffering of man, who, being made for heaven, finds happiness nowhere upon earth, is never satisfied, whilst everything

around him is at rest. "Without being Newton, every man is his brother, and, in proceeding along the paths of science, he can repeat that we are crushed beneath the weight of the things of which we are ignorant."

Lamartine describes this when he says:

"Mon âme est un rayon de lumière et d'amour,
Qui du flambeau divin détaché pour un jour,
De désirs dévorants loin de Dieu consumée
Brûle de remonter à sa source enflammée!" *

Dear, sweet Kate, all the lovable little singing party salutes you. God be with you!

MARCH 11, 1868.

Dear Kate, again there are separations and adieux!

George and Amaury are entering La Trappe!—an unmistakable vocation, I assure you. Adrien and Gertrude are so far above nature since they have seen Pius IX. and suffered for him, that they gave their consent at once. *Grandmother* clasps her hands and utters the *fiat* of Job. Brothers and sisters wonder and admire. Happy family! All three chosen, all three marked with the seal of God! I should regret them, if I were their mother—so young, so handsome, rich in every gift of heart and understanding. O life of mothers! —Calvary and Thabor!

I knew nothing of it; they feared I should feel it too much. We all went to Communion this morning, and this evening they leave us.

What! have I not yet spoken to you about Benoni, who says my name so prettily, and who is growing superb? It is an unpardonable forgetfulness on my part. It was a pleasure to see this baby again, and his parents also, so sincere in their gratitude for the little that a kind Providence has allowed me to do for them!

Evening.—They are gone. Adrien accompanies them; and Gertrude, whom I have just been to see, said to me simply: "Dear Georgina, now I can say *Nunc dimittis.* Will you thank God with me?" I knelt down by her side, breathless with admiration. O this scene of the adieux! Those two noble heads bent down to receive their grandmother's blessing; the assembled family; the emotion of all; the last pure kisses—all this may be felt, but cannot be described. I know, I understand, how the Christian cannot render too much to God, who has given him all; but my heart is struck by the contrast between La Trappe and the world. On the one side austerities, silence, anticipated death, manual labor, and forgetfulness of earth; on the other a great name, a large fortune, easy access to any position, renown, and glory. Oh! how well they have chosen.

How I love you, dear Kate! How I love Ireland! I speak of it to the children, and love to hear them say to me, as the multitudes of Ireland said to our great O'Connell: "Yes, we love it; we love Ireland!"

MARCH 14, 1868.

Before going to rest, my beloved sister, I want to tell you that I was this morning at Saint-Euverte, and that I have heard the great bishop. Marcella was with me, especially happy, she said, because of the joy which she read in my looks. I sent back the horses, and we came home by *the longest way*, as the charming Picciola says, under a bright sun, which illumi-

* My soul is a ray of light and love, which, being separated for a day from the torch of divinity, far from God, is consumed by ardent aspirations, and burns to reascend to its fiery source.

nated our bodily eyes, whilst the sunshine of the holy and noble words we had just heard illuminated the vision of our souls and opened out to us vistas of beauty. Dear sister of my life, sister unspeakably beloved, I found you on re-entering—a whole packet of letters, in which at first I saw only your dear handwriting. How truly it is yourself! I gave your beautiful pages to Gertrude: she will tell you herself what effect they have produced. Then Madame D—— with a photograph of the departed child—of Nelly dead! How well I recognized her! This image of death moved me with pity for the poor mother, but I felt nothing like fear. Why should death make me afraid? Would the exiled son returning to his father fear the rapid crossing which would restore him to his country, his affections, and his happiness? And where is our country, where are our affections and happiness to be found, except in heaven, in God, who alone can satisfy our desires? Mother St. Maurice only sends me a few words, but so kind and tender. Margaret writes me the sweetest things; she complains of my silence, and informs me that the little cradle she is adorning with so much care and love will soon receive its expected guest. Karl is coming to us; reasons of fitness and of affection have detained him, but his desire is more ardent than ever. Oh! to think of seeing him without Ellen. Kate, what is life?

I am going to sleep, but first I wish to ascertain whether Anna is free from fever. Marcella was uneasy this evening.

They are both asleep, beautiful enough to charm the angels. The little one's breathing is calm and gentle. I prayed by her, placing myself also under the sheltering wing of the invisible Guardian.

I salute yours, and embrace you, dearest Kate.

MARCH 16, 1868.

"As on high, so also here below, to love and to be loved—this is happiness." Oh! how truly he speaks, and how I realize it every day! Your tender affection, dearest Kate, that of René, and of all the kind hearts around me—this is heaven, or, at least, that which leads one thither.

Mid-Lent, and the Feast of St. Joseph—this sweet and great saint, so powerful in heaven. O most glorious patriarch, who didst behold, and bear in thy arms the Messias desired by thy fathers, foretold by thine ancestor David and all the prophets, how favored wert thou of the Lord! Marcella said to me: "I have a particular devotion for St. Joseph, and a boundless confidence in him; I have often thought that he must have known a multitude of things about our Lord which no one has ever known." O St. Joseph! remember those who invoke you in exile. What an admirable existence! What a long poem from the day when the rod of the carpenter blossomed in the Temple to that when Joseph expires in the arms of Jesus and Mary, the two whom every Christian would wish to have by him when on his death-bed! Never did any man receive a mission more divine than was entrusted by the Almighty to St. Joseph. I love to picture him to myself, grave, recollected, seraphic, accompanying Mary, that sweet young flower whom the angels loved to contemplate, leading her over the mountains to Hebron, to the abode of Elizabeth, then to Bethlehem and the Crib, then into Egypt—a long

and painful journey through the desert. Did those who met the Patriarch, the humble and holy Virgin, and her dear Treasure suppose that it was the Salvation of the world who was passing by?

Evening.—Karl is here, dear Kate, more grave and saintly than ever; his feet on earth, his heart in heaven! He gives us a week. Adrien arrived at the same time—two souls formed to understand one another. Letters from Ireland, where Karl's departure is causing general regret. We spoke of Ellen—an inexhaustible subject. Karl was moved as he listened to me; there are so many memories of my childhood to which those of Ellen are united, making them doubly sweet.

Marcella, René, and Karl are wanting this letter to send to the post. Good-night, dear sister.

MARCH 21, 1868.

Dear Kate, I send you my notes, freshly made; you will kindly return them to me, that I may send them off to Margaret. We are visiting the churches with Karl. Anna and all the dear little people salute Mme. Kate. God guard you from all harm, dear sister!

MARCH 25, 1868.

Dearest Kate, what will you think of your Georgina getting the *Conférences aux Femmes du Monde** into a religious house? But my Kate understands me; that is enough for me. *O amica mea, gaudium meum et corona mea!* The beautiful Saturday did not end at Saint-Euverte: splendid festival at Sainte-Croix, the fiftieth anniversary of the priesthood of the good *curé*. It was magnificent, and the music also—like the hymns of heaven. To-day the Annunciation, the commencement of the Redemption. What a feast! How I should like, as in our childhood, to spend the day in prayer! O sweetest Virgin, what a most fair memory in your glory! Gabriel, one of the seven archangels continually at the feet of the Eternal, spreads his wings, and from the heights of the everlasting hills descends into the valleys of Judea. Celestial messenger, you doubtless cast a glance of pity on the abodes of opulence and the vanities of the world; or rather, you saw them not. Absorbed in your admiration at the mercy of the Almighty, you adored and gave thanks. And now a Virgin of Nazareth, in the tranquillity of prayer and love, is suddenly dazzled by an unknown light, and the archangel salutes her in the sublime words which will be repeated by Catholic hearts to all generations: "*Ave, gratia plena!*" O Mary! from this day forth you are our Mother, the Mother of our Salvation. O Handmaid of the Lord, humble and sweet Mother! obtain for my soul humility and love.

Hail to the spring, the swallows, the periwinkles, all the renewal of nature! How good is God, to have made our exile so fair! Oh! how I enjoy everything, dear Kate.

Presented Karl with the portrait of Ellen, painted from memory. His silent tears expressed his thanks. I have made him also sit for his likeness; it will be a precious remembrance of this true friend. Who knows whether we shall ever meet again in this world? Thus the days pass away, shared between regret and hope.

The good *abbé* is delighted with the progress of his pupils. Anna grows visibly stronger. I am reading Dante with René. Ah! dearest, how magnificent it is. Marcella

* Conferences for Women in the World.

speaks Greek and Latin, and wishes me to read Homer and Virgil in the original. Wish me good success, dear. A long walk; met a little beggar, whom Picciola fraternally embraced. What a pretty scene, and how I afterwards kissed my dear pet!

Love me always, dear Kate.

MARCH 28, 1868.

Darling Kate, I send you my notes without adding anything, because we have Karl with us for only one more day. O these departures! *Laus Deo* always, nevertheless.

MARCH 30, 1868.

Dear sister, Karl is gone! I am not sorry; I shall see him again, and he will then be nearer to God. How happy it is to feel that God is the bond of our souls! Yesterday, Sunday, his last in the life of the world, we went together to Sainte-Croix, where we heard a long sermon, a veritable encyclopædia: Godfrey de Bouillon at Jerusalem; Maria Theresa in Hungary, with the shout of the magnates in French and in Latin; the proud Sicambre listening to the Bishop Remy; St. Elizabeth on the throne, and then in penury; St. Thomas writing sublime pages before his crucifix; St. Francis of Assisi receiving the stigmata; St. Bernard; St. Catherine of Genoa; the Crusaders; Magdalen at the foot of the cross; Veronica wiping the face of our Saviour, etc., etc., appearing in it by turns. A day of unspeakabie serenity. Karl sang the *Lætatus* for his adieu. Dearest sister, how happy Ellen must be!

You will see Karl. Tell me if you do not find him transfigured. We read, during his too short stay with us, the life of Mme. St. Notburg, by M. de Beauchesne—another saint in Protestant Germany, a French saint, though her tomb is there. I have asked Karl to take you this book; read, and see how excellent it is!

And so the month of St. Joseph is ended! O protector of temporal things! guard well all whom I love.

Marcella, my winning Marcella, is a poet; I ought to have told you this. I gave her a surprise: her most feeling lines have been printed in a newspaper, which I managed to put before her eyes. She blushed and grew pale—the first emotion of authorship. Poor heart! for so long severed from love, and which so soon lost that whereon it leaned. "O Madonna mia! how good God is," she often repeats with ecstasy in admiring her beautiful little Anna, who grows wonderfully. I think this child was too much kept in a hot-house, when she had need of air, space, and movement. I can understand how her mother may well doat on her: she has a way of looking at you, kissing you, and of bending her forehead to be kissed, quite irresistible. *Carissima*, how I love her, and how fondly I love my Kate!

René is writing to you; everybody would like to do the same.

APRIL 3, 1868.

Feast of the Compassion. *Stabat Mater Dolorosa!* Have I mentioned to you the new frescoes of Recouvrance, dear Kate?—the birth and espousals of the Blessed Virgin. The first does not impress me; but the second! The high-priest is admirable; his purple robe gleams like silk. Mary is not so beautiful as in Raphael's pictures. I have undertaken a painting on ivory which I wish to send to the amiable Châtelaine in Brittany, whom I think you cannot have forgotten. I am mak-

ing Anna sit for her portrait, she looks so sweet.

Mgr. de Ségur, author of the poem of *St. Francis*, has just written a tragic poem, *St. Cecilia*. What a fine subject, and how well the writer has been inspired! Isa must read it. You see whether my life is occupied or not. God, the poor, the family, friendship, study—my mind is full!

The language of Homer no longer appears to me so difficult as at first. But Latin—oh! this is charming, and I delight in it; in the first place, because I am still at *rosa* and *rosarium*. What a head Marcella has! She has learnt everything, and sings like Nilsson. If only you could hear her in *La Juive!* This is profane music; but we have pious also, and Marcella enjoys *Hermann*.

This note will be slipped into the envelope destined for Karl. Lizzy announces to me her visit. Good-night, *carissima sorella*.

April 5, 1868.

And so we are in Holy Week, my sister. I have here a blessed palm, sweet and gracious souvenir of the Saviour's entry into Jerusalem. O King of Peace! bring peace to souls. Have pity upon us; assemble together at thy holy table both the prodigal sons and the faithful; grant peace to thy church! To all troubled hearts, to all those who suffer, to those who are oppressed and persecuted, give the hope of heaven—of that eternal dwelling where all tears will be wiped away, where all lips will drink of the stream of delights, and where every heart will receive the fulfilment of its desires. Why does Lent come to an end? I could listen for ever to the lovely chants of the *Miserere*, the *Attende*, the *Stabat Mater*, and the *Parce Domine*. No sermon, to my mind, equals the *Stabat Mater*, sung alternately by the choir-boys, with their pure, melodious, aërial voices, and the men who fill the nave, and who, varying in their social position, fortune, and a thousand things besides, are one in the same faith, the same hope, and the same charity.

Dear Kate, I shall send you on the day of *Alleluias* my journal of the week. Thanks for having allowed me to come to you as usual during this Lent; to read you and talk to you is a part of my life.

A thousand kisses, my very dearest.

April 6, 1868.

My sweet sister, I have just come in with René from Mass. We communicated side by side, like the martyrs of the catacombs. As we came out, and while still under the deep impression of the presence of God, René proposed to me a sacrifice—that of not speaking to each other, at any rate without absolute necessity, during this week. My heart felt rather full—it will cost me so much; but how could I help consenting? Oh! but how love longs to speak to the object loved. I shall have to throw myself into a whirl of things, and absorb myself in them, that I may not find this privation quite insupportable.

7th. — Yesterday evening, at Sainte-Croix, Monsignor spoke for about twenty-five minutes. I was too far off to hear, but I was none the less happy. I am reading Mgr. de Ségur; his teaching is gentle and loving, even when he speaks of self-renunciation and sacrifice. Nothing is more comforting than his little work, *Jesus Living in Us*. I remarked this thought of Origen's: "Thou art heaven, and thou wilt go to heaven!" — Confession. How

well the good father was inspired! What wise directions! I came out strengthened and courageous; but alas! alas! poor, sorrowful me, on coming in I found a letter awaiting me—a letter from Margaret. Lizzy is greatly indisposed, and obliged to give up her journey. This made me shed tears, and, as René did not ask the cause of my pain, I repented for a moment that I had undertaken so hard a sacrifice. Dear Kate, it was very wrong, and your Georgina is always the same.

8th.—Letter from Sarah, full of joy; her sister Betsy is to be married on the 22d, and wishes for me to be at her wedding. Kind friend! God grant that she may be happy! Until this present time, with the exception of the terrible strokes of death which have fallen not far from her on the friends of her childhood, her life has been calm and happy, almost privileged. She has never left her mother.

Marcella, Lucy, and I are preparing an Easter-tree for all the darlings. I have been studying very much lately; *Marcella mia* assures me that I make wonderful progress.

Benoni does not expect to share in the festivity, but he must; and how joyfully he will clap his hands at the sight of the playthings hung there for him!

My paralytic told me yesterday that she would like to make her Easter Communion next Thursday—that is, to-morrow. Gertrude and I must rise with the dawn to make an escort for the gentle Jesus, the Comforter of the infirm and poor. Ah! dear Kate, how much I should dislike the life of a Chartreux. To see René and not be able to speak to him, when I feel such a want to pour out my thoughts to him, is a martyrdom. So far, thanks to our good angels, we have not been found out, and we have not said a single word to each other.

9th.—What emotions! My poor and venerable paralytic has just died in my arms. I return to pass the night by her. Gertrude undertook to obtain René's permission. She communicated this morning in ecstasy, and blessed us afterwards. As I observed something unusual about her, I begged Marianne to go several times. A long walk to the different *sepulchres* in the churches with our train of little angels, and without René, who avoids me, from which we returned home at six o'clock. I found a line from Marianne, entreating me to join her as soon as possible; so I hurried away with Gertrude. The dear sufferer had scarcely a breath of life left. "I was waiting for you that I might die. . . . Thanks! . . . May God reward you!" Dear Kate, I was ready to drop from fatigue, but I know not what exciting power sustains me.

10th. — O Christ Jesus! who saidst: "When I shall be lifted up from the earth, I will draw all unto me," draw all hearts for ever unto thyself. René passed the night by the lowly couch with me, and we came home together, still without speaking. This evening, at Sainte-Croix, heard Mgr. Dupanloup. The force and authority of his language make a deep impression upon his hearers. "There is in Christianity everything which can naturally go to the heart of man." How he speaks of the Crib and of Calvary; of the Mother whom we find with the Holy Child at Bethlehem, and again with him upon the cross! When the clock struck eight, he stopped. How eloquent he is! He quoted our

Lord's words, "He who shall say Lord, Lord, will not, for that reason only, enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that shall do the will of my Father who is in heaven"; "The same shall be to me as a brother, a sister, a mother"; and this thought of Rousseau's: "There is in Christianity something so divine, so intensely inimitable, that God alone could have been its author. If any man had been able to invent such a doctrine, he would be greater than any hero."

Mgr. la Carrière preached an hour and a half. Remarked this passage: "Pilate washes his hands. Oh! there is blood upon those hands. Were the waters of the Deluge to pass over them, still would they keep the stain of blood!" This reminds me of Macbeth, where, looking on his murderous hands, he says:

"What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes.
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red."

11th.—Was present at the funeral of this saintly friend, whom God had given me through Hélène. Looked through Marcella's manuscript books, in one of which she wrote a year ago: "Cymodoceus said: 'When shall I find again my bed of roses, and the light of day, so dear to mortals?' And all this harmonious page put in his mouth by Châteaubriand. And I, for my part, say: When shall I again find heaven, from whence I feel that I came? When shall I find the happiness of which I dream, and which I know too well there is no possibility of finding here below? When shall I find eternal beauty, eternal light, eternal life? But before that hour grant, O Lord! that in this world I may find, in the shadow of thy cross, that peace which thou hast promised to men of good-will; grant that, for myself and my child, I may find a little rest after the storm! Give us the heavenly manna; overshadow us with the bright cloud; grant us, above all, to be beloved by thee!"

St. Teresa used to say: "The soul ought to think that there is nothing in the world but God and herself." René must have meditated on that.

12th.—*Alleluia!* dear Kate, *Alleluia!* No more penance, no more of this torturing silence which so resembles death; but now talking to each other without ceasing, songs, letters, walks—and always prayers.

What will you think of my week, *carissima?* Oh! I could not have borne it longer; I found René too holy for my unworthiness. Not a word, not a look. It was like the visible presence of my guardian angel. How delightful it is to hear his voice again!

Went to the Mass for the general communion of the men; no spectacle on earth can be more admirable or more touching. This scene was worth far more than a sermon—this multitude of men, so perfectly attentive and earnest, singing heartily the sweet hymns they all had sung on the day of their First Communion! And what joy to see in this Christian assembly those to whom I am bound by affection, and to feel myself united in the grand fraternity of the faith to all these happy guests at the Lord's table!

The benediction was all that can be imagined of religious and magnificent. What singing, what alleluias, making one think of those of the angels! Why do such days

ever end? O risen Saviour! grant that we may rise with thee.

Benoni was out of himself with joy. The meditative Anna jumped about in her delight. The festivity was perfect, and, to crown it, news arrived which I will send you as my adieu. Margaret is at the summit of happiness, the

Doux berceau qu'une main jalouse
Orne et visite à chaque instant,
Charme des songes d'épouse
Doux nid, où l'espérance attend, *

has received the little stranger sent by Heaven. Let us bless God, dear Kate! *Alleluia!* Christ is risen! Happy they who live and die in his love! Alleluia!

April 16, 1868.

Thanks, dear sister! I have translated Mgr. Dupanloup at Saint-Euverte for Isa. Lizzy is better; they had been too much alarmed about her, but they are expecting us there. Lord William sends us the most pressing and affectionate appeals. Sarah also writes to me, gravely this time: "My sister's marriage will separate her from us. Two sisters will henceforth be wanting to this family group; the one, and that the happiest, enkindled with love for the Best-Beloved of her soul, left the world for God and his poor, and, shortly afterwards, the poor for eternity; the other is going into Spain."

Imagine Margaret's joy! Dear, sweet friend, how, with her, I bless God! "No baptism without Georgina." Oh! how I long to embrace the dear little creature, to whom I send my guardian angel a hundred times a day. I am so anxious he should live!

Walk in the country, alone with René, who read me some letters from Karl, George, and Amaury; the latter will write to their uncles no more. What detachment! René read to me also this beautiful passage from Madame Swetchine from the notes of Hélène: "The day of the Lord is not of those days which pass away. Wait for it without impatience; wait, that God may bless the desires which lead you toward a better life, more meritorious and less perilous; wait, that he may give abundant work to your hands from henceforth laborious, for the opportunity of labor is also a grace by which the good-will of the laborer is recompensed. Let not your delays and miseries trouble you; wait, learn how to wait. Efforts and will, means and end—submit all to God."

It is not Monsignor who will preach the panegyric. The great bishop waits until next year. It appears that various beatifications are about to be taken under consideration, amongst others those of Christopher Columbus and Joan of Arc. The first discovered a world, the second saved France by delivering it from a foreign yoke—living as a saint and dying as a martyr; the former, a marvellous genius, was tried and persecuted, like everything which is specially marked with the seal of God in this world. I have seen persons smile when any one spoke before them of the possibility of the canonization of Joan of Arc. What life, however, was more extraordinary and more miraculous? Would this shepherdess of sixteen years old, so humble, gentle, and pious, have quitted her hamlet and her family for the stormy life of camps, without the express will of God, manifested to her by the *voices?* Poor Joan! How

* "Soft cradle which a jealous hand
Adorns and visits every hour,
Charm of the wife's imaginings,
Soft nest, whereby hope waits."

often have I pictured her to myself, after the saving of the *gentil dauphin* who had trusted in her words, weeping because the king insisted on her remaining. From that moment her life was a preparation for martyrdom. She knew that shortly she should die.

Adrien has given me the history of Christopher Columbus in English. You are aware that this son of Genoa, this heroic discoverer, wore the tunic and girdle of the Third Order when he landed on that shore, so long dreamed of, which gave a new world to the church of God. It is said that this great man had at times ecstasies of faith and love. What glory for the family of the patriarch of Assisi! Edouard assured me yesterday that Raphael and Michael Angelo were also of the Third Order. This austerity appears naturally to suit the painter of the *Last Judgment*, but I cannot picture to myself the young, brilliant, and magnificent Sanzio in a serge habit. What centuries were those, my sister, when power and greatness and splendor sought after humility as a safeguard, and followed in the footsteps of the chosen one of God, who, in the lofty words of Dante, had espoused on Mount Alverna noble Poverty, who had had no spouse since Jesus Christ had died on Calvary! Poetry was not wanting to the crown of the Seraph of Assisi, himself so admirable a poet. Lopez de Vega was also of the Third Order.

Adrien says that our age has had its Francis of Assisi in the heavenly Curé d'Ars, who is perhaps the greatest marvel in this epoch, fertile as it is in miracles. How much we regret not having seen him, especially as we passed so near!

Picciola has the measles. This pretty child is attacked by a violent fever; it is sad to see her, but she will not suffer herself to be pitied. "Our Lord suffered much more," she says. "What is this?" You see, sister, that hereabouts the *children of the saints* have not degenerated.

Anna, who had the measles last year, faithfully keeps the sick child company. I overheard them talking just now. "Would you like to get well quickly?" asked the *Italiana*. "Oh! no, I am not sorry to suffer a little to prepare for my First Communion." "For my part, though, I pray with all my heart that you may soon get up; it is too sad to see you so red under your curtains, whilst the sun is shining out there." "Listen to me, dear: ask the good God to help me to suffer well, without my mother being troubled about it. We are not to enjoy ourselves in this world, as M. l'Abbé says, but to merit heaven." I slipped away, lest my tears should betray me: I am afraid that Picciola may also leave us.

Pray for your Georgina, dear Kate.

April 22, 1868.

The wish of this little angel has been granted: her measles torture her; there are very large spots which greatly perplex the doctor. She is as if on fire, but always smiling and thoughtful, and so grateful for the least thing done for her! What an admirable disposition she has! Last night the *femme de chambre*, whose duty it was to watch by her, went to sleep, and the poor little one was for six hours without drinking; the doctor having ordered her to take a few spoonfuls of tisane every quarter of an hour. It was the *sleeper* who told us of this; and when I gently scolded the darling Picciola, she whispered to me: "Dear aunt, I heard you mention what the good gentleman said

who founded the company of St. Sulpice: 'A Christian is another Jesus Christ on earth.' Let me, then, suffer a little in union with our Lord."

What do you say to this heavenly science, this perfect love, in a child of twelve years old? O my God! is she too pure for this world? They assure me that there is no danger, but my heart is in anguish. Kate, I do so love this child!

It is to-day that Betsy becomes *madame*. What a day for her! Yesterday she was still a young girl, to-morrow will begin her life as a wife; she will begin it by sacrifice. Oh! why must we quit the soft nests which have witnessed our childhood and our happiness? Why comes there an hour when we must bid adieu to those who, with their love and care, protected our first years? Poor mothers! you lose your much-loved treasures; they will some day belong to others.

Père Gratry was received at the Academy on the 26th of March. On his reception he made a magnificent discourse. He was presented by Mgr. Dupanloup.

"Gentlemen," said the father on beginning his address, "it is not my humble person, it is the clergy of France, the memories of the Sorbonne and the Oratory, which you have intended to honor in deigning to call me to the seat occupied by Massillon.

"Voltaire, gentlemen, who occupied the same, thus finds himself, in your annals, between two priests of the Oratory, and his derision of mankind is enclosed between two prayers for the world, as his century itself will also be, one day in our history, enclosed between the great seventeenth century and the age of luminous faith which will love God and man in spirit and in truth."

Kate, dearest, *amica mia*, pray for us.

April 26, 1868.

She is better; the ninth day was good. God be praised! Last night, while watching by the sweet child, I turned over Marcella's manuscript. How the thorns have wounded her! Oh! it is a nameless grief, at the age of twenty years, when the soul is overflowing with life and love, to be forced to shrink within one's self, to hide one's sufferings and joys, and repress all the ardor of youth which is longing to break forth. Everywhere in these rapidly-written pages I find this prayer: "Lord, grant me the love of the cross; give me the science of salvation! St. Bonaventure used to say that he had learnt everything at the foot of the crucifix; St. Thomas, when he did not understand, was wont to go and lean his powerful head against the side of the tabernacle; and Suarez, who devoted eight hours a day to study and eight to prayer, loved to say that he would give all his learning for the merit of a single *Ave Maria*. My God, my God! will the desires which thou hast implanted within me never be realized? Must I lead always a wandering and isolated existence, beneath distant skies, mourning my country and my mother, and seeing around me nothing which could in some little measure replace these two blessings? Must the sensitiveness of my thoughts and feelings be hourly wounded? Lord, thy will be done! And if this is to be my cross, then give me strength to bear it lovingly, even to the end, until the blessed time when thy merciful Providence shall reunite me to my mother!"

My beloved Kate, René is writing to you, and I send this sheet

with his. Whenever I read anything beautiful, I long to show it to you.

God guard you, my second mother!

April 30, 1868.

Complete and prosperous convalescence—*laus Deo!* I sent you a few words only, dear Kate, on the morning of the 26th. This was a most happy day. Heard three Masses; received, with deep joy, him who is the Supreme Good. It was the Feast of the Adoration. The cathedral was splendid. Sermon by M. Berthaud on the Real Presence. It contained some admirable passages, especially on Luther and the Mass of the Greeks.

On the 27th was at the Benediction. Heard a *Quid Retribuam* and *Regina Cœli* which carried one away. In the evening René read with me a page of Hélène's journal; I should like to *enshrine* all the thoughts of this exquisite soul. Last year, at Paris, she wrote the following:

"Was present this morning at the profession of Louise de C——. Sermon by the Père G——. I was much moved when the sisters sang the *De Profundis* whilst Sister St. Paul, prostrate under the funeral pall, consecrated to God for ever her being and her life; then the priest said aloud: 'Arise, thou who art dead! Go forth from among the dead!' Happy death! Henceforth Louise lives no more for the world; it is no longer anything to her. She is here below as if alone with God, and with God alone. Happy, says Pope, the spotless virgin who, 'the world forgetting,' is 'by the world forgot.' O religious life! how admirable and divine. I remember that a few years ago, in the youthful and poetic ardor of my enthusiastic soul, I wondered that the world was not an immense convent, that all hearts did not burn with the love of Jesus, and thought it strange that any should affiance themselves to man instead of to Christ. What disappointments and misery are in all terrestrial unions! Even in such as are sanctified and blessed is there not the *shadow* which, on one side or another, darkens all the horizon of this world? No union could be ever more perfect than that of Alexandrine and Albert, and Alexandrine had *ten days* of perfect happiness, of unmixed felicity—ten days; and afterwards, how many tears for this admirable wife by her suffering Albert, and, later, over his tomb! O joys of this world! do you deserve the name?

"My family has been greatly privileged hitherto, so united, so happy! But I am going away, mixing wormwood with the honey in my mother's cup. How Aunt Georgina will also suffer! O grief to cause so many griefs! This evening I went to Ernestine's with mamma. The mother and two daughters were magnificent—just ready to go to the ball. What a contrast! This morning the Virgin of the Lord, this evening the world and its pomps. Mme. de V—— looked like a queen; my two friends were in clouds of tulle. May all the angels protect them! Are there angels at a ball? Oh! it is there above all that we need to be guarded. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God!"

Dear Kate, you can understand how such reading as this consoles Gertrude. Oh! how good God is.

We are going to have great festivities. The *Concours Régional** begins on the 2d; the emperor and empress will be here on the

* Provincial Exhibition.

10th. On the 12th René and I are going to see you, dear Kate, while all the rest of the family take flight into Brittany. Then, after the best and happiest day of the twins, in July, we shall, I hope, go all together to see "merry England" and our dear Ireland.

Good-night, dear Kate; I have studied so much to-day that my head feels heavy. Adieu, my dear heart, as Madame Louise used to say.

MAY 3, 1868.

The month dear to poets, and still dearer to pious hearts, is come. Three Masses, visits, a walk on the Mall, a family concert after the month of Mary—this, dearest, is my day. Yesterday René set out at dawn on an excursion with Adrien. They have a passion for these long walks through the woods. While waiting until Marcella could receive me, I plunged into the *History of St. Paula*, which my mother-in-law has given me. This beautiful book is written by M. l'Abbé Lagrange. A disciple of the great bishop is easily recognizable in these magnificent pages. St. Jerome, whom M. de Montalembert calls the lion of Christian polemics, is there fully portrayed. "This ardent soul which breathes of the desert." Remarked this passage in the introduction: "God has not bestowed all gifts upon them" (women), "nor spared them all weaknesses; but it is the privilege of their delicate and sensitive natures that the faith, when it has penetrated them, not only enlightens but enkindles them—it burns; and this sacred gift of passion and enthusiasm carries them on to wondrous heights of virtue."

And elsewhere: "Will not the accents of St. Jerome, filled as they are, according to the expression of an illustrious writer, with the tears of his time, wonderfully impress souls wearied by the spectacles with which we are surrounded, and which have within them, as the poet says, the *tears of all things*? For those who have other sadnesses and other tears, inward sorrows, hidden wounds, some of those sorrows of which life is full—these, at least, will not weary of contemplating a saint who has herself suffered so much, and who was transfigured in her sufferings because she had the secret of knowing how to suffer, which is knowing how to love."

Do you not seem to hear Mgr. Dupanloup in this? "There are times when a struggle is necessary, and when, in spite of its bitterness and dangers, we must plunge into it, cost what it may. No doubt that, as far as happiness is concerned, tranquillity and repose would be far preferable—repose, allowable for timid hearts incapable of defending a cause and holding a flag, or of comprehending a wide range of view, or the generosity of militant souls; but we ought to know how to respect and honor those who engage in the combat—often at the price of unspeakable inward sorrows, and even at times giving evidence of weakness and human passion—in the cause of truth and justice."

How fine it is! I want to read this book with René. Reading is a delightful relaxation. I sometimes read to my mother, who finds herself more solitary since I became so studious, and since the house is changed into an *academy*. Highly educated herself, she takes much interest in our studies, but is quickly fatigued. What pleasure it is to sit at her feet on a footstool which her kind hands have worked for

me, whilst she leans back her fine, intellectual head in her large easy-chair; to listen to her narratives, and to revisit the past with her! How truly she is a mother to me! Marcella has an enthusiastic veneration for her, and calls her by the same name that we do. Was not our meeting at Hyères providential, dear Kate?

Picciola is pressing me to go out. Good-by, dearest.

MAY 8, 1868.

What splendid festivities, dear sister! Sumptuous carpets and hangings of velvet have been sent from the crown wardrobe. The cathedral resembled the vestibule of heaven; and yet I prefer the austere grandeur of the bare columns to all this pomp. It was a beautiful sight, nevertheless, with the paintings, the banners, the escutcheons. It was imposing, but the presence of the Creator was forgotten in the vanities of earth; people were talking and laughing in this cathedral, usually full of subdued light and of silence.

The panegyric was equal to the occasion. I was delighted. What eloquence! It was the Abbé Baunard, the gentle author of the *Book of the First Communion* and of the *Perseverance*, who pronounced it.

This quiet city is in a state of agitation not to be imagined; the streets are encumbered with strangers, and there is noise enough to split one's head. Last year there was a general emulation to point out to me the minutest details of the *fête;* to-day Marcella was the heroine. I like to see her, radiant, enchanted, eager, while the delicate Anna clings to my arm, her large eyes sparkling with pleasure. We are so numerous that we divide, in order to avoid in some degree the looks of curiosity. My dear Italians are much disputed for.

The twins care no more to be here. Brittany has for them an invincible attraction. Happy souls, who are about to live their fairest day! Pray for them and for us, dear Kate!

MAY 10, 1868.

Dearest, the sovereigns are come and gone. Did I tell you about the *Concours Régional?* Every day I take the little people thither; there is a superb flower-show, orange-trees worthy of Campania, etc.

M. Bougaud pronounced a discourse upon agriculture, and with admirable fitness quoted our Lamartine:

"Objets inanimés, avez-vous donc une âme,
Qui s'attache à notre âme et la force d'aimer?" *

But I shall see you soon—a happiness worth all the rest, dear Kate. Shall I own to you that I regret Orleans because of Sainte-Croix, Notre Dame des Miracles, and our poor, besides so many things one feels but cannot express in words?

Benoni cries as soon as he hears us speak of going away. I observed in the *Annales* the following gloomy words by M. Bougaud: "Gratitude is in great souls, but not in the vulgar; and as the soul of human nature is vulgar, it is only allowable in childhood to reckon upon the gratitude of men; but when we have had a nearer view of them, we place our hopes higher, since only God is grateful." May God preserve me from learning this truth by experience! Hitherto I have found none but good hearts, the poor of Paradise!

Margaret presses me affectionately to make all diligence to go and embrace her baby. Isa is look-

* Objects inanimate, have you, then, a soul which binds itself to ours and forces it to love?

ing for me "as for a sunbeam." Lizzy also unites her reiterated entreaties. Betsy is installed at Cordova, and praises her new country so highly that I am longing to see it.

Dear Kate, the twins are just come to me as a deputation to say that I am waited for, to go *in choir* to the exhibition of the Society of the Friends of Art at the Hôtel de Ville; it appears that there is no one just now. . . .

Later I will return to you.

I will not conclude without giving you another quotation from M. Lagrange: "Great sacrifices, which touch all that is most delicate, tender, and profound in the heart, even to the dividing asunder of the soul, according to the words of Holy Scripture, possess a sternness which cannot be measured or even suspected beforehand. There is a strange difference between wishing to make a sacrifice and making it. In vain we may be ready and resolute; the moment of accomplishment has always something in it more poignant than we had thought; the stroke which cuts away the last tie always gives an unexpected wrench. Every great design of God here below would be impossible, if the souls whom he chooses were always to let themselves be stopped by human obstacles." Kate, Hélène, Ellen, Karl, Georgina, have felt this!

Did I mention to you the impression made on me by a story in the *Revue*, "Flaminia"? It is singularly beautiful, and quite in agreement with my belief.

Would you believe that here there are Jews and a synagogue, and also an "Evangelical Church"? They say that the minister is very agreeable, and that he goes into society. Protestants inspire me with so much compassion! A Protestant boarding-school was pointed out to me. What a pity that one cannot snatch away these poor young girls from a loveless worship!

Good-by, dear Kate, until the day after to-morrow. René sends all sorts of kind messages.

MAY 25, 1868.

Our oasis is resplendent, dear sister. Your good angel Raphael has sweetly protected us; not the smallest inconvenience; the delicious sensation that our sister-souls are more united than ever. To be alone with René, who is worth a thousand worlds — what delight! The air was pure, the country bright with fresh verdure, the birds joyous. Charming journey! At Tours a letter from Gertrude apprises me that all the W—— family is in *villeggiatura* at X——. We hasten thither, and are received like welcome guests. What a happy meeting!—an enchantment which lasted two days, at the end of which we bade a tearful adieu. But the arrival here—oh! what heart-felt joy! Everybody out to meet us, with flowers, shouts, and *vivats*. Dearest Kate, earth is too fair!

Marcella is in love with Brittany, our coasts and wild country-places. Everything around us is budding or singing; the children run about in the fields of broom. We read, we play music; and our poor are not forgotten. The twins are preparing themselves with great earnestness. *M. l'Abbé* gives them sermons, to which we all listen with much profit. Kate, do you remember my First Communion? Good-by, *carissima*.

MAY 28, 1868.

René is gone away to see his farms. Why am I so earthly that a single hour without him should

be painful? Adrien was just now reading that fine page of St. Augustine where he says: "Human life is full of short-lived joys, prolonged sorrows, and attachments which are frail and passing."

When will heaven be ours, that the joys of meeting again may never end? We are preparing some beautiful music for Sunday. Why are not you to be there with your sweet voice, dear sister? My mother would have liked to see you, but she made the sacrifice of not doing so that we might have the pleasure of a *tête-à-tête*. What do you think of that! Dear, kind mother! Do you know she had a charming and idolized daughter, who died at the age of sixteen? She died here, where everything speaks of her; and it is for this reason that Mme. de T—— likes to return hither, and goes daily to the cemetery. I am told that I resemble her, this soul ascended to heaven, and every one finds it natural that there should be the perfect intimacy which exists between my mother and myself.

Marcella and Greek are waiting for me. Long live old Homer, long live Brittany, long live Kate!

Evening.—It is ten o'clock, and René is not come in. Adrien and Edouard are gone to wait for him, while I am dying of anxiety. Prayers without him seemed to me so sad! My mother also is uneasy. Where is he? Oh! where can he be?

29th.—The night has been a long one. Adrien and Edouard came back after having sought for him in all the neighborhood. The servants were sent out in different directions. I went in and out, listening to the slightest noise. . . . Nobody! My mother sent every one away and was praying. Impossible to remain in any one place. I was full of the most terrible conjectures. At last, at four o'clock in the morning, I hear a carriage. It is he! it is René!—poor René, covered with dust, more anxious than we, on account of our alarm. Would you like to know the cause of this delay? It is like the parable of the Good Samaritan. René met with a poor old man who had hurt himself in cutting wood, and, after binding up the wound with some herbs and a pocket-handkerchief, he put him in the carriage and took him back to his cottage, which was at a great distance off. There he found a dying woman, who asked for a priest. To hasten to the nearest village and fetch the *curé* was René's first thought. There was no sacristan, so René took the place of one, and passed the whole night between the dying woman and the wounded man. The good *curé* had other sick to attend to, but at two o'clock he arrived, and relieved *God's sentinel** (this is what the sweet Picciola calls him), who started homewards at a gallop.

You may imagine whether I am not very happy at this history. And yet I suffered very much; I feared everything, even death.

Love us, dear Kate.

* *Le factionnaire du Bon Dieu.*

TO BE CONTINUED.

HOW ROME STANDS TO-DAY.

SEVERAL articles have been published in THE CATHOLIC WORLD on the subject of which this paper is to treat—the condition of the Sovereign Pontiff consequent on the seizure of Rome, which thereby became the capital of the kingdom of Italy. As these articles marked the successive stages in the novel relations of the Head of the church, they could not fail to excite the interest of our readers. We look to a like interest, and invite it, for the present article, because it tells of new phases, and of the logical results of the schemes which their authors were bold enough to say were initiated "to secure the spiritual independence and dignity of the Holy See." With this cry the attempts against Rome were begun, were carried on, and their success finally secured. So familiar, in fact, is this profession of zeal for the welfare of the Sovereign Pontiff, that we do not stop to cite one of the thousand documents in which it appeared, from the letter of Victor Emanuel, presented to Pius IX. by Count Ponza di San Martino, down to the instructions of the ministers to their subordinates or the after-dinner speeches of Italian politicians. Nor need we persuade ourselves that no one believed such an assertion any more than did those who first uttered it, nor than do we, who know what a hollow pretext it was and what fruit it has produced. Twenty years of revolution in Italy, and a vast ignorance of political matters, of the relations between church and state, rendered many in Italy and elsewhere ready dupes of the cunning devisers of Italian independence and clerical subjugation. These went with the current; and though not a few have had their eyes opened, and now deplore the excesses against religion they are doomed to witness, they are impotent to remedy what they aided in bringing about, and behold their more determined and less scrupulous companions hurry onward with the irresistible logic of facts. Now and then some voice even among these latter is heard above the din, asking: *Dove andiamo?*—Whither are we going? That is a question no one can answer. The so-called directors of revolutionary movements often look with anxiety at the effects of the raging passions they have let loose; but as for guiding them permanently, that is out of the question, for they have a way of their own. The skilful manipulators of revolution ride with the tide; they now and then see a break by which the waters may be diverted, and they succeed in making them take that course, but stop them they cannot. They can only keep a sharp look-out for what comes next, and trust to fortune to better matters for themselves or others. And so it is just now with the state of Italy. Things are taking their logical course, and every one who can lay claim to a little knowledge of politics and a moderate share of common sense will say what Cavour, in perhaps more favorable circumstances, remarked: "He is a wise statesman who can see two weeks ahead."

We are not going to dwell on the political and financial state of Italy in itself; on the fact of its Chamber of Deputies representing only the one hundredth part of its people; on the saying, now an adage, as often in the mouths of liberals as in those of the clerical party, "that there is a *legal* Italy and a *real* Italy," the former with the government and the deputies, the other with the *ancien régime* and the church; nor on the debt—immense for so impoverished a land—the exhausting taxation, and the colossal expenditures for army, navy, and public works that add every day to the debt, and weigh as an incubus on the people, increasing to a fearful extent poverty and crime, peculation, brigandage, suicide, and murder. This would of itself require all the space at our disposal. Nor is it necessary, when we have one of the most accredited liberal papers of Rome, the *Libertà* of Sept. 3, speaking of the trial of the Marchese Mantegazza, who was accused of forging the signature of Victor Emanuel to obtain money, that tells us: "Too truly and by many instances does our society show that it is ailing, and it is needful that justice take the matter in hand, and strive to stop the evil with speedy and efficacious cure."

We propose, therefore, to confine our remarks to the condition of the Sovereign Pontiff at the present moment; to the consequent necessary examination of the relation of the state with the church; and to a look into the future, as far as events will justify us.

What is the condition of the Pope? Is he a prisoner or is he not? We had better start out with establishing what the word *prisoner* means; otherwise some misunderstanding may arise. Webster gives us a triple meaning of it. According to him, it means "a person confined in prison; one taken by an enemy; or a person under arrest." Ogilvie, besides the above, adds as a meaning "one whose liberty is restrained, as a bird in a cage." Let us see if any of these meanings apply to the condition of the Pope; for if any one of them do, then the Pope is a prisoner.

The Holy Father, in his letter to the bishops immediately after Rome was taken by the Italian army, declared himself to be *sub hostili dominatione constitutus*—that is, subjected to a power hostile to him. And this is the fact; for friendly powers do not come with an army and cannon to batter down one's gates and slay one's faithful defenders. Any one who is taken by a power that, like the Italian government, did batter down walls and kill his defenders, it seems to us, looking at the matter calmly, would be declared by thinking people everywhere *sub hostili dominatione constitutus*—subjected to a hostile power. After a course like this one might as well say that Abdul Aziz was made to abdicate his throne, and put out of the way—*suicided*, as the phrase goes—to farther his own interests, as to assert that Pius IX. was dethroned and deprived of the free exercise of the prerogatives he lays claim to in order to secure his independence and protect his freedom of action. Under this title, then, of "having been taken by an enemy," Pius IX. is a prisoner.

But it is said Pius IX. is not in a prison; he is in the splendid palace of the Vatican, with full liberty to come out when he will. With due respect to the sincerity of many who say this, we beg leave

to remark, first, that there are prisoners who are not necessarily confined in jail; and, secondly, that there are excellent reasons for styling the residence of Pius IX. his prison. To illustrate the first point, there are prisoners on parole; there are, or were under the Crispi law, in Italy, men condemned to the *domicilio coatto*—to a forced sojourn in some place other than that in which they habitually dwelt before, just as the venerable Cardinal de Angelis was compelled to leave his see, Fermo, and reside for years at Turin. It is plainly not necessary, then, that, in order to be a prisoner, a man should be obliged to live in a building erected for penal purposes. It is enough that there should be powerful motives, such as honor, or conscientious duties, or just fear of consequences, to prevent the free use of his physical power of going from one place to another, to render him really a prisoner. In the case of Pius IX. there do exist such powerful motives in the highest degree. There exist powerful motives of honor. Pius IX. is under oath not to give up, or do any detriment to, the rights of the Roman Church and of the universal church. He inherited vested rights from his predecessors, and, as far as depends on him, he is bound to transmit them unimpaired to his successor. He is a man of honor, pre-eminently so, and will not, cannot prove false to his oath or fail in protecting the rights entrusted to his keeping. The effect of Pius IX.'s leaving the Vatican and going about Rome, as he did in former times, would be a persuasion in the minds of all that he had accepted the situation created for him by the act of the Italian government; that he was, in fact, coming to terms with the revolution; that he no longer protested against the violations of the divine and natural law embodied in the Italian code, which one of Italy's public men declared, a short time ago, to be made up of the propositions condemned in the Syllabus. Talk about parole after such a picture! Parole regards the personal honor only; but the motives of Pius IX. not only regard honor, but the highest interests of mankind.

Again, a further effect of Pius IX.'s leaving the Vatican would be trouble in the city. Had we not facts to prove this, there might be many who would doubt it. On occasion of the *Te Deum*, on the recurrence of the anniversary of his elevation and coronation, in June, 1874, the Sovereign Pontiff, who had been present, unseen, in the gallery above the portico of St. Peter's, on reaching his apartments chanced momentarily to look from the window at the immense crowd in the piazza. His figure, clad in white, against the dark ground of the room behind him, attracted the attention of some one below and excited his enthusiasm. His cry of *Viva Pio Nono, Pontifice e Re!* had a magical effect. It was taken up by the thousands present, whose waving handkerchiefs produced the effect, to use the words of a young American poet present, of a foaming sea. In vain the agents of the government scattered through the mass of people—*gend'armes* and *questurini*—did their best to stop the demonstration and silence a cry guaranteed by law, but discordant to the liberal ear, and significant of opposition to their views. They could not succeed. They had recourse to the soldiery. A company of Bersaglieri was called from the barracks near by, who, after giving with their trumpets the triple intimation to

disperse, charged with fixed bayonets, and drove the people out of the piazza. The arrests of men and of ladies, and the resulting trials, with condemnation of the former, but release of the latter, are fresh in our memories. How, in the face of a fact like this, could the Pope come out into the city?—especially when we consider his position, the delicate regard due it, the danger, not only of harm to those who favor him, but of injury to the respect in which people of all classes hold him. Even those who would be the first to turn such an act to their account at his expense cannot withhold the respect his virtues, consistency, and courage exact. These, however, are prepared for the first mistake; they are ready to give him a mock triumph at the very first opportunity. But they have to do with a man who knows them; who, being in good faith himself, learnt his lesson in 1848, and understood what reliance is to be placed on European revolutionists. We conclude, then, this portion of our paper by saying that the condition created for the Pope by the taking of Rome, added to considerations of the highest order, has kept Pius IX. from putting his foot outside the Vatican since September 19, 1870, and that consequently "his liberty is restrained" and he is a prisoner.

Having thus shown that Pius IX. is a prisoner, we can safely draw the inference that the place in which circumstances oblige him to remain is his prison—prisoner and prison being correlative terms. He is "a prisoner in his own house," though certainly we know that house was not built for penal purposes. But we have more than inference, logical as it is. We have facts to show that the same precautions were and still are used that it is the custom to adopt with regard to ordinary prisons. For example, it is well known that in the beginning of the Italian occupation of Rome the utmost surveillance was kept up on all going into or coming out from the Vatican. One met the Piedmontese sentinel at the entrance, and by him the government police; people were occasionally searched; and the guards had orders not to allow persons to show themselves from the windows or balconies of the palace. The lamented Mgr. de Merode, almoner to the Sovereign Pontiff, a soldier by early education, could hardly give credit to the facts that proved this. Full of indignation, he went himself to the spot, and from the balcony looked down upon the street below where the sentinel stood. He was at once saluted with the words, "Go back!" Again the command was repeated, and then the levelled rifle admonished the prelate that further refusal to obey was imprudent. The affair made a good deal of noise at the time, and the guards were removed from close proximity to the palace, remaining only a few hundred feet away. All things, then, considered, Pius IX. is a prisoner and the Vatican is his prison.

But not only is the liberty of the Sovereign Pontiff directly interfered with in this way; he is trammelled also in purely spiritual matters. The Pope, the rulers of Rome say, may talk as he pleases in the Vatican, as we cannot prevent him, and he will not be put down; nay, he may even promulgate his decrees, encyclicals, and constitutions by putting them up as usual at the doors of the basilicas of St. Peter and St. John Lateran; but any one who dares to

reprint them will do so at his peril; his paper will be sequestrated, if the document published be judged by the authorities of the Italian kingdom to contain objectionable matter, and he will be tried by due course of law. This mode of proceeding has been put in practice; the seizure of the issue of the *Unità Cattolica* for publishing an encyclical is well known, and was remarkable for an amusing feature. The edition for the provinces escaped the vigilance of the fiscal agents, and the Florentine liberal press, anxious to show how much freedom was allowed the Pope, on getting the *Unità*, printed the document. To their surprise, their issues were sequestrated. The letter of instruction on the subject of papal documents, and of surveillance, *by the police*, of the Catholic preachers, issued by the late ministry, to our knowledge never was recalled, and is therefore still in force; worse is contemplated, as we shall see later on. This coercion of his freedom of action extends also to the Pope's jurisdiction in spirituals and in temporals.

The first instance of this is the exaction of the royal *exequatur*. We cannot do better than cite the words of the able legal authority, Sig. A. Caucino, of Turin, who has lately written a series of articles on the law of guarantees, passed by the chambers and confirmed by the king, of which we are speaking. On this subject of the *exequatur* he writes: "After the discourse of the avvocato Mancini, on the 3d of May, 1875, and the 'order of the day' by the deputy Barazzuoli, no one wonders that the nature of the application of the law of guarantees has been changed, and that all the promises solemnly made when it was necessary to forestall public opinion, and promising cost nothing, have been broken. From that time to this the bishops named by the Pontiff, but not approved of by the royal government, have been put in the strangest and most unjust position in the world. It is hardly needful to recall that the first and principal guarantee in the law of May 13, 1871, was that by which the government renounced, throughout the whole kingdom, the right of naming or presenting for the conferring of the greater benefices (bishoprics, etc.) Well, after May, 1875, the bishops who were without the *exequatur* were treated with two weights and two measures: they are not to be considered as bishops with respect to the Civil Code and the code of civil procedure, of equity—and logically; but they are to be looked on as such with regard to the Penal Code, the code of criminal procedure, and the whole arsenal of the fiscal laws of the Italian kingdom."

Incredible, but true. Let us see the proofs.

Mgr. Pietro Carsana, named Bishop of Como, instituted a suit against the Administration of the Demain to have acknowledged as exempt from conversion into government bonds, and from the tax of thirty per cent., a charitable foundation by the noble Crotta-Oltrocchi, assigned to the Bishop of Como for the time being, that the revenues of it might be used for missions to the people and for the spiritual retreat or exercises of the clergy. The Demain raised the question as to whether Mgr. Carsana had the character required for the prosecution of such a cause before the tribunal. The tribunal of Como was for the bishop; but the Court of Appeal of Milan decided in favor of the Demain, for

the following reasons, drawn up on June 28, 1875: "It cannot be doubted but that the episcopal see of Como is to be held as *still vacant* as to its civil relations, since Mgr. Pietro Carsana, named to that see by the supreme ecclesiastical authority, has not yet received the royal *exequatur*, according to the requirements of the sixteenth article of the laws of May 13, 1871.* If the act of the supreme ecclesiastical authority"—we call attention to that word *supreme*—"directed to providing an occupant for the first benefice of the bishopric of Como, by the nomination of Mgr. Carsana, has not obtained the royal *exequatur*, as peace between the parties requires, this act before the civil law is *null and of no effect*, the appointment to the said benefice *is to be looked on as not having taken place*, and the episcopal see of Como is to be considered as still vacant, and the legitimate representation of it, in all its right, belongs to the vicar-capitular" (*Unità Cattol.*, July 25, 1876). A like decision was given by the Court of Appeal of Palermo, October 16, 1875. Thus, to use the words of this writer, "the Pope has a right to name the bishops to exercise their episcopal functions, but, as far as their office has a bearing affecting external matters of civil nature, bishops without the *exequatur* cannot exercise it." These external matters of a civil nature, which might be misunderstood, be it said, are none other than the acts without which the temporalities of a bishopric cannot be administered. The bishop may say Mass, preach, and confirm, but not touch a dollar of the revenues of his see.

It needs no great acumen to perceive how the Sovereign Pontiff is thus hampered in his jurisdiction. His chief aids are his bishops; but they are not free unless they subject themselves, against conscience, to the civil power. Every *exequatur* is an injustice to the church, no matter whether exacted by concordat or no. The church may submit under protest to the injustice, but the nature of the act of those requiring such submission does not change on that account. Hence it is clear that the Pope is at this moment most seriously hampered in the exercise of his *spiritual* jurisdiction. If to this fact of the *exequatur* we add the election of the parish priests by the people, favored by the government, the case becomes still clearer. But of this we shall speak fully at the end of the article.

To the impediments put in the way of the exercise of the Sovereign Pontiff's spiritual jurisdiction are to be added those of a material nature, resulting from the heavy pecuniary burdens he, his bishops, and his clergy are obliged to bear. The scanty incomes of the clergy of the second order are in many cases reduced to two-thirds, while living costs one-fifth more than it did before Rome was taken. The very extensive suffering, from poverty, stagnation of business, the necessity of supporting the schools of parishes and institutions established to supply the place of those suppressed by the government, or whose funds have gone into the abyss of public administration—all have the effect of keeping the people from giving as largely to the clergy as they used to give, al-

* Art. XVI. "The disposition of the civil laws with regard to the creation and the manner of existence of ecclesiastical institutions, and the alienation of their property, remains in force." There is no mention of the *exequatur* being required for a bishop to plead before a court; that is, to begin to act under the provisions of Art. XVI.

though that source of revenue to them was not very great, as nearly everything was provided for by foundations. With reference to the bishops, and the Sovereign Pontiff especially, the case is much more aggravating. Those prelates who have not obtained the *exequatur* have no means of support, as the temporalities of their sees are withheld. Pius IX., whose trust in Providence has been rewarded with wonderful abundance of offerings from the faithful throughout the world, came to the assistance of these persecuted successors of the apostles. Out of his own resources, the gratuitous generosity of his flock everywhere, he gives to each one of them five hundred francs a month. The drain on the papal treasury by this and other necessary expenses forced upon him by the taking of Rome, amounts in the gross, yearly, to $1,200,000, which, as the Pope consistently refuses to take a sou of the $640,000 offered him by the government, comes from the contributions of the faithful given as Peter-pence. In this way are the Catholics of the whole world taxed by the action of the Italian government.

Besides this direct action on the Head of the church and on her pastors that interferes with their freedom, there are other modes of proceeding which we hardly know whether we are justified in styling indirect, so sure and fatal are their effects on the spiritual jurisdiction and power of the Pope.

The first of these is the claim on the part of the state, enforced by every means in its power, to direct the education of the young. No education is recognized except that given by the state schools. Without state education no one can hold office under the government, no one can practise law or medicine, or any other liberal profession. Moreover, every youth, boy or girl, must undergo an examination before examiners deputed by the state. It stands to reason that no one can teach unless he have a patent or certificate from the state. Now, what does this mean? It means simply that the most powerful engine for moulding the mind of man, poisoning it, prejudicing it, giving it the bent one wants, is in the hands of the avowed enemies of the church; moreover, that those who are so acted on by this mighty agency are the spiritual subjects of Pius IX.; and that this is being done not only in all Italy, but especially in Rome. The most strenuous efforts are being made to remedy this evil, with a good deal of success; and the success will be greater farther on. But in the meantime a vast harm is done and a generation is perverted.

The next of these indirect means is the conscription, which seizes on the young men even who have abandoned the world and embraced the ecclesiastical life. At first sight one may be inclined to think the damage done not so extensive, as only a certain percentage after all will be taken. Even were this so, the injustice done to the persons concerned, and the harm to the church, would not the less be real. The fact is that this course of the government affects a comparatively small number in time of peace; but in time of war the number remains no longer small. Besides, the uncertainty of being able to pursue their career must have a bad effect on young men, while the associations which they are obliged to see around them, if they undertake the year of voluntary service to escape the conscription, must often have a

result by no means beneficial to their vocation. Facts are in our possession to show deliberate attempts to corrupt them and make them lose the idea of becoming priests. What is more weighty than these reasons is the fact of the diminishing number of vocations for the priesthood in Italy. The army of the government is swelling, while the army of Pius IX. in Italy is decreasing.

A late measure of the government has also a tendency to diminish the fervor of attachment in the people to their religion, and that measure is the prohibition of public manifestation of their belief outside the churches. A circular letter from the Minister of the Interior to the prefects of Italy forbids religious processions in the public streets. This in a Catholic country is a severe and deeply-felt blow at the piety of the people. Processions have always been one of the most natural and favorite ways of professing attachment to principles, and this is particularly true of religious processions. They have a language of their own that goes straight to the heart of the people. The discontinuance of them will have a dampening effect, on those especially who are a little weak; while those who go to church as seldom as possible, or rarely, will be deprived of a means of instruction that constantly served to recall to their minds the truths of religion; and instead of the enjoyment that came from beholding or assisting at some splendid manifestation of their faith, and from the accompanying festivities never wanting, will be substituted forgetfulness of religion and religious duties, the dissipation of the wine-shop and saloon, and those profane amusements, often of the most questionable character, that are beginning to be so frequent on days of obligation, offered to the masses at hours conflicting with those of religious ceremonies. What has especially shocked every unprejudiced person, even liberals and non-Catholics, is the prohibition of the solemn accompaniment of the Blessed Sacrament. Besides the ordinary carrying of the Viaticum to the sick, and occasional communion to those unable to come to the church, some three or four times a year the Blessed Sacrament was borne to the bedridden with much solemnity, the most respectable people of the parish taking part in the procession or sending those who represented them. It was always an imposing and edifying spectacle to Catholics. This has been put a stop to. In Frascati, where, after prohibition of public processions had been notified to all, the Blessed Sacrament was carried to the sick with only the *ordinary* marks of respect, that there might be no violation of the unjust and illegal order, there was an exhibition of the animus of the authorities that almost exceeds belief. The people, to honor the Blessed Sacrament, were present in greater numbers than usual, and, as is the custom, prepared to follow it to the houses of the sick persons. The government authorities determined to prevent them. Hardly had the priest come out of the church, with the sacred pix in his hands, when he was accosted by the police officer, was laid hold of by him, and made to come from under the canopy, which from time immemorial is used during the day for the ordinary visits for the communion of the sick at Frascati. He was permitted to go with some four or five assistants. The people persisted in following, whereupon

the troops were called and they dispersed the crowd. The result was a spontaneous act of reparation to the Blessed Sacrament in the form of a Triduum in the cathedral, at which the first nobility of Rome, very numerous in the neighborhood of this city, assisted, while the attendance in the church was so great, including even liberals, that many had to kneel out on the steps and in the piazza. The effect on good Catholics thus far, though painful, has been beneficial; but the continuation of this course on the part of the government, with the means of coercion at their disposal, cannot but be hurtful to the cause of religion, and cannot but diminish the respect and obedience of the people to their pastors. All this, as a matter of course, has a decided effect on the power and influence of the Pope himself. There are indeed Catholics to whom God has vouchsafed so great an abundance of faith that, no matter what happens, they rise under trial and show a sublimity of trust and courage that extorts admiration even from their enemies; but, unfortunately, these are not the majority. Faith is a gift of God, and requires careful cultivation and fostering watchfulness; negligence, and above all wilful exposure to the danger of losing it, ordinarily weaken it much, and not unfrequently in these days bring about its total loss. This is one reason, and the principal one, why the church prays to be delivered from persecution, because, though some die martyrs or glorify God by a noble confession and unshaken firmness, many, very many, fall away in time of danger. History is full of instances of this. The *lapsi* in the early centuries were unfortunately a large class, and in the persecutions of China and Japan, in our day, we hear, indeed, of martyrs, but we hear, too, of large numbers that fall away at the sight of torture or in the presence of imminent peril.

Such is the state of things in Italy with respect to the Sovereign Pontiff and the church over which he rules: persecution, oppression, hate, are the portion of Catholics and their Head; protection, favoritism, and aid, that of all who are adversaries of the church, from the latest-come Protestant agents of the Bible societies of England or America to the most avowed infidel and materialist of Germany or France. A Renan and a Moleschott are listened to with rapture; a Dupanloup or a Majunke are looked on as poor fanatics who cling to a past age. We do not wish to weary our readers with further instances of tyrannical action; though readily at hand, we may dispense with them, for the matter cited above is enough for our purpose, and certainly speaks for itself. We simply ask, What prospect lies before us? What is the promise of the future? On such a foundation can anything be built up that does not tell of sorrow, of trouble, and of ruin? Of a truth no one who loves virtue and religion can look upon the facts without concern; and that concern for an earnest Catholic will increase a hundred-fold, if he take into consideration the plans just now showing themselves for the warfare of to-morrow. These prove the crisis to be approaching, and that far greater evils are hanging over the Papacy than yet have threatened it, demonstrating more evidently and luminously than words what a pope subject of another king or people means.

Any one who is even a super-

ficial observer of matters in Italy cannot fail to see how closely Italian statesmen and politicians ape the ideas and the measures of Germany, particularly against the church. There, it is well known, strenuous efforts are being made to construct *a national church*, and with partial success. The pseudo-bishops Reinkens in the empire and Herzog in Switzerland are doing their utmost to give form and constitution to the abortions they have produced. The example is followed in Italy. The apostate Panelli, in Naples, made an unsuccessful attempt to begin the *chiesa nazionale;* but disagreement with his people caused him to be supplanted, though he still styles himself national bishop. Agreeing with him in sentiments are a certain number of ecclesiastics, insignificant if compared with the clergy of the Catholic Church in Italy; yet to these men, who certainly did not and do not enjoy the esteem of the *sanior pars*, the wiser portion of the people, the government, holding power under a constitution the first article of which declares that the Roman Catholic and apostolic religion is the religion of the state, show favor and lend aid and comfort. Let us listen for a moment to their language and to that of their supporters.

Sig. Giuseppe Toscanelli is a deputy in the Italian parliament, and a man of so-called liberal views, an old soldier of Italian independence, and an old Freemason. He has the merit of seeing something of the inconsistency and injustice of the action of the authorities, in parliament and out of it, with regard to the church, is a ready speaker, and has the courage to say what he thinks, thus incurring the enmity of his fellow-Masons, some of whom, in 1864, in the lodge at Pisa, declared him unworthy of their craft, and cast him out of the synagogue. We are not aware that he troubles himself much about the matter, nor that he looks on himself as any the less an ardent supporter of united Italy. When the law of guarantees for the Sovereign Pontiff was up for discussion, Toscanelli said: "Report has it that in 1861 some public men of Lombardy conceived the idea of a national church, which they made known to Count Cavour, and urged him to bring it about; and that Count Cavour decidedly refused to do so. In 1864 this idea showed itself again, and a bill in accordance with it was presented in parliament. The civil constitution of the church was most strongly maintained by the Hon. Bonghi. At present we see papers, some most closely connected with the government, printing articles professedly treating of a national church, even to the point of going to the extremes Henry VIII. reached."

But not only papers favor the project. We have heard lately of cabinet ministers using the same language. The head of the late ministry, Sig. Marco Minghetti, did so at Bologna in a public speech. Yet he was the leader of the so-called *moderate* party. It is therefore not surprising that the recognized prince of Italian lawyers, Sig. Stanislas Mancini, the Minister of Public Worship of the present radical cabinet, should speak in the same style. We have a letter of his to a notorious person, Prota Giurleo, President of the Society for the Emancipation of the Clergy, vicar-general of the national church, in the *Libertà Cattolica* of August 2, 1876. It is worth translating:

"HONORED SIR: Hardly had I taken the direction of the ministry of grace, justice, and worship, when you, in the name of the society over which you preside, thought fit to send me a copy of the memorandum of Nov. 9, 1873, which, under the form of a petition, I had myself the honor of presenting to the Chamber of Deputies, recalling to my mind the words uttered by me at the meeting of Dec. 17 of that year, when I asked and obtained that the urgency of the case should be recognized, and demanded suitable provision.

"It is scarcely necessary for me to say that I remembered very well the expressions used by me on that occasion, because they give faithful utterance to an old, lively, and deep feeling of my soul.

"As minister I maintain the ideas and the principles I defended as deputy. Still, I did not conceal the fact that the greatest and most effectual measures were to be obtained only by way of legislation, without omitting to say, however, that by way of executive action something might be done. To-day, then, faithful to this order of ideas, I have no difficulty in opening my mind on each of the questions recapitulated in the memorandum.

"1st. The first demand of the worthy society over which you preside was made to the Chamber of Deputies, in order that steps might be taken to frame a new law to regulate definitively the new relations between the state and the church, in accordance with the changed condition of the political power and of the ecclesiastical ministry. On this point I am happy to assure you that this arduous problem constitutes one of the most important cares, and will form part of study and examination, to which the distinguished and competent men called by me to compose the commission charged with preparing the law reserved by the eighteenth article of the law of May 13, 1871, for the rearrangement and preservation of ecclesiastical property, will have to attend.

"2d. In the second place, this memorandum asks the revindication, for the clergy and people, of the right to elect their own pastors in all the grades of the hierarchy. You are not ignorant that such a proposition made by me in parliament, during the discussion of the above-mentioned law of May 13, 1871, relative to the nomination of bishops, did not meet with success, nor would there be reasonable hope, at present, of a different legislative decision. It results from this, therefore, that efforts in this direction must be limited to preparing by indirect ways the maturity of public opinion, which is wont, sooner or later, to influence the deliberations of parliament. The manifestation of the will of the people in the choice of ministers and pastors, that recalls the provident customs and traditions of the primitive church, to which the most learned and pious ecclesiastics of our day—it is enough to name Rosmini—earnestly desire to return, must first be the object of action to propagate the idea, in the order of facts, by spontaneous impulse, and by the moral need of pious and believing consciences; and afterward, when these facts become frequent and general, it will be the duty of the civil power to interfere to regulate them, and secure the sincerity and independence of them, without prejudice to the right of ecclesiastical institution.

"Already some symptoms have shown themselves, and some examples have been had, in certain provinces of the kingdom, and I deemed it my duty not to look on them with aversion and distrust, but at the same time to reconcile with existing discipline regarding benefices all such zeal and the protection that could be given to the popular vote and to ecclesiastics chosen by it, not only by providing for these the means needed for the becoming exercise of their ministry, but also to benefit at the same time the people by works tending to their instruction and assistance. I will not neglect opportunities of aiding by other indirect measures the attainment of the same end. The future will show whether this movement, a sign of the tendencies of the day, may be able to exercise a sensible influence on religious society and claim the attention of the legislator.

"3d The same commission referred to above will be able to examine how, by means of opportune expedients, some of the dispositions of the forthcoming law on the administration of the ecclesiastical fund may be made serve to relieve and encourage the priests and laymen belonging to associations the aim of which is to fulfil scrupulously at one and the same time the duties of religion and of patriotism. Still, despite the fact

that the actual arrangement and the accustomed destination of the revenues of vacant benefices succeed with great difficulty in meeting the mass of obligations that weigh upon them, I have earnestly sought for the readiest and most available means to afford some help and encouragement to the well-deserving society over which you preside, especially to promote the diffusion of the earnest and profound studies of history and ecclesiastical literature; and I am only sorry that insuperable obstacles have obliged me to keep within very modest limits. I will not neglect to avail myself of every favorable occasion to show the esteem and the satisfaction of the government with respect to those ecclesiastics and members of the association who join to gravity of conduct the merit of dedicating themselves to good ecclesiastical studies, and render useful service to their fellow-citizens.

"4th. In the fourth place, by this memorandum the demand is presented that one of the many churches in Naples, once conventual, be assigned to the society, endowing it with the property acquired by the laws affecting the title to such property of February 17, 1861, July 7, 1866, and August 15, 1867. On this point I have to say that many years ago there was brought about a state of things which certainly is not favorable to the granting of the demand; for the twenty-fourth article of the law of February 17, 1861, was interpreted in the sense that churches formerly conventual should be subject, as regards jurisdiction, to the archiepiscopal curia. Notwithstanding this, and although I intend to have examined anew the interpretation given to Article 24, seeing in the meantime that this state of things be not in the least changed for the worse, I will immediately put myself in relation with the prefect of the province, to know whether, keeping in view the facts as above, there be in your city a church we may dispose of that presents all the conditions required, in order that it may be given for the use of the society. It is hardly necessary to speak of the absolute impossibility of assigning an endowment from the property coming from the laws changing the title to such property, because, even apart from any other reason, the very laws themselves determine, in order, the use to which the revenues obtained by the consequent sale of the property are to be put

"5th. Finally, as regards guaranteeing efficaciously, against the arbitrary action of the episcopate, the lower clergy who are loyal to the laws of the country and to the dynasty, I do not deem it necessary to make any declarations or give any assurances, because my principles and the first acts of my administration are a pledge that, within the bounds allowed me by law, and urging, if needful, the action of the courts, in accordance with the law of May 13, 1871, I shall not fail to show by deeds that the government of the king is not disposed to tolerate that good ecclesiastics of liberal creed should be subject to abuse on the part of their ecclesiastical superiors, when the legal means are in their power to prevent it.

"Be pleased to accept, honored sir, the expression of my esteem and consideration.

"The Keeper of the Seals,
"MANCINI."

We shall adduce only one other document as prefatory to what we are going to say, and that is the letter of a certain Professor Sbarbaro, who is a prominent writer of extreme views, possessing a frankness of character that makes him attack the government at one time, even in favor of the church, though through no love of it, at another launch forth against it an amount of invective and false accusation that would warrant us in looking on him as the crater of the revolutionary volcano. This personage has written quite recently one of his characteristic letters, in which he uses all his eloquence against the church, recommending everywhere the establishment of Protestant churches and schools; because, he says, this is the only way to destroy the Catholic Church, the implacable enemy of the new order of things. Every nerve must be strained to effect this. There can be no peace till it be accomplished, and the edifice of Italian unity and

freedom tower over the ruins of ecclesiastical oppression.

With the express declaration of the deputy, Sig. Giuseppe Toscanelli, the letter of his Excellency the Keeper of the Seals and that of Professor Sbarbaro, before our eyes, we are prepared to see some fact in accordance with the ideas and sentiments therein expressed. The fact is at hand; it is a movement set on foot to obtain adhesion and subscriptions to the scheme of electing, by the people, to their positions ecclesiastics even of the highest grade. The Sovereign Pontiff himself alluded to this in his discourse to the foreign colleges, July 25, 1876, when he warned them that steps were taking to prepare the way to a popular election, "*a tempo suo, anche al maggior beneficio della chiesa*"—"at the proper time, to even the first benefice of the church"—in other words, the Papacy. It is worth while examining this question, because the agitation having begun, specious arguments having been advanced, and illustrious names, such as that of Rosmini—who, it is well known, retracted whatever by overzeal he had written that incurred censure at Rome—having been brought forward to support such views, it is not unlikely that elsewhere we may hear a repetition of them. Say what people may, Rome is the centre of the civilized world; the agitations that occur there, especially in the speculative order, are like the waves produced by casting a stone in the water: the ripples extend themselves from the centre to the extreme circumference. So thence the agitations strike France and Germany and Spain, extend to England, Russia, the East, and finally reach us and the other extra-European nations.

The errors on this subject of popular election in the church, where they are not affected, come from a confusion of ideas and a want of knowledge of what the church is. Protestantism has had the greatest part in misleading men; for it completely changed the essential idea of this mystic body of Christ. Our Lord, when founding his church on earth, spoke of it continually as his, as his kingdom, as his house, as his vineyard. He told his disciples that to him all power had been given in heaven and on earth. Nowhere do we see him giving to any one a title that would make him a sharer in that power; the unity of command signified by the idea of the kingdom, the absolute power of imposing laws, is his, his alone, and is entrusted to those he selected to continue his work. His words to his apostles were: "As the Father hath sent me, I send you"—the fulness of power I have I bestow upon you, that you may act in my name, in such a way that "he who hears you hears me; and he who will not hear you, let him be to you as the heathen and the publican." He makes the distinction between those who are to hear and those who are outside his church; he constitutes in his kingdom, his church, those who are to command with his authority and those who are to obey: the apostles and their successors—the Sovereign Pontiff with the bishops—and the people or the laity. The duty of the laity is to obey, not to command, not to impose, not to exact, much less to name those who are to hold positions in the church—an act proper of its nature only to those who hold power of command, just as in a kingdom the naming to offices resides with the king or with those

he may depute for such purpose. The duty of the laity is summed up in the words of the Prince of the Apostles: *Obedite præpositis vestris*—Obey your prelates. Such is the divine constitution of the church, and, like everything of divine right, that constitution is unchangeable. Alongside of this fact, however, we find another that apparently conflicts with it. We see the people, even in the first period of the preaching of Christianity, taking part in the election of those who were to hold places in the church, and this at the instance of the apostles themselves. It is, however, not the rule, but the exception, in the sacred text; for we find the apostles acting directly, themselves selecting and bestowing power of orders and jurisdiction; as, for example, when St. Paul placed Timothy over the church of Ephesus, and Titus over those of Crete. This is in accordance with what we might expect from the constitution of the church. Had the election to such places been of divine right, St. Paul would have violated that right in so naming both Timothy and Titus. It follows, then, that this power of taking part in the election of prelates, priests, and deacons was introduced by the apostles and used in the early church as a matter of expediency, the continuation or interruption of which would depend upon circumstances. What was the meaning of it? Was it a conferring of power, a naming to fill a place, or a presentation, a testimony of worth of those thus selected, which the apostles and their successors sought from the people? It was a testimony of worth only. This is evident from the words of St. Peter to the one hundred and twenty gathered with him for the nomination of St. Matthias. It is St. Peter who regulates, orders what is to be done, and commands the brethren to select one from their number. They could not agree on one; two were nominated, and the prayer and choice by lot followed. This was, of course, an extraordinary case, and we do not see this mode of election afterwards resorted to, leaving the matter to be decided by the power of God. What we do see here that is of interest to us is the act of the Prince of the Apostles prescribing what was to be done; this shows his supreme authority, and is the source of the legality of the position of St. Matthias. The testimony of the people was required to ascertain his worth and fitness. It was very natural that this testimony of the people should be resorted to, especially in the early church, in which affairs were administered and the work of the Gospel carried on rather through the spirit of charity, "that hath no law," than by legal enactments; though we begin to see quite early traces of these, as required by the nature of the case. This example of the apostles continued in use in the church for centuries, the testimony of the people to the worth of their bishops being required; for it has always been an axiom in the conduct of affairs in the church that the bishop must be acceptable to his people; nor is any great examination needed to arrive at such a conclusion, for the office of a bishop regards the spiritual interests of his flock, and such interests cannot be furthered by one against whom his people have just cause of complaint and dissatisfaction. To obtain such testimony, or to be able to present an acceptable and worthy bishop to a flock, there is

no one essentially necessary way. Provided testimony beyond exception can be had, it matters little by what channel it comes. In process of time, when persecution, and persistent struggle with paganism for centuries after persecution, ended, "the charity of many having grown cold," the strife that too often ensued in the choice of bishops, and the success of designing men through bribery or intrigue, brought about the change in the discipline of the church. We find the eighth general council legislating with regard to elections to patriarchates, archbishoprics, and bishoprics. We see that the powerful were making use of the means at their command either to influence the people in the choice, where this was possible, or by their own authority placing ecclesiastics in possession of sees. The council was held in the year 869, and was called on to act against Photius, the intruded patriarch of Constantinople. It drew up and promulgated these two canons:

"CAN. XII. The apostolic and synodical canons wholly forbidding promotion and consecration of bishops by the power and command of princes, we concordantly define, and also pronounce sentence, that, if any bishop have received consecration to such dignity by intrigue or cunning of princes, he is to be by all means deposed as having willed and agreed to possess the house of the Lord, not by the will of God and by ecclesiastical rite and decree, but by the desire of carnal sense, from men and through men.

"CAN. XXII. This holy and universal synod, in accordance with former councils, defines and decrees that the promotion and consecration of bishops are to be done by the election and decree of the college of bishops; and it rightly proclaims that no lay prince or person possessed of power shall interfere in the election of a patriarch, of a metropolitan, or of any bishop whatsoever, lest there should arise inordinate and incongruous confusion or strife, especially as it is fitting that no prince or other layman have any power in such matters" (Version of Anastasius).

In the Roman Church, however, while the active interference of secular princes and nobles, despite the canons of the church, continued to be the rule during the middle ages, to the great harm of religion and dishonor of the See of Peter, to the intrusion even of unworthy occupants who scandalized the faithful, the popes and the clergy wished to have the people present as witnesses of the election, and consenting to it, that in this way there might be a bar to calumny, affecting the validity of it, and an obstacle to the ambition of the surrounding princes. Still, the election proper belonged to the clergy, the people consenting to receive the one so elected. Prior to the pontificate of Nicholas II. the people, so often the willing servants of the German emperors or of their allies, used not unfrequently to impose their will on the clergy, or made Rome the theatre of factional strife. To put a stop to this, Nicholas, having called a council of one hundred and thirteen bishops at Rome, published in it the following decree:

1. "God beholding us, it is first decreed that the election of the Roman Pontiff shall be in the power of the cardinal bishops; so that if any one be enthroned in the apostolic chair without their previous concordant and canonical election, and afterwards with the consent of the successive religious orders, of the clergy, and of the laity, he is to be held as no pope or apostolic man, but as an apostate."

In the centuries of contention between the lay powers and the ecclesiastical authorities, the disci-

pline on the subject of election to the higher benefices became more and more strict, till finally the selection has, as a rule, come to be reserved to the Sovereign Pontiff, to whom, even after election by chapter, the confirmation belongs. The Council of Trent has been very explicit on this point. In ch. iv. of sess. xxiii. we read:

"The holy synod, moreover, teaches that, in the ordination of bishops, priests, and of the other grades, the consent, or call, or authority neither of the people nor of any secular power and magistracy is so required that without this it be invalid; nay, it even decrees that those who ascend to the exercise of this ministry, called and placed in position only by the people or lay power and magistracy, and who of their own rashness assume them, are all to be held, not as ministers of the church, but as thieves and robbers who have not come in by the door."

Can. vii. of this session condemns those who teach otherwise.

We are, therefore, not surprised to find duly promulgated the following document referring to the "Italian society for the reassertion of the rights that belong to Christian people, and especially to Roman citizens," under whose auspices the movement for election to ecclesiastical benefices by the people has been set on foot. The *Sacra Penitentiaria* is the tribunal to which cases of conscience are submitted for decision, and its answers are given according to the terms of the petition or case submitted. We give the case as submitted, and the reply:

"MOST EMINENT AND REVEREND SIR: Some confessors in the city of Rome humbly submit that, at the present moment, there is in circulation in it a paper containing a printed programme, with accompanying schedules of association, by which the faithful are solicited to join a certain society, established or to be established to the end that, on the vacancy of the Apostolic See, the Roman people may take part in the election of the Roman Pontiff. The name of the society is: *Società Cattolica per la rivendicazione dei diritti spettanti al popolo cristiano ed in ispecie al popolo Romano.* Whoever gives his name to this society must expressly declare, as results from the schedules, that he agrees to the doctrines set forth in the programme, and contracts the obligation, before two witnesses, of doing all he can to further the propagation of these doctrines and the increase of the society. Wherefore, the said confessors, that they may properly absolve, when by the grace of God they come to the sacrament of penance, those who have been the promoters of this evil society, or have subscribed their names thereto, and other adherents and aiders of it, send a copy of the programme and schedules to be examined by the Sacred Penitentiary, and ask an answer to the following questions:

"1. Whether each and all, giving their names to this society, or aiding it, or in any way abetting it, or adhering to it, by the very fact incur the penalty of the major excommunication?

"2. And if so, whether this excommunication be reserved to the Sovereign Pontiff?"

"The Sacred Penitentiary, having considered all that has been laid before it, and duly examined into the nature and end of this society, having referred the foregoing to our most holy lord, Pius IX., with his approbation, replies to the proposed questions as follows:

"To the first, affirmatively.

"To the second: The excommunication is incurred by the very fact, and is in a special manner reserved to the Roman Pontiff.

"Given at Rome, in the Sacred Penitentiary, August 4, 1876.

"R. CARD. MONACO, *for the Grand Penitentiary.*

"HIP. CANON PALOMBI, *S. P. Secretary.*"

Such is the state of things we have to present to our readers as a

result of the triumph of Freemasonry in Italy and of the seizure of Rome: the Pope a captive; his temporal power gone; his spiritual power trammelled; his influence subject to daily attacks that aim at its destruction; and, to crown all, looming up in the distance, a possible schism, resulting from interference, patronized by the Italian government, in the future election of the Head of two hundred millions of Catholics throughout the world, whose most momentous interests are at stake. Surely nothing could be of more weight to show how impossible a thing a pope under the dominion of a sovereign is; nor could we desire anything better adapted to show the necessity of the restoration of his perfect independence in the temporal order. We believe this will be; and, as things are, we can see no other way possible than by the restoration of his temporal power; how, or when, is in the hands of divine Providence.

A GLIMPSE OF THE ADIRONDACKS.

Lake George, Sept. —, 1876.

My Dear Friend: Not content with being told that we enjoyed our trip immensely, you demand a description—of, at least, the chief part of it. Now, an adequate description of any kind of scenery is by no means an easy thing. I have read since my return those *Adventures of a Phaeton* which your high praises made me promise to try. And, certainly, the author's plan is admirably executed; his pages are fragrant with rural freshness; but can you aver that your mind carries away a single picture from his numerous descriptions? I have, as you know, the advantage over you of having visited some of the places through which he conducts the party, particularly Oxford and its vicinity; but I assure you, had I not *seen* old Iffley, for instance, with its church and mill, the strokes of his pen would have given me no idea of them.

Poets understand description better than other writers. Lord Byron is the greatest master of the art in our language, and, I venture to say, in any. What is their secret? To go into the least possible detail—sketching but a few bold outlines, and leaving you to contemplate, as they did. I shall make no apology, then, for following in their wake.

Well, the time we spent in the woods proper—or mountains proper, if you prefer it—was barely five days. It took us a whole day to voyage down Lake George and part of Lake Champlain, and then stage (or vehicle) it to a place with the euphonious name of Keene Flats. Lake George looked as lovely as it always does under a clear morning sky; and when the *Minnehaha* had finished her course, we found—something new to us—a railway station, and a train waiting to convey us to Lake Champlain. I cannot deny that the unromantic train is an improvement on the coach-ride of other days; for the old road was so absurdly bad, one had to hold on to the coach like grim death to avoid being jolted off.

The Champlain boats are all that can be desired. Besides other accommodations, they serve you with a dinner which is well worth the dollar you pay for it. The lake itself, though, makes a very poor show after the beautiful George; and on this occasion what charms it had were veiled by a thick smoke—from Canadian forests (we were told). We had not more than time for a post-prandial cigar before we reached Westport, our aquatic terminus. Landing, we found it no difficult matter to discover the stage for Keene Flats. Two men, if not three, vociferously greeted us with "Keene Flats!" "Stage for Keene Flats!" The stage we had expected to meet was not there. It ran only Tuesdays and Fridays, they said—or Mondays and Fridays, I forget which—and this was Wednesday. So we took the only one to be had, and started on a journey of some twenty-four miles, but which lasted over five hours

The journey was broken by having to change vehicles at Elizabethtown—a strikingly pretty place, and evidently popular. The drive thus far had been through a continuous cloud of dust, and the thickest of its kind I was ever in. The remaining fourteen miles were really delightful. While evening fell softly from a cloudless sky, the scenery grew bolder and wilder. The heights on either side took a deeper blue, the woods a darker green. And presently the chill air made us wrap ourselves against it. Very long seemed the drive, and weary; but many a violet peak beguiled us with its beauty, and the large star drew our thoughts from earth, till at last, as we descended into Keene Valley, the moon rose to light us to our rest.

It was after nine o'clock when we alighted at Washbond's. Mine host had gone to bed, but was not slow to answer our summons; and then his wife and daughter came down to get us supper. We did justice to the repast, which was simple but well served, and in the meantime made arrangements with Trumble, the guide, whom we were fortunate in finding at home. Our beds were in a new house Washbond had just built. Everything was clean and comfortable, and I need not say we slept.

Breakfasting about eight next morning, we made preparations for our tramp through the woods. The guide was very useful to us in knowing what provisions to get. His younger brother, too—himself training for a guide—came along with us, for a consideration, to help carry our load.

Taking one more meal at Washbond's, we started in the heat of noon. A couple of miles brought us to the woods proper. Here the character of the road changed, of course, and the "pull" began. It was surprising how cool the air of the woods was when we stopped to breathe and sat down with our packs; whereas, wherever the sun got at us through the trees, he "let us know he was there." But had the fatigue of those first miles through the woods been twice or ten times as great, it would have been more than repaid when, suddenly, a turn in the road brought us in view of the Lower Au Sable Lake.

One of our trio, whom we called Colonel (for we thought it wise to travel *incog.*—the second being Judge, and myself Doctor), had run on ahead of the guides—a practice he kept up throughout the trip. We heard him shout as he came upon the lake, and he told us afterwards

that he had taken off his hat and thanked God for having lived to see that view. There lay the water in the light of afternoon, long, narrow, and winding out of sight. To either shore sloped a mountain, wooded, clear-cut, precipitous.

It was quite romantic to be told we had to navigate this lake. But first there were the Rainbow Falls to see. Our end of the lake (not included in the above view) was choked up with fallen timber. Crossing on some trunks to the other shore, we had but a few minutes' walk before we came into a rocky hollow of wildest beauty, where, from a cliff some hundred and fifty feet high, leapt the torrent —scarcely "with delirious bound," nor, of course, with the bulk it would have had in winter, yet with terrible majesty—into a channel below us. It did not wear the rainbow coronal, the time of day being too late. But the glen was well worth a visit, and deliciously cool from the spray.

The boat we were to voyage in was the property of the guide—a light craft, and rather too crank to be comfortable, particularly with a load of five on board, to say nothing of the dog and the baggage; so that, in fact, our passage along the lake and between the giant slopes was not as pleasant as it might have been. After some difficult navigation at the other end of the lake, the crew was safely landed with the baggage, and the boat hidden in some bushes. Then a trudge through the woods again for a couple of miles at least (distances, by the bye, are peculiar in these regions), till we issued on the bank of the Au Sable River where it leaves the Upper Lake. It was during this march that the Colonel (who had brought his gun) got a shot at a certain bird, and knocked too many feathers from her not to have killed her, though neither he nor the dog could find her; and this was, positively, the only game he sighted the whole trip through.

But here a second boat was found hidden and ready, and one a little larger than the first. And now came *the* scene of our excursion. We seemed to have entered an enchanted land—to be floating on a veritable fairy lake. The vision stole over us like a dream. Then, too, it was "the heavenliest hour of heaven" for such a scene: the sun set, and twilight just begun. The picture, as a whole, will ever remain in my memory as, of its kind, the loveliest it has been my happiness to see. But, my dear friend, it "beggars all description." I can only ask you to imagine it, while I jot down a few points of detail.

The Upper Au Sable differs strikingly from the Lower, although, of course, equally formed by, and a part of, the same river. It is less long, but also less narrow; and while to the left, as you glide up it, there stands but one mountain from shore to sky, to the right you behold other majestic summits towering above the wooded slope. So, again, on looking back, you see a gap of fantastic grandeur, and, fronting you, is a wide opening, relieved by a single peak. This peak, as we then saw it, wore the bewitching blue that distance and evening combine to "lend"—a charm which I, for one (and surely all lovers of nature), can never enough feast my eyes upon. The summits to the right and behind us were also robed in various shades of "purple," which deepened with the twilight. The glassy water was covered here and there

with yellow-blossomed lilies. Even the green of the woods partook with the sky

> "That *clear obscure*,
> So softly dark, and darkly pure."

Along the right bank two camp-fires were burning brightly. Toward one of these our guide was steering. He knew that his camp (constructed by himself, and therefore his by every right) was occupied, but was bent on turning the intruders out. We found a guide sitting calmly by the fire, and awaiting the return of his party to supper. They had gone up "Marcy," he said, and two of them were ladies, and it would be very hard for them to have to seek another camp after their day's climb. He had supposed our camp would not be wanted. There was one of his own on the other side, just as good, and we could have that. Well, of course, we three, when we heard of ladies, used our influence with Trumble, who slowly relented, and then rowed us over to the other shore. Yes, the camp was as good, and all about it; but we were on the wrong side for seeing the moon rise, and felt not a little disappointed.

While the guide was making the fire the Colonel proposed that we should row up the lake and look for deer. So we went; but not a sign of any such quadruped could we see. Our view of the lake, though, repaid us; and when we returned, we found a splendid fire and a savory supper. These fires are kept up all night. They are close in front of the camp. This species of "camp" is a hut or shed, built of logs and securely roofed with birch bark. Sloping upward from behind, it stands open to the air in front. The floor is strewed with spruce boughs, or some other equally suitable; and when over this covering a "rubber blanket" is placed, you have quite a comfortable bed. Did we sleep, though? Very fairly for the first night out.

And here I am tempted to end this epistle; for no other day of our whole trip brought anything to compare with the exquisite surprises of this first day in the woods. But I know you will not be satisfied if I fail to take you up Mt. Marcy and round through Indian Pass.

Well, then, we started for "Marcy" (as the guides call it) next morning, right after breakfast. Our breakfast, by the way, was unusually good for Friday. The Colonel and Trumble had risen early and caught a nice string of brook trout. The brook was near the head of the lake. We also supped on trout, which the Colonel and I got from Marcy Brook, a mountain stream we reached about noon.

The ascent from the lake was decidedly a "pull," the more so, no doubt, from the reluctance with which we took leave of the lake. We felt the climb that day more than any climb we had afterward. A mile, too, of this kind seems equal, in point of distance, to three or four miles on ordinary ground. Having rested by Marcy Brook for dinner, we pushed on in the afternoon for Panther Gorge, where we found a good camp unoccupied, which served us for the night. The Judge was very eager to scale Marcy that evening, in order to get the view from it by moonlight. We met a gentleman coming down, who said he had been on Marcy the night before, and described the moonlight view as the finest sight he had ever witnessed. We also met some ladies belonging to the

same party. Still, I think it was as well we did not go up that night; for it would have sorely taxed our strength. I have recently been told of persons who brought on disease, and died within a year or two after, by rash exertion among these mountains. This sort of thing seems to me consummate folly. More than that, it is a sin. We had come on the excursion not only to see, but, equally, to gain vigor. Having, then, plenty of time and ample provisions, there was no use in straining ourselves to gratify vanity or anything else.

Panther Gorge must have taken its name from that truculent animal having "infested" there (as Josh Billings would say). But the bounty set on beasts of prey current in these woods seems to have made them very scarce; for the only specimen we met with all the way was a dead bear rotting in a trap. The gorge itself is wild, but not particularly romantic. We got a view of it from a place called "The Notch," near the summit of Mt. Marcy, where we rested to dine. There is a sort of camp at this spot, but a poor thing to pass a night in. There is also a most convenient spring. Indeed, we had reason to be very grateful for the springs and rills of delicious water which abounded all along our line of march.

The ascent of Marcy is singularly easy for a mountain of such height—one of the highest, indeed, this side of the Rocky range. I confess I had rather dreaded the climb, from an experience of Black Mountain, on Lake George. I was therefore quite agreeably surprised. On the other hand, I was almost equally disappointed by the view from the Cloud-splitter's top. (Tahawus—*i.e.*, Cloud-splitter—is the old Indian name for the mountain. What a pity it was changed!—nearly as barbarous as giving the name of one of Thackeray's "Four Georges" to the beautiful Lac du Saint-Sacrement. Far better to have restored the Indian name — Horicon, *Holy* Lake.) It is rarely, I suppose, that a perfectly clear view is to be had from these mountains. *We*, probably, saw little more than half the horizon commanded by the height at which we stood. What we did see was worth seeing, certainly. Still, I, at least, remembered an incomparably finer view from the well-named Prospect Mountain at the head of Lake George.

Lake George we could not see, but only where it was. A number of small lakes were pointed out to us by the guide, among them the "Tear of the Clouds," one of the reputed sources of the Hudson. This wretched little pond—for such it proved when we passed it on our way towards Lake Colden that afternoon—looked far from deserving of its poetical name, even at a distance; for we could see that it was yellow, being, in fact, a very shallow affair, and more like a stagnant marsh than a crystalline tear. They might as well have given some sidereal appellation to the sun-reflector which Mr. Colvin has erected on the exact apex of Marcy—a few sheets of tin, some of which had been torn off; for when, three days later, we were many miles away, we beheld this apparatus glittering like a star in the rays of the setting sun.

But here let me moralize a moment. Those to whom "high mountains are a feeling," as they were to the "Pilgrim poet," will not scale them purely for the view they afford, much less for the sake of vaunting a creditable feat. They will understand the longing so nobly expressed by Keats:

"To sit upon an Alp as on a throne,
And half forget what world and worldling meant."

That is, they will feel at home on mountain-tops, because uplifted from the transitory and the sordid, and reminded what it is to belong to eternity. But then, on the other hand, unless, with Wordsworth, they "have ears to hear"

"The still, sad music of humanity,"

they will miss the real lesson which the "wonder-works of God and Nature's hand" are meant to teach—to wit, the infinitely greater worth and *beauty* of a single human soul, even the lowest and most degraded, as a world in which are wrought, or can be wrought, the "wonder-works" of *grace*. The love of Nature never yet made a misanthrope. The poet who could write

"To me
High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
Of human cities torture,"

had been stung into misanthropy before he "fled" to Nature, and would rather have found in Nature's bosom a sublime and tender love of mankind, had he not possessed (as some one has well said of him) "the eagle's *wing* without the eagle's *eye*," so that "while he soared above the world" he "could not gaze upon the sun of Truth."

Such having been my cogitations as I stood on Mt. Marcy, you will not think it pedantry that I record them here.

Descending, we returned to the camp at the Notch, where we had left our baggage, then struck into the trail for the Iron-Works (of which anon). This trail, though well worn, is very tiresome, owing to the number of trees that have fallen across it, obliging you to crawl a good deal. But we were glad to have seen the "Flumes" of the "Opalescent"—another poetic name, which obviously means "beginning to be opal," or *resembling* that hue. But, unfortunately, there are various kinds of opal; and since the water had nothing of a milky tinge, the bestower of the name must have meant the *brown* opal, an impure and inferior sort. I therefore deem the name infelicitous. The only color-epithet for clear and shallow waters, whether running or still, is *amber*. Witness Milton, in *Paradise Lost:*

"Where the river of bliss through midst of heaven
Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her *amber* stream."

And again, in *Comus:*

"Sabrina fair!
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy *amber*-dropping hair!"

The "Flumes" are fine—too fine to be called flumes, according to the dictionary sense of the term. They are chasms of considerable depth and length. But I must hasten on, like the river by which we are loitering.

Our camp that night was on the shore of Colden Lake—quite a pretty little lake of its kind. But all lakes seemed (to me, at least) apologies for lakes after the Upper Au Sable. From our camp we could see where Lake Avalanche lay—not a mile, we were told, from Colden.. The Judge and Colonel made an agreement with the guide to visit Lake Avalanche next morning early: but, when the time came, they found slumber too sweet, as I had anticipated they would. *I* had no hankering to accompany them, because, for one thing, they would have had to trudge through a regular swamp, the guide said—a kind of walking I particularly dislike; while, for another thing, it was easy to imagine the lake from the sloping cliffs that shut it in. These re-

minded us of the Lower Au Sable, but, being bare and scarred, would have evidently a very inferior effect. So Avalanche, like "Yarrow," went "unvisited."

It was a matter of necessity now to push on to the Iron-Works. Our provisions had run out; so we made the seven miles that Sunday morning, and reached our destination in good time for dinner. The trail was the best we had seen yet. We passed "Calamity Pond," so called from a Mr. Henderson, one of the owners of the Iron-Works, having shot himself there accidentally. He laid his revolver on a rock near the pond, and, on taking it up, discharged it into his side. On this rock now stands a neat monument erected by filial affection.

As we entered the deserted village still called the Iron-Works (though said works have been abandoned twenty years), a shower of rain fell—the first we had met. (Such a run of fine weather as we had been favored with is very rare in the Adirondacks.) The only occupied house belongs to a Mr. M——, who, while disclaiming to keep an inn or public-house of any kind, accommodates passing tourists, and even boarders. The table was good enough, especially after our frugal meals in the woods; but I cannot say as much for the beds in comparison with the camps. He had to put us for the night in another house belonging to him, but which had not been used, he said, this year, and looked as if it had not been used for several years. The bedsteads, too, surprised us by not breaking down in the night; and two of us had to occupy one bed. However, we contrived to sleep pretty well, and rose next morning quite ready for "Indian Pass." Fortunately, Mrs. M—— was able to let us have enough provisions for the remainder of our tramp; but when we came to "foot" the bill, it was unexpectedly "steep." People must "make," you see, in a place like this.

Starting after breakfast that Monday morning, we took the shorter route by way of Lake Henderson. We were not sorry to get a good view of this lake, but our voyage on it was far from pleasant. A guide from M——'s came with us. He had two boats: one a sort of "scow" with a paddle, the other a boat like Trumble's, only lighter and smaller. Trumble and brother, dog and baggage, went in the scow; we three in the other, with the guide for oarsman. Our boat was loaded to within three inches of the water's edge, and, there being a slight breeze, it was the greatest risk I ever ran of an upset. Had the breeze increased, we must have gone over. All three of us could swim; but to risk a drenching with its consequences, and under such circumstances, seemed to me the most provoking stupidity. One of us might easily have gone in the scow. The guide was to blame, for he knew the boat's capacity. However, through the favor of Our Lady and the angels, under whose joint protection our excursion had been placed, we were safely landed, and soon found ourselves in the woods once more, and on a trail that seemed made for wild-cats.

But now our fears of rain were verified. The menacing west had not hindered us from setting out; but we found the shelter of trees inadequate, and, of course, they kept dripping upon us after the shower had passed over. In short, we got wet enough to feel very uncomfortable; and the sun could not

penetrate to us satisfactorily. We had hoped the rain was a mere thunder-shower; but when we saw more clouds, dense and black, we made up our minds that we were "in for it." Trumble put forth the assurance that nobody ever caught cold in the woods. But I, less contented with this than the others, resolved to try the supernatural. I vowed Our Blessed Lady some Masses for the souls in purgatory most devoted to her; and behold, as each succeeding cloud came resolutely on, the sun broke through it triumphantly, till, after an hour or two, all danger had disappeared, and we were left to finish our journey under a cloudless sky. Of course this favorable turn may have been due to purely natural causes; but I mention it as what it seemed to me, because I know you believe in "special providences," and always rejoice in acknowledging Our Blessed Mother's goodness and power.

The trail became more perilous to eyes and ankles than any we had followed yet. Indeed, it was a constant marvel that we met with no sprain or fracture. Such an accident would have been extremely awkward, remote as we were from the habitations of men, to say nothing of surgical aid. But, of course, we took every care, and the prayers of friends, together with our own, drew Heaven's protection round us.

At last we came in sight of the gigantic cliff which forms the western side of the pass—very grand, certainly, but not what we had anticipated from the glowing accounts of brother-pilgrims. Then, too, we saw but that one side; being *on* the other ourselves, and not between the two, as we had supposed we should be. When we reached "Summit Rock," we stopped for dinner. The view that met our retrospection from this rock repaid our climb. In fact, it was this view alone that made us think anything of "Indian Pass." "Summit Rock," though, is not easy to scale; and I, having taken the wrong track, in turning to descend had the narrowest escape from a very serious fall. I shall always feel grateful for that preservation when I recall our Adirondack experiences. How forcibly and consolingly the words of the Psalmist came to me then, as they do now: "Quoniam angelis suis mandavit de te, ut custodiant te in omnibus viis tuis. In manibus portabunt te, ne forte offendas ad lapidem pedem tuum" (Ps. xc. 11, 12.*

We camped that afternoon, and for the night, at a spot about "half way"—that is, half way between the Iron-Works and North Elba (a distance of eighteen miles); for the pass proper is of no great length. The camp there is excellent. We reached it in time for the Judge and myself to get a capital bath, while the Colonel caught a string of trout, before supper. We did not cook all the fish for that meal, but kept a supply for the morrow's breakfast. The trout thus reserved were hung upon a stump about fifteen yards from the camp, at the risk of having them stolen in the night by some animal. And, sure enough, some animal was after them in the night, for the dog got up and growled, and went outside; but this scared the marauder away, for we found the fish untouched in the morning.

Tuesday dawned serenely, and we lost no time after breakfast in

* "For he hath given his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. In their hands they shall *bear thee up*, lest, perchance, thou dash thy foot against a stone."

getting under way for Blinn's Farm —our chosen destination in North Elba County. The walk seemed interminably long, but was almost all down-hill, and over ground covered with dried leaves. We lunched, rather than dined, on the march; for we knew a good dinner was to be had at the farm. The last difficult feat to be performed was crossing our old friend the Au Sable, which flows between the hill we had descended and the slope leading up to Blinn's. We had to take boots and socks off, and make our way over a few large stones, some of which were awkwardly far apart. The others managed it all right. *I* might as well have kept boots and socks on; for just as I got to the last stone but one, and where a jump was necessary, I slipped and came down on my hands, sousing boots and socks under water. Even this, though, was preferable to slipping ankle-deep into black mud, as I had done again and again on the tramp; and when we gained the house and changed our things, I was as well off as anybody.

Fortunately, they had room for us. Very pleasant people. And they got us up a first-rate dinner, the most delectable feature whereof was (to me, at least) some rashers of English bacon. This and the farm itself, with its look of peace and honest toil, took me back to long ago—to my first English home; for the pretty little parsonage where I was born was close to two farm-houses. But farm, dinner, and all were nothing to the view commanded by this spot—the most exquisite panorama of mountains it had ever been my happiness to contemplate. Facing us, as we turned to look back on the wilderness we had escaped from, was Indian Pass, the true character of which is best seen from this distance. To the left of us stood Marcy in majestic silence. Between him and the pass were the "scarpèd cliffs" of Avalanche. From south to west was a lower line of heights, apparelled in a thick blue haze. And when, an hour later, we saw the sun set along this line, the evening azure settled on the other peaks around us, and Marcy's signal gleamed and flashed like a red star.

And here I must bid you adieu, my dear friend. However poorly I have complied with your request, it has been no small pleasure to me. I hope you will catch a fair *glimpse* of the Adirondacks, which is all I pretend to give. But I must add that when we three travellers got back to this dear old lake, we were unanimous in declaring that, after all we had seen, there was nothing to surpass Lake George, nor anything that would *wear* so well. *Vale.*

SIR THOMAS MORE.

A HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE PRINCESSE DE CRAON.

XV.

As the night wore away the bonfires lighted in the public places were extinguished. Quiet and silence succeeded the tumult, the shouts, dances, and the surging waves of an excited populace rushing wildly through the streets of the capital. The ladies had deposited their borrowed charms upon the ebony and ivory of their solitary and hidden toilets. Themselves wrapped in slumber within the heavy curtains of their luxurious couches, their brocade robes and precious jewels still waited (hanging up or thrown here and there) the care of the active and busy chambermaids. Of all the sensation, triumphs, and irresistible charms there was left nothing but the wreck, disorder, and faded flowers. And thus passes everything appertaining to man. Beauty lives but a day; an hour even may behold it withered and cut down.

The sun had scarcely risen when a number of carts, mounted by vigilant upholsterers, were driven up, in order to remove the scaffolds, the triumphal arches, and strip them of their soiled drapery and withered garlands. The avenues of the palace were deserted, and not a courtier had yet appeared. One man, however, all alone, slowly surveyed the superb apartments of the Tower. He paused successively before each panel of tapestry, examining them in all their details, or he took from their places the large chairs with curved backs, that he might inspect them more closely; he then consulted a great memorandum-book he held in his hand.

"Ah! Master Cloth, you are not to be cheated. It is not possible that Signor Ludovico Bonvisi has sold you this velvet at six angels the piece; and six hundred pieces more, do you say? But I will show you I am not so easily duped as you would think by the thieving merchants of my good city. The rascals understand very well how to manage their affairs; but we will also manage to clip some of their wings."

And Henry VIII. gave a stroke with his penknife through the column he wished to diminish; it was in this way he made his additions.

"The devil! This violet carpet covering the courtyard is enormously dear.

"Mistress Anne, your reception here has ruined me. We must find some means of making all this up. These women are full of whims, and of very dear whims too. A wife is a most ruinous thing; everything is ruinous. They cannot move without spending money. It has been necessary to give enormous sums right and left—to doctors of universities, to Parliament; and all that is an entire loss, for they will clamor none the less loudly. There are men in Parliament who will sell themselves, and yet

they will ridicule me just as much as the others, in order to appear independent. Verily, it is terror alone that can be used to advantage; with one hand she replenishes the purse, while with the other she at the same time executes my commands.

"This fringe is only an inch wide; it cannot weigh as much as they say it does here. I counted on the rest of the cardinal's money; but nothing—he had not a penny, or at any rate he has been able to hide his pieces from me, so that I could not find a trace of them.

"Northumberland has written me there was nothing at Cawood but a box, where he found, carefully tied up in a little sack of red linen, a hair shirt and a discipline, which have doubtless served our friend Wolsey to expiate the sins I have made him commit." And as these reflections were passing through his mind, the king experienced a very disagreeable sensation at the sight of a man dressed in black, who approached him on tip toe. Henry VIII. did not at all like being surprised in his paroxysms of suspicion and avarice.

"What does that caterpillar want with me at this early hour?" he said, looking at Cromwell, who was in full dress, frizzled, and in his boots, as though he had not been to bed, and had not had so much to do the day before.

The king endeavored to conceal the memorandum he held in his hand; but who could hide anything from Cromwell? He was delighted to perceive the embarrassment and vexation of his master, because it was one of his principles that he held these great men in his power, when favor began to abate, through the fear they felt of having their faults publicly exposed by those who had known them intimately. He therefore took a malicious pleasure in proving to the king that his precautions had been useless, and that he knew perfectly well the nature of his morning's occupation, for which he feigned the greatest admiration.

"What method!" he exclaimed. "What vast intellect! How is your majesty able to accomplish all that you undertake, passing from the grandest projects to the most minute details, and that always with the same facility, the same unerring judgment?"

Henry VIII. regarded Cromwell attentively, as if to be assured that this eulogy was sincere; but he observed an indescribable expression of hypocrisy hovering on the pinched lips of the courtier. He contracted his brow, but resolved to carry on the deception.

"Yes," he said, "I reproach myself with this extravagance. I should have kept the furniture of my predecessors. There are so many poor to relieve! I am overwhelmed with their demands; the treasury is empty, I cannot afford it, and I have done very wrong in granting myself this indulgence."

"Come!" replied Cromwell, "think of your majesty reproaching yourself for an outlay absolutely indispensable. Very soon, I suppose, you will not permit yourself to buy a cloak or a doublet of Flanders wool, while you leave in the enjoyment of their property these monks who have never been favorable to your cause. The treasury is empty, you say; give me a fortnight's time and a commission, and I will replenish it to overflowing."

The king smiled. "Yes, yes, I know very well; you want me to appoint you inspector of my

monks. You would make them disgorge, you say."

"A set of drones and idlers!"* cried Cromwell. "You have only to drive them all out, take possession of their property, and put it in the treasury; it will make an immense sum. They are to be found in every corner. When you have dispossessed them, you will be able to provide for them according to your own good pleasure, your own necessities, and those of the truly poor. Give me the commission!"

Cromwell burned to have this commission, of which he had dreamed as the only practicable means of enriching himself at his leisure, and making some incalculable depredations; because how could it possibly be known exactly how much he would be able to extort by fear or by force? Having the king to sustain him and for an accomplice, he had nothing to fear. He had already spoken of it to him, but in a jesting manner, apparently; it was his custom to sow thus in the mind of Henry VIII. a long time in advance, and as if by chance, the seeds of evil from which he hoped ultimately to gather the fruits.

At the moment this idea appeared very lucrative to the king; but a sense of interior justice and the usage of government enlightened his mind.

"This," said he, "is your old habit of declaiming against the monks and convents. As for idleness, methinks the life of the most indolent one among them would be far from equalling that which yourself and the gallants of my court lead every day in visits, balls, and other dissipations. Verily, it cannot be denied that these religious live a great deal less extravagantly than you, for the price of a single one of your ruffs would be sufficient to clothe them for a whole year. All these young people speak at random and through caprice, without having the least idea of what they say. I love justice above all things. Had you the slightest knowledge of politics and of government, you would know that an association of men who enjoy their property in common derive from it much greater advantages, because there are a greater number to partake of it. These monks, who are lodged under the same roof, lighted and warmed by the same fire, nursed, when they are sick, by those who live thus together, find in that communion of all goods an ease and comfort which it would be impossible to attain if they were each apart and separated from the other. If, now, I should drive them from their convents and take possession of their estates, what would become of them? And who would be able so to increase in a moment the revenues of the country as to procure each one individually that which they enjoyed in common together? And, above all, these monks are men like other men; they choose to live together and unite their fortunes: I see not what right I have to deprive them of their property, since it has been legally acquired by donations, natural inheritance, or right of birth. 'These church people monopolize everything,' say the crack-brained fools who swarm around me; and where would they have me look

* These words, which we find in the mouth of this hypocrite, the impious Cromwell, have been the watchword from all time of those who wished to attack the monks and destroy them. Well-informed and educated persons know, by the great number of works coming from their pens, whether they were idlers, and the poor in all ages will be able to say whether they have ever been selfish or uncharitable.

for men who are good for something? Among those who know not either how to read or write, save in so far as needs to fabricate the most insignificant billet, or who in turn spend a day in endeavoring to decipher it? I would like to see them, these learned gentlemen, holding the office of lord chancellor and the responsibility of the kingdom. They might be capable of signing a treaty of commerce with France to buy their swords, and with Holland to purchase their wines. These coxcombs, these lispers of the "Romance of the Rose," with their locks frizzled, their waists padded, and their vain foolishness, know naught beyond the drawing of their swords and slashing right and left. Or it would be necessary for me to bring the bourgeois of the city, seat them on their sacks, declaring before the judge that they do not know how to write, and sending to bring the public scribe to announce to their grandfathers the arrival of the newly born. Cromwell, you are very zealous in my service; I commend you for it; but sometimes—and it is all very natural—you manifest the narrow and contracted ideas of the obscure class from whence you sprang, which render you incapable of judging of these things from the height where I, prince and king, am placed."

Cromwell felt deeply humiliated by the contempt Henry VIII. continually mingled with his favor in recalling incessantly to his recollection the fact of his being a *parvenu*, sustained in his position only by his gracious favor and all-powerful will, and then only while he was useful or agreeable. He hesitated a moment, not knowing how to reply; but, like a serpent that unfolds his coils in every way, and whose scales fall or rise at will at the same moment and with the same facility, he said:

"Your Majesty says truly. I am only what you have deigned to make me; I acknowledge it with joy, and I would rather owe all I am to you than possess it by any natural right. I will be silent, if your majesty bids me; though I would fain present a reflection that your remark has suggested."

"Speak," said the king, with a smile of indulgence excited by this adroit admission.

"I will first remark that your majesty still continues to sacrifice yourself to the happiness and prosperity of your people; consequently, it seems to me that they should be willing, in following the grand designs of your majesty, to yield everything. Thus they would only have to unite the small to the greater monasteries, and oblige them to receive the monks whose property had been annexed to the crown. The treasury would in this way be very thoroughly replenished, and no one would have a right to complain or think himself wronged."

"But," said the king, "they are of different orders."

However, he made this objection with less firmness; and it appeared to Cromwell that his mind was becoming familiarized with this luminous idea of possessing himself of a number of very rich and well-cultivated ecclesiastical estates, which, sold at a high price, would produce an enormous sum of money.

Cromwell, observing his success, feared to compromise himself and make the king refuse if he urged the matter too persistently; promising himself to return another time to the subject, he said nothing more, and, adroitly changing the

conversation, spoke of all that had occurred the day before, and dwelt strongly on the enthusiasm of the people.

"Oh!" said the king, "that enthusiasm affects me but little! The people are like a flea-bitten horse, which we let go to right or left, according to circumstances; and I place no reliance on these demonstrations excited by the view of a flagon of beer or a fountain of wine flowing at a corner of the street. There are, nevertheless, germs of discord living and deeply rooted in the heart of this nation. Appearances during a festival day are not sufficient, Cromwell. Listen to me. It is essential that all should yield, all obey. I am not a child to be amused with a toy!" And he regarded him with an expression of wrath as sudden as it was singular.

"Think you," he continued with gleaming eyes, "that I am happy, that I believe I have taken the right direction? It is not that I would retract or retrace my steps; so far from that, the more I feel convinced that it is wrong, the more resolved am I to crush the inspiration that would recall me. No! Henry VIII. neither deceives himself nor turns back; and you, if ever you reveal the secret of my woes, the violence and depth of your fall will make you understand the strength of the arm you will have called down on your head."

Cromwell felt astounded. How often he paid thus dearly for his vile and rampant ambition! What craft must have been continually engendered in that deformed soul, in order to prevent it from being turned from its goal of riches and domination, always to put a constraint upon himself, to sacrifice in order to obtain, to yield in order to govern, to tremble in order to make himself feared!

"More," he said in desperation.

"More!" replied the king. "That name makes me sick! Well, what of him now?"

"Sire," replied Cromwell vehemently, "you speak of discords and fears for the future; I should be wanting in courage if I withheld the truth from the king. More and Rochester—these are the men who censure and injure you in the estimation of your people. There are proofs against them, but they are moral proofs, and insufficient for rigid justice to act upon. They refuse to take the oath, and it is impossible to include them in the judgment against the Holy Maid of Kent. They would be acquitted unanimously. However, you have heard it from her own lips. You know that she is acquainted with them, has spoken to them; this she has declared in presence of your majesty. They were in the church; she had let them know she was to appear at that hour. Well, it is impossible to prove anything against them; they will be justified, elated, and triumphant. Parliament, reassured, encouraged by this example of tenacity and rebellion, will recover from the first fright with which the terror of your name had inspired them. They will raise their heads; your authority will be despised; they will rise against you; they will resist you on every side, and compel you to recall Queen Catherine back to this palace, adorned by the presence of your young wife. And then what shame, what humiliation for you, and what a triumph for her! And this is why, sire, I have not been able to sleep one moment last night, and why I am the first to enter the palace this morning, where I expected to wait until your ma-

jesty awoke. But," he continued, "zeal for your glory carries me, perhaps, too far. Well then you will punish me, and I shall not murmur."

"Recall Catherine!" cried the king, who, after this name, had not heard a syllable of Cromwell's discourse; and he clenched his fists with a contraction of inexpressible fury. "Recall Catherine, after having driven her out in the face of all justice, of all honor! No, I shall have to drink to the dregs this bitter cup I have poured out for myself; and coming ages will for ever resound with the infamy of my name. Though the earth should open, though the heavens should fall and crush me, yet Thomas More shall die! Go, Cromwell," he cried, his eyes gleaming with fury; "let him swear or let him die! Go, worthy messenger of a horrible crime; get thee from before my eyes. It is you who have launched me upon this ocean, where I can sustain myself only by blood. Cursed be the day when you first crossed my sight, infamous favorite of the most cruel of masters! Go, go! and bring me the head of my friend, of the only man I esteem, whom I still venerate, and let there no longer remain aught but monsters in this place."

Cromwell recoiled. "Infamous favorite!" he repeated to himself. "May I but be able one day to avenge myself for the humiliations with which you have loaded me, and may I see in my turn remorse tear your heart, and the anger of God punish the crimes I have aided you in committing!" He departed.

Henry VIII. was stifled with rage. He crushed under his foot the upholsterer's memorandum; he opened a window and walked out on the balcony, from whence the view extended far beyond the limits of the city. As he advanced, he was struck by the soft odor and freshness which was exhaled by the morning breeze from a multitude of flowers and plants placed there. He stooped down to examine them, then leaned upon the heavy stone balustrade, polished and carved like lace, and looked beyond in the distance.

The immense movement of an entire population began in every direction. There was the market, whither flocked the dealers, the country people, and the diligent and industrious housewives. Farther on was the wharf, where the activity was not less; soldiers of the marine, cabin boys, sailors, shipbuilders, captains—all were hurrying thither. Troops of workmen were going to their work on the docks, with tools in hand and their bread under their arms. The windows of the rich alone remained closed to the light of day, to the noise and the busy stir without. There they rolled casks; here they transported rough stones, plaster, and carpenter's timber. Horses pulled, whips cracked—in a word, the entire city was aroused; every minute the noise increased and the activity redoubled.

"These men are like a swarm of bees in disorder," said Henry VIII.; "and yet they carry tranquil minds to their work, while their king is suffering the keenest tortures in the midst of them; yet is there not one of them who, in looking at this palace, does not set at the summit of happiness him who reigns and commands here. 'If I were king!' say this ignorant crowd when they wish to express the idea of happiness and supreme enjoyment of the will. Do they know what it costs the king to accom-

plish that will? Why do I not belong to their sphere? I should at least spend my days in the same state of indifference in which they sleep, live, and die. They are miserable, say they; what have they to make them miserable? They are never sure of bread, they reply; but do they know what it is to be satiated with abundance and devoured by insatiable desires? Then death threatens us and ends everything—that terrible judgment when kings will be set apart, to be interrogated and punished more severely. More, the recollection of your words, your counsel, has never ceased to live in my mind. Had I but taken your advice, if I had sent Anne away, to-day I should have been free and thought no more of her; while now, regarded with horror by the universe, I hate the whole world. But let me drown these thoughts. I want wine—drunkenness and oblivion." And pronouncing these words, he rushed suddenly from the balcony and disappeared.

In the depths of his narrow prison there was another also who had sought to catch a breath of the exhilarating air with which the dawn of a beautiful day had reanimated the universe. It was not upon a balustrade of roses and perfumes that he leaned, but upon a miserable, worm-eaten table, blackened by time, and discolored by the tears with which for centuries it had been watered. It was not a powerful city, a people rich, industrious, and submissive, that his eyes were fixed upon, but the sombre bars of a small, grated window, whose solitary pane he had opened.

He sat with his head bowed upon one of his hands. He seemed tranquil, but plunged in profound melancholy; for God, in the language of holy Scripture, had not yet descended into Joseph's prison to console him, nor sent his angel before him to fortify his servant. And yet, had any one been able to compare the speechless rage, the frightful but vain remorse, which corroded the king's heart, with the deep but silent sorrow that overwhelmed the soul of the just man, such a one would have declared Sir Thomas More to be happy. And still his sufferings were cruelly intense, for he thought of his children; he was in the midst of them, and his heart had never left them.

"They know ere this," he said to himself, "that I shall not return. Margaret, my dear Margaret, will have told them all!" And he was not there to console them. What would become of them without him, abandoned to the fury of the king, ready, perhaps, to revenge himself even upon them for the obstinacy with which he reproached their father?

Whilst indulging in these harrowing reflections he heard the keys cautiously turned in the triple locks of his prison; and soon a man appeared, all breathless with fear and haste. It was Kingston, the lieutenant of the Tower. He entered, and, gasping for breath, held the door behind him.

"My dear Sir Thomas," he cried, "blessed be God! you are acquitted, your innocence is proclaimed. The council has been assembled all night, and they have decided that you could not in any manner be implicated in the prosecution. Oh! how glad I am. But the Holy Maid of Kent has been condemned to be hanged at Tyburn. Judge now if this was not a dangerous business! I have never doubted your innocence; but you have some very furious and very powerful ene-

mies. That Cromwell is a most formidable man. My dear Sir Thomas, how rejoiced I am!"

A gleam of joy lighted the heart of Sir Thomas.

"Can it be?" he cried. "Say it again, Master Kingston. What! I shall see my children again? I shall die in peace among them? No, I cannot believe in so much happiness. But that poor girl—is she really condemned?"

"Yes," cried Kingston; "but here are you already thinking of this nun. By my faith, I have thought of nobody but you. And the Bishop of Rochester has also been acquitted."

"He has, then, already been in the Tower?" cried More.

"Just above you—door to the left—No. 3," replied Kingston briefly, in the manner of his calling.

"What!" cried Sir Thomas, "is it he, then, I have heard walking above my head? I knew not why, but I listened to those slow and measured steps with a secret anxiety. I tried to imagine what might be the age and appearance of this companion in misfortune; and it was my friend, my dearest friend! O my dear Kingston! that I could see him. I beg of you to let me go to him at once!"

"Of what are you thinking?" exclaimed Kingston—"without permission! You do not know that I have come here secretly, and if they hear of it I shall be greatly compromised. The order was to hold you in solitary confinement; it has not been rescinded, and already I transgress it."

"Ah! I cannot see him," repeated Sir Thomas. "I am in solitary confinement." And his joy instantly faded before the reflection which told him that the real crime of which he was accused had not been expiated.

Penetrated by this sentiment, he took the keeper's hand. "My dear Kingston," he said, "you are right—you would surely compromise yourself; for my case is not entirely decided yet. As you say, I have some very powerful enemies. However, they will be able to do naught against me more than God permits them, and it is this thought alone that animates and sustains my courage."

"Nay, nay, you need not be uneasy," replied Kingston; "they can do nothing more against you. I have listened to everything they have said, and have not lost a single word. You will be set at liberty to-day, after you have taken an oath the formula of which they have drawn up expressly for you, as I have been told by the secretary."

"Ah! the oath," cried Sir Thomas, penetrated with a feeling of the keenest apprehension. "I know it well!"

"Fear naught, then, Sir Thomas," replied Kingston, struck by the alteration he observed in his countenance, a moment before so full of hope and joy. "They have arranged this oath for you; they know your scrupulous delicacy of conscience and your religious sentiments. This is the one they will demand of the ecclesiastics, and you are the only layman of whom they will exact it. You see there is no reason here why you should be uneasy."

"Oh!" said Sir Thomas, whose heart was pierced by every word of the lieutenant, "you are greatly mistaken, my poor Kingston. It is to condemn and not to save me they have done all this. The oath—yes; it is that oath, like a ferocious beast, which they destine to devour me. Ah! why did the hope of es-

caping it for a moment come to gladden my heart? My Lord and my God, have mercy on me!"

Sir Thomas paused, overcome by his feelings, and was unable to utter another word.

"My dear Sir Thomas," said Kingston, amazed, "what means this? Even if you refuse to take this oath they will doubtless set you at liberty. Cromwell has said as much to the secretary. But what should prevent you from taking it, if the priests do not refuse?"

"Dear Kingston," replied Sir Thomas, "I cannot explain that to you now, as it is one of the things I keep between God and myself. I know right well, also, that these prison walls have ears, that they re-echo all they hear, and that one cannot even sigh here without it being reported."

"You are dissatisfied, then, with being under my care!" exclaimed Kingston, who was extremely narrow-minded, and whose habit of living, and still more of commanding, in the Tower had brought him to regard it as a habitation by no means devoid of attractions.

"You may very well believe, Sir Thomas," he continued, "that I have not forgotten the many favors and proofs of friendship I have received from you; that I am entirely devoted to you; and what I most regret is not having it in my power to treat you as I would wish in giving you better fare at my table. Fear of the king's anger alone prevents me, and I at least would be glad to feel that you were satisfied with the good-will I have shown."

More smiled kindly: for the delicate sensibility and exquisite tact which in an instant discovered to him how entirely it was wanting in others never permitted from him other expressions than those of a pleasantry as gentle as it was refined.

"In good sooth, my dear lieutenant, I am quite contented with you; you are a good friend, and would most certainly like to treat me well. If, then, I should ever happen to show any dissatisfaction with your table, you must instantly turn me out of your house." And he smiled at the idea.

"You jest, Sir Thomas," said Kingston.

"In truth, my dear friend, I have nevertheless but little inclination to jest," replied More.

"Well, all that I regret is not having it in my power to treat you as I would wish," continued Kingston in the same tone. "I should have been so happy to have made you entirely comfortable here!"

"Come," said Sir Thomas, "let us speak no more of that; I am very well convinced of it, and I thank you for the attachment you have shown me to-day. I only regret that I cannot be permitted to see the Bishop of Rochester for a moment."

"Impossible!" cried Kingston. "If it were discovered, I should lose my place."

"Then I no longer insist," said Sir Thomas; "but let me, at least, write him a few words."

Kingston made no reply and looked very thoughtful. He hesitated.

"Carry the letter yourself," said Sir Thomas, "and, unless you tell it, no person will know it."

"You think so?" said Kingston, embarrassed. "But then my Lord Rochester must burn it immediately; for if they should find it in his hands, they would try to find out how he received it; and, Sir Thomas, I know not how it is done, but they know everything."

"They will never be able to find this out. O Master Kingston!" said More, "let me write him but one word."

"Well, well, haste, then; for it is time I should go. If they came and asked for me, and found me not, I would be lost."

Sir Thomas, fearing he might retract, hastened immediately to write the following words on a scrap of paper:

"What feelings were mine, dear friend, on learning that you are imprisoned here so near me, you may imagine. What a consolation it would be to clasp you in my arms! But that is denied me; God so wills it. During the first doleful night I spent in this prison my eyes never once closed in sleep. I heard your footsteps; I listened, I counted them most anxiously. I asked myself who this unfortunate creature could be who, like myself, groaned in this place; if it were long since he had seen the light of heaven, and why he was imprisoned in this den of stone. Alas! and it was you. Now I see you, I follow you everywhere. What anguish is mine to be so near you, yet not be able to see or speak to you! Rap from time to time on the floor in such a manner that I may know you are speaking to me; my heart will understand thine. It seems to me the voice of the stones will communicate your words. I shall listen night and day for your signals, and this will be a great consolation to me."

"Hasten, Sir Thomas," said Kingston. "I hear a noise in the yard; they are searching for me."

"Yes, yes," replied Sir Thomas.

"My friend, they hurry me. Do you remember all you said to me at Chelsea the night you urged me not to accept the chancellorship? O my friend! how often I have thought of it. And you—you also will be a victim, I fear. They hurry me, and I have so many things to say to you since the time I saw you last! I fear you suffer from cold in your cell. Ask Kingston for covering; for my sake he will give it you. Implore him to bring me your reply. A letter from you—what happiness in my abandoned condition; for they will not permit Margaret to visit me. I am in solitary confinement. They will probably let me die slowly of misery, immured within these four walls. They fear the publicity of a trial; and men so quickly forget those who disappear from before their eyes. God, however, will not forget us, and we are ever in his keeping; for he says in holy Scripture: 'I carry you written in my hand, and a mother shall forget her child before I forget the soul that seeks me in sincerity of heart.' Farewell, dear friend; let us pray for each other. I love and cherish you in our Lord Jesus Christ, our precious Saviour and our only Redeemer.

"THOMAS MORE."

Meanwhile, Rumor, on her airy wing, in her indefatigable and rapid course, had very soon circulated throughout the country reports of Henry's enormities. The great multitudes of people who prostrated themselves before the cross, carried it with reverence in their hands, and elevated it proudly above their heads, were astonished and indignant at these recitals of crime. Princes trembled on their thrones, and those who surrounded them lived in constant dread.

Thomas More, the model among men, the Bishop of Rochester, that among the angels—these men cast into a gloomy prison, separated from all that was most dear to them, scarcely clothed, and fed on the coarse fare of criminals—such outrages men discussed among themselves, and reported to the compassionate and generous hearts of their mothers and sisters.

Will, then, no voice be raised in their defence? Will no one endeavor to snatch them from the tortures to which they are about to be delivered up? Are the English people dead and their intellects stultified? Do relatives, friends, law, and honor no longer exist

among this people? Have they become but a race of bloodthirsty executioners, a crowd of brutal slaves, who live on the grain the earth produces, and drink from the rivers that water it? Such were the thoughts which occupied them, circulating from mouth to mouth among the tumultuous children of men.

But if this mass of human beings, always so indifferent and so perfectly selfish, felt thus deeply moved, what must have been the anguish of heart experienced by the faithful and sincere friend, what terror must have seized him, when, seated by his own quiet fireside, enjoying the retreat it afforded him, the voice of public indignation came to announce that he was thus stricken in all his affections! For he also, a native of a distant country, loved More. He had met him, and immediately his heart went out toward him. Who will explain this sublime mystery, this secret of God, this admirable and singular sympathy, which reveals one soul to another, and requires neither words nor sounds, neither language nor gestures, in order to make it intelligible? "I had no sooner seen Pierre Gilles," said More, "than I loved him as devotedly as though I had always known and loved him. Then I was at Antwerp, sent by the king to negotiate with the prince of Spain; I waited from day to day the end of the negotiations, and during the four months I was separated from my wife and children, anxious as I was to return and embrace them, I could never be reconciled to the thought of leaving him. His conversation, fluent and interesting, beguiled most agreeably my hours of leisure; hours and days spent near him seemed to me like moments, they passed so rapidly. In the flower of his age, he already possessed a vast deal of erudition; his soul above all—his soul so beautiful, superior to his genius—inspired me with a devotion for him as deep as it was inviolable. Candor, simplicity, gentleness, and a natural inclination to be accommodating, a modesty seldom found, integrity above temptation—all virtues in fact, that combine to form the worthy citizen—were found united in him, and it would have been impossible for me to have found in all the world a being more worthy of inspiring friendship, or more capable of feeling and appreciating all its charms."

In this manner he spoke before his children, and related to Margaret how painful he found the separation from his friend. Often during the long winter nights, when the wind whistled without and heavy snow-flakes filled the air, he would press his hand upon his forehead, and his thoughts would speed across the sea. In imagination he would be transported to Antwerp, would behold her immense harbor covered with richly-laden vessels, her tall roofs and her long streets, and the beautiful church of Notre Dame, with the court in front, where he so often walked with his friend. Then he entered the mansion of Pierre Gilles; he traversed the court, mounted the steps; he found him at home in the midst of his family; it seemed to him that he heard him speak, and he prepared to give himself up to the charms of his conversation.

The cry of a child, the movement of a chair, came suddenly to blot out this picture, dispel this sweet illusion, and recall him to the reality of the distance which separated them. An expression of pain and sorrow would pass over his features;

and Margaret, from whom none of her father's thoughts escaped, would take his hand and say: "Father, you are thinking about Pierre Gilles!"

A close correspondence had for a long time sweetened their mutual exile; but since the divorce was set in motion the king had become so suspicious that he had all letters intercepted, and one no longer dared to write or communicate with any stranger. Thus they found themselves deprived of this consolation.

Eager to obtain the slightest intelligence, questioning indiscriminately all whom he met—merchants, strangers, travellers—Pierre Gilles endeavored by all possible means to obtain some intelligence of his friend Thomas More. Whenever a sail appeared upon the horizon and a ship entered the port, this illustrious citizen was seen immediately hastening to the pier, and patiently remaining there until he had ascertained whether or not the vessel hailed from England; or else he waited, mingling with a crowd of the most degraded class, until the vessel landed. Alas! for several months all that he could learn only increased his apprehensions, and he vainly endeavored to quiet them. He had already announced to his family his intention of making the voyage to England to see his friend, when the fatal intelligence of More's imprisonment was received.

Then he no longer listened to anything, but, taking all the gold his coffers contained, he hastened to the port and took passage on the first vessel he found.

"O my friend!" he cried, "if I shall only be able to tear you from their hands. This gold, perhaps, will open your prison. Let them give you to me, let my home become yours, and let my friends be your friends. Forget your ungrateful country; mine will receive you with rapturous joy."

Such were his reflections, and for two days the vessel that bore him sailed rapidly toward England; the wind was favorable, and a light breeze seemed to make her fly over the surface of the waves. The sails were unfurled, and the sailors were singing, delighted at the prospect of a happy voyage, while Pierre Gilles, seated on the deck, his back leaning against the mast, kept his eyes fixed on the north, incessantly deceived by the illusion of the changing horizon and the fantastic form of the blue clouds, which seemed to plunge into the sea. He was continually calling out: "Captain, here is land!" But the old pilot smiled as he guided the helm, and leaning over, like a man accustomed to know what he said, slightly shrugged one shoulder and replied: "Not yet, Sir Passenger."

And soon, in fact, Pierre Gilles would see change their form or disappear those fantastic rocks and sharp points which represented an unattainable shore. Then it seemed to him that he would never arrive, the island retreated constantly before him, and his feet would never be permitted to rest upon the shores of England.

"Alas!" he would every moment say to himself, "they are trying him now, perhaps. If I were there, I would run, I would beg, I would implore his pardon. And his youthful daughter, whom they say is so fair, so good—into what an agony she must be plunged! All this family and those young children to be deprived of such a father!"

Pierre was unable to control himself for a moment; he arose, walked forward on the vessel; he saw

the foaming track formed by her rapid passage through the water wiped out in an instant, effaced by the winds, and yet it seemed to him that the vessel thus cutting the waves remained motionless, and that he was not advancing a furlong. "An hour's delay," he mentally repeated, "and perhaps it will be too late. Let them banish him; I shall at least be able to find him!"

Already the night wind was blowing a gale and the sea grew turbulent; a flock of birds flew around the masts, uttering the most mournful cries, and seeming, as they braved the whirlwind which had arisen, to be terrified.

"Comrades, furl the sails!" cried the steersman; "a waterspout threatens us! Be quick," he cried, "or we are lost."

In the twinkling of an eye the sailors seized the ropes and climbed into the rigging. Vain haste, useless dexterity; their efforts were all too late.

A furious gust of wind groaned, roared, rent the mainmast in twain, tore away the ropes, bent and broke the masts; a horrible crash was heard throughout the ship.

"Cut away! Pull! Haul down! Hold there! Hoist away! Let go!" cried the captain, who had rushed up from his cabin. "Bravo! Courage, there! Stand firm!"

"Ay, ay!" cried the sailors. A loud clamor arose in the midst of the horrible roaring of the winds. The sailor on watch had fallen into the sea.

"Throw out the buoy! throw out the buoy!" cried the captain. "Knaves, do you hear me?"

Impossible; the rope fluttered in the wind like a string, and the tempest drove it against the sides of the vessel. They saw the unfortunate sailor tossing in the sea, carried along like a black point on the waves, which in a moment disappeared.

"All is over! He is lost!" cried the sailors. But the howling winds stifled and drowned their lamentations.

In the meantime Pierre Gilles bound himself tightly as he could to a mast; for the shaking of the vessel was so great that it seemed to him an irresistible power was trying to tear him away and cast him whirling into the yawning depths of the furious element.

"The mizzen-mast is breaking!" cried the sailors; and by a common impulse they rushed toward the stern to avoid being dragged down and crushed by its fall.

The gigantic beam fell with a fearful crash, catching in the ropes and rigging.

"Cut away! Let her go!" cried the captain.

He himself was the first to rush forward, armed with a hatchet, and they tried to cut aloose the mast and let it fall into the water.

But they were unable to succeed; the mast hung over the side of the ship, which it struck with every wave, and threatened to capsize her. Every moment the position of the crew became more dangerous. The shocks were so violent that the men were no longer able to resist them; they clung to everything they could lay hold of; they twined their legs and arms in the hanging ropes. All efforts to control the vessel had become useless, and, seeing no longer any hope of being saved, the sailors began to utter cries of despair.

Pierre Gilles had fastened himself to the mainmast. "If this also breaks," he thought, "well, I shall die by the same stroke—die without

seeing him!" he cried, still entirely occupied with More. "He will not know that I have tried to reach him, and will, perhaps, believe that I have deserted him in the day of adversity. Oh! how death is embittered by that thought. He will say that, happy in the bosom of my family, I have left him alone in his prison, and he will strive to forget even the recollection of my friendship. O More, More! my friend, this tempest ought to carry to you my regrets."

Looking around him, Pierre saw the miserable men tossing their arms in despair; for the night was advancing, their strength nearly exhausted, while the vessel, borne along on the crest of the waves, suddenly pitched with a frightful plunge, and the water rushed in on every side.

The captain had stationed himself near Pierre Gilles; he contemplated the destruction of his ship with a mournful gaze.

"Here is this fine vessel lost—all my fortune, the labor of an entire life of toil and care. My children now will be reduced to beggary! Here is the fruit of thirty years of work," he cried. "Sir," he said to Pierre Gilles, "I began life at twelve years; I have passed successively up from cabin-boy, mariner, boatswain, lieutenant, captain finally, and now—the sea. I shall have to begin anew!"

"Begin anew, sir?" said Pierre Gilles. "But is not death awaiting us very speedily?"

"That remains to be seen," answered the captain, folding his arms. "I have been three times shipwrecked, and I am here still, sir. It is true there is an end to everything; but the ocean and myself understand each other. We shall come out of it, if we gain time. After the storm, a calm; after the tempest, fine weather." Here he attentively scanned the heavens. "A few more swells of the sea, and, if we escape, courage! All will be well."

"Hold fast, my boys!" he cried; "another sea is coming."

He had scarcely uttered the words when a frightful wave advanced like a threatening mountain, and, raising the vessel violently, swept entirely over her; but the ship still remained afloat. Other waves succeeded, and the unfortunate sailors remained tossing about in that condition until the next morning. However, as the day dawned, hope revived in their hearts; the horizon seemed brightening; the wind allayed by degrees. Pierre Gilles and his companions shook their limbs, stiffened and benumbed by the cold and the water which had drenched them, and thought they could at last perceive the land. They succeeded in relieving the vessel a little by throwing the mast into the sea. Every one took courage, and soon the coast appeared in sight. There was no more doubt: it was the coast of England. There were the pointed rocks, the whitened reefs. They were in their route; the tempest had not diverted the ship from its course. On the fourth day they entered the mouth of the Thames.

The poor vessel, five days before so elegant, so swift, so light, was dragged with difficulty into that large and beautiful river. Badly crippled, she moved slowly, and was an entire day in reaching London. Pierre Gilles suffered cruelly on account of this delay, and would have made them put him ashore, but that was impossible. Besides, he wished to arrive more speedily at London, and that would not hasten his journey. From a

distance he perceived the English standard floating above the Tower, and his heart swelled with sorrow. "Alas! More is there," he cried. "How shall I contrive to see him? how tear him from that den?" Absorbed in these reflections, he reached at length the landing-place. He knew not where to go nor whom to address in that great city, where he had never before been, and where he was entirely unacquainted. He looked at the faces of those who came and went on the wharf, without feeling inclined to accost any of them.

Suddenly, however, he caught the terrible words, "His trial has commenced"; and, uncertain whether it was the effect of his troubled imagination or a real sound, he turned around and saw a group of women carrying fish in wicker baskets, and talking together.

"At Lambeth Palace, I tell you. He is there; I have seen him."

"Who?" said Pierre in good English, advancing in his Flemish costume, which excited the curiosity and attention of all the women.

"Thomas More, the Lord Chancellor," answered the first speaker.

"Thomas More!" cried Pierre Gilles, with a gesture of despair and terror which nothing could express. "Who is trying him? Speak, good woman, speak! Say who is trying him? Where are they trying him? Conduct me to the place, and all my fortune is yours!"

The women looked at each other. "A foreigner!" they exclaimed.

"Yes," he replied, "a stranger, but a friend, a friend. Leave your fish—I will pay you for them—and show me where the trial of Sir Thomas is going on."

The fisherwoman, having observed the gold chain he wore around his neck, his velvet robe, and his ruff of Ypres lace, judged that he was some important personage, who would reward her liberally for her trouble; she resolved to accompany him. She walked on before him, and the other women took up their baskets, and followed at some distance in the rear.

Meanwhile, Pierre Gilles and his conductress, having followed the quay and walked the length of the Thames, crossed Westminster Bridge, and he found himself at last in front of Lambeth Palace.

A considerable crowd of people, artisans, workmen, merchants, idlers, began to scatter and disperse. Some stopped to talk, others left; they saw that something had come to an end, that the spectacle was closed, the excited curiosity was satisfied. The juggler's carpet was gathered up, the lottery drawn, the quarrel ended, the prince or the criminal had passed; there was nothing more to see, and every one was anxious to depart—careless crowd, restless and ignorant, which the barking of a dog will arrest, and a great misfortune cannot detain!

"Here it is, sir," said the woman, stopping; "this is Lambeth Palace just in front of you, but I don't believe you can get in." And she pointed to a large enclosure and a great door, before which was walking up and down a yeoman armed with an arquebuse.

Standing close to one of the sections of the door was seen a beautiful young girl, dressed in black, and wearing on her head a low velvet hat worn by the women of that period. A gold chain formed of round beads, from which was suspended a little gold medal ornamented with a pearl pendant, hung around her neck, and passed under her chemisette of plaited muslin bordered with narrow lace. She

stood with her hands clasped, her beautiful countenance pale as death, and her arms stretched at full length before her, expressive of the deepest sorrow. Near her was seated a handsome young man, who from time to time addressed her.

Pierre Gilles approached these two persons.

"Margaret," said Roper, "come."

"No," said the young girl, "I will not go; I shall remain here until night. I will see him as he goes out; I will see him once more; I will see that ignoble woollen covering they have given him for a cloak; I will see his pale and weary face. He will say: 'Margaret is standing there!' He will see me."

"That will only give him pain," replied Roper.

"Perhaps," said the young girl. "Indeed, it is very probable!" And a bitter smile played around her lips.

"If you love him," replied Roper, "you should spare him this grief."

"I love him, Roper; you have said well! I love him! What would you wish? This is my father!"

Pierre Gilles, who had advanced, seeking some means of entering, paused to look at the young girl, and was struck by the resemblance he found between her features and those of her father, his friend, who was still young when he knew him at Antwerp.

"Can this be Margaret?" murmured the stranger.

"Who has pronounced my name?" asked the young girl, turning haughtily around.

Pierre Gilles stood in perfect amazement. "How much she resembles him! Pardon me, damsel," he said; "I have been trying to get into this place to see my friend, Sir Thomas More."

"Your friend!" replied Margaret, advancing immediately toward him. Then a feeling of suspicion arrested her. She stepped back and fixed her eyes on the stranger, whose Flemish costume attracted her attention. "And who," she said, "can you be? Oh! no; he is not here. Sir Thomas More has no friends. You are mistaken, sir," she continued; "it is some one else you seek. My father—no, my father has no longer any friends; has *any one* when he is in irons, when the scaffold is erected, the axe sharpened, and the executioner getting ready to do his work?"

"What do you say?" cried the stranger, turning pale. "Is he, then, already condemned?"

"He is going to be!"

"No, no, he shall not be! Pierre Gilles will demand, will beseech; they will give him to him; he will pay for him with his gold, with his life-blood, if necessary."

"Pierre Gilles!" cried Margaret; and she threw herself on the neck of the stranger, and clasped him in her arms.

"Pierre Gilles! Pierre Gilles! it is you who love my father. Ah! listen to me. He is up there; this is the second time they have made him appear before them. Alas! doubtless to-day will be the last; for they are tired—tired of falsehoods, artifices, and base, vile manœuvres; they are tired of offering him gold and silver—he who wants only heaven and God; they are weary of urging, of tormenting this saintly bishop and this upright man, in order to extort from them an oath which no Christian can or ought to take. Then it will be necessary for these iniquitous and purchased judges to wash out their shame in blood. They must crush these witnesses to the truth, these

defenders of the faith! My father, child of the martyrs, will walk in their footsteps, and die as they died; Rochester, successor of the apostles, will give his life like them; but Margaret, poor Margaret, she will be left! And it is I, yes, it is I, who am his daughter, and who is named Margaret!" As she said these words, she clasped her hands with an expression of anguish that nothing can describe.

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SERMONS ON THE SACRAMENTS. By Thomas Watson, Master of St. John's College, Cambridge, Dean of Durham, and the last Catholic Bishop of Lincoln. First printed in 1558, and now reprinted in modern spelling. With a Preface and Biographical Notice of the Author by the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. London: Burns & Oates. 1876. (For sale by The Catholic Publication Society.)

After Father Bridgett's beautiful work, *Our Lady's Dowry*, we may be sure that whatever he puts forth, whether original or edited, will repay perusal. He has a *penchant* for forgotten treasures of England's Catholic past, and spares himself no pains to give us the benefit of his researches. Not content with editing the present volume, he has gone to the trouble of a biographical notice, and quite a long one, of his author. We cannot do better than let him speak for himself in the opening lines of his preface:

"Here is a volume of sermons, printed more than three centuries ago in black-letter type and uncouth spelling, and the existence of which is only known to a few antiquarians. Why, it will be asked, have I reprinted it in modern guise and sought to rescue it from oblivion? I have done so for its own sake and for the sake of its author. It is a book that deserves not to perish, and which would not have been forgotten, as it is, but for the misfortune of the time at which it appeared. It was printed in the last year of Queen Mary, and the change of religion under Elizabeth made it almost impossible to be procured, and perilous to be preserved. The number of English Catholic books is not so great that we can afford to lose one so excellent as this.

"But even had it less intrinsic value, it is the memorial of a great man, little known, indeed, because, through the iniquity of the times, he lacked a biographer. I am confident that any one who will read the following memoir, imperfect as it is, will acknowledge that I have not been indulging an antiquarian fancy, but merely paying, as far as I could, a debt of justice long due, in trying to revive the memory of the last Catholic bishop of Lincoln."

Father Bridgett further explains that these sermons belong to the class which "are written that they may be preached by others." Their author undertook to write them as a "Manual of Catholic Doctrine on the Sacraments," and in compliance with the order of a council under Cardinal Pole in December, 1555.

"Being intended for general preaching—or rather, public reading—these sermons are, of course, impassioned and colorless. We cannot judge from them of Bishop Watson's own style of preaching. We cannot gather from them, as from the sermons of Latimer and Leaver, pictures of the manners and passions of the times. They scarcely ever reflect Watson's personal character, except by the very absence of invective and the simple dignity which distinguishes them. As specimens of old English before the great Elizabethan era, they will be interesting to students of our language, especially as being the work of one of the best classical scholars of the day" (Preface, p. xii.).

Father Bridgett characterizes these sermons as "eminently patristic." "I have counted," he says, "more than four hundred marginal references to the fathers and ecclesiastical writers; and I may say that they are in great measure woven out of the Scriptures and the fathers."

Then, after remarking that, "with regard to their doctrine, it must be remembered that they were published before the conclusion of the Council of Trent," he tells us: "I have added a few short theological notes only; for the doctrine throughout these sermons is both clearly stated and perfectly Catholic. As they certainly embody the traditional teaching of the English Church before the Council of Trent, they are an additional proof that Catholics of the present day are faithful to the inheritance of their forefathers."

From what we have had time to read of these pages, we have been struck with at once the fulness and simplicity of the instructions they contain. The style, too, in our eyes, has both unction and charm. We thank Father Bridgett that he has "exactly reproduced the original, with the exception of the spelling." "No educated reader," he says, "will find much difficulty in the old idiom. The sentences, indeed, are rather long, like those of a legal document; yet they are simple in construction, and, when read aloud, they can be broken up by a skilful reader without the addition of a word." We will only add that, perhaps, not the least attractive feature of these sermons (to the modern reader) is their brevity.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL AND POLITICAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By Dr. H. von Holst, Professor at the University of Freiburg. Translated from the German by John J. Lalor and Alfred B. Mason. 1750–1833. State Sovereignty and Slavery. Chicago: Callaghan & Co. 1876.

The efforts of Europeans to study and write upon the American Constitution and the political life of our people, though partial and somewhat prejudiced, have always been interesting and instructive. De Tocqueville, in his *Democracy in America*, studied rather to teach us than to learn from our theory of government and its practice, and this from his transient observations as a tourist. Professor von Holst resided in this country from 1867 to 1872, and thus may be supposed to have studied more profoundly our system, and to have seen more thoroughly our practice. No one, however, could rightly judge of our political history or the system of our government who had not seen and known us both before and after our civil war. De Tocqueville saw us before, and Von Holst after, that great crisis in our history. Hence we think that both authors should be read, in order to appreciate the efforts of learned and distinguished foreigners to comment upon a theme so difficult to any European. This is especially desirable now, as in this case the Frenchman and the German are not admirers of each other's respective political systems. The present volume, however, is able, spirited, and well written, and shows a remarkable acquaintance with our history and institutions, and with the lives and characters of our public men. The author is not in love with our government, and yet is not without sympathy for it and for our people. He is, no doubt, more in sympathy with our present than with our past. From his vigorously-written pages Americans may learn something of their virtues and of their faults. The *animus* and style of the work might be inferred from the title of the second chapter: "The Worship of the Constitution, and its real Character." We have often been accused of making the Constitution our political *bible*, and Washington our political patron saint. Such seems to be the impression of Professor von Holst. But it must be said that his able and interesting work is well calculated to promote the study of the American republican form of government; for we are certainly a *terra incognita* to most Europeans. Having ably studied his subject, he has ably and learnedly communicated his researches to his countrymen and to the world. His work will appear in a series of volumes, of which we have now only the first, and the English translation will hereafter appear in this country simultaneously with the original German publications. The work seems to deal exclusively with political questions, and handles them ably. We commend its perusal to our readers.

ALICE LEIGHTON. A Tale of the Seventeenth Century. London: Burns & Oates. 1876. New York: The Catholic Publication Society.

This story of the wars between Roundhead and Cavalier will prove an agreeable disappointment to the reader who contrives to wade through its first few pages, which are rather silly. We tremble for the fate of a story which in the very first page tells us of its youthful hero: "His brow was, however, clouded,

either with emotion or with sorrow, *perchance with both;* and a *careful* observer *might* have marked a tear in his soft dark eyes as he turned his gaze upon the fair view before him." In the second page the hero tells us, or rather nobody in particular, that eighteen summers have at last passed over him, whereupon he proceeds to deliver a page of an address to his "own dear home," in the course of which he remarks that "the *accents* of a dethroned monarch are *calling* for assistance," but "the long-listened-to maxims" of his childhood hold him back from joining the king. In the third page he encounters a mild sort of witch, who is gifted with that very uncertain second sight that has been the peculiar property of witches from time immemorial, and who prophesies to him, in Scotch dialect, in the usual fashion of such prophets.

Nothing could be more inauspicious than such a beginning; and yet as one reads on all this clap-trap disappears, and a very interesting story, though by no means of the highest order, unfolds itself. There is abundance of incident, battle, hair-breadth escape, varying fortunes, misery, ending with the final happiness of those in whom we are chiefly interested. Some of the characters are very well drawn, and the author shows a competent knowledge of the scenes, events, and period in which the story is laid. It affords a healthy and agreeable contrast to the psychological puzzles generally given us nowadays as novels. It looks to us as though the writer were a new hand. If so, *Alice Leighton* affords every promise of very much better work in a too weak department of letters—Catholic fiction. If the writer will only banish for ever that antiquated *deus* or *dea ex machinâ*, the witch, especially if she speak with a Scotch accent, give much more care than is shown in the present volume to English, not *force* fun for fun's sake, we shall hope soon to welcome a new volume from a lively, pleasant, and powerful pen.

"My Own Child." A Novel. By Florence Marryat. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1876.

Florence Marryat has become, and deservedly, quite a popular novelist. She has, we understand, become something in our opinion very much better—a Catholic. We see no reason why her faith should interfere with the interest or power of her stories. On the contrary, it should steady her hand, widen her vision, chasten her thought, give a new meaning to very old scenes and types of character; and we have no doubt at all that such will be the case. *My Own Child* is neither her best story nor her worst. It is a very sweet and pathetic one, simple in construction and plot, yet full of sad interest throughout, lightened here and there by bits of lively description or pictures of quaint character. It is easy to recognize a practised hand in it. The chief characters of the story are Catholics. We have only one fault to find, but that a very serious one. It is too bad to make a young lady, and so charming a young lady as May Power is represented to be, talk slang. Where in the world did she learn it, this bright, beaming, Irish, Catholic girl? Certainly not from her mother, for she never indulges in it, and surely not from the good Sisters in Brussels by whom she was educated. Yet she bounds out of the convent perfect in—slang! For instance: "'I'll get some nice, jolly fellow to look after it [her property] for us, mother.' 'You'll never get another Hugh!' I exclaimed indignantly. 'Well, then, we'll take the next best fellow we can find,' replied my darling." The first "best fellow," the Hugh alluded to, happened to be the "darling's" dead father. The same darling, only just out of convent, is anxious to make her first appearance "with a splash and a dash." It is only natural that she should discover her mother looking "rather peaky" when that lady is threatened with an illness that endangers her life.

This is to be regretted. Young ladies are much more acceptable as young *ladies* than when indulging in language supposed to be relegated to "fast" young women. Slang is bad enough in men's mouths, whether in or out of books; but, spoken by a woman, it at once places her without the pale of all that is sweet and pure and calculated to inspire that admiration and reverence in men which are the crown and pride of a Christian woman's life. Miss Marryat is clever enough to dispense with such poor material. Meanwhile, what becomes of this slangy young lady the reader will discover for himself.

THE

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THE UNITARIAN CONFERENCE AT SARATOGA.*

THE Unitarians in September last held at Saratoga their biennial conference, and we have looked over the issues of the *Liberal Christian*, a weekly publication of this city, for a full report of its proceedings, and looked to no purpose. It has, however, printed in its columns some of the speeches delivered in the conference, and given *in extenso* the opening sermon of the Rev. Edward E. Hale. Before the conference took place the *Liberal Christian* spoke of Rev. Edward E. Hale "as one of the few thoroughly-furnished and widely-experienced men in their ranks." This notice prepared us to give special attention to the opening sermon, and to expect from it a statement of Unitarian principles or beliefs which would at least command the assent of a considerable portion of the Unitarian denomination. More than this it would have been unreasonable to anticipate; for so radical and extreme are their divergencies of belief that it may be said Unitarians agree on no one common objective truth; certainly not, if Mr. Frothingham and the section which the latter gentleman represents are to be ranked within the pale of Unitarianism.

The Rev. Edward E. Hale has not altogether disappointed our anticipations, for he has given expression to some of the ideas most prevalent among Unitarians; but before entering upon the consideration of these there are certain preliminary statements which he makes deserving some attention.

In the closing sentence of the first paragraph of his sermon Mr. Hale gives us a noticeable piece of information. He says:

"We were taught long since by Macaulay, in fervent rhetoric, that the republic of Venice is new in comparison with the papacy, and that the Roman Church was in its vigor when Augustine landed in Kent in the sixth century. So it was. But earlier than all this, before there was a bishop in Rome, there were independent Christian churches, liberal in their habit and Unitarian in their creed, in Greece, in Asia, and in Cyprus.

* "A Free-born Church." The sermon preached before the National Conference of Unitarian and other Christian Churches at Saratoga, Tuesday evening, Sept. 12. The *Liberal Christian*, New York, Sept. 16, 1876.

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Nay, before those churches existed there had gathered a group of peasants around the Saviour of men, and he had said to them: 'Fear not, little flock; it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.' The Congregational Church order, with the Unitarian theology, is the *oldest* Christian system known to history."

What authentic history goes back of the account given in the New Testament of the founding of the Catholic Church and her hierarchy by Christ the Rev. Mr. Hale does not deign to inform us. When he does, it will be time enough to pay attention to the assertion, "The Congregational Church order is the oldest Christian system known to history." The church is in possession; the plaintiffs must make out their case. Until then, "*quod gratis asseritur gratis negatur*"; for an assertion without proof counts for nothing.

But he does attempt to prove his assertion about "Unitarian theology" by what follows:

"I make no peculiar partisan claim or boast in this statement. As to the statement of theology, I do but condense in a few words the statement made by the Roman Catholic writer in highest esteem among Englishmen to-day. He says what I say, that he may argue from it that you require the development of doctrine which only the perpetual inspiration of a line of pontiffs gives you, unless you choose to hold by the simple Unitarian creeds of the fathers before Constantine."

From which of the many volumes of the writings of Dr. Newman Mr. Hale has ventured to condense his language we are not told; but we are led to suppose that it was written by Dr. Newman since he became a Catholic, for he speaks of him as "the Roman Catholic writer in the highest esteem among Englishmen to-day." As a Catholic, Dr. Newman never used language which could be condensed by a "thoroughly-informed" man to what Rev. Mr. Hale has made him say; and we have our doubts whether before he was a Catholic he used it. It would not be amiss if Mr. Hale had something of Dr. Newman's clearness of thought and accuracy of expression. If he had, of this we are sure: he would never venture to utter in a public speech or put in print that any Catholic writer who has any claim of being a theologian believed or maintained "the perpetual *inspiration* of a line of pontiffs."

In the next paragraph Rev. Mr. Hale literally quotes a passage from Dr. Newman's writings to sustain his thesis, but he fails. Here is the quotation:

"The creeds of that early day," says Dr. Newman, "make no mention in their letter of the Catholic doctrine of the Trinity at all. They make mention, indeed, of a three, but that there is any mystery in the doctrine, that the three are one, that they are co-equal, co-eternal, all increate, all omnipotent, all incomprehensible, is not stated, and never could be gathered from them."

He fails, because he proceeds on the supposition that the Catholic Church teaches that her creeds contain the whole body of truth of the Christian faith. The Catholic Church at no time or nowhere taught this. Her creeds never did contain explicitly the whole body of the Christian faith, they do not even now; for such was not her intention or purpose. Had it not been for the errors of Arius and his followers, the Christian doctrine of the Trinity might not have been contained in the creeds of the church explicitly, even down to our own day. The supposition, however, that the mystery of the Trinity was not believed in the church "before

Constantine" is as absurd as to suppose that the necessity of good works for salvation, or there being a purgatory, was not believed and maintained in the Catholic Church before the time of Charles V., or that Papal Infallibility was not believed and held in the church before the time of William of Prussia, the German *kaiser!* The discussions and definitions of the councils render Christian truths more explicit and intelligible than they were before; this is a matter of course, but who is so ignorant as to suppose that the councils originated these truths?

That the creeds "before Constantine" implied the Trinity and intended it Dr. Newman would have taught the Rev. Edward E. Hale, if he had ingenuously quoted the two sentences which follow his extract. Dr. Newman continues thus: "Of course we believe that they [the early creeds] imply it [the Trinity]. God forbid we should do otherwise!"* Rev. Edward E. Hale ought to know that the Catholic Church repudiates with instinctive horror the idea of adding to, or taking away from, or altering in the least, the body of the Christian truth delivered once and for all to her keeping by her divine Founder when upon earth. The mistakes he makes on these points arise from his viewing the church solely as an assembly, overlooking that she is also a corporated body, informed by the indwelling Holy Spirit, and the constitution given to her by Christ includes the commission to "teach all things whatsoever he commanded."

Following what has gone before, the Rev. Mr. Hale makes another surprising statement. He says:

> "It was not to be expected—nor, in fact, did anybody expect—that a religion so simple and so radical should sweep the world without contaminating its own simplicity and blunting the edge of its own radicalism in the first and second contact, nay, in the contact of centuries. Least of all did Jesus Christ himself expect this. Nobody so definite as he in the statement of the obscurities and defilements which would surround his simple doctrine of 'Love God and love men.'"

In all deference to Mr. Hale, this is precisely what everybody did expect from the church of Christ—to teach the truth with purity and unswerving fidelity, "without contamination in the contact," for all "centuries." For this is what the promises of Christ led them precisely to expect when he founded his church. He promised that "*the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.*"* He promised also that he would be with his church through all ages: "Behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world."† Does Mr. Hale read the Holy Scriptures and believe what he reads? Listen, again, to St. Paul's description of the church. After saying that "Christ is the head of the church," and "the church is subject to Christ," he adds: "Christ also loved the church, and delivered himself up for it, that he might sanctify it, cleansing it by the laver of water in the word of life; that he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle, nor any such thing."‡ Now, although the Rev. E. E. Hale has thrown overboard the belief in the divinity of Christ and the supernatural inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, nevertheless the words of Christ and his apostle, measured

* *An Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine*, p. 14. Appleton, N. Y.

* Matt. xvi. 18. † Matt. xxviii. 18. ‡ Eph. v. 25, 26, 27.

only by the standard of personal holiness and learning, ought to be esteemed, when speaking of God's church, of equal authority, at least, to his statement, even though he ranks "as one of the few thoroughly-furnished and widely-experienced men" among Unitarians.

But how did the church of Christ become "contaminated"? This is an important point, and here is the Rev. E. E. Hale's reply to it:

"And, in truth, so soon as the church met with the world, it borrowed while it lent, it took while it gave. So, in the face of learned Egypt, it Egyptianized its simple Trinity; in the face of powerful Rome it heathenized its nascent ritual; in the face of wordy Greece it Hellenized its dogmatics and theology; and by way of holding well with Israel it took up a rabbin's reverence even for the jots and tittles of its Bible. What history calls 'Christianity,' therefore, is a man-adorned system, of which the methods can be traced to convenience, or even to heathen wisdom, if we except that one majestic method by which every true disciple is himself ordained a king and a priest, and receives the charge that in his daily life he shall proclaim glad tidings to every creature."

The common error of the class of men to whom the Rev. E. E. Hale belongs, who see the church, if at all, only on the outside, is to "put the cart before the horse." It is not the Egyptians, the Greeks, the Romans, who teach the church of Christ, but the church of Christ which teaches the truth to the Egyptians, the Greeks, and the Romans. Christ came to teach all nations, not to be taught by them. Hence, in communicating his mission to his church, he said: "All power is given to me in heaven and in earth. Going, therefore, teach ye all nations."* The church, in fulfilling this divine commission of teaching all nations, utilizes their gifts in bringing out the great truths committed to her care by her divine Founder. It is in this co operation with the work of the church that the different nations and races of men find the inspiration of their genius, the noblest employment of their highest faculties, and the realization of their providential mission upon earth. For the scattered rays of religious truth which were held by the different nations and races of men under paganism were derived from primitive revelation, and it is only when these are brought within the focus of the light of universal truth that their complete significance is appreciated, and they are seen in all their original splendor. The Catholic Church, in this aspect, is the reintegration of natural religion with the truths contained in primitive revelation and their perfect fulfilment. Moreover, there is no truth contained in any of the ancient religions before the coming of Christ, or affirmed by any of the heresies since that event, or that may be hereafter affirmed, which is not contained, in all its integrity, in Catholicity. This is only saying, in other words, The Catholic Church is catholic.

But these men do not see the church, and they appear to regard Christianity as still an unorganized mass, and they are possessed with the idea that the task is imposed upon them to organize the Christian Church; and this work occupied and perplexed them not a little in their Unitarian biennial conference held in the town of Saratoga, in the United States of North America, in the month of September, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and seventy-six!

* St. Matt. xxviii. 18, 19.

"Poor wanderers! ye are sore distrest
To find the path which Christ has blest,
Tracked by his saintly throng;
Each claims to trust his own weak will—
Blind idol!—so ye languish still,
All wranglers, and all wrong." *

Were the veil taken from their spiritual eyes, and did they behold the church as she is, they would easily comprehend that her unbroken existence for nineteen centuries alone, saying nothing of what glory is in store for her in the future, is a more evident and conclusive proof to us of the divinity of her Founder than the miracle of his raising Lazarus from the dead was to those who were actual witnesses to it. For, in raising Lazarus from the dead, he had but to deal with passive matter, and that for only an instant; whereas in founding his church he had to exert his power and counteract all the attacks of the gates of hell, combined with the persecutions of the world and the perversities of men, during successive centuries until the end of all time. None but the living God could be the author of so potent, comprehensive, and indestructible a body as the Catholic Church. Of all the unanswerable testimonies of the divinity of Christ, there is none so forcible as that of the perpetual existence of the one, holy, Roman Catholic Church. She is the standing miracle of Christ.

The reverse sense of the statement of the Rev. Edward E. Hale on this point contains the truth. The Catholic Church welcomes all nations and races to her fold, and reintegrates the scattered truths contained in every religious system, not by way of reunion or composition, but by simplicity and unity in a divine synthesis; and as the ancient Egyptians, and the Greeks, and the Romans, so also the modern Franks and Celts, have served by their characteristic gifts to the development and progress of Christian truth. In like manner the Saxons, with their peculiar genius and instincts, will serve, to their own greater glory, in due season, in the same great cause, perhaps, by giving a greater development and a more scientific expression to the mystic life of the church, and by completing, viewed from intrinsic grounds, the demonstration of the truth of her divine mission.

Leaving aside other misstatements and errors contained in the first part of this sermon from want of space, we pass on to what may be termed its pith. Mr. Hale starts with the hazardous question, "What is the Unitarian Church for?" As far as we can make out from repeated reading of the main portion of the sermon—for there reigns a great confusion and incoherence in his ideas—the Unitarian Church has for its mission to certify anew and proclaim the truth that "God is in man." "God in man," he says, "is in itself the basis of the whole Gospel." Undoubtedly "God is in man," and God is in the brute, and God is in every grain of sand, and God is in all things. God is in all things by his immensity—that is, by his essence, and power, and presence. But this is a truth known by the light of human reason, and taught by all sound philosophers, heathen and Christian. There was no need of the Gospel, nor of that "fearlessness" which, he tells us, "was in the Puritan blood," nor of the Unitarian Church, to teach this evident and common truth to mankind.

The Gospel message means more than that, and the Rev. Mr. Hale has some idea that it does mean

* Dr. Newman.

more. He adds: "Every man is God's child, and God's Spirit is in every life." Again: "Men are the children of God really and not figuratively"; "The life of God is their life by real inheritance." After having made these statements, he attempts to give the basis and genesis of this relation of God as father to man as child, as follows:

"That the force which moves all nature is one force, and not many, appears to all men, as they study it, more and more. That this force is conscious of its own existence, that it is conscious of its own work, that it is therefore what men call spirit, that this spirit has inspired and still inspires us, that we are therefore not creatures of dumb power, but children of a Father's love—this is the certainty which unfolds itself or reveals itself, or is unfolded or is revealed, as higher and higher man ascends in his knowledge of what IS."

That man, by the light of his reason, can, by the study of nature, attain to this idea of God and his principal attributes, as Spirit, as Creator, upholder of the universe, and as Providence, is no doubt true; but that, by the study of "the force which moves all nature," our own consciousness included, we can learn that we are the "children of a Father's love," does not follow, and is quite another thing. It is precisely here that Unitarianism as a consistent, intelligible religious system crumbles into pieces. Nor can Unitarians afford to follow the Rev. Edward E. Hale in his attempt to escape this difficulty by concealing his head, ostrich-like, under the sand of a spurious mysticism, and virtually repudiating the rational element in religion by saying: "The mystic knows that God is here now. He has no chain of posts between child and Father. He relies on no long, logical system of communication," etc. The genuine mystic, indeed, "knows God is here," but he knows also that God is not the author of confusion, and to approach God he does not require of man to put out the light of his reason. He will tell us that the relation of God to all things as created being, and the relation of God to man as rational being, and the relation of God to man as father to child, are not one and the same thing, and ought not, therefore, to be confounded. The true mystic will further inform us that the first relation, by way of immanence, is common to all created things, man included; the second, by way of rationality, is common to the human race; the third, by way of filiation, is common to those who are united to God through the grace of Christ. The first and second are communicated to man by the creative act of God, and are therefore ours by right of natural inheritance through Adam. The third relation is communicated to us by way of adoption through the grace of the new Adam, Christ, who is "the only-begotten Son of God." This relation is not, therefore, ours by inheritance. We "have received from Christ," says St. Paul to the Romans, "the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry: Abba, Father." * "By whom also we have access through faith into this grace, wherein we stand, and glory in the hope of the glory of the sons of God." † It is proper to remark here that it is an error very common among radicals, rationalists, and a certain class of Unitarians to suppose that the relation of the soul to God by way of filiation, due to Christ, is intended as a substitute for our natural relations to God by way of immanence and rationality; whereas

* Rom. viii. 15. † *Ibid.* v. 2.

Christianity presupposes these, reaffirms, continues, completes, and perfects them, by this very gift of filiation with God. For it is a maxim common to all Catholic theologians that *gratia supponit et perficit naturam.*

Our intelligent mystic would not stop here. Proceeding further, he would say that to be really and truly children of God by inheritance implies our being born with the same identical nature as God. For the nature of a child is not a resemblance to, or an image of, that of his father, but consists in his possessing the same identical essence and nature as his father. If the son is equal to his father by nature, then he is also equal to his father in his capacities as such. Now, if every man, by nature, has the right to call God father, as the Rev. Mr. Hale and his co-religionists pretend, then all men by nature are equal to God, both in essence and attributes! Is this what Unitarians mean by "the divinity of human nature"? The Rev. E. E. Hale appears to say so when he tells us: "What we are struggling for, and what, if words did not fail us, we would fain express, is what Dr. James Walker called 'the identity of essence of all spiritual being and all spiritual life.'" All, then, that the believers in the divinity of Christ claim exclusively for him is claimed by Unitarians equally for every individual of the human race. But the belief in the divinity of Christ is "the latest and least objectionable form of idolatry"—so the Rev. H. W. Bellows informs us in his volume entitled *Phases of Faith.* The Unitarian cure, then, for the evil of idolatry is by substituting an indefinite multitude of idols for one single object of idolatrous worship.

There is one class of Unitarians, to whom the author of this sermon seems to belong, who accept boldly the consequences of their premise, and maintain without disguise that all men are by nature the equals of Christ, and that there is no reason why they should not, by greater fidelity, surpass Christ. Up to this period of time, however, they have not afforded to the world any very notable specimen of the truth of their assertion. Another class attempt to get over the difficulty by a critical exegesis of the Holy Scriptures, denying the authenticity or the meaning of those parts which relate to the miraculous conception of Christ, his miracles, and his divinity. A representative of the extreme wing on the right of Unitarianism replied, when this point was presented to him: "Oh! we Unitarians reject the idea of the Trinity as represented by Calvinists and other Protestants, for they make it a tritheism; but we accept the doctrine as holy mother Church teaches it"; while a leader of the extreme left admitted the difficulty, and in speaking of Dr. Channing, who championed the idea of the filiation of man to God, he said: "No intelligent Unitarian of to-day would attempt to defend the Unitarianism of Dr. Channing." He was right; for no Unitarian, on the basis of his belief, can say consistently the Lord's Prayer; for the Catholic doctrine of the Incarnation is a rigorous necessity to any one who admits the infinite and the finite, and the necessity of a union of love between them which authorizes the finite to call the Infinite Father! One may bestow sympathy upon the pious feelings of that class of Unitarians of which Dr. Channing is the representative, but the less

said about their theological science the better.

Our genuine mystic would not stop here. He would continue and show that the denial of the Incarnation involves the denial of the Trinity, and the denial of the Trinity reduces the idea of God to a mere abstraction. For all conception of real life is complex. Intellectual life in its simplest elements, in its last analysis, will be found to consist of three factors: Man as the thinker, one factor; the thing thought, the second factor; and their relation, the third factor —or the lover, the beloved, and their relation; again, the actor, the thing acted upon, and their relation. Man cannot think, love, or act where there is nothing to think, to love, or to act upon. Place man in an absolute vacuum, where there is nothing except himself, and you have man *in posse*, but not man as being, as existing, as a living man. You have a unit, an abstraction, nothing more. But pure abstractions have no real existence. Our conception of life in accordance with the law which governs our intelligence is comprised in three terms—subject, object, and their relation. * There is no possible way of bringing out of a mere unit, as our absolute starting point of thought, an intellectual conception of life. But the Unitarian idea of God is God reduced to a simple, absolute unit. Hence the Unitarian idea of God is not the conception of the real, living God, but an abstraction, a non-existing God.

Our genuine mystic would proceed still further; for infused light and love from above do not suspend or stultify the natural action of our faculties, but quicken, elevate, and transform their operations. He would apply, by way of analogy, the same process of thought in confirmation of the Catholic doctrine of the Trinity. If there had been a time, he would say, when there was no object before God, then there would have been a period when God was not the real, living God, but only God *in posse*, non-existing. But this is repugnant to the real conception of God; therefore the true idea of God involves a co-eternal object. If, however, this co-eternal object was not equal to God in substance as well as in attributes, then there would have been a period when God did not exist in all his fulness. Now, this object, co-eternal and equal to God the Father, is what the Catholic doctrine teaches concerning Christ, the only-begotten Son of the Father, "begotten before all ages, consubstantial with the Father." But the Father and the Son being co-eternal and co-adequate, their relations to each other must have been eternal and equal, outflowing toward each other in love, commensurate with their whole nature. This procession of mutual love between Father and Son is what the Catholic doctrine teaches concerning the Holy Spirit. Thus we see, however imperfectly, that the Catholic doctrine concerning the Trinity presents to our minds nothing that is contrary to our reason, though it contains an infinite abyss beyond the present scope of our reason, but which we shall know when our reason is increased, as it will be, by

* "Liquido tenendum est, quod omnia res, quamcumque cognoscimus, congenerat in nobis notitiam sui. Ab utroque enim notitia paritur, a cognoscente et cognito."—St. Augustine, *De Trinitate*, s. ix. c. xii.—Wherefore it must be clearly held that everything whatsoever that we know begets at the same time in us the knowledge of itself; for knowledge is brought forth from both, from the knower and from the thing known. Again, "Behold, then, there are three things: he that loves, and that which is loved, and love."—s. viii. c. x., *ibid.*

the gift of the light of glory. But every mystery of Christianity has an intelligible side to our natural reason, and by the light of faith it is the privilege and joy of a Christian while here upon earth to penetrate more deeply into their hidden, divine truth.

Again, the Unitarian is mistaken when he supposes that Catholics, in maintaining the Trinity, exclude the divine Unity. They include both in one. Herein again is found in man an analogy. Man is one in triplicity. Man is thought, love, and activity, and at the same time man is one. He thinks, he loves, he acts; there are not three distinct men, one who thinks, another who loves, and still another who acts. There is, therefore, a sense in which man is one in three and three in one. So there is in the Trinity. The Unitarians are right in affirming the divine Unity; their error consists in excluding the divine Trinity. All heresies are right in what they affirm, and wrong in what they exclude or deny; which denial is the result of their breaking away from that divine Unity in whose light alone every truth is seen in its co-relation with all other truths.

Our true mystic would not be content to rest here, but, soaring up upon the wings of divine light and love, and taking a more extended view, he would strive to show that where the doctrine of the Trinity is not held either explicitly or implicitly, there not only the theory of our mental operations and the intellectual foundation of religion dissolve into a baseless fabric of a vision; but that also the solid basis of society, the true idea of the family, the right conception of the state and its foundations, and the law of all genuine progress, are wanting, and all human things tend towards dissolution and backward to the reign of old chaos.

We give another characteristic statement of the Rev. Edward E. Hale's opening sermon which must have grated harshly on the ears of the more staid and conservative portion of his audience; it is under the head of "The immanent presence of God." He says:

"The Roman Church will acknowledge it, and St. Francis and St. Vincent and Fénelon will illustrate it. But, at the same time, the Roman Church has much else on her hands. She has to be contending for those seven sacraments, for this temporal power, all this machinery of cardinals and bishops, and bulls and interdicts, canon law and decretals, so that in all this upholstery there is great risk that none of us see the shrine. So of the poor little parodies of the Roman Church, the Anglican Church, the Lutheran Church, and the rest of them."

Again:

"All our brethren in the other confessions plunge into their infinite ocean with this hamper of corks and floats, water-proof dresses lest they be wet, oil-cloth caps for their hair, flannels for decency, a bathing-cart here, a well-screened awning there—so much machinery before the bath that one hardly wonders if some men refuse to swim! For them there is this great apology, if they do not proclaim as we must proclaim, God here and God now; nay, if they do not live as we must live, in the sense of God here and God now. For us, we have no excuse. We have stripped off every rag. We have destroyed all the machinery."

The Rev. Mr. Hale regards the seven sacraments, the hierarchy, the canon law—briefly, the entire visible and practical side of the church—as a "hamper," "machinery," "rags," and thinks there "is great risk that none of us see the shrine." The difficulty here is not where Mr. Hale places it.

"Night-owls shriek where mounting larks should sing."

The visible is not the prison of the invisible, as Plato dreamed, but its vehicle, as St. Paul teaches. "For the invisible things of God, from the creation of the world, are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, his eternal power also and divinity."* The author of this sermon is at least consistent in his error; as he believes in an abstract God, so he would reduce "the church of the living God," "the body of Christ," to an abstract non-existence. Suppose, for example, that the Rev. Edward E. Hale had reduced "all the machinery" of his curiously-devised body to an abstraction before the Unitarian biennial conference was held at Saratoga; the world would have been deprived of the knowledge of that "simplicity which it is the special duty of the Unitarian Church to proclaim." Think of the loss! For it was by means of the complex "machinery" of his concrete body that the Rev. E. E. Hale came in contact with the "machinery" of the Unitarian biennial organization at Saratoga, and, thus "upholstered," he publicly rants against all "machinery."

There may be too complex an organization, and too many applications of it, and too much made of these, owing to the necessities of our times, in the Catholic Church, to suit the personal tastes and the stage of growth of the Rev. Edward E. Hale. But the Catholic Church does not exist solely for the benefit of Mr. Hale, or for any peculiar class of men, or any one race alone. He has and should have, and they all have, their own place and appropriate niche in her *all*-temple; for the Catholic Church takes up in her scope every individual, and the human race entire. But there are others, with no less integrity of spiritual life and intelligence than he, who esteem those things of which he speaks so unappreciatingly as heavenly gifts and straight pathways to see more clearly the inner shrine and approach more nearly to the divine Presence. Are the idiosyncrasies of one man, though "thoroughly furnished and widely experienced," to be the norm of all other men, and of every race? Men and races differ greatly in these things, and the church of God is not a sect or conventicle; she is Catholic, universal, and in her bosom, and in her bosom alone, every soul finds its own place and most suitable way, with personal liberty and in accord with all other souls and the whole universe, to perfect union with God.

The matter with the Rev. E. E. Hale is, he has missed his vocation. His place evidently was not in the assembled conference at Saratoga; for his calling is unmistakably to a hermit life. Let him hie to the desert, and there, in a forlorn and naked hermitage, amid "frosts and fasts, hard lodgings and thin weeds," in an austere and unsociable life, "unswathed and unclothed," *in puris naturalibis*, "triumphantly cease to be." The Rev. E. E. Hale is one-sided, and seems to have no idea that the Catholic Church is the organization of that perfect communion of men with God and each other which Christ came to communicate and to establish in its fulness upon earth, and is its practical realization. God grant him, and others like him, this light and knowledge!

But we would not have our readers think that all Unitarians agree

* Romans i. 20.

with the Rev. E. E. Hale in his estimate of the visible or practical side of the church. We quote from a leading article in the *Liberal Christian* of August last, under the head of "Spirit and Form in Religion," the following passage:

"It seems painfully indicative of the still undeveloped condition of our race that no truce or medium can be approximated in which the two great factors of human nature and society, the authority and supremacy of *spirit* and the necessity and usefulness of *form*, are reconciled and made to serve each other or a common end. Must inward spirituality, and outward expression of it in forms and worship, be for ever in a state of unstable equilibrium? Must they ever be hostile and at cross-purposes? Must all progress be by a displacement in turn of each other—now an era of honored forms, and then of only disembodied spirituality? There is probably no entire escape from this necessity. But, surely, he is the wisest man who can hold this balance in the evenest hand; and that sect or school, whether political, social, or religious, that pays the finest justice and the most impartial respect to the two factors in our nature, spirit and form, will hold the steadiest place and do the most good for the longest time. This is the real reason why Quakerism, with all its exalted claims to respect, has such a feeble and diminishing importance. It has oil in the lamp of the purest kind, but almost no *wick*, and what wick it has is made up of its *thee*-ing and *thou*-ing, and its straight coat and stiff bonnet. These are steadily losing authority; and when they are abandoned, visible Quakerism will disappear. On the other hand, Roman Catholicism maintains its place against the spirit of the age, and in spite of a load of discredited doctrines, very largely because of its intense persistency in forms, its highly-illumined visibility, its large-handed legibleness; but not without the unfailing aid and support of a spirit of faith and worship which produces a devoted priesthood and hosts of genuine saints. No form of Christianity can boast of lovelier or more spiritual disciples, or reaches higher up or lower down, including the wisest and the most ignorant, the most delicate and the coarsest adherents. It has the subtlest and the bluntest weapons in its arsenal, and can pierce with a needle, or mow with a scythe, or maul with a mattock."

The same organ, in a later number, in speaking of the Saratoga conference, says:

"The main characteristic of the meeting was a conscientious and reverent endeavor to attain to something like a scientific basis for our faith in absolute religion, and in Christianity as a consistent and concrete expression of it,"

and adds that the opening sermon of the Rev. Mr. Hale "had the merit of starting us calmly and unexcitedly on our course." Our readers will form their own judgment about what direction the course leads on which the Rev. Edward E. Hale started the Unitarians assembled at Saratoga in their seeking after a "scientific basis" for "absolute religion, and Christianity as a concrete expression of it"!

SIX SUNNY MONTHS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF YORKE," "GRAPES AND THORNS," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

AN UNEXPECTED PROPOSAL.

THE next morning coffee was brought to the bed-rooms at the first peep of dawn, and when the little party went out for their walk the sun had only just begun to set the sea-line on fire.

They stepped for a moment into the Franciscan church next door, then went down the road leading past it to the Campagna. Fresh and sweet the morning air touched them as they sauntered along—not the morning breeze of New England, simple in associations as the breath of a newly-created being, but like the breath of one, immortally beautiful, about whom Calliope, Clio, and Erato have circled in their stately dance through the unfading centuries. Not only every spot of earth, but every waft of air, was haunted.

Mr. Vane stopped them presently with a silent gesture, and pointed to a near height, where a solitary cloud, softly resplendent in all its beautiful undulations, was slowly and loathly detaching itself to float upward and disappear in the sky, as if the door of a sapphire palace had opened to receive it. "Is it Diana?" he whispered.

"The Jew has touched nature with a pen of fire," the Signora said as they walked on again; "but the pagan has dominated, and still in a certain sense possesses that beautiful realm. If, as Milton sings, 'the parting genius was with sighing rent' from tree and grove at the birth of Christ, its ghost still haunts the spot, and Milton himself uses pagan language when he sings the beauties of nature. Why does not some Christian Job dislodge these 'mythic fancies,' and make nature live with a life that is something more than the rustling of a garment? Job made the lightnings go and return at the command of God, saying, 'Here we are!' and he speaks of the 'store-houses of the snow.' The Christian poet seems to fear his imagination, to find it tainted, and, instead of purifying it, and setting it flying, like a bird or a butterfly, through the garden of the earth, he puts it in a cage or under a glass along with the pagan images he only glances askance at. Now and then one meets with a saint whose heart overflows in that direction, like St. Francis of Assisi, calling the birds his sisters. Blessed Fra Egidio made the flowers bear witness, as when he proved the miraculous motherhood of the Virgin to the doubting *Predicatore*. At each of the three strokes of his staff in the road, following his three assertions of Our Lady's purity, up sprang a beautiful lily. Our Lord set the example in his reference to the lilies of the field: they toiled not, neither did they spin, yet the Creator had arrayed them as Solomon in all his glory was never arrayed. Did he talk to his mother about the flowers, I wonder? When the boat was tossed by a tempest, he spoke to the waves, as to living

creatures, saying, 'Peace, be still!' Do spirits troublesome and troubled take shape, or, stretching their invisible hands, catch the shapes of nature as weapons, and lash with foam or strike with lightning? We cannot know, and we need not know; and we must not assert. It is not, however, forbidden to fancy. Nature may serve as the playground wherein our imagination and fancy shall exercise themselves and prepare our minds for the wonders of the spiritual life. Fancy and imagination are as really a part of ourselves, and as truly and wisely given by God, as reason and will. They are the sweet little enticements inviting us to fly off

"'From the dark edges of the sensual ground,'

as the bird-mother coaxes her young to try its wings in little flights from twig to twig before it soars into the heavens. No, it is not forbidden to the fancy to play around the mysterious life that makes the bud swell into the flower and the seed grow into the lofty tree, so long as we see all in God, and see in God the Trinity, and, in the aspiring flame of created adoring spirits, behold Maria Santissima as the white point that touches the foot of the throne."

The Signora had been speaking slowly and dreamily, pausing now and then; but at the last, growing earnest, had, as it were, waked herself, and become aware that she was talking aloud and was listened to.

Smiling, and blushing too a little, "*Scusino!*" she said. "I cannot help it. I preach as the sparks fly upward."

"I speak for a seat in your meeting-house for the rest of my life," Mr. Vane replied promptly.

"Apropos of meeting-houses," she said, "what do you think of those for spires?" pointing to four gigantic cypresses in the villa they were passing.

This villa was a strange, deserted-looking place just above the Campagna. Nothing in it flourished but the four cypresses, which rose to a magnificent height, their huge cones sloping at the top to a feather so slender that it was always tipped to one side. Stern, dark, and drawn close together, they looked down on the place as if they had cursed it and were waiting to see the consummation of its ruin. All their shadows were full of a multitudinous grit of cicali voices that sounded like the sharp grating together of teeth. At their feet stood the house, half-alive, half-dead, hidden from the street by the walls it was not high enough to overlook. It was like the upper part of a house that the earth had half swallowed. At each side of the door stood a statue dressed in some antique fashion, hat on head and sword or thigh. They might have been two men who were petrified there long before. At each side of the gate, inside, a stone dog, petrified too, in the act of starting up with open jaws, crumbled in a blind rage, as if a paralyzed life yet dwelt under the lichen-covered fragments, and struggled to pour forth its arrested anger.

A little farther on was another decaying villa, where green moss and grasses grew all over the steps, half hid the paving-stones of the court, and choked the fountain dry. The house, once a gay and noble mansion, had now got its shutters decently closed over the sightless windows, and resigned itself to desolation. The long, dim avenues had a damp, unhealthy breath, and not a flower was to be seen.

They went in and seated them-

selves on the steps, where the shadow of the house, covering a verdant square in the midst of the sunshine, looked like a block of verd-antique set in gold.

"It reminds me of the funeral we went to in St. Peter's," Mr. Vane said, glancing about the sombre place, and over the walls into the outside splendor. "The mournful pageant looked as small in that bright temple as this villa in the landscape."

The two girls gathered grasses and leaves and bits of moss, binding them into tiny bouquets to keep as mementos, and Bianca made a sketch of the two villas. They talked but little, and, in that silent and quiescent mood, perceived far more clearly the character and influence of the scene—the melancholy that was not without terror; the proud beauty that survived neglect and decay, and might at any time burst into a triumphant loveliness, if but some one should care to call forth the power hidden there; the dainty graces that would not thrust themselves forward, but waited to be sought. Yet it needed that summer and sunshine should be all about to keep the sadness from being oppressive. With those cheering influences so near and so dominantly larger, the touch of melancholy became a luxury, like a scattering of snow in wine.

Isabel came back to the steps from her ramble about the place, and found her father and the Signora sitting there with no appearance of having uttered a word since she left them.

"It is just the time to read something I found and brought with me from Rome," she said. "I tucked it into my note-book, see, and something at this moment reminded me of it. Bianca was saying that if the place should be sprinkled with holy water, she did not doubt that flowers would immediately begin to grow again, and the track was not long from her notion round to this poem. It had no name when I found it, but I call it 'At Benediction.' The Signora told me that it was rude and unfinished; but no matter." She read:

AT BENEDICTION.

"Like a dam in which the restless tide
Has washed, till, grain by grain,
It has sapped the solid barrier
And swept it down again,
The patience I have built and buttressed
Like a fortress wall,
Fretted and undermined, gives way,
And shakes me in its fall.

"For I have vainly toiled to shun
The meaner ways of life,
With all their low and petty cares,
Their cold and cruel strife.
My brain is wild with tangled thoughts,
My heart is like to burst!
Baffled and foiled at every turn—
My God, I feel accursed!

"It was human help I sought for,
And human help alone;
Too weary I for straining
To a height above my own.
But thy world, with all its creatures, holds
Nor help nor hope for me;
I fly to sanctuary,
And cast myself on Thee!

. . . . . .

"The priest is at the altar
Praying with lifted hands,
And, girdled round with living flame,
The veiled Presence stands.
Wouldst thou kindle in our dying hearts
Some new and pure desire,
That thou com'st, my Lord, so wrapt about
In robes of waving fire?

"Hast thou come, indeed, for blessing,
O silent, awful Host?
Thou One with the Creator,
One with the Holy Ghost!
Hast thou come, indeed, for blessing,
O pitying Son of Man?
For if that thou wilt bless me,
Who is there that can ban?

"Hast thou come, indeed, for blessing,
Within whose knowledge rest
The labyrinthine ways of life,
The cares of every breast?
My doubting hope would fain outshake
Her pinions, if she durst;
For if truly thou wilt bless me,
I cannot feel accursed!

"The *Tantum Ergo* rises
In a chorus glad and strong,
And, waking in their airy height,
The bells join in the song.
And priest, and bells, and people,
As one, in loud accord,
Are pouring forth their praises
Of the Sacramental Lord.

"'Tis as though, from out of sorrow stepping,
And a darksome way,
The singers' eyes had caught the dawn
Of the celestial day.
'Tis as though, behind them casting off
Each clogging human load,
These happy creatures, singing, walked
The open heav'nly road.

"The hymn is stilled, and only
The bells ring on above.
Oh! bless me, God of mercy;
Have mercy, God of love!
For I have fought a cruel life,
And fallen in the fray.
Oh! bless me with a blessing
That shall sweep it all away!

. . . . . .

"It is finished. From the altar
The priest is stepping down;
His incense-perfumed silver train
Brushes my sombre gown.
The mingled crowd of worshippers
Are going as they came;
And the altar-candles drop to darkness,
Tiny flame by flame.

"Silence and softly-breathing Peace
Float downward, hand in hand,
And either side the threshold,
As guardian angels stand.
I see their holy faces,
And fear no face of man;
For when my God has blessed me,
Who is there that can ban?"

The Signora rose rather hastily. "If we are going to Monte Compatri this afternoon, we have no time to linger about reading rhymes," she said.

They went out into the sunshine, already burning hot, and stole along, one by one, in the shadow of the high wall, walking over crowds of little pale, pink morning-glories, that crept humbly on the ground, not knowing themselves to be vines with a power to rise and climb to the height of a man, any more than dear Hans Andersen's ugly duck knew that he was a swan, though at one point they might have seen, through an opening in the stone-work, better-instructed morning-glories climbing hedge and shrub, and blowing out a rhythmic joy through their great white trumpets far up in the air. The greatest pride or aspiration these little creatures seemed capable of was when, now and then, one grew, breath by breath, over some small obstacle in its path, and bloomed with its pretty pink cheek against a gray bit of stone. The whole ground blushed softly with their sweet humility.

They entered the shaded avenue that circles the lower part of the town, and saw the beautiful city climbing on the one hand, and the beautiful Campagna spread out on the other; passed the little wooden *chalet* where Garibaldi was holding his court—a wooden house is such a wonder in Italy!—and the public garden, sweet with the infantine breath and bright with the infantine hues of countless petunias, and at length found refuge in Villa Torlonia.

Thick and dark, the lofty trees knit their branches over the seats where the travellers sat and looked at the grand fountain-front, with its stone eagle and rows of huge stone vases along the top, and its beautiful cascade and basin in the centre. At either side this cascade, in the ten or twelve niches, tall stone vases overflowed with wild-flowers that had once overflowed with water, the masks above still holding between their dry lips the pipes from which the sunny streams had sprung. Far above could be seen, in the rich green gloom of overarching trees, cascade after cascade dancing down the steep slope, and, farther yet, the top of a great column of water that marked the uppermost fountain.

"It is too late to go up now," the Signora said; "but you can see the way. It goes round in a circling avenue, or up the steps that are at each side of the ten cascades. I think there are ten. But the steps at the right are constantly wet with the spray, and covered with ferns and moss. You go up at the left, which the sun sometimes touches, and which is always dry. Below here, too, there are two ways of going up, either by

the parting avenues or by the little dark door you see beside the cascade. That door leads through a dim passage, where the walls are all a green tremble with maidenhair fern growing as thick as feathers on a bird, and up a little dim winding stair that brings you out beside the stone eagle there. I gathered one of those ferns once that was half a yard long. You see they build palaces here for waters as well as for princes."

The day went by like a dream, steeped in dazzling light, embalmed with the odors of flowers growing in a luxuriance and beauty new to their northern eyes, sprinkled over with a ceaseless fountain-spray, sung through by countless larks, and made magnificent by palace after palace, and by constantly-recurring and incomparable views. For many a year to come they would remember the honey-snow of the orange-trees and the clustered flames of the pomegranates; they would compare their rose-bushes with the tree which, in one of these gardens, held its tea-roses nodding over their heads, nor love their own shyer gardens the less, indeed; and in their trim walks, and loath and delicate blooming, they would sometimes think with longing of the careless profusion of the land where the best of nature and the best of art dwelt together in the familiar and graceful intercourse of daily life.

An hour before sunset they were again in their carriage, and, after a short drive, found themselves following the long loops of the road that lead leisurely up the side of Monte Compatri, through the rich woods, through the pure and exquisitely invigorating air, with all the world unrolling itself again before their eyes in a view almost equal to that of Tusculum.

They were obliged to alight in the piazza of the fountain; for the steep and narrow streets did not admit of carriages. From this piazza the streets straggled, climbing and twisting, breaking constantly into little flights of stairs, and sometimes ending in a court or at a door.

"Prepare to be stared at," the Signora said, as they took their way up the *Via Lunga*. "We are the only ladies in the town whose headgear is not a handkerchief; and as for Mr. Vane, they are very likely to take him for Prince Borghese. And, come to think of it," she said, looking at him attentively, "you are very much like the prince, Mr. Vane."

The gentleman smiled quietly, without answering. He recollected what the Signora had forgotten—that she had once expressed the greatest admiration for Prince Borghese. He took the lady's parasol and travelling-bag from her hand, and offered his arm, which the steep way and her fatigue made acceptable, and the two girls followed, searching on every side with bright and curious eyes, and murmuring little exclamations to each other. The irregular stone houses, so near each other, face to face, that one could easily toss a ball from window to window across the street, were quite vacant, except for pigeons that flew in at the windows, or a cat that might be seen sleeping on a chair or window-ledge, or, perhaps, for a few hens searching for crumbs. The families were all out of doors. In one little corner portico sat a handsome woman, with her dark hair beautifully plaited, and a bright handkerchief laid over her massive shoulders. Her hands were folded in her lap, and she sat smiling, chatting with a neighbor now and

then, and enjoying a conscious queenship of the place. At either side of her was a young girl, slim, dark, and bright, a mere slip of the mother. These girls kept their eyes cast down, and appeared to think only of their knitting. On the next step was Carlin's group. Further on, a young mother steadied her year-old child between her knees and a chair, while she darned a stocking. One perceived that the whole and snowy-white stockings worn even by the poorest were not kept in order without constant care and labor. Near by, an old woman with a distaff spun flax, and entertained a company of men with her lively talk. This antique goddess was, perhaps, the wit of the place. She was, however, in no manner allied to the graces; for the thin gray hair gathered tightly with a comb to the top of her head, and entirely uncovered, and the white kerchief knotted round her neck, instead of being draped in the becoming Italian fashion, showed that she had long since ceased to hold by even the shadow of a personal charm. Outside the door of a little *café*, the only one in the place, half a dozen men sat at tables, drinking coffee and smoking, while on the door-step a man with a furnace and rotary stove, and a basket of charcoal beside him, roasted coffee to keep up the supply, lazily turning the crank while he listened to the gossip going on at the tables. On a neighboring step were gathered several women in a little sewing-circle. To these came a woman up the street, bearing on her head a tub covered over with nodding fern-leaves, which she set down on the wide top of the balustrade. The circle suspended their work while the woman displayed a sample of her wares—twelve frogs run on to a stick. She was met with shrugs and exclamations of disapproval.

"Poor frogs!" said Isabel. "They look like little white babies."

They were very poor little babies indeed, thin and small as spiders.

The frog-merchant, nothing disconcerted, laid aside her first sample and displayed another. "Oh! those are better," the women cried, and immediately began to chaffer about the price.

Children swarmed everywhere. The close little town was as full of them as the shoe where the old woman we all know so well dwelt with her tribe of young ones. It did not need a powerful imagination to picture the place boiling over like a pot some day, with a many-colored froth of *bambini* down the mountain-side. It was out of the question that there should be room for the rising generation to stay in the town when they should have become a risen generation; for they were six or seven in a family, and already the houses were full.

"Perhaps one of them will go to America, and set up on some sidewalk a furnace for roasting chestnuts," Bianca said. "And perhaps, some day, ten or fifteen years hence, we may stop and ask such a person what part of Italy he came from, and he will answer, 'From Monte Compatri'; and we will say, 'Ah! we have been there, at such a time; and perhaps it was you we saw playing in *Via Lunga* or in the *piazza?*' and he will brighten an instant, and then, all at once, begin to cry. And Isabel will almost cry for him, and will give him her best handkerchief to wipe his tears away, perhaps wiping them for him; and I will buy all his chestnuts, which will be cold by the time we get home, and papa will slip some

money into his hand, and ask him if he wants work to do, and we will all tell him where we live, and to come to us if he should get into trouble. And then we will go home and talk for all the rest of the day about nothing but Italy, and that day we went up Monte Compatri. And Isabel will insist that she recognizes the fellow perfectly, and try to coax papa to take him for a gardener or something."

"And then," resumed Mr. Vane, continuing the story, "we shall have the lazy vagabond coming to us every day begging, and we shall miss things out of the room where he is left alone a few minutes, and Isabel will give him my clothes, till I shall have nothing left to wear."

"Meantime, what will the Signora be doing?" that lady demanded, finding herself left out. "Is she to have no part?"

She did not see the pleasant glance that fell on her from the eyes of the gentleman at her side. She was looking down, a little hurt, she hardly knew why. For was it not a matter understood that her home was in Italy, and theirs in America?

"Why, you," said Isabel—"you will be in *Casa Ottant'Otto*, thousands of miles away, and we shall be writing you all about it."

"Not so!" Mr. Vane said. "She will be with us at the time, I think, and will correct all our mistakes, and reward all our well-doing with her approbation."

"There, that sounds comfortable," the lady said, smiling. "I was really feeling neglected and left out in the cold."

They had come to the street that encircles the town, and on the outside of which a row of houses hangs on the mountain-edge. In one of these they were to spend the night, and, as she spoke, the Signora looked up brightly, and beckoned some one in a window above to come down and open the door for them.

Mr. Vane spoke rather hastily in answer to her remark, and apparently for her ear alone. "If you should be outside, the cold will then be inside the circle," he said. "It is you who are to choose."

"Oh! thank you," she replied lightly. "And now mind the steps. They are rather dark."

The street from which they entered this house was so narrow, and the houses so joined, that they seemed to be still in the heart of the town; but when they had passed the dusky stairs, and entered the long, low *sala* at the head of them, they found the place like a nest in a tree-top. The mountain-side dropped sheer from under the very windows, and the view swept round from Rome and the sea to Palestrina and the mountains.

In this *sala* the whole family of the *padrone* had assembled to welcome and stare at the strangers before giving the room up to their use. A dozen or so smiling faces, full of good-will and curiosity, clustered about without the slightest sign of any thought that they might be intruding, or that there was to be any limit to the free use of their eyes. An old woman leaning on a cane muttered unintelligible blessings and made innumerable little bows right and left, a hale young matron talked and welcomed, a servant smiled unceasingly, a young girl with a baby in her arms asked abrupt questions in a loud voice, and children of all ages filled up the gaps.

The young ladies resigned their clothes to examination, and began shyly petting the little ones, and the Signora gave orders for their entertainment. While she was talking the servant and two of the

boys ran skurrying out of the room and presently returned with an air of great pride, bearing in their hands beautiful white pigeons, which they caressed while displaying.

The young ladies admired them and smoothed their snowy plumage, without being in the least aware why they had been brought.

"They are for our dinner to-morrow," the Signora remarked with great composure.

There was a little duet of dismayed exclamations. "I thought they were family pets!" Bianca said, recoiling.

"And so they are, my dear," was the reply. "They pet them up to the moment of killing them, and praise while they are eating them. Their fondness never ceases. And now let us take off our bonnets and have supper."

The room was long, low, and paved with coarse red bricks. The ceiling, crossed by several large beams, was papered in compartments representing squares of blue sky with light clouds floating over, and a bird or two here and there in the space, and the flowery walls were nearly hidden by great presses holding linen, by sideboards laden with dishes, and by the high backs of patriarchal old chairs, very picturesque to look at and very penitential to sit in.

All the centre of this room was taken up by a long table, at one end of which their supper was speedily prepared. There was bread, as good as could be had in Rome, and such a salad as could scarcely be had in any city, the oil as sweet as cream, and the lettuce so crisp and delicate that it could be almost powdered between the hands. Just as they sat down a large decanter of gold-colored wine, ice-cold from the grotto, was placed before them. For in these little Italian towns, however they may lack the necessities of life, they are never without the luxuries.

They sat down merrily, only one of the family remaining to wait on them, the others hovering about the door, and watching the faces of their guests as they ate, to see how the food pleased them.

"Papa," said Isabel, pointing to a plate before her, on which a small onion shone like silver, "do you recognize that vegetable?"

"I recog*nose* it," replied Mr. Vane, who would sometimes play upon words.

"Well, I propose that we agree to divide it in four parts, each a little larger than the last, the largest for you, the smallest for Bianca, and that we all eat our portions, and so find no fault with each other."

Bianca instantly declined the invitation, and blushed deeply when they rallied her on her daintiness.

"These onions are very delicate and sweet," the Signora said. "I used to avoid them, till one day I received a call from a personage of the most dignified position and unexceptionable manners, from whose breath I perceived, in the course of the conversation, that he had been eating these little onions. But the faint odor that reached me as he spoke was as though a rose and an onion had been grafted together. Since then I have eaten without scruple."

But Bianca still declined, still blushing. Why? Was it that her affection for the friend ever tenderly remembered had so consecrated her to him that nothing but what was sweetest and purest must touch where his image was enshrined, whether he were present or absent? She was quite extreme enough in her sensitive delicacy for such a thought.

Supper over, they went out into a *loggia* attached to their *sala* and overhanging the steep mountain-side, and watched the sun go down over the sea. The globe of fire had already touched the water-line, that by day showed only like a line of purple cloud, and kindled it to an intense lustre; and, as they looked, there was half a sun above the horizon, and another half visible as though seen through the transparent edge of the world over which it disappeared; then, without diminishing, it dropped out of sight, leaving an ineffable, silent glory over the scene. The fire of the sea faded to a faint gold, the rosy violet of the Campagna changed to a deep purple, and Earth, raising her shadowy hands, put aside the curtaining light of day, and looked out at the stars.

The sisters withdrew presently, and left the two elders to admire the beauties of nature at their leisure. Isabel, screened off in one corner of the *sala*, made voluminous notes of her experiences, and planned a wonderful story, into which they should all be woven. Seated on a footstool, with a brass lamp hanging to the back of a chair near her, and her writing on her knees, she saw one character after another emerge from the shades and take form and individuality before her eyes, as if they grew there independent of her will. They spoke and moved of themselves, and she only looked and listened. Now and then some trait, some feature, some word, was such as she had seen in real life, but these people were not portraits, though they might have such resemblances, and even might have been suggested by persons she had known. The shades grew more and more alive, gathering into substance. Stone walls built themselves up silently and with a more than Aladdin-like celerity, and gardens burst into instantaneous bloom. If she willed the sea present, its waves rolled up to her feet in foam, or caught and tossed her in their strong arms; if she called for forests, swiftly their darkening branches shut her in, and her light feet trod their dry, crackling twigs and rich, disordered flowers. The very accidents of a great pine-cone to stumble over, or an unexpected lizard running across the path, were there. The dull walls of the room she sat in, the rough bricks under her feet, the crowded town about her, were as though they were not. She was free of the world.

O precious gift of the magical lamp! which, at a touch, calls about its possessor all that men wish, and work, and strive for of earthly good, without the pain or responsibilities of earthly possession; which gives the rose without its thorn, the wine without its lees, the friend without the doubt, the triumph without disappointment! Happy they who, when what we call real life presses too hard or becomes too dull, can put it aside for the time, and enter a world of their own, for ever beautiful and satisfying, who, walking the common street, see things unseen of common eyes, and for whom many a beauty smiles under an ugly mask.

Bianca was in no such exalted mood of fancy, but, withdrawn to the chamber she was to occupy with the Signora, was lifting the holier eyes of faith, and, with childlike simplicity and confidence, laying all her heart open to God, sending up her petitions for earthly happiness on a cloud of the Acts, said after her own manner: "O my God! I believe in thee, I hope in thee, I love thee, I thank thee, and I am sorry for having offended

thee"; and then, as a thought or wish more earthly thrust itself forward, presenting it, unafraid and undoubting. Living and dead, friends and strangers, the poor, and those who had no one to pray for them—all were remembered by this tender heart; but ever, like the refrain of a song, came back the petition, "Bless, and guard from all ill of soul or body, him who is so much more to me than all other men, and, if it be thy will, give him to me for a friend and companion as long as I shall live."

The two in the balcony, left to themselves, were talking quietly, having no mind to separate. The Signora found in the society of Mr. Vane a pleasure altogether new to her—the pleasure of being able to depend on some one. It was only now, when she was surrounded with a constant, friendly care, that she became aware how unprotected and unhelped her former life had been, and how sweet was that repose which the protected enjoy. Besides, Mr. Vane's care was of a particularly agreeable kind. It did not, by watching and seizing on opportunities of serving, suggest the existence of an emotional care which might change to neglect, but was simply a calm readiness, which assumed, as a matter of course, that it should help when help was needed.

"I shall never be sufficiently thankful for having been led to make this European journey," Mr. Vane said after a little silence. "It has done me good in many ways, and promises more even than it has performed as yet."

"I am glad you say thankful instead of glad," the Signora said, smiling. "Perhaps, too, I should say, I am thankful you say so."

He thought a moment before speaking, and recollected that only a few months before he would not have used the word. The change had come so gradually that he had scarcely been aware of it. "Yet I believe that I always recognize the Source from which all good flows," he resumed seriously. "At least, I never denied it. Here religion is such a household affair, one falls after a while into the habit of expressing what before was only felt, and felt, perhaps, unconsciously."

"It is better so," was the reply. "We strengthen a true feeling when we give it utterance. Besides, we may thus communicate it to others."

"One of my causes of thankfulness," he resumed, "is that my daughters should be associated with you. I wish you could make them more like yourself, and I am sure that their admiration and affection for you will lead them naturally to imitate you and to receive your instructions willingly. They have been to me a source of great anxiety, and I feel myself utterly incapable of directing them; for, while I wish them to be modest and womanly, on the one hand, I as certainly wish them to be capable of finding in life an object and a happiness which shall not depend on any other person. It would please me to see them well married; but God forbid that an unmarried life should be for them a disappointed life! What I could do for them I have done, but with an immense self-distrust; and I have felt safer when leaving them to themselves than when interfering or seeking to guide them."

"I should think you had done well both in guiding and in leaving them free," the lady replied. "Many parents do too much either one way or the other. Does not the result satisfy you so far?"

She was surprised at the emotion

with which he spoke, not knowing anything of his married life.

"The result is not yet. Everything depends on their marriage, or their reason for not marrying." He hesitated, then went on, as if incapable of keeping silence longer on a subject of which he had never spoken: "The fate of their mother is to me a constant warning and a constant pain. In one respect I can save them from that; for I shall never urge them to marry, and shall never oppose any choice of theirs, unless it should be a manifestly bad one. But I cannot guard them from the tyranny of some mistaken sense of duty, or mistaken pride or delicacy which they might conceal from all the world."

Startled by this half-revelation, his companion kept silence, waiting for him to speak. It was impossible he should not speak after such a beginning.

"I do not know which was the more deeply wronged, I or my poor Bianca," he said presently. "It all came from the blundering coarseness of parents who overstepped, not their authority—for they never commanded her—but their power to influence, which, with one like her, was quite as strong. Their mistake has taught me to interfere and control less the gentle, silent one than the one who speaks her mind out clearly and loudly. I have always thought that the mother of my daughters had some preference which she never acknowledged. Often, more often than not, these preferences come to nothing and are soon forgotten; but not always. She did not wish to marry me, but she consented without hesitation, and I believed that the slight reserve would vanish with time. Perhaps she believed it too. Her conscience was as pure as snow. She did perfectly, with all her power, what she believed to be her duty. But that preoccupation, whether for another person or for a single life, was never vanquished. You have, perhaps, chased a butterfly when you were a child, beaten it with your hat from flower to flower, and at last imprisoned it under a glass; or you have caught a hummingbird that has strayed into your room, and flown from you as long as it had strength. Neither resisted when it was caught; but the down was brushed off the butterfly's wings, and the bird was dead in your hand. My wife omitted nothing that a good will could accomplish. She was grateful for my efforts to make her happy; she was calm, and even cheerful; and I am sure that she never said to herself, even, that she was sorry for having married me. But the only beaming smile I ever saw on her face was when she knew that she was going to die."

His voice trembled a little, and he stopped a moment, as if to steady it before going on.

"Was not I wronged too? Was not the unwilling jailer as unfortunate as the unwilling prisoner? I say nothing of my own personal disappointment, though that was great. The mutual confidence, the delightful companionship, the perfect union, to which I had looked forward, and which were my ideal of marriage—where were they? In place of them I never lost the feeling that I had a victim for ever at my side. I felt as if I had been unmanly and cruel; yet the fault was not mine. She gave herself to me in all that she could, yet she was never mine."

He paused again; yet this time his voice trembled more in resuming than in leaving off his story.

"I rejoiced in her release; and I

look forward to no future meeting with her that shall be different from that meeting which we are permitted to look forward to with all the good in heaven. If other husbands and wives expect some closer partnership in heaven, I neither expect nor wish it. I have resigned her absolutely and for ever. I do not think that I am morbid. You should know her peculiar character to understand well how I could be made to feel that crystal wall that always stood between us. I felt it so that I really believe, if the children were not demonstrative in their affection for me, I should not have the courage to show any fondness for them. I used, when they were little ones, to look at them sometimes with a kind of terror when I came home, to see if they would smile brightly, and run to me as if they were glad from the heart to see me. I always waited for them, and, thank God! they never failed me. Duty and submission are there, but a perfect affection makes them almost unnecessary."

Finishing, he glanced for the first time at his companion, and saw that she was in tears.

"My dear friend!" he exclaimed, "how selfish I have been! Forgive me!"

"No," she replied gently, wiping her eyes, "you are not selfish. It seems to me that you are one of the least selfish of men. I am glad you have confidence enough in me to tell me such a story, which, I can well believe, you seldom or never speak of. It is quite natural that you should confide it to some one, and you could not expect any one to hear it unmoved."

What an exquisite moonlight covered the world, and made a fairy-like, silvery day in the little balcony where the two sat! The air sparkled with it, and one tear still hanging to the Signora's eyelashes shone like a diamond in its beams.

"You are the first person to whom I have ever spoken on this subject, and the only person to whom I could confide it," Mr. Vane said. "Can you guess why, Signora?"

She looked at him with a startled glance and read his meaning, and, in the first astonishment and confusion, was utterly incapable of replying.

"Shall I tell you why?" he asked.

She rose hastily, blushing and distressed.

"Do not say any more!" she exclaimed, and was on the point of leaving him abruptly, but checked herself, and, turning in the open low window, held out her hand to him. "You have called me friend. Let us remain friends," she said.

He touched the hand, and released it without a word, and they separated.

Half an hour afterward Bianca's face peeped out into the moonlight. "Are you still here, papa?" she said, and went to him. "Good-night, dear."

He embraced her gently, and echoed her good-night, but did not detain her a moment.

"What! papa romancing here all alone?" exclaimed Isabel in her turn. "It isn't good for your complexion nor for your disposition. Late hours and too much thinking make one sad."

"Therefore you should go to bed directly," was his reply.

She kissed him merrily and left him alone.

TO BE CONTINUED.

MIVART'S CONTEMPORARY EVOLUTION.*

If in our contemporary evolution a great genius should appear, worthy to continue the work of St. Thomas, it would be requisite that he should combine in himself the gifts and acquirements of a metaphysician, a theologian, and a master of natural science. We accentuate strongly the last of these requisites, because we are not so much in need of pure metaphysics and theology, possessing both already in a state of high perfection and completeness, as we are of the mixed science in which the relations of the higher and the lower orders of being, truth and good, are developed and manifested. There have been some men already, since the modern period began, who have combined metaphysical and natural science in a remarkable degree. Such a man was Leibnitz. The famous Jesuit Boscovich was perhaps superior intellectually, as he certainly was morally, even to this prodigy of talent and learning. He was a great mathematician and physicist, a great metaphysician, and a great statesman, besides being eminent in Christian perfection and apostolic zeal. Balmes was a man of a similar stamp, though especially eminent in social science. Among living men a high place belongs to Father Bayma as a metaphysician, mathematician, and physicist, although he has published little under his own name, except his remarkable work on *Molecular Mechanics*. Such men are invaluable at the present time. And for all those who are aiming at a thorough education for important positions in the service of the church and humanity, the conjoined cultivation of these various branches of science, in the due proportion for acquiring what we have called the mixed science, is of the highest importance. We are happy to know that it is not neglected, and is likely to be advanced to a higher and more extensive state of excellence in the near future. One who has the chance of looking over the theses in physics which are prepared for the examinations at Woodstock will be convinced that there is one Catholic seminary, at least, in this country where such matters receive due attention. The articles published from time to time in the Catholic reviews of Europe, as well as an occasional volume from the pen of a Catholic professor, are another evidence of what we have stated. The English hierarchy, aided by the band of gifted and learned priests and laymen who adorn the Catholic Church of England, is distinguishing itself in the promotion of this scientific culture. Dr. Mivart is one of this band. We have, in former numbers, taken occasion to notice several of his works, and express our high estimation of the courage and ability with which he is constantly laboring for the advancement of true, Catholic science. Dr. Mivart's specialty is natural

* *Contemporary Evolution.* An Essay on some Recent Social Changes. By St. George Mivart. (Dedicated to the Marquis of Ripon.) Henry S. King & Co., London. 1876. (An American edition of the work is announced by the Messrs. Appleton.)

science; but he is not a mere physicist or scientist. He has the genuine philosophical spirit, and shows in his writings that he has studied to some purpose metaphysics, theology and ethics, history, politics, and *belles-lettres*. The essays contained in the volume we are at present reviewing were first published in the *Contemporary Review*, with the exception of the last one, which appeared in the *Dublin Review*. We propose, at present, to do little more than give an analysis of their contents and of the author's argument.

The title informs us that his topic of discussion is, "Some great Social Changes." These social changes, in his idea, are very deep and universal alterations in the social fabric which have been going on during the entire post-mediæval period, are still in progress, and are likely to proceed much further as time goes on. It is in view of their bearing on the perpetuity and action of the Catholic Church that they are considered. In the introductory chapter a general view is taken of their nature, origin, causes and probable development, and the plan to be followed in pursuing the particular scope of the essay is laid down. The second chapter is on Political Evolution. The third presents the three ideals of social organization, which are proposed by as many different classes of political philosophers: 1. The pagan, or monistic. 2. The civic, or that which is based on some maxims of natural right and expediency. 3. The theocratic or mediæval. The fourth chapter treats of Scientific Evolution, the fifth of Philosophical and the sixth of Æsthetic Evolution.

We may as well premise a statement of Dr. Mivart's idea of evolution before we proceed to analyze his argument. It is a procession from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent heterogeneity, whose origin is God as first cause, whose ultimatum is God as final cause or end, whose principle of continuity is the intelligent volition of God as ruler, embracing all the phenomena of the universe, physical, biological, political, moral, and religious, in one enchainment of activities, which rise in a graduated series from the lowest to the highest toward their Ideal in God.* A similar idea is laid by Leo at the foundation of his *Universal History*: "The Christian view of the history of the world takes all facts, not as something new superadded by the power of man to the creative act of God, but only as a further *evolution* of the facts of creation."† In the introductory chapter Dr. Mivart begins by noting the fact that there are crises or great epochs in this historical evolution, and expressing his conviction that the present is one of these, and particularly marked by being a period of *conscious* development. As the outcome of the changes occurring in the past, he traces its logical connection with the periods of the French Revolution, the revolt of the sixteenth century, the Renaissance, and the conflict of Philip the Fair with the Holy See. The process of this evolution is designated as a struggle of reviving paganism to reject the domination of mediæval theocracy, which, gradually obtaining success, is likely to be carried to a much further point than it has yet reached. Two questions are proposed for consideration: 1. "The effect on Christianity of the further develop-

* See p. 194.

† *Lehrb. der Univ. Gesch.*, vol. i p. 17.

ment of the great movement." 2. "The probable result of the renewed conflict between such a modified Christianity and a revived paganism."

In order clearly and fully to understand the author's method of treating these questions, it is necessary to place and keep distinctly in view with whom he is arguing and on what principles. It is not with professed Christians or Catholics that he primarily intends to discuss these topics, on their principles, but with those who are mere naturalists, and who admit nothing but what is evident or provable by purely scientific and rational arguments. The truth of revelation and the Catholic faith is therefore left on one side, and nothing is taken into consideration except "obvious or admitted tendencies of known natural forces and laws." It is the author's purpose to extort from the enemies of revelation and the Catholic Church, by using their own principles and ideas, evidence for the ability of the church to cope with, overcome, and bend to her own superior force of intelligence and will the new and hostile environments, political, scientific, and philosophical, by which she is surrounded. In respect to the political aspect of the question, he argues that, supposing the changes in this order to proceed in their evolution until a complete disintegration of the mediæval, theocratic system is effected, an interior, latent capacity will be evolved in the church, by which she will be integrated and strengthened for a more complete and extensive triumph than was ever before achieved. Briefly, his argument amounts to this: Violent, red-republican, or despotic subversions of the liberty of the masses and social order cannot be lasting. Some kind of basis for liberty with order must be found in natural law and right, consisting of maxims of ethical truth and expediency. The political maxims of England and the United States are referred to for illustration, and the author anticipates for the English-speaking nations, their maxims of policy and their language, an universal, predominating influence in the future. Now, the church, he argues, can avail herself of this liberty. The laboring classes, once liberated from and raised above that misery and oppression which are the active cause of their hostility against both the hierarchy and the aristocracy, can be won over to the cause of the church. Religious orders, founded on poverty and labor, whose members are drawn from these classes and associated with them, can gain new life, power, and extension. Opposition and persecution will only purify and invigorate the intellectual and moral constitution of the church, and intensify its unity of organic life and action. That part of society which is corrupted by pagan immorality will be weakened and diminished by its errors and vices, while the Catholic portion will become always stronger and more numerous by the effect of its ethical maxims carried out in practice. The past history of the church enables us to augur for her future history that there are no circumstances, however difficult and apparently destructive to her life, which she cannot surmount, and over which she cannot achieve a complete triumph, in virtue of the organic strength which she possesses. At the end of his long and minute process of argument, in which he says he has "endeavored dispassionately to estimate what, at the very utmost, must be the de-

structive effects on Christianity of the greatest amount of anti-theocratic change which can possibly be anticipated," the author considers that a Catholic may be fairly entitled to express the following conviction: "By the continuance, then, of this evolutionary process, there is plainly to be discerned in the distant future a triumph of the church compared with which that of mediæval Christendom was but a transient adumbration—a triumph brought about by moral means alone, by the slow process of exhortation, example, and individual conviction, after every error has been freely propagated, every denial freely made, and every rival system provided with a free field for its display—a triumph infinitely more glorious than any brought about by the sword, and fulfilling at last the old pre-Christian prophecies of the kingdom of God upon earth." *

One-half of the volume is taken up with the consideration of political evolution and the three political ideals. Nevertheless, the author considers that the questions respecting science and philosophy are much the most important. For, although he concludes from his course of reasoning that political changes will be harmless to the church, and even give her increased strength, coherence, and efficiency, so that a Catholic may reasonably expect for her all that triumph which he thinks her Author has foretold, in spite of such changes; yet, in arguing with an unbeliever, such a ground of confidence cannot be assumed. If the claims of the church to authority, and the dogmatic truth of her doctrine, can be successfully assailed by science and philosophy, then scientific and philosophical evolution must be fatal to Christianity, and political changes will facilitate and hasten the catastrophe, though they are powerless to produce it by their own solitary, unaided force. Here we arrive at that part of the subject which is to us the most interesting, and which the author has treated in the most satisfactory manner. On this field Dr. Mivart is at home; for it is his own peculiar ground, where he has already labored with eminent success, and where we confidently hope he will hereafter gather a still greater and richer harvest.

We anticipate a great revolution in the attitude of what is in common parlance rather incorrectly called "science"—*i.e.*, the complex of various branches of physics—toward the Catholic Church. A hostile attitude is wholly unnatural. Second-class scientists, sciolists in knowledge, men of an imperfect and one-sided culture, are intellectually swamped in the morass of facts, theories, and hypotheses in which they pass their lives. The imperfect beginnings of natural sciences present phases of apparent contradiction to revealed truths. Imperfect theological systems, and opinions which rest on merely human authority, but are erroneously supposed to be revealed doctrines, frequently clash with science, or with scientific hypotheses which are more or less probable or plausible. But there is in genuine natural science, in the methods by which it proceeds, in the spirit which actuates its great masters, something eminently favorable to genuine sacred science and akin to it. The wild, anti-Christian hypotheses which are put forth under the name of science are not unfrequently crushed by the masters in science, even

* P. 121.

though they are not themselves Christians. Inductive science is modest, calm, impartial, slow, and just, in its procedure. It is like the law in its accepting and examining evidence on all sides of every question. The masters in science who are unbelievers are so in spite of, and not because of, their scientific spirit and method. If they are actively hostile to Christianity, it is because of some false philosophy which is accidentally connected with their science, or by reason of their ignorance of real Christianity. No false system can stand the application of the genuine principles and method of scientific inquiry. It is precisely by that method and those principles that the truth of the Catholic Church is established, corroborated, and confirmed. An amiable friend, a Unitarian minister, once remarked to us that men's minds were going back, by a circuitous route, to the Catholic Church. This is what Dr. Mivart endeavors to show. Having tried all false routes and traced up all errors to their ending in No-Land, men work back across lots and through thickets to the old travelled road which they abandoned through caprice.

In respect to physical science, Dr. Mivart's principal line of argument goes to show that it has nothing to do directly with theology, because it is conversant exclusively with "phenomenal conceptions." Facts as to the coexistences and sequences of phenomena do not furnish the philosophy by which they are to be explained. This philosophy, and the theology which rests on it as its natural basis, have their own distinct sphere. It is only where theology affirms something as a revealed truth respecting facts of this kind—*e.g.*, that the sun revolves around the earth, that creation began four thousand years before Christ, and was completed in six literal days—that it comes upon the common ground where it can clash with physical science. In regard to Catholic doctrine, he shows that such affirmations are but few, and that none have ever been made into dogmas by the authority of the church which have been afterwards proved by scientific evidence to be false. The complete revolution in cosmology effected by the demonstration of the Copernican system is referred to as an instance of apparent conflict between science and dogma which turned out to be no conflict at all. So, also, the apparent conflict between evolutionary biology and Christian dogma, which the author has more fully discussed in other works, is succinctly treated. The antagonism between physics and theology, though of long standing, is accidental, and "physical science should be considered, alike by the philosophic Christian and anti-Christian, as neutral and indifferent." The only influence, therefore, which physical science can have on Christianity is through the philosophy which is connected with it. It is philosophy which affords the real battle-ground for the final and decisive conflict between the Christian and anti-Christian forces. Notwithstanding the narrow-minded, ignorant, and absurd contempt for philosophy which many modern scientists express, and which has been quite common for some time past, the author thinks that the scientists themselves, even by their destructive efforts, are aiding powerfully in bringing about a great philosophic reaction. The author most justly observes that fundamental questions of philosophy underlie all physical science, and that, for this reason,

the great development and wide popularity of physical science must drive many minds into philosophy. Reviving paganism, which is only a return to the old Aryan predilection for pantheistic naturalism, and is theoretically based on ancient philosophical ideas revived in new dresses by modern sophists, can only come into that internecine conflict with Christianity, after which it pants, on the ground of philosophy. Both sides must therefore give themselves to philosophical study and discussion, and they have already begun to do so. The supreme question, therefore, in respect to the movement of contemporary evolution, is the philosophical direction it is likely to take.

We arrive, then, at the last topic but one considered by Dr. Mivart—viz., Philosophic Evolution, and the process by which he endeavors to "form a final judgment as to the result of the great conflict between reviving paganism and the Christian church."

In Dr. Mivart's opinion—one in which we need not say we most heartily concur—what is needed is a return, "not to *a* philosophy, but to *the* philosophy. For if metaphysics are possible, there is not, and never was or will be, more than one philosophy which, properly understood, unites all speculative truths and eliminates all errors: *the* philosophy of *the* philosopher—Aristotle."* Moreover, he declares his conviction that evolution will infallibly bring about this return. In his view, scholastic philosophy simply went out of fashion in the same way that mediæval architecture came to be despised as barbarous, and will again resume its sway just as the architectural glories of northern Europe have come to be universally appreciated. One or two testimonies to the grandeur of the mediæval philosophy from distinguished opponents are given. The widespread and earnest revival of the same among Catholics all over the world is a fact too patent to need any proof. Dr. Mivart's almost chivalric enthusiasm for scholastic philosophy is of itself a signal instance of a movement in this direction from a new quarter—*i.e.*, from the ranks of the devotees of physical science. It would seem that he himself has been led through science to philosophy, and therefore his views and reasonings on the matter have a peculiar interest. He presents two distinct phases of the question. One represents the inability of the anti-Christian scientists to construct a philosophy which may successfully oppose Christianity. The other presents positive tendencies in scientific evolution toward the peripatetic philosophy of the Christian schools. In respect to the first, his line of argument shows that these anti-Christian scientists are at war with each other and can never agree upon any one system; furthermore, that their reasonings end in absolute scepticism, and thus undermine their own foundations. Human nature and common sense invariably cause a reaction against idiotic and suicidal systems of this sort. Even the cultivation of natural science, therefore, must produce a tendency to seek for a satisfactory system of psychology and ontology. And as the philosophy which Des Cartes brought into vogue, ending with the transcendentalism of Kant and his successors, is no better than a philosophy of scepticism, it seems that a return to the mediæval and Grecian school, to Aristotle and St.

* P. 179.

Thomas, is unavoidable. There is but one other system which holds out the promise of a refuge from materialism and scepticism—that of the Ontologists. This system, however, is too contrary to the spirit and method of the natural sciences to offer any attractions to minds seeking for a synthesis of the spiritual and the material. The exposition of positive tendencies toward Catholic philosophy in the evolutionary processes of modern thought is on too abstruse and extensive a range to admit of being more compendiously treated than it actually is in the author's text. We will, therefore, content ourselves with quoting his own words, in which he summarily expresses the result of his arguments in his conclusion: "Glancing backward over the course we have traversed, it seems borne in upon us that the logical development of that process which Philip the Fair began is probably advancing, however slowly, to a result very generally unforeseen. But if such result as that here indicated be the probable outcome of philosophical evolution, Christianity has once more evidently nothing whatever to fear from it. A philosophy which as a complement unites in one all other systems will harmonize with a religion which as a complement synthesizes all other religions, and not only religions properly so called, but atheism also. Atheism, pantheism, and pure deism, running their logical course and mutually refuting each other, find an ultimate synthesis in Christianity, as we have before found them to do in nature. Christianity affirms the truth latent in atheism—namely, that God, as He is, is unimaginable and inscrutable by us; in other words, no such God as we can *imagine* exists. It also affirms the truth in pantheism, that God acts in every action of every created thing, and that in him we live and move and are. Finally, it also asserts the truths of deism, but by its other assertions escapes the objections to which deism is liable from opposing systems. Similarly, Christianity also effects a synthesis between theism and the worship of humanity, and that by the path, not of destruction, but through the nobler conception of 'taking the manhood into God.'

"Our investigations have led us to what we might have *à priori* anticipated—the conclusion that the highest and most intellectual power is that which must ultimately dominate the inferior forces. Neither political nor scientific developments can avail against the necessary consequences of philosophical evolution. No mistake can be greater than that of supposing that philosophy is but a mental luxury for the few. An implicit, unconscious philosophy possesses the mind and influences the conduct of every peasant. Metaphysical doctrines, sooner or later, filter down from the cultured few to the lowest social strata, and become, for good or ill, the very marrow of the bones, first of a school, then of a society, ultimately of a nation. The course of general philosophy, it is here contended, is now returning to its legitimate channel after a divergence of some three centuries' duration. This return cannot affect prejudicially the Christian church, but must strengthen and aid it; and thus that beneficial action upon it of political and scientific evolution, before represented as probable, will be greatly intensified, and the great movement of the RENAISSANCE hereafter take its place as the manifestly efficient promoter of a new development of the Chris-

tian organism such as the first twenty centuries of its life afforded it no opportunity to manifest." *

The author's last chapter, on Æsthetic Evolution, is a kind of appendix to the essay—which is really concluded with the passage just now quoted—but it is nevertheless an ingenious and elaborate essay in itself. The author begins by remarking that the question of evolution in religion is one which would furnish an interesting subject of inquiry. He then pays a very high but just tribute to the genius of Dr. Newman, whose influence over Dr. Mivart's mind may be traced in all his writings, as the one who, in his great essay on Development, has elucidated with a master-hand the evolutionary process within the church, and anticipated the doctrines of Spencer, of Darwin, and of Haeckel. With a passing allusion to the great Vatican decree as the culmination of this process and the keystone of the great arch of civil and religious liberty; and to the two distinct though intermixed processes of evolution outside the church, one simply pagan, the other sectarian; and to the process of disruption and dissolution which is tending to carry the adherents of the sects either toward anti-theism or toward the church—the author turns aside to consider a subject closely connected with religious evolution: the probable effect of the great modern movement of contemporary evolution upon Christian art. Most of his remarks are upon architecture, although he touches lightly upon music, painting, and sculpture. In music he appears to give his vote for St. Gregory and Palestrina. In respect to painting and sculpture, he anticipates progress in these arts by the blending of the best elements of the Preraphaelite period and those of the Renaissance. In handling the topic of architecture he analyzes the arguments for and against both the Gothic and Italian styles, and ends by declining to advocate the side of the exclusive champions of either of the two styles. After discussing some of the general principles of the art, he proposes a return to the style which prevailed before the introduction of the pointed arch, as a starting point for an improved style combining some features of the Gothic with some others of the Romanesque style of architecture. One consideration which he presents respecting the use of stained-glass windows strikes us as especially worthy of attention. As ornaments and as objects of devotion, the paintings upon glass in church-windows are far inferior to statues and pictures, and they nevertheless exclude them and occupy their place by reason of the quality of the light which is reflected through stained glass. It is desirable, therefore, to find some way of making the windows beautiful and ornamental as well as useful, and at the same time admitting light of that quality and in that direction which is requisite in a church decorated with paintings and statuary. Dr. Mivart says: "In the first place, the absence of any rigid rule of symmetry will allow the admission of light just wherever it may be required. Secondly, the windows may be of any shape found the most convenient—square, elongated, and narrow windows, rose-windows or semi-circular windows, as in the nave of Bonn cathedral They may also be made ornamental by mullions, while tracery need

* P. 215.

not by any means be confined to the upper part of each window, since each window may be all tracery, the stone-work being of such thickness as may combine strength and security with a copious admission of light. The absence of that beautiful but self-contradictory feature, *brilliant* stained glass, will allow an ample supply of light without too great a sacrifice of wall-space, and without any impairment of stability. Not that the glazing should not be ornamental and artistic; the pieces of glass might be so designed that their lead frame-work may form elegant patterns, while the glass itself, of delicate grays and half-tints, will afford a wide scope for the skilful designer."*

Finally, the author winds up by expressing his belief in a future development of Christian art in language which we condense a little from his concluding pages: "*Nullum tempus occurrit ecclesiæ!* The ever-fruitful mother of beauty and of truth, of holy aspirations and of good works, has not come to the end of her evolution even in the world of art, and it may be affirmed that there appear to be grounds for thinking that in the whole field of art, music, painting, sculpture, and architecture, our successors may witness a vast, new, complex, and stable artistic integration of a special and distinctly Christian character—a self-consciousness, as it were, in Christian art such as never was before, and which will appropriately serve to externally clothe and embody that vast and magnificent Christian development for which all phases of evolution are preparing the way, and to which Christians may look forward with joy and hope as the one supreme end of the whole evolutionary process, so far as the Author of nature has revealed to us his purposes either by the lessons which the universe of mind and matter displays before our eyes, or by supernatural revelation."*

The essay of which we have given an analysis, and all the other works of Dr. Mivart, are well worthy of attentive perusal. Their great merit lies in the fact that they break up new ground and lead the way to investigations in new fields of thought. Of course it could not be expected that subjects so wide-spreading and far-reaching as those which the author has discussed in this volume should be thoroughly and completely handled within so small a compass. Each chapter would require an elaborate volume even for the full elucidation of the author's own ideas. Whatever difference of opinion may exist in regard to particular views and theories, there is one grand, predominant idea pervading them all, in which Dr. Mivart expresses in his own peculiar way what is a very common belief and expectation of great numbers of the most illustrious champions of the Catholic Church in the present eventful period.

That this is really a great and critical era in the church's history, and that present changes and events, however painful and unpromising they may be, are preparing the way for one of her grand and decisive triumphs, is a general conviction in the minds of her devoted adherents, the truth of which her most embittered enemies seem to forebode with a dread anticipation. All things created by God have a potentiality in them

* P. 247. * P. 253.

which is infinite. Much more, the greatest of his works on this earth, the church. The mere observation of what she has done, and of the capabilities which are contained within her, looked at from a purely rational viewing-point, is sufficient for prognosticating a future evolution to which no limits are assignable. A Catholic must, however, look upon her origin, her past action, and her future destiny as belonging to the supernatural order. She has been created to fulfil God's purpose. That his purpose is the final triumph of good over evil is certain. But, in particulars, we only know how far, how long, and in what way this triumph is decreed to take place on this earthly arena where the church is militant; in so far as the purposes of God are made manifest to us by actual history or by prophecy. The general sense of the most approved interpreters of prophecy in the sacred Scriptures justifies the expectation of some signal triumph of the church on the earth yet to come. There seems to be a presentiment in the hearts of the faithful that it is now drawing near. We have a strong warrant for attributing this presentiment to a secret movement of the Holy Spirit, in the repeated and emphatic utterances of the august and holy Vicar of Christ upon earth, our gloriously reigning Sovereign Pontiff Pius IX. As to the time, the means, the nature, and the duration of this triumph of the church upon earth, and the exact, precise sense of the unfulfilled prophecies respecting the temporal kingdom of Jesus Christ, there is room for much diversity of opinion. The great social changes and evolutionary movements of which Dr. Mivart writes present a problem to a thoughtful Christian mind very difficult of solution. "*Ou allons nous?*" is the anxious exclamation of Bishop Dupanloup in respect to France, and a similar questioning of the future agitates the minds of men throughout the world. Whoever has any sagacious and well-reasoned answer to this interrogation is, therefore, likely to find eager and interested listeners, and deserves a respectful hearing. Dr. Mivart thinks that he sees the way out of present complications, and discovers signs which herald the advent of a new and long period of human history under the influence of Christianity which will be the culmination of God's work on the earth. Whatever may be thought by different persons of this horoscope and of the signs in our present sky, all must admit the ingenuity and force of reasoning which the author has displayed, admire his chivalrous and generous spirit, and recognize the great amount of valuable knowledge and genuine truth, both in physics and metaphysics, contained in the volume now reviewed and in Dr. Mivart's other productions.

THE DEVIL'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

LET fastidious and fashionable people say what they will about shanties, there was something in Mike Roony's humble dwelling that was really attractive. Perched on the top of a broad and lofty rock near the corner of Broadway and Forty-ninth Street, it commanded a magnificent view of the Hudson River and the Sound; and as the only way to reach it was by a flight of steps which Mike had cut in the rock, 'twas known among the neighbors by the name of Gibraltar. Some said Roony was a squatter; that he paid neither tax nor rent for the small piece of Manhattan Island which he occupied. Well, be this as it may, one thing is certain—he always declared his readiness to move when they blasted him out. Nothing grew upon this homestead—not a bush, not a weed, not a blade of grass; it was a little desert, roamed over by a goat, and swept clean by the winds, which made it their romping-ground from every quarter of the compass.

But Mike had a wife who loved flowers, and in the window fronting south stood a flower-pot wherein there bloomed a sweet red rose. Helen—for this was her name—had the true instincts of a lady, albeit her garment was not of silk and she sometimes went barefoot. She kept herself scrupulously neat—for water does not cost anything—and was fairer to behold than the flower she cherished. Born in America, of Irish parents, hers was one of those ideal faces which we not seldom meet with among American women. A freckle or two only helped to set off the perfect whiteness of her skin; her eyes had taken their hue from the blue sky of her native land, and like the raven's wing was the color of her hair.

But although Helen knew that she was beautiful, and there was a small mirror in the shanty, she did not waste any time before it, unless, perhaps, of a Sunday morning ere going to High Mass. A true helpmate was this wife in every sense of the word. She arose betimes, no matter how cold the weather might be, to prepare her husband's breakfast, and, if a button was missing off his coat, always found time to sew it on before he went to his work. The floor of the shanty was daily sprinkled with fresh sand; the pictures on the wall—one of the Blessed Virgin at the foot of the cross, the other of St. Joseph—were never hung awry; you saw no broken panes in the windows; and the faces of her two little children, Michael and Helen, were kept as bright and clean as her own. She never quitted home during her husband's absence to gossip and talk scandal with other women; and, monotonous as her life may seem, 'twas a happy one. Mike, too, was happy, and no mariner homeward bound ever watched for the beacon-light on his native coast more impatiently than he watched for the light which Helen used to place in the window, whence he might see it from afar as he trudged back from his day's work.

And no matter how hard it might be raining, or snowing, or freezing, at the first glimpse of its welcome rays Mike always burst out into a merry song. In the evening she would read him to sleep with some story from the *Catholic Review;* then, when his head began to nod, she gently drew the pipe out of his mouth and whispered: "Love, 'tis bed-time."

Oh! happy were those days—so happy that Helen would sometimes tremble; for surely they could not last for ever—otherwise it would be heaven on earth.

But, sober and inoffensive as Roony was, he was not without enemies; indeed, for very reason of his sobriety and inoffensiveness some hated him. And one evening—Christmas eve—he and his young wife were seated by the stove, talking about the Black-eye Club, whose head-quarters were in a liquor-store close by, and whose members had sworn vengeance on Mike for refusing to join them. "They have threatened to beat me," he said; "but if they only give me fair play, I'll be a match for the biggest of 'em."

"Ay, fair play!" said Helen, shuddering. "Savages like them always take a man unawares, and, like wolves, they hunt in packs."

"They carry pistols, too," added Mike, "while I carry nothing but my fists."

"Well, bad as I feel about it, husband dear, I'd a thousand times rather have you brave the whole villanous gang than see you join them; for now we are so happy." Here Helen twined her arm round his neck, then, gazing on him with loving eye, she continued: "You have never touched liquor, you do not get into fights, you are so good; and this rock is dearer to me than the greenest farm in the land."

"With you any spot would be a paradise," rejoined Mike; "and I hope to-morrow will be the last Christmas that we'll go without a turkey and some toys for the children."

"Oh! I'm sure it will," said Helen. "But you are right to pay all our debts first; and already the boards which the shanty cost are paid for, and so is the stove, and there is nothing owing except the coal"; then, with a smile: "And I've promised a pailful of coal to Mrs. McGowan, who lives on the next rock. You see, poor as we are, we can afford to give something away. Oh! isn't that sweet?"

"It is indeed," answered Roony; then, after a pause: "But now tell me, wife, who do you think is going to preach to-morrow?"

"Father H——."

"Really! Oh! I'm so glad; he always knows when to stop."

"A good sermon can't be too long," said Helen.

"Well, I own it isn't easy to leave off when once you get a-going. I was a brakeman five years, and know what it is to stop a train of cars. But if I was in the pulpit I'd know how to do it."

"How?"

"Well, I'd just fix my eye on the sleepiest-looking fellow in the congregation, and the very moment his head began to nod I'd lift up my hand and say, 'A blessing I wish you all.'" Here Helen laughed, and while she was laughing Mike added: "And I've sometimes thought Father H—— kept his eye on me."

While they were thus chatting by the little stove the northwest wind went howling round the house, and Jack Frost tried his best, his very best, to get in, but did not

succeed, not even through the key-hole; for Roony was not sparing of fuel, and the stove-pipe was red hot. Indeed, 'twas rather pleasant to hear the voice of the blast and the rattling of the window-panes; while at times the whole building seemed to rise up off the rock, and then Helen would throw an uneasy glance at her husband, who would grin and say: "It's well anchored, darling; never fear." At length the clock struck midnight, and the children, who had been sleeping on their parents' laps, were taken gently up and put to bed—so gently that their slumber was scarcely broken. Then husband and wife retired too; but, ere placing their heads on the pillow, they knelt and gave thanks to God for the many blessings they had enjoyed since last Christmas. Oh! sweet was the sleep which followed the prayer, and happy were their dreams; and when Christmas morning came, the sun did not rise on a happier home than this one. Scarcely had its rays flashed through the east window when Mike sprang up, and, clapping his hands, shouted: "O Helen, Helen! open your eyes and see what Santa Claus has brought you."

Obedient to his call, Helen awoke; and sure enough, to her great surprise, discovered one of her stockings dangling from the latch of the door, and there was something in it, but what it might be she had not the least notion, nor her husband either.

"Oh! go quick and see what it is," she said. "I'm so curious to know."

Accordingly, Mike went to the stocking; then, plunging his hand into it, drew forth—a bottle, and on it was marked, "Whiskey."

"Well, I declare," he said, grinning, as he held it up, "here is something, Nell, to drink your health with this Christmas day."

But the wife's bright look had vanished in a moment when she heard what the bottle contained; and now, in a grave tone, she answered: "No, dear, do not drink my health with that. Thank God! you have never yet touched liquor, so do not begin the bad habit on this sacred day, nor on any other day. Throw the bottle out of doors—do!"

"Well, now, can't a fellow take just a sip in honor of Santa Claus, who brought it?"

"No, no; the devil brought it. Don't take even one drop; throw the poison away—quick!"

"Oh! but it's a bitter cold morning, Nell, and the fire isn't lit, and a sip of whiskey 'll keep me warm while I make it—only just one sip."

"Husband, I beg you"—here the wife clasped her hands—"I implore you to get rid of the devil's gift as quick as possible. I see that you are already tempted. O husband! listen to my voice."

To calm her—for she seemed much excited—Roony opened the door, and, stepping out into the frosty air, struck the neck of the bottle against the rock, so as to make her believe that it was broken in pieces; but only the neck came off. "Really," he said within himself, after moistening his lips with a drop, "this doesn't taste bad; surely a little won't hurt me." Then, concealing the bottle in the goat-house, he went back and told his wife what he had never told her before—a lie.

"You broke it! Oh! I'm so glad," she exclained, "so very glad!" But there was a tear in her eye as she spoke; then, while Mike busied himself kindling the fire, Helen knelt down and remained a good while on her knees.

"Why, Nell, what ails you?" he asked, drawing near her after she had finished the prayer. "This is Christmas morning; let's be merry."

"Oh! yes, I must be merry," she replied, trying to assume a cheerful air. But there was something in her tone which struck Mike as peculiar, and for a moment he blushed. Did she suspect the untruth which he had told? No; her faith in him was unbroken, and she could not account to herself for the heavy weight upon her heart, which even the prayer had not taken away; and now, despite the glorious sunbeams flooding the room and the sweet voices of her children, Helen felt sad. Who had entered their happy home in the stillness of night, and placed that ill-omened gift in her stocking? Might it really be the Evil One? And while she wondered over this mysterious occurrence, she thought of the many families, once happy and well-to-do, who had come to grief and misery through intemperance. Was her own day of trial approaching? What did this Christmas gift portend? "But no, no; I will not be sad; I'll be cheerful. For Michael's sake I will," she said to herself. Then, as the bright look spread over her face, Mike clapped his hands and shouted: "That's right, my darling. Hurrah!"

And so the early hours went by; and when ten o'clock struck, they set out for St. Paul's Church, which was about nine blocks off, the mother holding her little boy by the hand, the father carrying little Nell, who was not yet old enough to walk so far. But when they were within a few paces of the church door, Roony stopped and declared that he had forgotten to feed the goat. "Well, dear, it's too late now," said Helen. "Nanny can wait; you'll miss Mass if you go back."

"O wife! how would you like to miss your breakfast?" rejoined Mike. "Nanny is hungry. I must return."

"And lose Mass?" she said, with a look of tender reproach. Roony did not answer, but turned on his heel and went away, leaving her too overcome with surprise to utter another word.

The priest was already at the altar when Helen arrived, and the church very full; yet more people continued to push their way in, and ever and anon she would look round to see if her husband were among the late-comers. She tried to keep her thoughts from wandering, but did not succeed. Never had Helen felt so distracted before, and the foreboding of evil which had oppressed her in the early morning now returned and shrouded her in such gloom that she could hardly pray. But, troubled as the poor woman was, no suspicion of the truth had yet entered her mind. She was very innocent, and did not doubt but Mike, having come late, was hidden among the crowd by the door.

At length the service ended; and now she felt quite certain that he would join her. But five minutes elapsed, and then ten — a whole quarter of an hour passed away. The congregation was fast dispersing; still, her husband did not appear. "Oh! where can he be?" she asked herself. "Where can he be?" At every voice that greeted her Helen started; for many knew her and wished her a merry Christmas, and Mrs. McGowan, who had a keen eye, exclaimed: "Why, what ails you, Mrs. Roony?"

How lonesome the wife felt as she plodded homeward! Yet her

children were prattling merrily, and the street was full of happy people. She was blind to them all, she was deaf to every word that was spoken, and kept murmuring again and again: "Where can Michael be?"

Finally Helen reached home, and was about to cross the threshold, when suddenly she paused and uttered a cry which might have been heard afar, 'twas so loud and piercing; while little Mike and Nell exclaimed at one breath: "Mamma, look at papa sleeping."

Yes, there lay their father stretched upon the floor, breathing heavily. But 'twas not the pleasant slumber into which Helen loved to see him fall when he returned weary from a hard day's work; and after gazing on him a moment with an expression impossible to describe, she buried her face in her hands. Poor thing! well might she weep; and if a feeling of disgust mingled with her grief, may we not forgive her? He was breathing heavily; by his right hand lay an empty bottle with the neck broken off, and the air of the room was tainted with the fumes of liquor.

"Stop! let your father sleep," she said to her son, who had knelt down and was playfully brushing the hair off his parent's face. But this precaution was needless; the latter was too deep in his cups to be roused by the touch of the child's hand, and presently, with a heavy heart, Helen turned away and set to work to prepare the dinner. There was no turkey to cook; still, she had intended to provide a somewhat better repast than ordinary, it being Christmas day. But, alas! she hardly knew what she was doing as she bustled about the stove; and when, by and by, dinner was ready, she tasted not a mouthful herself—all appetite had fled. The children, however, ate heartily, pausing now and again to say: "Mamma, why don't you call papa?"

It was evening when Roony awoke, and the moment Helen perceived that his eyes were open she began to tremble; for, though she did not doubt but he was sober by this time, she felt as if another man were near her, and not the one whom she had once so honored and trusted. And as he stared at her from the floor, he did indeed appear changed; there was a silly, vacant look on his face, his eyes were bloodshot, and it was almost five minutes before he attempted to rise. Then, without opening his lips, he got up and went out of the house, closing the door behind him with a slam.

"Well, I declare," he said, tossing away the broken bottle—"I declare I've been drunk; and, what's more, I told a lie and missed Mass. Will she ever forgive me?" Then stamping his foot: "Oh! what a fool I've been—what a wicked fool!"

Presently, while he was thus lamenting his sins, the door opened and a voice said: "Come to me, dear; come to me."

"O Helen!" he cried, turning toward her, "can you forgive me, will you?"

"Come to me," she repeated, opening wide her arms, but at the same time drawing back a step from the threshold; for curious eyes were watching them from a neighboring rock. Quick Roony flew into the shanty, then, dropping down on his knees, burst into tears. The wife wept too, while little Mike and Nell looked on in childish wonder at the scene.

"But, darling, why do *you* cry?" he exclaimed presently, rising to his feet. "*You've* done nothing wrong."

Helen made no response, but brushing the tears away, twined her arms around his neck.

"Well, speak, darling. What have *you* done to cry?" repeated Roony.

"O Michael!" she answered in faltering accents, "you have been such a good, kind husband to me. We have been so happy together—so very, very happy. God has blest us with two darling children. We might live, perhaps, years and years in this sweet spot; and when at length death parted us, 'twould not be for long—we should meet again in heaven. O Michael! I weep because all this may be changed—because death might part us for ever and ever!"

"No, no, darling, it shall not! It shall not!"

"Well, I will pray with heart and soul, husband dear, that you may not fall a second time. Alas! if the habit of drink once fasten upon you, it may be impossible to shake it off; and intemperance not only ruins many a family, but damns many a soul." At her own words the wife shuddered and began to weep anew.

"Well, I say never fear. Not another drop of liquor will I touch," said Mike—"no, not another drop as long as I live."

"Oh! thank God!" exclaimed Helen, "thank God!"

"Yes, yes, I solemnly promise it. And now, darling, try and forget all about my wickedness to-day, won't you?"

"Yes, I'll forget all about it," she answered. With this Helen began to sing a merry song, in which her husband joined, while the children went romping around the room, and the cricket came out of his tiny hole beneath the stove and chirped merrily too. But although Helen had forgiven him, yet Mike's conduct had wrought a deep impression on her; and when bedtime arrived and they retired, he slept soundly enough, but she lay awake for hours. And whenever the wind shook the house, she would tremble; and once the door seemed to open. But no, this was merely fancy. The noise, however, which startled her at midnight was real and not imagination. It proceeded from the den where the Black-eye Club was celebrating Christmas, and mingled with their yells were horrible oaths. Helen did not doubt but a fight was going on; perhaps some one was being beaten to death. Then she turned toward her husband, and even touched him, to make quite sure that he was lying beside her.

The following day Roony went off to work as usual, and came back in the evening, cheered as usual, too, by the light in the window; and immediately its welcome rays flashed upon him, he exclaimed: "Oh! what a good wife I have. God bless her!"

Ay, Helen is good! Her heart is with you, Mike, wherever you go; and at this very moment she is kneeling by the little beacon, praying that it may guide you safely to her side, and that you may not be tempted to stray into the bar-room on the corner.

But not the next day only, the whole week, Roony was his old, good-natured, hard-working, sober self; and what had marred the joy of Christmas was fast fading from Helen's memory. But one Saturday evening, as he was trudging homeward with his pocket full of wages, there came over him a sudden craving for spirits; the broken bottle out of which he had taken his maiden drink seemed to rise up before his eyes; the delicious

taste of the whiskey was on his lips afresh. In fact, the craving was so very strong, so wholly unexpected, that it startled him, and his heart beat violently.

"Oh! I never thought I should be seized in this way," he groaned. "How very strange! I can't resist; yet I must. O Helen! would to God I had not taken that first drink." The words were scarcely breathed when the beams of the home-light flashed upon him. 'Twas still a good distance off, and the air was muggy and thick, yet it shone brighter than Mike had ever seen it shine before. For about a minute he watched it yearningly; he even quickened his steps and twice groaned, "O Helen!" Then, muttering a curse upon himself, he turned his eyes away from the light, and at the same time, swerving out of the dear home-path, he hurried on to the liquor-saloon.

"Three cheers for Mike Roony!" was the salutation which greeted him from a dozen voices as he entered. "I knew you'd join us afore long," said the President of the Black-eye Club, advancing and shaking him warmly by the hand; then, motioning to the others, their empty glasses were refilled and the new-comer's health toasted. Presently Roony wanted to treat; but "No, no," they all shouted; "'tis our privilege to treat you this evening." Whereupon the bottle was passed round again; while poor Mike, flattered beyond measure by this unlooked-for reception, thought to himself: "What a fool I was not to join the club long ago!"

And so on they went carousing, and Helen's husband growing more and more intoxicated, until at length, when he was barely able to stand, a voice exclaimed: "Now, boys, let's christen him." Quick as lightning a violent blow on the eye followed these words; then down dropped Roony unconscious to the floor.

"Where can he be?" said the anxious wife, seeing that he did not return at the usual hour. "I pray God nothing has happened. The dear fellow came near being killed by a blast last year. O my God! I hope nothing has happened." After waiting for him awhile, Helen and her young ones took their places at the supper-table; but not a morsel did she eat. A vague fear possessed her. The children spoke, but the mother answered them not; the cricket chirped—she was deaf to its merry song; and every few minutes she would open the door, and look out and listen. But no husband appeared. And now, without him, how everything seemed to change! The rock, the shanty, the pretty rosebush she cherished, even the children whom she loved ten thousand times more than the rose—all appeared different to her eyes; nothing was the same when he who was the corner-stone of home was missing; and Helen realized as never before what a link of adamant bound her heart to his. "Oh! if anything has happened. If he is killed, 'twill kill me too," she sighed. Then, when little Mike asked, "Where is papa?" she answered, "Coming soon." And even to speak these words brought her a moment's peace of mind, and she would try to think of some good cause which might detain him. But the clock went on ticking, and the hour-hand moved further and further toward midnight; still, no husband came. The children were put to bed, and soon were fast asleep; the fire in the stove died out; the cricket became silent; but the wife grew more and more

wakeful, while ever and anon she would go to the window and nervously snuff the candle burning there. Then again she would open the door and listen—listen with all her ears; but she heard only the throbbing of her heart and boisterous voices in the direction of the liquor-saloon.

"Well, I'll watch and pray till he arrives," said Helen; then kneeling beside the crib where her children were sleeping, she lifted her thoughts to God. But the many hours she had been awake, the busy day prolonged so far into night, proved at last too much for her; and just as the clock struck one her weary eyes closed and her guardian angel took up the prayer which she left unfinished.

How long Helen slept she did not know; but when she awoke the candle had burned out and the chamber was pitch dark. "Oh! what is the matter? What did I hear? Was it only a dream?" she cried, starting to her feet.

"Come, now, I want my supper!" growled Mike, staggering further into the room. "Where's my supper?"

Pen cannot describe the wife's feelings as she groped about for the match-box. And when finally, after letting three or four matches drop out of her quivering fingers, she succeeded in lighting a fresh candle, what a sight did she behold! Was this man scowling at her, with one eye battered and swollen, her own Michael?

"I say, where's my supper?" he repeated with an oath.

Without uttering a word, but with a sinking of the heart which she had never experienced till now, Helen made haste to kindle a fire and heat up the potatoes and pork which she had laid aside for him in the evening. While thus employed Roony dropped down on a bench; then, after grumbling at her a few minutes, began suddenly to giggle. "I want you to know," said he, "that I'm now a member of the Black-eye Club. But that's plain enough by looking at me, eh? And when I've eaten supper, I'm going to make you cut my hair—cut it short to fighting trim."

"O husband!" replied Helen, in a voice of sorrowful entreaty, "do not break my heart, I love you so."

"Break your heart! Ha! ha! that's a good joke." Then, glancing up at the clock: "Well, by jingo, Nell, I'd better call this meal breakfast. Why, it's pretty nigh four, isn't it?"

Encouraged, perhaps, by the somewhat milder tone in which these last words were spoken, she now approached him, and, bending down, proceeded to examine his wounded eye. "Yes, bathe it for me," he continued. "But, for all it hurts, I'm deuced proud of it; for it's the christening mark of the Black-eye Club."

"Oh! hush, dear. Don't mention that wicked gang any more," said the wife. "I hate them; they are fiends."

"Fiends? Ha, ha! Well, well, hurry up with my breakfast or supper, whichever you choose to call it; then get the scissors and cut off my hair."

"Let me bathe your poor eye first," she answered; "then, after you have done eating, 'twill be daylight, and I want you, love, to come to Mass this morning, and to see the priest; we'll go together. O Michael! dark clouds are lowering over us; come with me to the priest."

"To the priest? No, indeed!

The Black-eye Club have nothing to do with priests."

"O husband! do not talk so; save yourself before it is too late," she went on, as she sponged the clotted blood off his cheek.

"I can't, wife. The craving for spirits is too strong. It all comes, I know, from that one little drink Christmas morning. Now I'm not master of myself; I believe there's a devil in me."

A long, shadowy silence followed, during which Helen wept, while ever and anon Roony would say, "It's no use crying." While he was at his breakfast she once more begged him to go with her to Mass. But again he refused, saying, "Our club don't go to Mass; nor must you, until you have trimmed my hair."

"Why, 'tis short enough," replied Helen.

"Is it? Look!" And as Mike spoke he clutched a fistful of it, then gave a pull. "Now, don't you see that some chap might grab me and get my head in 'chancery'? I want my hair short as pig's bristles, and well greased too; then I'll be like an eel, and grab me who can."

The wife obeyed without a murmur, performing the operation to his entire satisfaction; after which, approaching the crib where her children were sleeping, she gave each a soft kiss, then went off by herself to church.

Helen had never been wanting in devotion; her faith had always been strong. But now, as she took her way along the lonely street, with the morning star still shining in the heavens, she felt as though God were come nearer to her; and all her former prayers were cold compared with the prayers which she offered this morning at the foot of the altar. And when Mass was over and she turned her steps homeward, 'twas with a more cheerful heart and a firm resolution to be a loving and faithful wife to the end, the bitter end, whatever it might be.

When Helen entered the shanty she found her husband gone. But little Mike was there, and he looked so like his father; and little Nell was there too. Oh! surely they would not be abandoned. "No, God is with us," she murmured. "My prayers will be heard, and Michael will one day be what he used to be. Yes, yes! I know it." As she spoke a radiant look spread over her face; then, making the sign of the cross, she straightway set about her daily duties as if nothing had happened. O blessed Faith! which makest the darkest hour bright; richer, indeed, in gifts than a gold-mine art thou, and stronger than a mountain to lean upon in moments like these!

When evening came round, Helen placed the candle in the window as usual, although she had faint hope that Mike had been at work. And again she set up till a very late hour, keeping the fire burning and taking good care not to fall asleep this time.

It was one o'clock when Roony returned. He was not tipsy, but surly, and when she laid her hand on his arm he flung it away, saying, "Now, I want no preaching and petting; I want my supper." The poor woman was a little frightened, and waited upon him awhile in silence.

"Yet I must speak," she murmured; "I must brave his anger. No husband was ever kinder than he, no spouse happier than I have been till now; I must make one more effort to save him from ruin." With this, she again gently touched his arm and said, "Dear love—"

"D—— your preaching; I won't listen to it," he snarled, cutting short her words, and in a voice so loud that it awoke the children. Then, presently, shrugging his shoulders, "Oh! you needn't whimper. I'm bound to be master here."

"Have I ever denied your authority?" inquired Helen, looking calmly at him through her tears.

"Oh! hush. Don't bother me," continued Roony, lifting up his plate. Then, as if he had changed his mind about throwing it at her, he dashed it into shivers on the floor.

"Alas! what a curse liquor is," she cried in a tone of passionate energy. "What a terrible curse!"

"Well, I'm not drunk, am I?"

"But you have been drinking; and the poison is in your veins. O Michael! for God's sake abandon the villanous set you belong to!" Here he clenched his fist. But heedless of the threat she went bravely on: "Think how happy we were, Michael. This bare rock was more lovely than a garden to us. And we have two dear children; look at them yonder! Look at them!"

"I say, woman, go to bed and leave me alone," thundered Roony, bringing down his huge fist on the table with a thump which made everything in the shanty rattle.

Poor, poor Helen! With a heart torn by anguish, she obeyed. But not a wink of sleep came to her—no, not a wink, and never night seemed longer than this one. But her husband slept like a top, nor opened his eyes until ten the next morning; then, as soon as he was dressed, and without waiting for breakfast, out he went to take a drink.

"Oh! what is coming? What is going to happen now?" thought Helen, as she watched him enter the bar-room. Then kneeling down, she said a prayer.

The clock had just struck noon when Mike returned, accompanied part of the way by another man, who helped him mount the difficult path which wound up the rock; and Roony needed assistance, for even when he gained the summit he could not walk straight, and fell within a yard of his door. Quick Helen ran to him; for, although his condition filled her with disgust, yet she could not abide the thought of other eyes than hers discovering him thus. "Come in, husband, come in the house," she said, taking his arm. Scarcely, however, had she got him on his feet again when he caught her by the throat and exclaimed, in the voice of a wild beast, "Ah, ha! now I'm going to beat you." But in an instant Helen broke loose from him; then rushing back into the shanty, she called her children and bade them hurry out on the rock. The little things obeyed, too innocent to know what the trouble was. Then facing her husband, who was scowling at her from the threshold, "Now enter," she said, "and beat me if you will. Here, at least, nobody will witness the deed." Roony staggered in and Helen closed the door.

That evening, after pressing her children many times to her poor bruised heart, Helen went away. She quitted the home where she had once been so happy, and, as she went, she said to herself: "If on my wedding day an angel from heaven had told me this, I should not have believed him."

But the step she was now taking was all for the best. In his madness Roony had threatened to kill her. "And he might do it," she

sighed, "for when he is intoxicated he doesn't know what he is doing. And then all his life afterward he would be haunted by remorse. Poor Michael! I believe he still loves me. For his own sake I am going away."

It was Helen's intention to seek refuge with a family who dwelt not far off, and for whom she had once done some work. They received her very kindly, and wondered ever so much at the ugly cut under one of her eyes, from which the red drops were still oozing; and her upper lip, too, was cut. But Helen refused to tell who had ill-used her. "Pray, ask no questions," she said. "Only furnish me with employment; I'll drudge; I'll do anything to earn a little money." Accordingly, they gave her a number of shirts to make; and being a deft hand at needle-work, she was able to gain quite a good livelihood. But it was not for herself that Helen labored, 'twas for those whom she loved better than herself. And every evening, when the stars began to twinkle, she visited her old home, and there, peeping through the window, would watch little Mike and Nell with yearning eyes. And once she saw her husband seated by the stove, eating a piece of the bread and meat which she had left at the door the previous evening.

"Oh! thank God!" she said, "that I am able to support him and the children. Perhaps ere long my prayers will be heard, and I shall be happy again."

But Roony was still drinking steadily; even now, as he ate the cold victuals, he was barely able to sit on the chair, and so the poor woman did not venture to show herself. Next day, however, the fifth since she left home, the longed-for opportunity presented itself; Mike was sober, and with bounding heart Helen went into the shanty.

"O wife!" he exclaimed, rising to meet her, "'tis an age since I laid eyes on you. Where have you been?" Then his countenance suddenly growing dark as a thundercloud, "but, by heaven! what's happened? How came those bruises on your face? Somebody has ill-treated you! Tell me the villain's name, that I may take his heart's blood."

"I'll never tell his name," answered Helen, in a low but firm voice. "Never!"

For about a minute Roony gazed on her in silence; the mournful, the shocking truth seemed to be gradually dawning upon him. "Oh! is it possible? Could I have done it — done such a wicked, brutal thing?" he asked himself. Then, falling on his knees, he bathed her feet with bitter tears. Helen wept also, while the children ceased their gambols and wondered what was the matter. But presently the wife bade him rise, then, twining her arms round his neck, gave him a tender embrace, by which he knew that he was forgiven. And now for a brief half-hour, oh! how happy he was, and how happy she was! During the dark days which followed Helen often looked back to those fleeting moments; 'twas like a gleam of sunshine flung across a scathed and desolate landscape.

"Now, husband dear," she said after he had fondled her a little while, "let me put things to rights." Whereupon she took her broom, swept the floor, and sprinkled it with clean sand; the pictures were dusted; the clock set agoing; the rosebush watered; nor was the poor goat forgotten. And delighted, in-

deed, was the half-starved creature to see her again.

"Helen!" exclaimed Mike, while she was thus employed, "a wife like you is a priceless treasure. Would to Heaven I had listened to you Christmas morning! What a different man I'd be now!"

"Well, love, all is bright once more," answered Helen, cheerily, He made no response save a deep sigh.

"Why, husband dear, what troubles you?" she asked, her look of joy vanishing in a moment.

"No slave was ever bound by such chains as bind me," he groaned, dropping his forehead in his hands. "And it all comes from that one fatal drink."

"Well, pray, dear, pray to God, and I will pray with you."

"Too late! The craving for liquor which seizes me at times is irresistible; 'tis seizing me now—the demon!"

"O my Saviour!" cried Helen, trembling and turning pale. The words had hardly left her lips when the door opened and a strange face—at least it was new to her—peeped in.

"Time!" spoke the chief of the Black-eye Club in a voice which caused Roony to start to his feet.

"Begone!" cried Helen, advancing boldly toward the intruder.

"Time!" he repeated, now holding up a pistol. But, nothing daunted, she was about to try and close the door on him, when her husband slipped past, and ere she could recover from her amazement they were both beyond the rock and half way to the grog-shop.

That night the poor woman remained in the shanty, watching, and weeping, and praying. But her husband did not come back till sunrise; and then he was so crazy with drink that she deemed it best to quit her home once more. Accordingly, she returned to the kind people who had given her shelter and employment. But it was not easy to settle down anew to her sewing; the needle would drop from her fingers and a cold fear thrill through her veins as she thought of the repulsive, sin-stamped face which had peeped into the shanty and enticed her dear Michael away. We may imagine, also, her agony of mind when it was reported that a burglary, accompanied by murder, had been committed during the night, and that suspicion pointed to certain members of the Black-eye Club. But, to her unspeakable relief, Mike was not among those who were arrested. The chief of the gang, however, was; and condemned, too, to be hanged; which sentence would doubtless have been carried out had he not managed to escape from prison. This incident, far from ruining the Black-eyes, only afforded them a pleasing excitement; like rats when the cat comes, they dived into their holes for a space; then out they came as flourishing as ever, and Roony was one of their most popular members.

But let us be brief with our story. Why linger over poor Helen's misery? Why tell of all the brutal treatment she suffered?

Month after month rolled by. Spring came; summer followed spring. Yet there was no change for the better in Mike. His shanty, once the prettiest and cleanest of all the shanties on Manhattan Island, grew to be the dirtiest and most forlorn-looking. The door was kicked off its hinges, ugly rags and papers fluttered in the broken windows, and occasionally the Black-eye Club assembled on the rock,

making it the scene of a drunken revel. But brave, faithful Helen continued to visit her children every evening after dark, carrying them food and clothing. She would not remove them from the spot which she still called home, for she hoped that the sight of the little innocents would sooner or later call her husband back to his old self again. And every day Helen went to St. Paul's church and made the Stations of the Cross; this was her favorite devotion. "And if my Saviour suffered so much," she would say, "oh! surely, I can bear my load." Yet there were moments when she seemed well-nigh ready to sink under it. Ay, more than once Hope wrestled with Despair; but Hope always came off victorious.

If the wife's faith was still glowing, if her trust in God continued strong as ever, nevertheless in one respect a woful change appeared in her. Oh! sad was the havoc which this year of grief, of cruel ill-treatment wrought on her once bright and lovely face! 'Twas as if a coarse hand had rubbed off the delicate tints of that sweet picture, and left behind, not the ruins of her beauty, but the ruins of those ruins.

And now in time's monotonous circle winter is come round again; another Christmas is at hand. Evergreens and toys, laughing children and good-humored parents, with well-filled purses, all tell it to you. And papa and mamma, as they dash hither and thither in their jingling sleighs, doubt not but everybody else is happy too: Santa Claus will visit every home; Santa Claus will fill every stocking. Why, who could help feeling merry at this holy season?—unless, perhaps, the turkeys. Yes, it is Christmas Eve.

"How well I remember last Christmas!" sighed poor Helen as she leaned back in her chair and gazed with tearful eyes at the shirt which, alas! she was unable to finish. How could she finish it? She was barely able to see. Yet those livid, tell-tale marks on her visage, painful as they are, are easier to bear than the curses and unfeeling words which have broken her heart at last. As night approached, snow began to fall and the wind to blow—a keen, angry wind from the north-east; one of those winds we love so to hear howling round the house while we sit toasting our slippers by the fire. But, bitter cold as it was, Helen did not shrink from going to church; although half-blind, she could still find the way there.

She went; she made anew the stations of the Cross, and said, as she had so often said before, "If my Saviour suffered so much, oh! surely I can bear my load." As she breathed these words to herself the ugly black-and-blue marks which disfigured her seemed to fade away, a glow of heaven shone in her face, and for a moment, one brief moment, she became once more the beautiful Helen—Helen, "the Belle of the Shanties," as Mrs. McGowan used to call her—then suddenly she gave a start and the mien of rapture changed to a look of wonder and alarm. Who had spoken her name? There was nobody near; who could it be? While Helen was gazing about her, she heard the voice again. "Who is calling me?" she asked, her heart now throbbing violently. The words were scarcely uttered when for the third time, and more distinctly, "*Helen!*" sounded in her ear. "It is Michael!" she exclaimed, hastening to the door. "Yes, it is he call-

ing me." But ere she passed out of the church she broke off a sprig of evergreen and dipped it into the holy-water font. Then hiding it in her bosom, so that the angry wind might not snatch it away, she sped homeward on winged feet.

But 'twas no easy matter to get to the rock at this hour with her poor bruised eyes and in such a driving storm. Yet she did find the way. And up the rude path she climbed with marvellous agility; 'twas as though an invisible hand were leading her on.

The sight which Helen beheld on entering the shanty might have appalled any heart but hers. Her husband, his face streaming with blood, was engaged in a deadly struggle with a horrible-looking being much larger than himself, who seemed striving to make him drink from a cup which he pressed to his lips. "O Ellen!" cried Michael in a tone of despair, "save me! save me!" Quick she flew towards him, stretching forth at the same time the branch of evergreen. In another instant 'twas in his hand; then, just as he grasped it, his strange adversary uttered a demoniac cry and the cup fell to the floor, shattered in many pieces.

"Oh! I am saved," exclaimed Roony—"saved! saved! Thank God!" But while his joyful words were ringing through the house, the fiend turned upon his deliverer and out into the black night Helen was driven. Vainly she struggled; a powerful hand, which seemed mailed in iron, thrust her out, and presently, when released from its ruthless grip, she found herself blindly groping here and there in the darkness. Round and round the house she wandered—near it always, yet never finding it.

And during these sad moments, the last moments of her life, her husband was anxiously seeking her. But it was easy to miss each other in such a snow-storm, and when he shouted her name the wild wind carried away her response, until at length, numbed by the cold, she answered him no more. And so, within a few feet of home, the brave Helen, the faithful Helen, was wrapt in a winding-sheet of snow.

. . . . . .

Next morning—sweet Christmas morning—the sun rose in a cloudless sky; and as its bright beams flashed from window to window, from spire to spire, every object, the humblest, the least beautiful, became suddenly transformed into a thing of beauty. Ay, even those two icy hands peeping above the snow hard by Mike Roony's shanty door sparkle as if they were covered with gems and have a golden halo round them. They were clasped as if in prayer, and when poor Mike discovered them he cried aloud: "Oh! she prayed for me to the last; she prayed for me to the last!"

His wail was heard at the next rock, and far beyond it. Then a crowd began to collect, a very large crowd; for Helen was known to many, and her husband was not the only one who shed tears over her remains this bright Christmas morning.

"I had a feeling that something was going wrong," spoke Mrs. McGowan. Then, when Roony told of the infernal being who had attacked him, and how he had been rescued by the blessed evergreen which Helen had brought, the good woman solemnly shook her head, and whispered: "This house ought to be exorcised—indeed it ought."

"Well, one thing I vow by all

that's holy," ejaculated Mike, crossing himself and lifting his voice so that the crowd might hear him—"I vow never again to touch liquor—never, never, never!"

"I join you!" exclaimed a bystander.

"So do I!"

"And I too!"

"And I!" shouted a number of voices. And those who spoke were members of the notorious Black-eye Club. Then they all knelt around the body and swore, hand-in-hand together, never to drink another drop of intoxicating spirits.

And thus by Helen's death many sinners were converted, many a drunkard's home made happy again; for the ways of the Lord are mysterious. Good is not seldom wrought out only through tears and suffering. Oh! who will say it was not well for Helen to die?

But poor Mike was inconsolable. He who had once been so blithe and frolicsome now spoke scarcely a word. Days and weeks rolled by, yet he did not change. We may pity him indeed! There was no light in the window now to welcome him from afar as he trudged back from his work in the dusk. And when he sat down to warm himself by the stove, instead of lighting his pipe as of yore and falling into a pleasant doze, he became strangely wakeful.

Then the spectre remorse would glide out of some shadowy corner and whisper bitter words in his ear. If at times he succeeded in silencing its voice, and would give himself up to a reverie of other days, when this miserable shanty was more gorgeous to him than a palace, oh! the pleasure which the sweet vision brought was like music heard from withinside a prison wall, like sunshine seen through the bars; for those golden days would come never more. Eternity stood between him and them.

Then back remorse would creep and whisper: "You beat her—you broke her heart—you killed her—you did—you did!"

And one evening, while these torturing words were wringing his soul, he threw up his right hand—the hand which had struck her so often—and groaned aloud: "Oh! this is hell. Where's the axe?"

Forlorn wretch! well it was that as he bared his arm and clutched the axe—ay, well it was that at that very moment the minister of God appeared to check the rash deed he contemplated, to speak soothing words, to save him, perhaps, from madness.

And as from this hour forth a new life began for Michael Roony, we end our tale with the closing advice which the priest addressed him. "My dear friend," he said, "do not weep any more, for tears will not bring back your wife. There is nothing in this world so vain as regret. Therefore cease to mourn; strive your best to be cheerful." Then pointing to little Mike and Nell, who were playing at his feet, "work hard, too, for these children whom she bore you. For their sake, as well as your own, keep true to the pledge of temperance, and so live here on earth that one day you may meet again your dear Helen in heaven."

SIENA.

Cor magis Sena pandit.

THE railway from Empoli to the south passes through a rough, hilly country, following its sinuosities, spanning the valleys on gigantic arches, or plunging through the tunnelled mountains. One tunnel is a mile long—through the hill of San Dalmazzo; and when you issue from it, you see before you another hill, on which rises, stage after stage, the strange, mediæval city of Siena, to the height of nearly a thousand feet above the level of the sea. It was rather a disappointment not to enter it, as carriages from Florence do, by the celebrated Porta Camollia, where the traveller is greeted by the cordial inscription, *Cor magis Sena pandit*—Siena opens her gates even more willingly than her heart—testifying to the hospitable character of the inhabitants. The city is built on three hills, with deep ravines between them. These hills are crossed by three main streets, meeting at the Piazza del Campo, around which the city radiates like a star. There is scarcely a level spot in the whole place. Even the central square descends like the hollow of a cone. Nothing could be more favorable to the picturesque. The old brick walls of the thirteenth century, with their fortifications and thirty-eight gate-ways, go straggling up the heights. Narrow, lane-like streets, inaccessible to carriages, rush headlong down into deep ravines, sometimes through gloomy arches, the very houses clinging to the steep sides with a giddy, top-heavy air. On one of these three hills stands the cathedral, with its lofty arches and magnificent dome, a marvel of art, full of statues and bronzes, carvings and mosaics. On another is the enormous brick church of San Domenico, for ever associated with the divine raptures of St. Catharine of Siena. Palaces, as well as churches, adorn all the heights—palaces grim and time-worn, that bear old, historic names, famed in the great contests between the Guelphs and Ghibellines, in which live, secluded in their own dim halls, the aristocratic owners, keeping up their ancient customs, proud as the imperial Ghibellines or lordly Guelphs from whom they sprang. Amid all the towers, and domes, and palaces, rises, from the central square, light and slender, the tall, arrow-like Torre del Mangia, which shoots up to a prodigious height into the sapphire sky, crowned with battlements, as if to defend the city against the spirits of the air.

Yes, Siena is singularly picturesque and striking as no other city in Italy is, but sad and melancholy with its recollections of past grandeur. It cannot forget the time when it sent forth its legions to triumph over the Florentines, and had two hundred thousand inhabitants. Now it has only about a tenth of that number. Once it was great in war. It was a leader in art. Eight popes sprang from its territory, among whom were Pius II., the poet, diplomatist, and lover of art, from the Piccolomini family; the great Hildebrand, so prominent in the history of the church; and

Alexander III., who deposed Frederick Barbarossa, and gave his name to a city—styled by Voltaire himself the benefactor of the human race. And like so many stars that blaze in the heaven of the Italian Church—nay, the church universal—are the Sienese saints, wondrous in life and glorified by art.

The first place into which the traveller inevitably drifts, if he attempts to explore the city alone, is the Piazza del Campo, now called, of course, Vittorio Emmanuele, in spite of Dante. This piazza is singularly imposing from its unchanged, mediæval aspect. It slopes away like an amphitheatre, being intended for public games and spectacles; Murray says, like a shell. Yes, a shell that whispers of past storms—of the tempestuous waves that have swept over the city; for it has witnessed many a popular insurrection, many a struggle between the nobles and people. Among the interesting associations we recall the haughty Ghibelline leader, Provenzano Salvani, whose name, as Dante says:

> "Far and wide
> Through Tuscany resounded once; and now
> Is in Siena scarce with whispers named."

It was here, when a friend of his, taken prisoner by Charles of Anjou, lay under penalty of death, unless his ransom of a thousand florins in gold should be paid within a certain time, that Provenzano, the first citizen of the republic, the conqueror of Monte Aperti, unable to pay so large a sum, humbled himself so far as to spread a carpet on this piazza, on which he sat down to solicit contributions from the public.

> "When at his glory's topmost height,
> Respect of dignity all cast aside,
> Freely he fixed him on Siena's plain,
> A suitor to redeem his suffering friend,
> Who languished in the prison-house of Charles;
> Nor, for his sake, refused through every vein to tremble."

Dante, who meets him in Purgatory, alludes to the grandeur of this act as atoning for his ambition, which

> "Reached with grasp presumptuous at the sway
> Of all Siena."

So stanch a friend would seem to have deserved a less terrible fate. On the disastrous day of Colle he was taken by the Florentines, who cut off his head, and carried it around the battle-field, fastened on a lance.

On one side of the piazza is the massive Palazzo Pubblico, bristling with battlements. On its front blazes the holy name of Jesus, held up by St. Bernardin of Siena for the reverence of the whole world. The busy throng beneath looks up in its toilsome round, and goes on, the better for a fleeting thought. Below is a pillar with the wolf of pagan Rome that bore Siena. From this palace rises the beautiful tower *del Mangia*, seen far and wide over the whole country, so called from the automaton which used to come forth at mid-day, like the Moor at Venice, to strike the hours. This figure was to the Sienese what Pasquino was to Rome. To it were confided all the epigrams of the city wits; but, alas for them! one day, when it came forth to do its duty, a spring gave way, and it fell to the ground and was dashed in pieces. This tower commands an admirable view. North, the country looks barren, but the slopes of Chianti are celebrated for their wines, and Monte Maggio is covered with forests. South and west, it is fresher and more smiling, but leads to the fatal marshes of Maremma. Santa Fiora, the most productive mountain, annually yields vast quantities of umber. The happy valleys are full of olives and wheat-fields. Far-

ther off, to the south, the volcanic summits of Radicofani, associated with Boccaccio's tales, blacken the horizon. To the east everything is bleak and dreary, the whole landscape of a pale, sickly green.

At the foot of the tower is a beautiful votive chapel of the Virgin, built in the fourteenth century after a pestilence which carried off eighty thousand people from Siena and its environs. It is like an open porch resting on sculptured pillars. Over the altar within are statues and a fresco of the Madonna, before which are flowers and lamps burning in the bright sunlight—all open to the air, as if to catch a passing invocation from the lips of those who might otherwise spare no thought, amid their toils, for heaven.

Siena is peculiarly the city of Mary. Before the great battle with the Florentines,

"That colored Arbia's flood with crimson stain,"

the Sienese solemnly placed their city under the protection of the Virgin, and vowed, if victorious, to regard her as the Sovereign Lady of the land, from whom they would henceforth hold it as her vassals. After their triumph they came to lay their spoils at her feet, and had her painted as Our Lady of Victory, throned like a queen, with the Infant standing on her knee. When Duccio, some years later, finished his Madonna, he wrote beneath it: *Mater sancta Dei, sis causa Senis requiei!*—Give peace to Siena!—and the painting was transported, amid public rejoicings, to the cathedral. Business was entirely suspended. All the shops were closed. The archbishop, at the head of the clergy and magistrates, accompanied it with a vast procession of people, with lighted tapers in their hands, as if around a shrine. The trumpets sounded; the bells rang; nothing could equal the enthusiasm. The picture was placed over the high altar of the church.

This was during the height of Siena's grandeur, when the wisdom of its laws corresponded to the depth of its religious sentiments, so that, while most of the Italian republics were ruined by intestine commotions between the nobles and people, Siena had the wisdom to modify its constitution in such a way as to admit the representatives of both parties to the government, and so preserve the vigor of the nation. It was thus she was enabled to extend her dominion and win the great victory of Monte Aperti, in which ten thousand Florentines were left dead on the field.

On one side of the piazza is the palace of the Sansedoni, one of the great Ghibelline families belonging to the feudal aristocracy of Siena—a frowning, battlemented palace, with a mutilated tower built by a special privilege in 1215. In it is a chapel in honor of the Beato Ambrogio Sansedoni, a Dominican friar who belonged to this illustrious family. It was he whom Pope Clement IV., after a vain effort to save the unfortunate Conradin of Souabia from death, sent to administer the sacraments and console the young prince in his last moments. Ambrogio distinguished himself as a professor of theology at Paris. Cologne, and Rome.

Close beside the Palazzo Buonsignori, one of the finest in the city, is the house said by tradition to have been inhabited by the unhappy Pia de Tolomei, indebted for her celebrity to Dante, rather than to her misfortunes. He meets her in the milder shades of Purgatory, among those who had by violence

died, but who, repenting and forgiving,

"Did issue out of life at peace with God."

Her death was caused by the deadly miasmas of "Maremma's pestilential fen," to which her cruel husband had banished her.

It was a member of the Tolomei family—the Beato Bernardino—who, in the fourteenth century, founded the Olivetan Order. He was previously a professor at the university of Siena, but, being struck blind while discussing some philosophical subject in his lecture-room, he resolved, though he soon recovered his sight, to embrace the religious life; and when he next appeared in his chair, instead of resuming his philosophical discussions, he astonished his audience by insisting on the vanity of all earthly acquirements, and the importance of the only knowledge that can save the soul. Several of his pupils were so impressed by his words that they followed him when he retired to one of the family estates not far from Siena, which he called Monte Oliveto, whence the name of the order. Bernardino fell a victim to his zeal in attending to the sick in the time of a great plague. The convent he founded became a magnificent establishment, with grounds luxuriantly cultivated, a church adorned by the arts, and apartments so numerous that the Emperor Charles V., and his train of five thousand, all lodged there at once.

The Palazzo Bandanelli, where Pope Alexander III. was born, is gloomy and massive as a prison, with iron gratings at the arched windows, brick walls black with age, from which project great iron rings, and on the doors immense knockers of wrought iron, made when blacksmiths were genuine artists. But, however dismal his birthplace, Alexander III, was enlightened in his views. It was in 1167 he declared, in the name of a council, that all Christians ought to be exempted from servitude.

To go back to the Piazza del Campo. Before the Sansedoni palace is the Fonte Gaja—so called from the joyful acclamations of the people, when water was brought into the square in 1343. It is surrounded by an oblong basin of white marble, elegantly sculptured by Giacomo della Quercia, to whom was henceforth given the name of Del Fonte.

Siena, being on a height, was, from the first, obliged to provide water for its inhabitants at great expense. Aqueducts were constructed in the time of the Romans. But a still grander work was achieved in the middle ages, when water was brought from the neighboring mountains by an aqueduct about twenty miles long, that passed beneath the city, giving rise, perhaps, to the derisive report in Dante's time that the hill was tunnelled in search of the river Diana:

"The fancied stream
They sought, of Dian called."

These vast subterranean works so excited the admiration of Charles V. that he said Siena was more wonderful below ground than above. Now there are three hundred and fifty-five wells in the city, and eighteen fountains. The deep well in the cloister of the Carmine is called the Pozzo di Diana.

The most noted of the fountains is Fonte Branda, whose waters were so famous in Dante's time for their sweetness and purity that he makes Adamo of Brescia, the coiner of counterfeit money, exclaim, amid

the flames of the Inferno, that to behold the instigators of his crime undergoing a like torture would be sweeter to him than the cool waters of Fonte Branda :

> " For Branda's limpid font I would not change
> The welcome sight."

This fountain has also been celebrated by Alfieri, who often came to Siena to visit his friend, Francesco Gori, with whom he remained months at a time. He liked the character of the people, and said, when he went away, that he left a part of his heart behind. And yet Dante, perhaps because a Florentine, accused the Sienese of being light and vain :

> " Was ever race
> Light as Siena's? Sure, not France herself
> Can show a tribe so frivolous and vain."

Formerly, if not still, giddy people in Tuscany were often asked if they had been drinking water from the Fonte Branda, as if that would account for any excess.

The Sienese are proud of the fame and antiquity of this fount, which is known to have existed in 1081. It flows at the very bottom of one of the deep ravines which makes Siena so peculiar, between two precipitous hills, one crowned by the Duomo, and the other by the church of St. Dominic, and you look from one to the other in silent wonder. The whole quarter is densely populated. The people are called Fontebrandini—mostly, as five centuries ago, tanners, dyers, and fullers, who are reputed to be proud, and are to Siena what the Trasteverini are to Rome. The streets around diverge from a market-place, on one side of which is the fount under a long, open arcade of stone, of immense thickness, built against the hillside. You go down to a paved court, as to something sacred, by a flight of steps as wide as the arcade is long. Here are stone seats around, as if to accommodate the gossips of the neighborhood. Three pointed archways, between which lions look out with prey between their outstretched paws, open into the arcade, where flow the waters, gathered from the surrounding hills, by three apertures, into an enormous stone reservoir. The surplus waters pass off into other tanks beyond the arcade, for the use of the workmen of the quarter. Lemon-trees hang over the fount, and grape-vines trail from tree to tree. The steep hillside is covered with bushes and verdure up to the church of San Domenico, which stands stern and majestic, with its crenelated tower amid the olive-trees.

An old Sienese romance is connected with the Fonte Branda. Cino da Pistoja, a poet and celebrated professor of jurisprudence at Siena in the fourteenth century, whose death Petrarch laments in a sonnet, promised his daughter, a young lady of uncommon beauty, to any one of his pupils who should best solve a knotty law-question. It was a young man, misshapen in form, to whom the prize was adjudged, and the poor girl, in her horror, threw herself into the Fonte Branda. Her suitor, sensible of the value of the prize, plunged in after her, and not only saved her life, but fortunately succeeded in winning her affections.

Turning to the right, and ascending the Costa dei Tintori, you come in a few moments to the house of St. Catharine of Siena, once the shop of her father, a dyer, but now a series of oratories and chapels, sanctified by holy memories and adorned by art. It is built of brick, with two arched galleries, one above

the other, of a later period. *Spōsæ XPI. Katharinæ Domvs* is on the front, with a small head of the saint graven in marble, and another tablet styling her the Seraphic Catharine. Below hang tanned skins, probably for sale. The memories of the place are truly seraphic, but the odors would by no means be considered so by those who do not believe in the dignity and sacredness of labor; for the whole quarter —at least, when we were there— was redolent of tan. Skins hung on all the houses. Tan-cakes for fuel were displayed on shelves for sale at every door. Everybody seemed industrious. There was none of the *far niente* we like to associate with Italy. It was a positive grievance to find great heaps of tan around the Fonte Branda, so poetical to us, because associated with the Divine Poet. But it was still harder to have the same odors follow us to the very house of the seraphic St. Catharine, the mystic Bride of Christ. Very little change can have taken place during the last five centuries in the neighborhood where bloomed this fair lily of the church, and, in one sense, this is a satisfaction. The house itself is of the most touching interest. There are the stairs Catharine, when a child, used to ascend, with an *Ave* at every step, and over which the legend says she was so often borne by the angels. Everywhere through the passages are the emblematic lily and heart. An oratory has been made of the kitchen which became to Catharine a very sanctuary, instead of a place of low cares, where she served Christ under the form of her father, the Blessed Virgin under that of her mother, and the disciples in the persons of her brothers and sisters. Her father's *Bottega* has also been converted into an oratory. In the garden where she loved to cultivate the symbolic rose and lily and violet for the altar, is a chapel in which hangs the miraculous crucifix painted by Giunta of Pisa, framed in pillars of black marble, over the altar. Before this crucifix she received the stigmata in the church of St. Christina at Pisa. In these various oratories are a profusion of paintings by Sodoma, Vanni, and other eminent artists. Del Pacchia has attained the very perfection of feminine beauty in his painting of St. Catharine's visit to the shrine of St. Agnes of Monte Pulciano—a genuine production of Christian inspiration. Salimbeni represents her calm amid the infuriated, ungrateful Florentines after her return from Avignon; and Sebastian Folli, her appearance before Gregory XI.

But the most sacred part of the house is her chamber, a little, dark cell about fifteen feet long and eight or nine wide. A bronze door now opens into this sanctuary. Here you are shown the board on which she slept, and other relics of the saint. Here she passed nights in prayer and converse with the angels. Here she scourged her frail body, unconscious that her mother was weeping at the door. Here she wrote the admirable letters so remarkable for their purity and elegance of style. Here took place the divine *Sposalizio* which, immortalized by art, we see all over Italy. Here, when calumniated by the repulsive object of her heroic charity, she came to pour out her pure soul, that shrank from the foul accusations, before the heavenly Bridegroom; but when he appeared with two crowns, one of gold set with jewels, and the other of thorns, she unhesitatingly chose the latter. pressing it deep into her head, thus

becoming for all time, in the world of art, the thorn-crowned Catharine. Pius IX., when he visited the house in 1857, prayed long in this cell, where lived five centuries ago the obscure maiden who, for a time, almost guided St. Peter's bark.

On St. Catharine's day the house is richly adorned and resplendent with light. The walls are covered with emblems and verses commemorating her life. The altars have on their finest ornaments. The neighboring streets are strewn with flowers and hung with flags. Hangings are at all the windows. A silver statue of the saint is borne into the street by a long procession of clergy and people. The magistrates join the *cortége*, and they all go winding up to San Domenico with chants, perfumes, and flowers, where a student from the college Tolomei pronounces a eulogy on their illustrious townswoman. When night comes on, the whole hill around Fonte Branda is illuminated, the rosary is said at the foot of the Madonnas, and hymns are sung in honor of the saint.

St. Catharine's life, in which everything transcends the usual laws of nature, has been written by her confessor, the Blessed Raymond of Capua—the life of one saint by another. He was not a credulous man easily led away by fantasies of the imagination, but one of incontestable ability and knowledge, who relates what he witnessed in the soul of whose secrets he was the depositary, who scrutinized every prodigy, but only to give additional splendor to the truth.

Raymond was a descendant of Piero della Vigna (the celebrated chancellor of Frederick II.), whose spirit Dante finds imprisoned in "the drear, mystic wood" of the Inferno, and, plucking a limb unwittingly from

> "The wild thorn of his wretched shade,"

to his horror brings forth at once cries and blood. For nineteen years Raymond was general of the Dominican Order. Pope Urban VI. confided the most delicate and difficult missions to him; called him his eyes, his tongue, his feet, and his hands; held him up to the veneration of princes and people; and would have raised him to the highest dignities but for the opposition of the saint. No one, therefore, could have greater claims to our confidence.

Catharine Benincasa was born in 1347. From her earliest years she was a being apart, and favored with divine communications. Uncomprehended at first by those around her, her home became to her a place of trials. Her parents tried to draw her into the world, and she cut off her long, golden hair. They wished her to marry, and she consecrated herself to a higher love. They then subjected her to household labor, but she found peace in its vulgar details. She worked by day. At night she prayed till lost in ecstasy, insensible to everything earthly. She wished to enter the Third Order of St. Dominic, but was refused admission because she was too young and beautiful. It was only after an illness that made her unrecognizable that she was received; but she continued, like all the members, an inmate of her father's house. Her soul was peculiarly alive to the sweet harmonies of nature. She liked to go into the woods, at springtime, to listen to the warbling of the birds and watch the mysterious movements of awakening vegetation. She loved the mountain heights, with their wild melodies of winds and

torrents, as well as the gentle rustling of the air among the leaves, which seemed to her like nature's whispered prayer. She said, as she looked at the ant, a thought of God had created it. She loved flowers. She had a taste for music, and liked to sing hymns as she sewed. The name of Mary from her lips was said to leave a singular harmony in the ears of her listeners. She sympathized in every kind of misery to aid it; lent a helping hand to every infirmity, and often served in the hospital, choosing those who were abandoned by the rest of the world as the objects of her care. She rose above the wants of the body. From her childhood she never ate meat, the very odor of which became repugnant to her. For years she subsisted from Ash Wednesday till Whitsuntide solely on the Holy Eucharist, which she received every morning. She entered into all the troubles of the times, diffusing everywhere the pure light of divine charity. Though without human instruction, she astonished the doctors of the church by her profound knowledge of theology. "The purest Italian welled from her untutored lips." She wrote to popes, cardinals, princes, and republics. Some of her letters are to Sir John Hawkwood, or, as the Italians call him, Giovanni Aguto, the ferocious English *condottiere*, who stained the flag of the church, and then entered the service of her enemies. She takes a foremost rank among the writers of the age—that of Boccaccio, who lacks her touching grace and simplicity.

Siena, at the time of St. Catharine, was no longer the powerful, united city it had been a century before, but in its turn had become the prey of anarchy and division. The different classes of people were at war with each other. They proscribed each other; and private hatred took advantage of the disorder to indulge in every kind of revenge. The Macconi were at variance with the Rinaldini; the Salimbeni with the Tolomei; the Malvotti with the Piccolomini.

War reigned all over Italy. Milan and all Lombardy were ravaged by the Visconti. Naples was a prey to the excesses caused by Queen Joanna. Florence, that had been devoted to the church, was now governed by the Ghibellines, who went to every extreme against the Guelphs, whose cause, says Dean Milman, "was more (!) than that of the church: it was that of freedom and humanity." The States of the church were ravaged. Rome itself, widowed and abandoned, "with as many wounds as she had palaces and churches," as Petrarch says, was in a complete state of anarchy.

Amid all these horrors St. Catharine moved, an angel of peace. God gave her a wonderful power of appeasing private resentments and calming popular tumults. Inveterate enemies clasped hands under her influence. Veteran warriors, and republics themselves, listened respectfully to her voice. She wrote to Pope Gregory XI. at Avignon, pleading the cause of all Italy, and urging him to return to Rome, where he could overrule the passions that agitated the country, and restore dignity to the Apostolic See. Her heart bled at the sight of so much misery and crime. "Peace! peace!" she wrote to the pope—"peace for the love of a crucified God! Do not regard the ignorance and blindness and pride of your children. You will perhaps say you are bound by conscience to recover what belongs to holy church. Alas! I acknowledge it; but when

a choice is to be made, it should be of that which is most valuable. The treasure of the church is the Blood of Christ shed for the redemption of souls. This treasure of blood has not been given for temporal dominion, but for the salvation of the human race. If you are obliged to recover the cities and treasures the church has lost, still more are you bound to win back the souls that are the true riches of the church, which is impoverished by losing them. It is better to let go the gold of temporal than the gold of spiritual wealth. You must choose between two evils—that of losing grandeur, power, and temporal prosperity, and the loss of grace in the souls that owe obedience to your Holiness. You will not restore beauty to the church by the sword, by severity and war, but by peaceful measures. You will combat more successfully with the rod of mercy and kindness than of chastisement. By these means you will recover what belongs to you both spiritually and temporally."

Noble liberty on the part of the dyer's daughter! And it is to the honor of Pope Gregory that he listened to her with respect. It was time to pour oil on the troubled waters. The proud republic of Florence, after revolting against all spiritual authority, torturing the priests, declaring liberty preferable to salvation, and exciting the papal cities to rebellion, had been laid under an interdict. The people began to feel the disastrous effects on their commerce, and came to solicit Catharine's intervention with the pope. She went to Avignon, where she made known her mission in a public consistory. "She passed from her father's shop to the court of princes, from the calmness of solitude to the troubles of factions; and everywhere she was in her place, because she had found in solitude a peace above all the agitations of the world, and a profound charity."

Pope Gregory left her to dictate the terms of peace with the Florentines, though he foresaw their ingratitude. Nay, more: after some hesitation he decided to return to Rome. Nor was St. Catharine the only woman that urged him to do so. St. Bridget of Sweden added the influence of her prophetic voice. Ortensia di Gulielmo, one of the best poets of the day, thus begins a sonnet:

"Ecco, Signor, la greggia tua d'intorno
Cinta da lupi a divorla intenti.
Ecco tutti gli onor d'Italia spenti,
Poichè fa altrove il gran Pastore soggiorno." *

Catharine's return to Siena was celebrated by festive songs:

"Thou didst go up to the great temple,
Thou didst enter the mighty consistory;
The words of thy mouth were full of power;
Pope and cardinals were persuaded to depart.
Thou didst direct the course of their wings towards the See of Peter. O virgin of Siena! how great is thy praise—soul prompt in movement, energetic in action."

On the tomb of Gregory XI., in the church of St. Francesca at Rome, St. Catharine is represented walking before the pope's mule as he makes his triumphal entrance into the city—a symbol of her guiding influence. From this time she took a prominent part in all the affairs of Italy. But the re-establishment of the papal throne at Rome was her last joy on earth. At the death of Pope Gregory fresh disorders broke out. Catharine's life slowly wasted away, inwardly consumed, as she declared, for the church. She died in Rome at the age of thirty-three, and lies buried

* Behold, O Lord! thy flock surrounded by wolves eager to devour it. Behold all the honor of Italy spent, because its Chief Pastor sojourns in a foreign land.

under the high altar of the Minerva, surrounded by lamps and flowers. Her countryman, Pius II., canonized her, not only at the request of the magistrates of Siena, but of several of the sovereigns of Europe.

Siena boasts of other saints: St. Ansano, the first apostle of the country, beheaded on the banks of the Arbia in the time of Diocletian; Galgano di Lolo, who led an angelic life in the mountains; the founder of Monte Oliveto, whose order sheltered Tasso; Ambrogio Sansedoni, the confessor of Conradin, noted for his eloquence and sanctity; St. Bernardin, on whose breast glows the potent Name; Beata Nera Tolomei, noted for her ascetic charity; the poor Pietro Pettinajo, who devoted himself to the plague-stricken in the hospital della Scala; Aldobrandescha Ponzi, who wished to be crowned with thorns like Christ; the Blessed John Colombini, whose only passion was to be like Jesus; and many more besides. But St. Catharine—the heroine of divine love—is the most sublime expression of Sienese piety, and of her is the city especially proud. Her statue was placed by the republic on the front of its glorious cathedral, and she is represented in the gorgeous picture of Pinturicchio in the library, where, as Mrs. Stowe says, "borne in celestial repose and purity amid all the powers and dignitaries of the church, she is canonized as one of those that shall reign and intercede with Christ in heaven."

From St. Catharine's house you go winding up under the mulberry-trees to San Domenico, soon leaving the tops of the houses below you. On the way is the place where Catharine, when a child, coming down the hill one evening with Stefano, her favorite brother, turned to look back, and saw the heavens opened above the campanile of the church, and the Great High-Priest seated on a radiant throne, around which stood SS. Peter, Paul, and John, who seemed with uplifted hands to bless her. Keeping on to the top of the hill, you come to a large green, silent and deserted, before the church. The street that properly leads to it is well named the *Via del Paradiso*. The church of St. Dominic is vast and imposing, though of severe simplicity of style, offering a marked contrast to the richness of the Duomo. It is shaped like the letter T, without aisles or apsis. Rafters support the vault, but at the entrance to the transepts is an enormous arch of singular boldness. There is something broad and expansive about the atmosphere of the church, as often found in the churches of the Dominican Order. Even with a considerable number of worshippers it would seem solitary. In one of its chapels is a Madonna, celebrated in the history of art, long attributed to Guido of Siena, but now proved to be by Guido di Graziano, a contemporary of Cimabue, whose Madonnas it resembles, with its oblique eyes, large head, and a certain angular stiffness. Among other noted paintings is one of Santa Barbara by Matteo da Siena, very beautiful in expression. She sits, crowned by two angels, with a palm in one hand and a tower-like tabernacle in the other, in which the Host is exposed above a chalice. SS. Magdalen and Catharine are at her side.

A domed chapel, protected by a balustrade of alabaster, has been built on the east side of the church, in which is enshrined the head of St. Catharine—evidently the most

frequented part of the church, from the numerous seats before it, mostly with coats of arms and carved backs. Framed prayers, as is common in Italy, are chained to a *prie-Dieu*—one to St. Catherine with the anthem: *Regnum mundi et omnem ornatum sæculi contempsi propter amorem Domini mei Jesu Christi, quem vidi, quem amavi, in quem credidi, quem dilexi.* Three lamps were burning before the relics of St. Catharine. The walls are covered with exquisite paintings by Sodoma, which were lit up by the morning sun. Nothing could be more lovely than St. Catharine swooning at the Saviour's apparition—a figure full of divine languor, grace, and softness. Two nuns tenderly sustain her. Her stigmata are radiant. An angel bears a lily. The whole painting is delicate, ethereal, and heavenly as a vision. It is on the gospel side of the altar; on the other side she kneels between two nuns with her eyes raised to heaven, where, above the Virgin and Child, appears the *Padre Eterno.* Angels bear the cross and crown of thorns. Another brings the Host. A death's head and lily are at her feet. The whole is of wonderful beauty.

On the left wall, as you enter the chapel, is painted the execution of a young knight, beheaded at Siena for some slight political offence. St. Catharine went to comfort him in his despair, and induced him to receive the sacraments. She even accompanied him to the block, where his last words were "Jesus" and "Catharine," leaving her inundated with his blood, but in a state of ecstasy that rendered her insensible to everything but his eternal welfare. The odor of his blood seemed to intoxicate her. She could not resolve to wash it off. She only saw his soul ransomed by the blood of the Lamb, and, in describing her state of mind to her confessor, she cries: "Yes, bathe in the Blood of Christ crucified, feast on this Blood, be inebriated with this Blood, weep in Blood, rejoice in Blood, grow strong in this Blood, then, like an intrepid knight, hasten through this Blood to defend the honor of God, the liberty of the church, and the salvation of souls." Her letters often begin: "I, Catharine, servant and slave of Jesus Christ, write you in his precious Blood," as if it was there she derived all her strength and inspiration. In the picture before us nothing could be more peaceful than the face of the young knight just beheaded, whose soul two beautiful angels are bearing to heaven.

On the pavement is traced in the marble Adam amid the animals in Paradise, among whom is the unicorn, the ancient emblem of chastity.

At the extreme end of the church is the Chapel delle Volte, to which you ascend by six steps. Over the door is this inscription:

En locus hic toto sacer | et venerabile orbe,
Hic Sponsũ Catharina suum | sanctissima sepe,
Vidit ovans Christum | dictu mirabile, sed tu
Quisquies ades hic funde | preces venerare beatam
Stigmata gestantem | Divini insignia amoris ;—

Behold this place, sacred and venerable among all on earth; here holy Catharine rejoicing often beheld, wondrous to say, the Christ, her spouse. But thou, whosoever approachest, here pour forth thy prayers, to venerate the holy one who bore the sacred stigmata, the insignia of divine love.

This chapel, the scene of so many of St. Catharine's mystic visions, is long and narrow, with one

window. The arches are strewn with gilt stars on a blue ground. The floor is paved with tiles, with tablets here and there. On one, before the altar, are the words: *Cath^a. cor mutat XPUS* — Christ changes the heart of Catharine; for it was here she underwent that miraculous change of heart which transformed her life. Our Saviour himself appeared to her, surrounded by light, and gave her a new heart, which filled her with ecstatic joy, and inspired a love for all mankind.

Over the plain altar is an authentic portrait of St. Catharine by the poetic Andrea Vanni, a pupil of Sano di Pietro. He was one of her disciples and correspondents, though a *Capitano del Popolo*. He painted this portrait in 1367, while she was in an ecstatic state in this very chapel. It represents her with delicate features, a thin, worn face, and must have been a charming picture originally, but it is now greatly deteriorated.

On one of the pillars of the chapel is the inscription: *Cat^a. cruce erogat XPO*—Catharine bestows the cross on Christ; referring to the silver cross she one day gave a beggar in this church, which was afterwards shown her set with precious stones. And on another pillar is: *Cat^a. vesti induit XPUM*—Catharine clothes Christ with her garment; in memory of the tunic she here gave our Saviour under the form of a beggar, who showed it to her some hours after, radiant with light and embroidered with pearls —acts of charity full of significance. Three lovely little paintings by Beccafumi, at the Belle Arti, represent the three mystic scenes commemorated in this chapel.

In the adjoining convent, now a school-house, lived for a time St. Thomas of Aquin and the Blessed Ambrogio Sansedoni, whose tomb is in the cloister. Here, in 1462, was held a chapter of fifteen hundred Dominicans, and here Pius II. blessed the standard of the Crusaders.

On our way to the Porta Camollia we turned down at the left, by a steep, paved way, to the church of Fonte Giusta, erected in memory of a victory over the Florentines. It is a small brick church with four small windows, four pillars to which are attached four bronze angels holding four bronze candlesticks, and on the walls hang four paintings of note. One is a beautiful coronation of the Virgin with four saints, by Fungai. Then there is a Visitation by Anselmi, in which two majestic women look into each other's eyes, as if to fathom each the other's soul. In an arch of the right aisle is the sibyl of Peruzzi—a noble figure—said to have been studied by Raphael when Agostino Chigi, the famous banker of the Farnesina palace (a Sienese by birth), commissioned him to paint the celebrated sibyls of the *Della Pace* at Rome—sibyls that have all the grandeur of Michael Angelo, and the grace that Raphael alone could give.

But what particularly brought us to this church was to see the Madonna of Fonte Giusta, to which Columbus made a pilgrimage after the discovery of America, and presented his sword, shield (a round one), and a whale's bone, which are still suspended over the entrance. The Madonna turns her fair, sweet face towards you, while the Child has his eyes turned towards his mother, with his hands crossed on his breast. Both have on silver crowns, and pearls around their necks. The picture is in a frame

of cherubs' heads, surrounded by delicate arabesques. Beneath is the inscription:

> Hic requies tranquilla,
> Salus hic dulce levamen:
> Hic est spes miseris p̃sidiũq reis—

Here is tranquil repose; here safety and sweet consolation; here is hope for the wretched, and for the guilty an unfailing refuge.

Columbus' devotion to the Blessed Virgin is well known. It was under her auspices he undertook, in a vessel called by her name, the discovery of a new world. He daily said her office on board ship from a valuable MS. given him by Alexander VI. before his departure and afterwards bequeathed to Genoa, and the *Salve Regina* was sung every evening by his followers.

Porta Camollia is not remarkable in an architectural point of view, but it has its sacred associations. It was here St. Bernardin of Siena used to come every night, when a boy, to pray before the tutelar Madonna of the gate. His aunt, hearing him speak of going to see the fairest of women, followed him at a distance one night and discovered his secret.

The chapel of the Confraternity of San Bernardin is a museum of art. The walls are covered with fine frescoes of the life of the Virgin by Beccafumi, Sodoma, and Pacchia. One of the most beautiful is Sodoma's "Assumption," in which Mary—*pulchra ut luna*—in a mantle like a violet cloud, is borne up to her native heaven by angels full of grace. The apostles, with thoughtful, devout, but not astonished faces, stand around the tomb, out of which rise two tall lilies amid the white roses. St. Thomas lifts his hands to receive the sacred girdle.

Everywhere about this chapel is the sacred monogram so dear to San Bernardin. The holy name of Jesus is inscribed on the front, on the holy-water basin, on the walls; placed there in more devout times, when even genius sought to

> "Embalm his sacred name
> With all a painter's art and all a minstrel's flame."

There are more than sixty churches and chapels at Siena, but perhaps not one without some work of art that is noteworthy. Siena was the cradle of art in the thirteenth century, and has its aureola of artists as well as of saints. The school of Florence only dates from the fourteenth century. Guido da Siena, Bonamico, and Diotisalvi were the glorious precursors of Cimabue, and Simone Memmi, a century later, shared with Giotto the friendship and admiration of Petrarch.

> "*Ma certò il mio Simon fù in Paradiso.*

The old Sienese artists were profoundly religious. In their statutes of 1355 they say: "We, by the grace of God, make manifest to rude and ignorant men the miraculous events operated by virtue, and in confirmation, of our holy faith." The efflorescence of the arts is one of the expressions of a profound faith. We have only to visit the galleries of Italy, filled with the sad spoils of numberless churches and convents, to be convinced of this. And there is not a tomb of a saint of the middle ages out of which does not bloom some flower of art, fair as the lilies that spring from the sepulchre of the Virgin. What wreaths of art entwine the tombs of St. Francis, St. Dominic, and St. Antony of Padua!

The collection of paintings at the Academy of Siena is very interesting. Here Beccafumi represents

St. Catharine receiving the stigmata. She is in soft, gray robes, with a lovely face, kneeling before a crucifix under an archway, through which you see the landscape. A dead, thorny tree is behind her. By way of contrast to her beauty and grace is the austere St. Jerome, haggard and worn, with his lion, before one of the pillars of the arch. At the other is a Dominican in black and white garments. Above are the Madonna and Child attended by angels. The whole picture is very soft and charming.

Sodoma has also here a St. Catharine with a delicate, thoughtful face, and a crucifix in her pierced hands.

Perhaps the most striking picture in the gallery is Sodoma's "Christ Bound," which is wonderful in expression. The face and form are very human and of grand development. From under the crown of thorns flows the long, amber hair. The eyes are sad, inexpressibly sad, and the bleeding form is infinitely pathetic. "It is a thing to stand and weep at," says Hawthorne.

> "I suffer binding who have loosed their bands.
> Was ever grief like mine?"

Sodoma's "Judith," in a blue dress and orange mantle, stands beside a leafless tree, holding up the bloody knife with one hand, and the head of Holofernes with the other. She has a gleaming jewel on her forehead, though the old rabbis represent her with a wreath of lilies, believed by the ancients to be a protection against witchcraft and peril.

The university of Siena existed in the thirteenth century. Among its noted members was Cisto da Siena, a Jew, who became a Catholic and a monk, and finally a Calvinist. Condemned to death for his apostasy, he was indebted for his life to the friendship of Pope Julius III. and Cardinal Ghislieri, afterwards Pius V.

M. Taine speaks of the deplorable ignorance of the present Sienese, and says there is no library, not a book, in the place.* As he seems, by his journal, to have been there only two days, he probably, like many travellers, noted down his preconceived opinion. The library of Siena, one of the oldest in Italy, has always been famous. It was founded by Niccolo Oliva, an Augustinian friar, and contains fifty thousand volumes—a respectable number for an inland town. About seven hundred belong to the very first age of printing. There are also five thousand manuscripts, among which are a Greek Gospel of the tenth century that came from the imperial chapel at Constantinople, bound in silver, and many other rare MSS. and documents, such as the original will (in Latin) of Boccaccio, and autograph writings of Metastasio, St. Catharine, and St. Bernardin.

Siena has several charitable institutions. The asylum for deaf mutes, founded by Padre Pendola is spacious and agreeable. The great hospital della Scala, opposite the cathedral, founded by Fra Sorore, is one of the most ancient in Italy. It is vast and sunny, with a fine view over the valley around Siena. Its atmosphere is thoroughly religious, with its walls frescoed by the old masters, its numerous altars and religious emblems. St. Catharine used to come here to attend the sick. It is now served by Sisters of Charity.

It is dreadful to say, but the first glimpse we had of the Duomo, with its striped wall of black and white

* "*Point de bibliothèque : aucun livre*," are his words.

marble, reminded us of good old Sarah Battles—"now with God"—and her cribbage-board, which Charles Lamb tells us was made of the finest Sienese marble, and brought by her uncle from Italy. But on coming nearer to it every trivial thought vanishes before its grandeur and expressive richness of detail. The impression it makes on the mind is so profound, M. Taine says, that "what we feel on entering St. Peter's at Rome cannot be compared to it." He calls it "a most admirable Gothic flower, but of a new species that has blossomed in a more propitious clime, the production of minds of greater cultivation and genius, more serene, more beautiful, more religious, and yet healthy; and which is to the cathedrals of France what the poems of Dante and Petrarch are to the *chansons* of the French *trouvères*."

On the pavement before the entrance is represented the parable of the Pharisee and the Publican who went up into the Temple to pray—a lesson to ponder over as we enter the house of prayer. The façade is of marvellous workmanship. Amid angels and prophets and symbolic sculpture, delicate as lace-work, are St. Ansano, St. Catharine, and San Bernardin—the special patrons of Siena. On entering the church you are at first dazzled by its richness. The pavement is unrivalled in the world, with its pictures in niello, by an art now lost, where we find page after page from the Scriptures, some written by the powerful hand of Beccafumi, whose cartoons are to be seen at the Belle Arti; sibyls noble as goddesses; Trismegistus, who received his knowledge from Zoroaster, offering the Pimandra in which is written: "The God who created all things, the maker of the earth and starry heavens, so greatly loved his Son that he made him his Holy Word"; and Socrates climbing the mountain of Virtue, who sits on its summit, holding forth a palm to him, while with the other hand she offers the book of wisdom to Crates, who empties a casket of jewels to receive it. The walls are covered with paintings, by Duccio, of twenty-six scenes of the Passion, full of life and power, dramatic and yet strictly Scriptural, forming a book one is never weary of studying as Christian or artist. The stalls by Fra Giovanni, the Olivetan monk, are the very perfection of intarsia work, which here, as Marchese says, "almost rises to the dignity of painting." The wondrous pulpit, with its nine columns resting on lions, its sides covered with scenes from the life of Christ by Nicholas of Pisa, and the seven sciences on the central octagonal pillar, is a prodigy of richness and elegance.

The frieze around the nave is adorned with the heads of the popes down to Alexander III. Among these, strange to say, was once Pope Joan, such hold had that popular error on the public mind. It was Florimond de Raymond, a counsellor of the parliament of Bordeaux, and a friend of Montaigne and Justus Lipsius, who, in the sixteenth century, protested against such an insult to the Papacy, and by his efforts had it effaced. He wrote to the Sovereign Pontiff himself: "Avenge the injury done to your predecessors. Order this monster to be removed from the place where Satan, the father of lies, has had it set up. Do not suffer an image to remain of that which never existed. If there was no body, let there be no shadow"; and he calls upon the pope to de-

stroy this idol, raised to the disgrace of the church. Besides this, he wrote a book, now rare, completely exploding the fable, showing by incontestable documents there was not the least place for Joan in the succession of popes. This work, together with his appeal, produced such an effect as to procure the removal of her portrait from the cathedral of Siena. The illustrious Cardinal Baronius wrote to him in 1600 that it had just been removed by order of the Grand Duke of Tuscany according to his wishes, and he congratulated him in magnificent terms on such a triumph.

On an altar in the left nave is the crucifix borne by the Sienese at the battle of Monte Aperti, and beneath the arches are still suspended, after so many centuries, the long flag-poles captured from the Florentines Sept. 4, 1260, the most glorious day in the history of Siena.

At the right is the chapel of the Madonna del Voto, built by Alexander VII., a Sienese pope (Fabio Chigi), with its Byzantine-looking Virgin amid paintings, bronzes, mosaics, and precious stones.

The family of Piccolomini is glorified in this church. To it belonged the great Æneas Silvius, as well as Pius III., also a lover of the arts, and Ascanio Piccolomini, Archbishop of Siena, a friend of Galileo, to whom he gave hospitality when he came forth from what people are pleased to call the dungeons of the Inquisition at Rome—that is, from pleasant apartments in the delightful palace of the Tuscan ambassador on the Trinità de' Monti, now the French Academy. The Piccolomini chapel has five statues sculptured by Michael Angelo, and the beautiful hall, known as the Library, is world-famous for its frescoes of the life of Pius II. by Pinturicchio.

The whole church is a temple of art, with its sculptured altar, its bronze tabernacle, its rare paintings, its beautiful pillars of differently-colored marbles, and its rich windows of stained glass. Nothing could be more serene and calm than the atmosphere of this glorious church. Amid the sacred silence, the struggling light, with the grandest symbols of religion on every side, you feel lifted for a moment out of your own mean imprisonments into a very heaven of art and piety.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

A HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE PRINCESSE DE CRAON.

XVI.

WHILST Margaret and Pierre Gilles were thus conversing, above their heads, in a magnificent gallery flashing with gilt, and adorned with portraits of all the archbishops who had occupied this palace, destined for their residence, the court had assembled, and there the jury was called which was to try, or rather to condemn, Sir Thomas More.

At the extremity of this hall, upon an elevated platform all covered with carpet and fringe, were seated the new lord chancellor, Thomas Audley; near him, Sir John Fitz-James, Lord Chief-Justice; and beyond, Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury; the Duke of Norfolk, several lords of the Privy Council, among them the Duke of Suffolk, the Abbot of Westminster, and Cromwell, who on this occasion acted as secretary. To the left of the court, and near the jury, was seated Richard Rich, the creature of Cromwell, and his worthy associate, newly appointed, on account of his efficient services, solicitor-general.

"Sir Thomas Palmer, knight?" said the clerk. "Sir Thomas Peint, knight? George Lowell, esquire? Thomas Burbage, esquire? Geoffrey Chamber, gentleman? Edward Stockmore, gentleman? Joseph Leake, gentleman? William Brown, gentleman? Thomas Bellington, gentleman? John Parnell, gentleman? Richard Bellam, gentleman? George Stokes, gentleman?"

All responded to their names.

"Sir Thomas More," said the lord chancellor, in a slow and hard tone, "do you challenge any one of these gentlemen of the jury?"

"No, my lord," replied Sir Thomas, who was standing up before the court, leaning upon a cane he held in his hand, and which had been of great assistance to him during the long sessions he had already been obliged to endure in that fatiguing and inconvenient position. Meanwhile, he anxiously watched the door through which the accused entered, and was uneasy at not seeing the Bishop of Rochester; for they met only in court, and it was a moment of relief when he beheld his friend near him, although he every day remarked with sadness that Rochester was failing in a lamentable manner.

"The accused challenges none of the members of the jury," proclaimed the lord chief-justice. He then arose, and began to recite the formula of the oath to be taken by each member of the jury.

"Now, Sir Thomas," said the chancellor, "I desire to address you yet a last observation, and I wish with all my heart that you may yield to it; because the king, not having forgotten your long services, is deeply grieved at the perilous position in which your obstinacy, too evidently the result of malice, has placed you. He has

ordered us to unbend again, and for the last time, so far as to implore you, in his own name and for the love of him, to take the oath of obedience which you owe to the statute of Parliament, and of fidelity to his royal person—an oath he has a right to exact of you according to all laws, divine and human."

"In fidelity, my lord," replied Sir Thomas, "in respect, in attachment, I have never been wanting to the king. It has been a long time, a very long time, an entire lifetime, since I took the oath. It cannot be changed; therefore it can never be necessary to have it renewed."

"You persist, then, in your culpable obstinacy?" said the lord chancellor.

"Nay, my lord, I am not obstinate."

"Then say, at least," cried Cranmer, wishing to appear animated by an officious zeal, "what offends you in this oath, what word you would reject—what is the reason, in fine, that prevents you from taking it."

Sir Thomas raised his head, and paused a moment to consider the court. There was the Abbot of Westminster, who, during the days of his prosperity and favor, had overwhelmed him with visits and surfeited him with flattery; by his side the Duke of Norfolk, who without emotion beheld him to-day near death, and yet he had formerly loved him as a friend in whom he felt honored; Cromwell, whom he had always treated with respect, in spite of the antipathy he felt for him; the Duke of Suffolk, who had solicited him unceasingly, and almost gone down on his knees to him to obtain money from the king or a place for one of his creatures; Sir John Fitz-James, finally, to whom he had rendered an eminent service, and who had in other times sworn eternal gratitude to him, and to remain devoted to him in life and in death. Now death was approaching him, and he counted Sir John Fitz-James among the judges who were going to demand his head. Absorbed in the sad and dolorous conviction that in this world he could rely upon no one, he hesitated for a reply.

"You have heard, prisoner?" said Richard Rich brusquely.

"Pardon me, sir," answered Sir Thomas gently; "but the lords have already spoken so much about the king's displeasure that, if I should refuse to take this oath of supremacy, I fear to augment it still more by giving the reasons."

"Ah! this is too much," cried all the lords. "You not only refuse to take the oath, but you are not even willing to say why you refuse."

"I would rather believe," said Cromwell, "that Sir Thomas has returned to reason, and that he is no longer so sure that the oath may wound his conscience. Sir Thomas, is it not the case that you are now rather in a state of doubt and uncertainty in this regard? You know," he continued, "that we owe entire obedience to the king; therefore you should take the oath he demands of you, and the scruples you feel would be removed by this imperious necessity."

"It is true, my lord," replied Sir Thomas, "that I ought to obey the king in all things as a faithful subject—which I am, and will be until death. But this is a case of conscience, in which I am not bound to obey the prince. Listen to me, my lord of Canterbury," he said, fixing his eyes upon him with an expression full of benevolence.

"I would blame none of those who have taken the oath; but, at the same time, I must say, if your argument was solid, there would be no more cases of doubtful conscience, because it would be sufficient for the king to pronounce yes or no in order to annihilate them all."

"Truly," cried the Abbot of Westminster, hurriedly interrupting him, "you are very obstinate in your own opinions; you ought to see that, from whatever point you view this question, you are necessarily mistaken, since you are entirely in opposition to the chief council of the kingdom, and that without doubt it possesses light enough to remove and destroy the scruples of your conscience."

"My lord," replied Sir Thomas, "if it is true that I am alone in my opposition to the entire Parliament, I ought certainly to feel alarmed. Nevertheless, in refusing the oath I listen to and follow the voice of the greatest of all counsellors—one to which every man should listen before any other; a monitor which he carries always within his own bosom. Besides, I will add that the opinion of the English Parliament cannot overbalance that of the Council of all Christendom."

"Then you blame the Parliament, and refuse to adhere to the act of succession it has established?" angrily exclaimed Norfolk, the uncle of Anne Boleyn.

"My lord," replied Sir Thomas, "your lordship knows that my intention is not, as I have already explained, to find fault either with the act or with the men who have drawn it up, nor to blame the oath nor those who have taken it. As far as I am personally concerned, I cannot take this oath without exposing myself to eternal damnation; and if you doubt that it is my conscience which causes me to refuse, I am ready to swear to the sincerity of my declaration. If you do not believe what I say, it is a great deal better not to impose the oath; and if you believe me, I hope you will not demand one in opposition to my conscience."

Norfolk made a gesture of impatience. Then Audley, lord chancellor, turned toward his colleagues. "You see, you hear," he said, "that Sir Thomas believes that he knows more than all the priests in London—than the Bishop of Rochester himself!" And he dwelt with a slight tone of irony on the last sentence.

"What! the Bishop of Rochester," cried Sir Thomas.

"Without doubt, the Bishop of Rochester," repeated Audley. "Mr. Secretary," he said, turning towards Cromwell and giving him a preconcerted signal, "communicate to the accused a certain fact in which he is interested."

Cromwell, descending from the platform, approached Sir Thomas and whispered in his ear: "The Bishop of Rochester has consented to swear; they have conducted him to the king, who has forgotten all his past conduct, and intends to load him with new favors."

"Fisher has sworn!" cried Sir Thomas; and he was struck with consternation.

"Certainly!" said Cromwell, with an ill-disguised expression of irony and satirical joy; "they concealed it from you, that it might not be said you had pinned your opinion to the sleeve of another."

"Sir," answered More in a tone of profound sorrow, but with an expression of dignity greater still, "rest perfectly satisfied they will not say that. While bishops are appointed to do good and teach us

to do it, it does not follow that, if they fall into error, we should imitate them. I am deeply afflicted by what you tell me, but do not change my opinion for all that. My conscience alone has directed me; now she alone remains with me, but I cannot, neither must I, cease to listen to her. I blame nobody—nobody! O my friend! what anguish has been reserved for me. My God! thou hast permitted it. Rochester has fallen!" said More in a low voice. "Lord, if the cedars break, what, then, will become of the reeds?"

Sir Thomas was unable to comprehend how Fisher could have been induced to yield or become so weak, and he was reduced to a state of mortal affliction.

"What!" said Cromwell, "can you not make up your mind?"

"Nay, sir, nay; I cannot make up my mind to this. There remains nothing more for me to do in this world, and I pray the Lord to remove me from it!"

"The accused refuses everything," replied Cromwell in a loud voice, as he turned away from him.

"What obstinacy!" exclaimed the lords in one voice. "Sir Thomas, swear!—we conjure you in the name of all you hold most dear."

"Alas!" said Sir Thomas to himself, "this is why he has not appeared. Alas! each day when I have suffered so much seeing him stand so long by my side, pale with fatigue and weakness, I was nevertheless happy. To-day—can it be? No, he has not been able to endure their tortures longer. God forgive them and save this country! Your pardon, my lords," he said, remembering that they had addressed him. "What were your words to me?"

"He does not even listen," they remarked. "We conjure you to swear; we implore you to do so with all our power."

"I cannot," replied Sir Thomas firmly, "and I positively refuse."

On hearing him pronounce these words, which left them no alternative, there was a sudden commotion among the lords; they regarded each other with anxiety.

"A man of such merit, of such virtue," thought Fitz-James, filled with remorse—"what business have I here?"

"Truly, Sir Thomas," cried Secretary Cromwell, feigning compassion, "I am sorely grieved to hear you speak thus, and I declare here, before all this respectable assembly, that I would like better to lose an only son than to see you refuse the oath in this manner. For very certainly the king will be deeply wounded by it; he will conceive the most violent suspicions, and will not be able to believe that you have had no part in that affair of the Maid of Kent."

"I am very much moved by your affection," replied Sir Thomas; "but whatever penalties I may have to undergo, it is impossible for me to redeem them at the price of my soul."

"You hear him, my lords," said the chancellor, looking at his colleagues. "Sir Thomas, deaf to all our prayers, forgetting the favors with which the king has overwhelmed him for twenty years, tramples under foot the authority of Parliament, the laws of the kingdom, and persists traitorously, maliciously, and in your presence, in refusing to take an oath which every subject of this kingdom cannot and ought not to refuse. Consequently, I order the act of accusation to be read to the court, after which it will render judgment and pronounce its sentence."

The clerk then began reading, in a nasal voice and monotonous tone, an accusation so long, the grievances of which were so multiplied, divided, extended, and diluted by a crowd of words and phrases, inductions, prejudices, and all kinds of suspicions, that it would require too much time to report them; but it was easy to see that it had been fabricated in bad faith and with the absence of all reasonable proofs.

This reading continued for two hours, and, when it was finished, the lord chancellor began: "What have you to reply to all this?" said Audley. "You see, Sir Thomas, and you should acknowledge, that you have gravely offended his majesty; nevertheless, the king is so merciful, and is so much attached to you, that he would pardon your obstinacy, if you changed your opinion, and we would be sure of obtaining your pardon, and even the return of his favor."

He looked at Sir Thomas to see if he was relenting; for, except Cromwell, who desired More's death, all the others, while too ambitious, too base, or too cowardly to dare sustain him, would have preferred seeing him yield to their entreaties.

"It would rejoice us greatly!" said Sir John Fitz-James.

"Most surely," cried the Duke of Norfolk.

"Ay, verily," slowly repeated Cromwell.

"He will listen to nothing!" said the Abbot of Westminster.

"Noble lords, I am under infinite obligations to your lordships for the lively interest you have manifested in my case; but, by the help of God, I wish to continue to live and die in his grace. As to the accusation I have just heard, it is so long, the hatred which has dictated it so violent, that I am seized with fear in realizing how little strength and understanding the sufferings of my body have left in my mind."

"He should be permitted to sit down," said Sir John Fitz James in a low voice, the tears gathering in his eyes.

"Nobody objects," said the Duke of Norfolk. "I demand it, on the contrary," he added, elevating his voice.

"This will never end, then," murmured Cromwell.

"Let a chair be brought to the accused," said Audley, who dared not resist the Duke of Norfolk.

Sir Thomas seated himself for a moment, because he was able to stand no longer; then, summoning all his strength, he again arose to his feet, and spoke: "My accusation can be reduced, it seems to me, to four principal heads, and I will try and take them in order. The first crime with which I am accused is of being in my heart an opponent of the king's second marriage. I confess that I have said to his majesty what my conscience dictated, and in that I can see no treason. But, on the contrary, if, being required by my prince to give him my opinion on a matter of such great importance, and which so deeply concerns the peace of the kingdom, I had basely flattered him, then indeed I should have been a treacherous and perfidious subject to God and to the king. I have not, then, offended, nor wished to offend, my king in replying, with the integrity of my heart, to the question he has asked me; moreover, admitting that I have been at fault in this, I have been punished for it already by the afflictions I have endured, the loss of my office, and the imprisonment I have undergone. The second charge brought against me, and the

most explicit, is of having violated the act of the last Parliament, in this: that being a prisoner and examined by the council, I have not been willing, through a spirit of malice, of perfidy, of treachery, and obstinacy, to say whether or not the king was supreme head of the church, and that I have not been willing to confess whether that act was just or unjust, for the reason which I gave—that, having no other rank in the church than that of a simple layman, I had no authority to decide those things. Now, I will avow to your lordships that this was my reply: 'I had neither done nor said anything which could be alleged and produced against me on the subject of this statute'; and I added that I no longer desired to occupy myself with anything here below, in order to be entirely absorbed in meditating on the Passion of my Saviour Jesus Christ in this miserable world, where I have such a short time to remain; that I wished ill to no one—on the contrary, every kind of prosperity; and also, if that was not sufficient to preserve my life, I did not desire to live; I had violated no law, and that I was not willing to surrender myself as guilty of any crime of high treason—for there are no laws in the world by which a man can be punished for his silence; they can do no more than punish him for his words and actions, and it is God alone who judges the heart."

As Sir Thomas said these words, the advocate-general, Christopher Hales, suddenly interrupted him: "You say you have not uttered a word nor committed an act against this law; but you admit that you have kept silence, which is a conclusive sign of the malice of your heart, no good subject being able to refuse without crime to reply to this question when it is set before him as the law ordains."

"My silence," replied More, "is not a sign of the malice of my heart, since I have answered the king when he has consulted me on divers occasions; and I do not believe a man can be convicted of having attacked a law by keeping silence, since this maxim, '*Qui tacet consentire videtur*,' is adopted and recognized as true by all the most learned and enlightened men of the law. With regard to what you say about a good subject having no right to refuse a direct reply to this question, I believe, on the contrary, that such is his duty, unless, indeed, he wish to be a bad Christian. Now, it is better to obey God than man, and it is better not to offend one's conscience than everything else in the world, above all when this conscience cannot be the occasion of revolt against, or injury to, the king and the country. I protest to you, on this subject I have not revealed my opinion to any man living."

"You know very well, on the contrary," said the Duke of Norfolk sharply, "that your example will be followed, and a great many will refuse the oath on seeing you reject it."

"Pardon me, my lord," replied Sir Thomas; "but I have the right to think thus, since a moment ago my lord the chancellor reproached me with being the only one of my opinion in the kingdom. I can say, then, that my silence is neither injurious to the prince nor dangerous to the state."

"How can you assert," cried Christopher Hales, "that your refusal will not be the cause of any sedition or of any injury toward the king? Do you not know, then, that all his enemies have their eyes fixed on you, in order to confirm

themselves by your audacity, and take advantage of the malice of which you have given proof? What, then, would you call an injury, if not a refusal thus contemptuous and unlawful with respect to the submission you owe to the will of your king, the living image of God upon earth?"

"The king has no enemies, sir," replied Sir Thomas; "he has only some faithful subjects who wish to sigh in silence over the perfidious counsel which has been given him. I will dare almost to say," he cried, laying his hand on his breast, "some tender and respectful friends, who would have given all for his glory, sacrificed all for his salvation, but who, for that same cause, cannot approve the error into which he has been made to fall."

"Alas! he is lost," thought Sir John; and he turned away his head.

"Well," said Cromwell to himself, "the case becomes clear; they cannot draw back."

While a low murmur of surprise and admiration arose among the jury, their foreman leaned toward Mr. Rich, and whispered to him excitedly.

"Truly! It is so, sir!" said the latter, looking fixedly at him. "It seems to me, Sir Thomas Palmer, that your remarks have much weight. Have you been called here to interpret the wishes of the king, or have you, by chance, a mind to make a short sojourn in the Tower or some part of its environs?" And he made his fingers crack. "With your short-sighted justice," he replied, "do you believe that there are not some great reasons, which they do not wish you to know, which have led Sir Thomas to the bar of this tribunal? And if I should say to you—" He paused. "The dogs!" he murmured, looking at the faces of the jurors. "And if I should say to you," he continued, "that this is an extortioner, and that he has devoured the revenues of the state—sucked—sucked the hearts' blood of the poor people!"

"It cannot be possible!" said Palmer, awaiting each word of Rich, which seemed to fall drop by drop from his lips. "What! like the other?"

"Exactly, precisely like the other! Wonderful!" said Rich to himself. "They themselves furnish me with the words, the fools! I hope, indeed, that I may be exalted a grade from this; for this herd of jurors make me sweat blood and water. They called them so well chosen! So it appears; one goes to the right, the other to the left, a third to the middle. To the death—that is too hard; no, confiscation, or rather imprisonment. They wish to enter into the spirit of the law, as if they regarded the law! Condemn him, sirs—that is all they ask of you—and then go to your beds! Every one to his trade; theirs is not to inquire what we do, but what we wish them to do!" And Rich, much excited, shaking his great sleeves, leaned forward in order to listen.

"I come, then, to the third article of my accusation," said Sir Thomas, "by which I am accused of malicious attempts, efforts, and perfidious practices against the statute, because, since being confined in the Tower, I have sent several packages of letters to Bishop Fisher, and in those letters I have exhorted him to violate this same law, and encouraged him in the resistance he has made to it. I have already demanded that those letters should be instantly produced and

read to the court; they could thus have acquitted me or convicted me of falsehood. But as you say the bishop has burned them, I am only able to prove what I advance here by my own words; therefore I will state what they contained. The greater portion of those letters related to my private affairs, especially to our old friendship; in one of them alone I responded to the demand he had made to know how I would reply in my interrogatory upon the oath of supremacy, and I wrote to him thus: that I had examined this question in conscience, and he must be content with knowing that it was decided in my mind. God is my witness, as I hope to save my soul, that I have made no other reply, and I cannot presume that this could be considered an attack upon the laws."

"Oh! no, by no means," said several of the jurors. "Nevertheless, it would be necessary to see these documents."

"That is the custom," said a voice loudly enough.

"The jury examines the documents," said another; "that is always done."

"My lord judge! my lord advocate! it is necessary, it is customary —indispensable—"

Audley looked angrily at Rich. "Gentlemen, the jurors are perfectly right," he cried in a shrill voice; "but these letters have been destroyed. They will proceed to examine other documents; then the witnesses of these facts will be heard."

"Silence! silence!" cried the court usher.

"Gentlemen, do not interrupt the court," said Cromwell gravely; "we should listen religiously to the least word of the prisoner's defence."

And thus he stifled by his awful voice the truth which had been excited in those troubled hearts.

Fatigued and weary, More kept silence; he was thinking, moreover, of his letters to the Bishop of Rochester. "If I had spoken more strongly to my friend," he sorrowfully reflected, "perhaps he would not have succumbed. My God and my only Saviour! behold the afflictions that overwhelm my soul; for I fear I have only listened to the cowardly prudence of the children of men. And yet what could I do?"

More reproached himself with not having done enough, with having been mistaken. He groaned in spirit and humbled himself to the dust before God; whereas this tribunal by which he was being judged, in the face of which he found himself placed, before which he was traduced, was composed of men whom avarice, fear, and ambition caused to walk rapidly and firmly, without remorse and without shame, in the road, strewn with thorns, of vice, falsehood, and slavery.

"Speak on," said Cromwell, provoked by his silence; "they will not dare to interrupt you again."

Sir Thomas raised his eyes to his face, and regarded him fixedly. So much suffering, so many conflicting emotions, were weighing on his mind, that he no longer knew how to resume his discoveries or where he had left the thread of his ideas.

"You had replied to the third article," said Cromwell, promptly assisting him, for fear of giving the assembly time for reflection. "Now, what else have you to say, and what have you to oppose to the testimony of Master Rich, who has heard you say in the Tower that

the statute was a two-edged sword which killed necessarily either the soul or the body?"

"What I have to reply to that," said Sir Thomas, "is that Master Rich called on me continually while they were removing the books I had in my prison. Fatigued by his importunate demands, I replied to him conditionally (which makes the case very different) that, if it was true, it was equally dangerous to avow or disavow this act; and that if it was similar to a two-edged sword, it was very hard to make it fall on me, who had never contradicted the statute either by my words or my actions. As to their accusing me of having drawn the Bishop of Rochester into my conspiracy, and induced him to make a reply similar to my own—alas! no, I have not done so. I have nothing more to add." And he took his seat without a word more.

"You have nothing more to say?" repeated the chancellor.

"No, my lord."

"That is well," said Audley.

"He is here no longer," said More; and he looked around him. "Where have they dragged him? To the king, perhaps. We should have received our sentence together. O Fisher! O my friend! No, it cannot be," said More; "they are surely deceiving me! Does not falsehood flow naturally from their lips? Oh! how I would joy to see him, for one moment only. However, if he has not taken the oath, he will be here." And he sank again into his silent sadness.

"We will proceed to examine the witnesses," said the chancellor.

Master Rich, relieving himself immediately of his great robe, slowly descended from the platform and the chair from which he had surveyed the jury, and took his seat in the midst of the hall, in front of the tribunal.

He raised his hand and took the oath without hesitation. He then related how, having entered the prison cell of Thomas More with Palmer and Sir Richard Southwell, he had heard Sir Thomas express himself strongly against the statute and declare that no Parliament in the world would be able to submit to the question of the supremacy.

"You hear, Sir Thomas!" cried all the lords. "There is nothing to reply to this."

Sir Thomas arose immediately, and an expression of deep emotion showed itself on his weary features. "My lords," he replied, "if I was a man who had no regard for my oath, I would not be here before you as a criminal. And you, Master Rich," he continued, turning toward him, "if what you have declared be true, and the oath you have taken be not perjury, then may I never look upon the face of God!—and this I would not assert for all the world contains, if what you have testified was the truth. Listen to me, my lords; judge between us, and learn what I have said to Master Rich. When he came to carry away my books from the dreary prison where I was confined, he approached me, took my hands, overwhelmed me with compliments, and, protesting to me that he had no commission touching the supremacy, during the course of a long conversation he recalled all the circumstances of our childhood, and proposed to me this question: 'If Parliament recognized me as king, would you recognize me? and would it be treason not to do it?' I answered that I would recognize him, but it was a *casus levis*. And in my turn I said to him: 'If an act of Parliament should

declare that God is not God, do you think it would be treason not to submit to that act?'

"Then Master Rich said that this question was too remote, and they could not discuss it. Whereupon he left me, and went away with those whom he had brought with him.

"In good faith, Master Rich," pursued Sir Thomas, "I am more concerned on account of your perjury than because of the danger into which you have so heartlessly thrown me, and I must tell you that neither I nor any one else has ever regarded you as a man to whom they could confide a thing of so much importance as this. You know that I am acquainted with your life and conversation from your youth up to the present time. We were of the same parish; and you know right well, although I am very sorry to say and speak of it, that you always bore the reputation of having a very flippant and very lying tongue, that you were a great gambler, and you had not a good name in your parish and in the Temple, where you have been reared.

"Your lordships," continued Sir Thomas, "can you believe that, in an affair of so great moment, I would have had so little discretion as to confide in Master Rich, entertaining the opinion I do of his want of truth and honesty; that I would have disclosed to him the secret of my conscience touching the supremacy of the king—a subject upon which I have been so strongly pressed, and which I have always refused to reveal to any of his grave and noble counsellors, who, your lordships know well, have been so often sent to the Tower to interrogate me? I submit it to your judgment, my lords: does this appear to you credible or possible?

"Moreover," he immediately continued, "supposing Master Rich speaks the truth, it should still be remarked that this might have been said in a secret and private conversation upon some supposed questions and without any offending circumstances. Therefore they cannot, at least, say there was any malice on this occasion; and that being so, my lords, I cannot believe so many reverend bishops, honorable personages, so great a number of wise and virtuous men of which the Parliament is composed, would wish to punish a man with death when he has had no malice in his heart—taking, most certainly, this word malice in the sense of ill-will and open rebellion. Finally, I would again recall to your lordships' attention the inexpressible kindness his majesty has manifested toward me during more than twenty years since he called me into his service, constantly appointing me to some new charge, some new office, and finally to the position of lord chancellor—an honor he had never bestowed on any lawyer before, this dignity being the greatest in the kingdom, and coming immediately after that of the crown; lastly, in relieving me of this charge, and permitting me to retire, and allowing me, at my own request, the liberty of passing the remainder of my days in the service of God, in order that I might occupy myself no more with aught but the salvation of my soul. And therefore I say that all the benefits his majesty has for so long a time and so abundantly showered upon me, in elevating me far beyond my merits, are enough, in my opinion, to break down the scandalous accusation so injuriously formulated by this man against me." Having said these words, Sir Thomas was silent.

The tribunal looked at him. This earnest and truthful attack on the reputation of Master Rich was hard to weaken, although the latter, after having resumed his seat, had already cried out sneeringly three or four times: "Palmer and Southwell will testify if I have told the truth, yes or no."

"Yes or no," repeated Cromwell to himself—"the world is summed up in those two words; only it is necessary to manage them well. Go, clerk," he said, "call Master Southwell."

And the clamorous voice of the clerk resounded through the vast enclosure where he kept the witnesses.

"Master Palmer! Master Richard Palmer!" he repeated; and Master Palmer presented himself.

"You swear," said Audley to the witness, "that the testimony you are about to render before this court, and before the jury interposed between your sovereign lord the king and the prisoner here present at the bar, will be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God!"

As the chancellor said these words, they brought the book of the Holy Evangelists, and opened it, in order that Palmer might lay his hand on it to swear.

"But, my lord," said Palmer, anxiously looking around him, "I know nothing, nothing at all, about what you are going to ask me."

"Well, you need only tell what you know," said Audley brusquely.

"Very well, then," said Palmer in a low voice; and laying his hand on the book, he was sworn in the usual manner.

"What did you hear while removing the books belonging to Sir Thomas?"

"Nothing, my lord. I threw the books as fast as possible into a sack. They made some noise in falling one upon the other, and I heard nothing else."

"That is not possible!" said Audley. "The chamber is very small; you would have been very near Sir Thomas and Master Rich, who were conversing together, and you must have heard their conversation."

"I have heard that Sir Thomas stooped down to pick up a book I let fall from my hands, and that it seemed to give him pain when they took his books away from him; so that when I saw the dismal little cell, the pallet they had given him for a bed, the broken earthen pitcher which was in one corner, with an old candle standing in the neck of a bottle, and that they had forbidden him for the future to light that candle—for fear, they said, that he might set fire to the prison—the tears came into my eyes, and I felt my heart ache with sorrow as I thought I had seen him lord chancellor such a little while ago. That is all, my lord."

"But," said Cromwell, provoked by this recital, "Sir Thomas spoke; you have declared that already."

"Oh! he spoke, without doubt. I do not deny that he could speak; certainly he spoke. For instance, when he saw the sack of books carried away he said: '*Now that the tools are removed, there is nothing more to do but close the shop.*' But we saw, in spite of this pleasantry, that it distressed him very much," added Palmer after a moment's silence.

"How prolix is this witness!" said the Abbot of Westminster in a contemptuous tone.

"Come, that's enough," said Cromwell. "You know nothing more?"

"No, my lord, nothing more—no-

thing at all." And he hastened to withdraw.

As he retired, Richard Southwell appeared.

Audley immediately began to interrogate him.

"Your name?"

"Richard Southwell."

"Your age?"

"Twenty-four years."

"Your profession?"

"The king's clerk."

"You swear," said the chancellor to the witness, "that the testimony you are about to render before the court, and before the jury interposed between our sovereign lord the king and the prisoner at the bar, will be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God."

"I have no testimony to offer," said Richard.

"What!" exclaimed Audley. "Here is Master Rich, who cites you as having been present at a conversation he had in the Tower prison with Sir Thomas More."

"Master Rich says just what it suits him to say. The truth is, I went with Master Palmer to remove the books of Sir Thomas because I was obliged to do it. I found Master Rich there, whereat I was surprised. Everybody knows what Rich is, and what confidence should be placed in anything he asserts. I will swear, then, to nothing, nor take any oath on a matter of business in which he is mixed up, being well assured in advance that it can only be something bad."

Rich's face became purple.

"My lord chancellor," cried the new solicitor-general, "the witness insults the court."

"Master Rich, yes; but the court, no," growled Audley. He answered nothing, and had not the appearance of heeding what Richard Southwell was saying, if even he was not pleased with it; for the vile and corrupt men with whom Henry VIII. each day surrounded himself, in order to serve his frenzies, abhorred him and sought only his destruction, or to elevate themselves one above another by crushing each other. "You refuse to swear, then?" said he to the witness, without deigning to listen to the recriminations of Rich.

"Yes, my lord," replied Southwell.

"The witness will pay a fine."

"Very well, my lord! I know that I owe it."

And Southwell retired. Then a profound silence reigned throughout the assembly, because the decisive moment approached.

Meanwhile, the lord chief-justice, the timid Fitz-James, arose at a sign given him by Audley, and in a trembling voice propounded the following questions to the jury:

"Has Sir Thomas More rendered himself guilty of the crime of high treason towards our lord the king in refusing, through a spirit of malice, treachery, and obstinacy, the oath which he demands of him as supreme head of the church on earth? Is Sir Thomas More guilty of resisting the statute of Parliament which has conferred this dignity on our lord and master, King Henry VIII.?"

The court officers struck a blow with their maces.

The judges all arose, and the court marched out majestically, while the jury retired into another room.

"Now we shall see if Rich is sure of his jury," said Cromwell to himself, following them with his eyes; and not looking before him, he trod

on the train of the chancellor's robe, who turned round, impatiently saying that he had offended his dignity. Cromwell began to laugh; for he cared little for the dignity of this chancellor of recent date and mediocre worth—and he continued to look behind him.

"Well! this will soon be ended," said Sir Thomas; and he asked the yeomen who guarded him permission to approach one of the windows looking out on the court-yard.

More humane than the tigers who had just gone out, these rude men granted his request.

Sir Thomas looked out, but a broad, sculptured cornice extending around the gallery prevented him from seeing if his daughter was still below, and his eyes rested only on the magnificent view to be enjoyed from the apartments of Lambeth Palace. The sun was reflected upon the surface of the river, and he could see even the smallest boat that glided on the water.

"Is she still there?" thought Sir Thomas, as he leaned his head against the window. "Well, it is all over." He stepped back, and gazed out into the distance. "This whole city," he said, "comes, goes, stirs, agitates itself. What matters it to them that a man is condemned in a corner? Had they need of my services, they would run —'Sir Thomas! there is Sir Thomas!' They would follow; they would call me. Now the crowd forgets us in two days! An immense abyss, an entire chaos, almost a generation, separates the evening from the morrow! My friends are afraid—those, at least, who remain to me. They grieve in secret. The tears will be wiped from their eyes in obscurity; but my daughter, who will dry hers? She will pass away like myself, alone in this world; she will have need to pass quickly, and without looking around her."

He wiped his forehead; for it was damp and hot.

"It is impossible for them not to condemn me!" And he leaned against the window-sill, scarcely able to stand on his feet; he experienced a sort of faintness for which he could not account, and which obliged him to change his posture every moment. "Nothing! There is no word from them. My God! they are a long time. And for what purpose, when all was decided in advance? O Rochester! where art thou? It is this that lowers my courage. Well! they do not return. What can this jury be doing? It seems to me that it is already two hours since they went out." He looked around him, and saw that the two guards had commenced a game of cards.

"How much a game?" said the bigger of the two.

"A penny."

"A penny!" cried the other. "Of what are you dreaming, Scotchman? The profit of a week! A half-penny now, and more on trust if— You understand me?" And he made a gesture as if drinking.

"Always drinking, always drinking!" replied his adversary.

They were dealing the cards, when the maces of the court officers resounded on the floor, announcing that the deliberations were ended and the court was returning.

"What!" cried the two gamesters, "they have finished already? How they have hurried over this business! Ordinarily they take an hour, at least."

They hastened to gather up their cards and conceal them under their jackets.

At a signal given by the officers

Sir Thomas came hurriedly out from the deep embrasure of the window where he was leaning. He then observed a man and a young girl, who, alone in the midst of this vast enclosure, were gazing in every direction, astonished at the solitude in which they found themselves, and seeking him whom their hearts loved.

"Margaret!" cried Sir Thomas —"Margaret here at this fatal moment! No grief must, then, be spared me!"

At the voice of More his daughter rushed toward him. She covered his face with kisses and tears. Pierre Gilles was at her side.

"Pierre Gilles here!" cried More.

Meanwhile, the heavy doors rolled on their hinges, and the judges approached.

"O More! O my friend! is the trial ended, that I see you alone and at liberty here?".

"Yes! it is over," said More; "but not as you think," he added, lowering his voice. "My friend, in the name of our tender friendship, take Margaret away! I will see you again in a moment. I pray you, one minute, one minute only, go, take her out, if you love me, if you have loved me! Ah! Pierre Gilles, thou here? I confide her to thee!" And Sir Thomas cast on him a glance so imploring, and an expression so deep, that the heart of one father was immediately comprehended by the other.

Pierre Gilles made a rapid movement to lead the young girl out. He was too late; the court had entered, and the judges had taken their places. The chancellor remained standing in the midst of them, and, turning to the foreman of the jury, who advanced, he put the terrible question:

"Is the accused guilty?"

"Yes," said the foreman, "upon all the counts." And his voice failed in adding the last words.

"Upon all the counts!" repeated Pierre Gilles.

"What did he say?" cried Margaret, transfixed with expectation and terror. "My father guilty? No, never! Pierre Gilles, what did he say? Guilty? Oh! no, no. My father!"

The young girl pronounced this word so tenderly, with a cry so piercing, an accent of despair so heartrending, that Sir Thomas trembled from head to foot, and it seemed his soul was shaken to its very depths.

"In mercy take her away!" he said in a faint voice.

"Guilty!" repeated Margaret—"guilty! They have dared say it. Guilty! Then all is finished! He is lost, condemned! O cowardice! O horror! Guilty!"

And a change so horrible came over her features that Margaret was unrecognizable.

"Sir Thomas More guilty before God and before man!" she pursued with a smile of frightful bitterness, while her eyes remained dry. "Pierre Gilles, you have heard it; have I not told you? O ignoble creatures! Behold them, these bloody judges—this Cromwell, with his livid face, and envy corroding his heart; this Audley, vender of consciences; this Cranmer, renegade archbishop! No, you do not know them! There they are before your eyes, and they invoke the name of Almighty God! One day, yes, one day, we also will see them before the tribunal of the Sovereign Judge—before that tribunal without appeal and without mercy—to receive the reward of perjury and of murder. May Heaven hear my cry; may my tears mount to the skies, and fall

back upon them to add new strength to the remorse which they have so long sought to tear from their hearts!"

"What woman is this," said Cromwell, "who dares to disturb the court?"

"Nay, Master Cromwell," replied More in a stifled voice, "pardon her! She is a child. Alas! you know her well."

"Bear her away," said Audley instantly.

"Officer, lead that woman out!" exclaimed Cromwell in a voice of thunder.

"My daughter, my cherished daughter, follow Pierre Gilles! My friend, take her out!" cried Sir Thomas.

"I will not go!" exclaimed Margaret, bracing her feeble feet against the long stone slabs.

"Will you suffer a varlet to lay his hands on you, Margaret?" said Pierre Gilles, whose tears streamed down his cheeks and stifled his voice.

"Yes, anything! If I leave him, they will let me see him no more."

"Sheriff, do you hear?" cried Cromwell.

"O Master Cromwell!" exclaimed Margaret, falling on her knees and raising her suppliant hands toward him. "But, no," she said, immediately rising again, "I will not descend so low! Implore him? You may annihilate but never demean me!" And casting a withering glance upon Cromwell, she seized the arm of Pierre Gilles, and, dragging him away, left the place without even looking toward her father.

This scene created some disturbance in the horrible assembly, and a moment of silence and hesitation followed, when Cromwell made a sign to the lord chancellor not to let it be prolonged.

Audley then began to pronounce the formula of the sentence, but Sir Thomas interrupted him.

"My lord chancellor," he said, "when I had the honor of being at the head of justice, the custom was to demand of the prisoner, before pronouncing sentence, if he had anything to say that might arrest the judgment about to be rendered against him. I ask, then, to say a few words."

"And what can you have to say?" asked Audley brusquely.

"Much, my lord," answered Sir Thomas; "for, now that I have been condemned, and it can no more seem like presuming on my own strength in exposing myself to death, I can discharge my conscience, and speak freely and without restriction. I therefore declare, in the presence of your lordships here present, that I regard the statute of Parliament as entirely illegal and contrary to all laws, divine and human, and my accusation, consequently, as being completely null. Parliament has no right, and cannot in any manner have the power, to give the church a temporal head. In conferring the spiritual government of one portion of Christendom on another than the Bishop of Rome, whose universal supremacy has been established in the person of St. Peter, chief of the apostles, by the mouth of our Lord Jesus Christ himself when he was present and visible on earth, Parliament has exceeded the limits of its authority. There are not, therefore, and there cannot be, among Catholic Christians, laws sufficient to oblige a Christian to obey a power which might have been usurped in order to prove this assertion. I will say, moreover, that the Parliament of this kingdom can no more bind all Christendom by such an act

than one small portion of the church can make a law in opposition to the general law of the church universal; or than the city of London, which is only a member in comparison with the body of the state, can make a law against an act of Parliament which would bind the whole kingdom. I will add, furthermore, that this law is contrary to all the statutes and to all the laws in force until this day, and any yet reported, especially to these words written in the great charter: 'The English Church is free, her rights shall remain untouched, and none of her liberties shall be cut off'; finally, that it is contrary to the oath taken by the king at his consecration, in presence of all the assembled people. And I say that there is far more ingratitude in the English Parliament refusing to acknowledge the authority and spiritual supremacy of the pope than there would be in a child refusing to obey its father; because it is to Pope St. Gregory that we are indebted for the knowledge of the Holy Gospel; it is he who regenerated us—a heritage richer and more desirable than that which any father according to the flesh can bequeath to his children. Yes, noble lords, I confess before you that, since this question has been raised among us, I have spent days and nights in examining it, and I have been unable to find in the centuries passed, or in the works of any doctors, a single example, or even a sentiment, which may authorize a temporal king to usurp the spiritual government of the church. And consider: this divine authority, necessary to the unity and the purity of the Christian faith, would then be committed, in the course of time, in following the order of succession established in this kingdom, to the feeble hands of a woman or the blind keeping of an infant in its cradle! Truly, my lords, it is a thing which shocks not only the unchangeable rule followed up to our day, but even the most ordinary judgment and common sense."

"Then," said Audley, interrupting him with a smile of mockery and disdain, "you esteem yourself wiser than, and believe you possess a knowledge and degree of enlightenment far above that of, the bishops, the reverend doctors, the nobility, and the people of the kingdom generally!"

"I doubt, my lord," replied Sir Thomas firmly, "of there having been this unanimity between them in which your lordship appears to believe; but, supposing it existed, if we are to judge by the number, it must be very much less even than that of the Christians who are spread throughout the whole world, and of those who, having gone before them in life, are now among the glorious saints in heaven."

"Sir Thomas," cried the Duke of Norfolk, reddening, "you show clearly how far your malice and obstinacy extend."

"Noble duke," replied More, "you are mistaken: it is neither malice nor obstinacy which makes me speak thus, but rather the desire and the necessity of clearing my conscience; and I call upon God, who sees and hears us, to witness that this is the only sentiment inspiring my heart!"

Cromwell, in the meantime, grew very impatient at this debate, and made signals in vain to Audley that he should impose silence on Sir Thomas; but the former hesitated, stammered, and delayed pronouncing his sentence, resolving in his mind not to take upon himself the responsibility of the proceed-

ing. All at once he turned toward the lord chief-justice, Fitz-James.

"Why," said he, "Sir John, do you not assist me with your opinion? Could it be true that our sentence were unlawful? Speak! Are you not the lord chief-justice?"

At this question a frightful apprehension arose in the soul of the weak judge; he was conscious of the adroit snare into which he had been drawn. They questioned him directly; they placed in the hollow of his hand the weights which were to turn the balance and decide the fate of Sir Thomas, his benefactor and friend. He paled visibly and answered nothing.

"Well!" said Cromwell, "the chancellor interrogates you, my lord, and it seems you hesitate in your reply!"

If he had had courage, he might, perhaps, have saved More; it failed him. "I think," he answered in an evasive way, less odious perhaps, but none the less criminal, "that if the statute of Parliament was illegal, the process of law would be equally so."

"Assuredly," said Cromwell with a bitter smile, "this is very judicious. If there was no law, there could be no criminal; and if there was no day, there would be no night—there are some things which reason themselves so naturally that we cannot but concede them." As he said these words, he passed to the chancellor the sentence of condemnation.

Audley read it in a very loud tone, which he lowered, however, when he came to the details of the execution, which set forth that Sir Thomas, after having been carried back to the Tower by Lieutenant Kingston, should be dragged through the streets of the city on a hurdle; led afterward to Tyburn, where, after having been hanged by the neck, he should be taken down, when half dead, from the gallows, to be disembowelled and his entrails cast into the fire; after which his body should be cut into four pieces, to be placed above the gates of the city, the head excepted, because the head must be exposed on London Bridge in an iron cage.

While the sentence was being read the face of Sir Thomas More remained impassible. At the end only a slight start seemed to denote some feeling. He lowered his head, and it was seen, by an almost imperceptible movement of his lips, that he prayed

A profound silence reigned around him, and it seemed that no human voice or respiration dared be raised in the presence of such cool atrocity.

After a moment a slight sigh was heard.

"A death of infamy may not be," murmured the Duke of Norfolk; "he has been lord chancellor!"

He leaned over toward Cromwell. "You have deceived me," he said. "Decapitation is the only punishment which can be inflicted on him. He has been lord chancellor! Have you thought of that?"

"But," replied Cromwell, "the law is positive; such is the penalty that follows the refusal of the oath."

"The king will dispense with the gibbet," said Norfolk angrily, "or I am not chief of his council!"

"We will see," said Cromwell. "That will matter nothing, provided he dies," he added to himself.

Lord Fitz-James had heard Norfolk's remark, and, unable to restrain his tears, addressed him. "My lord," he said in an oppressed voice, "the king might be willing to grant his pardon. Ask Sir Tho-

mas if he have not yet something to say. Perhaps, alas! perhaps he may be induced to make some act of submission."

Norfolk made a sign of approval. "Sir Thomas," he said, "you have heard what are the rigors of the law, and the penalty that your inconceivable obstinacy calls down upon your head. Speak, then; have you nothing to reply that may give us the means of mitigating it?"

Sir Thomas raised his head, and looked at him for a moment with an expression of calmness, of gentleness, benevolence, and dignity which it is impossible for any human pen to describe. "Noble duke," he answered, "no, I have nothing more to say; I have only to submit to the sentence you have passed on me. There was a time when you honored me with the name of friend; I dare believe that I still remain worthy of it. I regard the words you have addressed to me as a souvenir of that good-will, old and proven, which you have felt for me. I would thank you for it at this last moment; for I hope that we may meet again in a better world, where all these dissensions shall have passed away. And even as the holy Apostle Paul, who was one of those who stoned St. Stephen, is now united with him in heaven, where they love with an eternal love, so I hope also that your lordships, who have been my judges here on earth, and all those who have participated in any way in my death, may be eternally reunited and happy in possession of the salvation which our divine Saviour Jesus Christ has merited for us on the cross. To this end I will pray from my heart for your lordships, and above all for my lord the king, that God may accord him faithful counsellors, and that the truth may no longer remain hidden from him."

And saying these words with much sweetness and fulness of heart, Sir Thomas was silent.

As soon as he had ceased speaking the guards, by Cromwell's order, pressed around him. An axe was raised, the edge of which was turned toward the condemned by a man who walked before him. And so he was led back on foot, through the streets, to the Tower, there to wait until the hour of execution should be appointed by the king, after he had affixed his signature to the death-warrant.

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.

TESTIMONY OF THE CATACOMBS TO PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD AND THE INVOCATION OF SAINTS.*

Mr. Withrow claims to have produced the only English book on the Catacombs in which the latest results of exploration are fully given and interpreted from a Protestant point of view. We must decline to acknowledge the justice of his claim. His book is very far indeed from giving the latest results of exploration, and he certainly is not the first who has attempted to interpret them from a Protestant point of view. He is, however, as far as we know, the last; and as he has pretty faithfully repeated all the misstatements and mistakes of his various predecessors in the same subject, only adding a few more of his own, it will be worth while to set before our readers a short refutation of some of them. Indeed, this work of refutation is the more necessary because "the testimony of the Catacombs relative to primitive Christianity" is daily increasing in value, as our knowledge of the Catacombs is becoming more exact and scientific. Some years ago, and to some intelligences even now, a painting or an inscription from the Catacombs was "a monument of ancient Christianity," and one such monument was as good evidence as another of primitive Christian doctrine. It has been reserved to the labors of De Rossi to introduce light and order into this chaos; and those who profess to publish the fruits of his discoveries ought not to withhold this most important portion of them; at least, they ought scrupulously to follow the lines of chronology which he has established, or else themselves to establish others on surer foundations. Mr. Withrow's neglect of these distinctions—indeed, of all chronological order whatever—is quite unpardonable. Whilst in the title of his work he promises to examine "the testimony of the Catacombs relative to primitive Christianity," we sometimes find that the greater portion of the evidence he adduces on some of the most important questions of Christian doctrine is not even taken from the Catacombs at all. Let us look, by way of example, at a single doctrine—the elementary doctrine of the Resurrection—and see how he deals with it. "This glorious doctrine," he says, "which is peculiarly the characteristic of our holy religion as distinguished from all the faiths of antiquity, was everywhere recorded throughout the Catacombs. It was symbolized in the ever-recurring representations of the story of Jonas and of the raising of Lazarus, and was strongly asserted in numerous inscriptions" (p. 431). But of the inscriptions which he proceeds to quote, one is spurious (*Alexander mortuus non est*, etc.); others belong to the years 449, 544, etc., long after the practice of burial in the Catacombs had ceased. And we shall presently have occasion to notice other sins, scarcely less flagrant, against every canon of chronology belonging to the subject

* *The Catacombs of Rome, and their Testimony relative to Primitive Christianity*. By the Rev. W. H. Withrow, M.A. New York: Nelson & Phillips. 1874.

which he professes to handle. But first let us say a few words as to what those canons are, and how they have been established.

It is only in our own day that the study of inscriptions generally, and especially of Christian inscriptions, has received that development which entitles it to a place among real sciences. It has now acquired a light and a solidity which constitute it one of the most trustworthy founts of ancient history. To confine ourselves, however, strictly within the limits of our present argument, we will speak only of the method which has been followed by De Rossi during the thirty years he has devoted so assiduously to this subject, and whereby he has been enabled to discover the laws which regulated the gradual development of Christian epigraphy. If we must summarize his method in a single word, we should say that his secret consists in a minute study of the topography of all inscriptions. In every fresh excavation—*i.e.*, in every reopening of the galleries and chambers of the Catacombs, and clearing away the *débris* with which they have been so long encumbered—he has carefully marked and registered every stone, and even every fragment of every stone, bearing so much as a single letter or symbol engraved upon it, and taken note of the precise spot where it has been found. When a sufficient space has been cleared to enable him to make a study of its contents, he collects all the stones that have been discovered within this *area*; carefully eliminates all those which have evidently fallen through the *luminaria*, or in other ways have been introduced from the upper world; next, makes a separate class of those whose place of origin is doubtful—those which there is some reason, either from their size, their shape, or for some other cause, to suspect may have come from outside; and then there remain, finally, those only which beyond all question belong to the subterranean cemeteries. Many of these he has, perhaps, discovered *in situ*, still closing the graves to which they were originally attached—and these, of course, are cardinal points in his system of arrangement; of many others he knows the chamber or gallery whence they came; and of all he minutely examines the language, the symbols, monograms or other ornaments, the form of the letters, the names, and, finally, the style and epigraphic *formulæ*; and the minute study of the inscriptions of innumerable *areæ* of various cemeteries according to this strict topographical system has led to wonderfully interesting and important discoveries, both as to their history and chronology. This process of examination, it need hardly be said, is laborious and wearisome in the extreme; even the material difficulties which surround it are not slight. It sometimes happens that within the limits of a single *area*—*e.g.*, in that of St. Eusebio's monument in the cemetery of San Callisto—there are upwards of a thousand fragments of epitaphs to be sifted and classified. De Rossi, therefore, occasionally gives utterance to a pathetic lament as to the dry and tedious character of the task he has imposed upon himself. Nevertheless, he has persevered in it with the most conscientious fidelity, even when at times the attempt at arrangement seemed almost desperate, and the results have in the end abundantly rewarded his labors. It is with these results that we are at present concerned; and it

is obvious that in these pages we can only reproduce them: we cannot enter into an examination of the evidence upon which they rest. This is the less necessary, however, since even the most bitter of Protestant controversialists admit that "De Rossi has the rare merit of stating his facts exactly and impartially, precisely as he finds them," and that "his assiduous researches have been conducted with a sincere zeal for truth."

Let us proceed, then, to state some of the conclusions to which De Rossi's researches have led him—first, upon the general subject of the chronology of the inscriptions which have come to us from the Catacombs, and next as to the dogmatic allusions contained in them. And first, as to the inscriptions, it is patent that not one in ten bears its date on the face of it. Are the other nine (speaking generally) older or more recent? De Rossi pronounces quite positively in favor of their greater antiquity. He says that the *most* ancient Christian epitaphs make no mention either of the day or year of decease; that during the time of the first emperors there are very few exceptions to this rule; that in the third century the mention of the day and month of the decease was not uncommon, though the year was still passed over in silence; finally, that in the fourth century this also was added.* But he says that there are other tokens, such as the number and character of the names or of the symbols employed, the style of diction, the form of the letters, etc., which, if carefully examined and compared with one another, enable us not unfrequently to make a very probable statement as to the age of undated inscriptions (*probabili non raro sententiâ definies*); if, in addition to this, we know the place where the inscription was found, and have had the opportunity of examining other inscriptions found in the same neighborhood, then it will rarely happen that there is any doubt at all about the age to which it belongs. It is not, of course, meant that it is possible to fix the year, or even the decade or score of years, perhaps, to which it belongs; but De Rossi would certainly fix its chronology within the limits of half a century or less (*tum de ætate latè saltem sumptâ vix unquam grave dubium supererit*); he certainly would never be in doubt with reference to any particular inscription, still less with reference to a whole class of inscriptions, whether it belongs to the ages of persecution or to the end of the fourth century.

Now, Mr. Withrow is either aware of these canons whereby the chronology of the inscriptions from the Catacombs is fixed, or he is not. If he is not, he is quite incompetent to follow by their means (as he professes to do, p. 415) "the development of Christian thought from century to century, and to trace the successive changes of doctrine and discipline." If he is aware of them, his reasoning is most disingenuous when he first seeks to settle a disputed question by the testimony of the dated inscriptions of the first three centuries (p. 426)—which are not more than thirty in number altogether—and then proceeds to argue that "if those inscriptions which apparently favor Romish dogmas, of which we know the date, are all of a late period, we may assume that those of a similar character which are undated are of the same relative age, and therefore valueless as evidence of the antiquity of such

* *Inscr. Christ.*, i. c. ix.

dogmas" (p. 446). There is no necessity, and indeed no room, for "assumption" at all. The question can be decided by scientific rules whether such and such inscriptions belong to the third century or the fifth, and he ought honestly to have told his readers as much, and to have stated what that decision is. As he has failed to do so, we must supply the omission.

First, however, let the limits of our task be clearly defined. We are not undertaking to establish any point of Christian doctrine by the unaided evidence of inscriptions or paintings from the cemeteries, though we are far from saying that there are none which might be so established. But at present we are only concerned to refute Mr. Withrow's Protestant interpretation of these monuments, and to show that they at least favor, if they do not demand, a Catholic interpretation. We know that not even the writings of the Fathers present a complete picture of the whole doctrinal system of the age to which they belong, but must be studied by the light reflected upon them from the more developed and systematic expositions of those who came after them. Still less do we think it reasonable to look in a collection of epitaphs for a clear statement of the articles of faith professed by those who wrote them; the utmost that can be expected is that they should contain what De Rossi calls "dogmatic allusions"—more or less distinct, if you will, but always, or at least generally, merely indirect and casual. And as to drawing any trustworthy conclusions with reference to the antiquity of this or that Christian doctrine from the supposed absence of all allusion to it in the dated tombstones of the first three centuries, the mere enunciation of such a theory is enough to demonstrate its absurdity.

Yet we are sorry to say that Mr. Withrow has been guilty of even worse absurdity than this, if it ought not rather to be called dishonesty. It is certainly worse than mere literary or dialectic trifling—it looks like a wilful throwing of dust in the reader's eyes—to assert in the text (p. 517) that the order of acolytes, "discontinued in the Protestant communion," was "probably the offspring of the increasing pomp and dignity of the bishops to whom they acted as personal attendants, especially in public processions and religious festivals," and that "the only dated epitaphs of acolytes are of a comparatively late period," whilst forced to acknowledge in a note that "Cornelius, Bishop of Rome in the third century" (A.D. 250)—*i.e.*, at a time when "the pomp and dignity of bishops" consisted in their being the special objects of imperial persecution, and the only "public processions" in which they can have taken part were those in which they were led forth to public execution—that Cornelius, Bishop of Rome in the middle of the third century, "says there were in that church forty-two acolytes." What does Mr. Withrow mean by placing these two statements together in the way we have described? Does he really wish to insinuate that the absence of an ancient dated epitaph of a deceased acolyte ought to counterbalance the testimony of the bishop to the existence of forty-two living ones? or does he think that the Protestant public, for whose tastes he so unscrupulously caters, will read his text and overlook his notes? or, finally, that, reading the notes, they will nevertheless give greater weight to the uncharitable suggestion of a Protestant clergy-

man in the nineteenth century than to the testimony of an eye-witness, who was also pope, in the third? Had the order of acolytes been retained instead of being rejected by the Protestant communion, doubtless Mr. Withrow would have recognized the conclusiveness of the evidence of Pope Cornelius; he would have seen that the forty-two acolytes who were alive in A.D. 250 must sooner or later have died, and been buried in Christian cemeteries, and consequently that the non-discovery there of any dated epitaphs recording their decease is "valueless as evidence" against the antiquity of their order.

But we will not detain our readers any longer by pointing out the curiosities with which Mr. Withrow's volume abounds, but proceed at once to redeem our promise of setting before them the real state of "the testimony of the Catacombs relative to primitive Christianity" on one or two of the more prominent doctrines of the Catholic faith. We have said that it is unreasonable to look for a profession of faith in an epitaph. But there is one point on which we should be disposed to make an exception to this remark. We think it is quite natural to expect from a large collection of sepulchral inscriptions considerable information as to the belief of those to whom they belonged with reference to the present condition or future prospects of the dead, and their relations with the survivors; and in this expectation the inscriptions from the Catacombs do not disappoint us. Let us call them into court, and hear what evidence they can give.

Mr. Withrow shall open the pleadings, and it must be allowed that he does so with a very loud blast of his trumpet, and one which "gives no uncertain sound" (p. 418). "There is not a single inscription," he says, "nor painting, nor sculpture, before the middle of the fourth century, that lends the least countenance to the erroneous dogmas of the Church of Rome. All previous to this date are remarkable for their evangelical character, and it is only after that period that the distinctive peculiarities of Romanism begin to appear." Presently he quotes what he calls "the first dated inscription possessing any doctrinal character." It belongs to the year 217, and states of the deceased that he was "received to God" (*receptus ad Deum*) on such a day; whereupon our author exclaims: "We have here the earliest indication of doctrinal belief as to the condition of the departed. It is not, however, a dark and gloomy apprehension of purgatorial fires, but, on the contrary, the joyous confidence of immediate reception into the presence of God." Twenty pages later, however, he is obliged to acknowledge that "there occur in the Catacombs frequent examples of acclamations addressed to the departed, expressive of a desire for their happiness and peace; and these acclamations have been quoted by Romanist writers as indicating a belief in the doctrine of purgatory and in the efficacy of prayers on behalf of the dead"; and he proceeds to give a score of examples, such as these: *Vivas in Deo, in Deo Christo*—Mayest thou live in God, in God Christ; *Vivas inter sanctos*—Mayest thou live among the saints; *Deus tibi refrigeret, spiritum tuum refrigeret*—God refresh thee, or refresh thy spirit; *Pax tibi*—Peace be to thee, etc. But, he says, "it will be perceived that these are not intercessions *for* the dead, but mere apostrophes addressed *to* them; they were no more prayers for the

souls of the departed than is Byron's verse, 'Bright be the place of thy rest.'" Mr. Withrow continues, and is presently obliged to make a still further concession—viz., that "the wish *does* sometimes take the form of a prayer for the beloved one," and he gives half a dozen examples, one of which he curiously misunderstands, and another we do not recognize as belonging to the Catacombs. However, five at least are genuine, and we could have furnished him with a score or two of others, all containing distinct prayers "to God," "to the Lord," "to the Lord Jesus," "to remember the deceased," "to remember him for ever," "to refresh his spirit," "not to suffer his spirit to be brought into darkness," etc. How is such evidence as this to be withstood? Mr. Withrow shows himself quite equal to the occasion: "They are intense expressions of affection of the ardent Italian nature, that would fain follow the loved object beyond the barrier of a tomb" (p. 443). "They are the only witnesses that keen Roman Catholics can adduce from the Christian inscriptions of the first six centuries," but "no accumulation of such evidence affords the slightest warrant for the corrupt practice of the Church of Rome."

We need hardly say that Mr. Withrow is not the first who has thus "interpreted" these epitaphs "from a Protestant point of view." Mr. Burgon had long since given the same explanation, and even quoted the same poetical illustration from Byron. But we must confine ourselves to Mr. Withrow, and follow him through his graduated scale of confessions. They may be cast in this form: the earliest inscription bearing on the subject of prayers for the dead discountenances them; there are frequent examples of acclamations or good wishes for the departed, but these are not prayers; moreover, they are, comparatively speaking, few in number—Bishop Kip puts them as "half a dozen among thousands of an opposite character"—and, being undated, we may "assume" that they are of a late age; finally, there are a few prayers, but these are only the untutored outburst of the ardent Italian nature. Let us set side by side with these the statements of De Rossi on the same subjects. And, first, as to the antiquity of these *formulæ*. He says: "There are two distinct classes of epitaphs to be found in the Catacombs; the one, brief and simple, written apparently without a thought of handing down anything to the memory of posterity, but designed by the survivors mainly as a means of identifying, amid so many thousands of graves of the same outward form, those in which they were specially interested.* These are the more ancient, and most of them contain nothing beyond the name of the deceased and some of those short acclamations or prayers of which we have just given examples. Inscriptions of the second class record the age of the deceased, the day of his death, or more specially of his burial, and, in fact, omit nothing which is wont to be found on sepulchral monuments. They are also often defaced by bombastic exaggerations of praise and flattery; and *the pious acclamations or prayers we have spoken of are rarely or never found.*" It appears, then, according to the evidence of De Rossi—which on this question is surely of supreme authority—that the presence on a tombstone of ac-

* *Inscr. Christian.*, i. c. x.

clamations or prayers for the dead, so far from being evidence of the corruption of a later age, is an actual test or token of primitive antiquity. Some indication of this may be gathered, by a careful observer, even from an inspection of the volume of dated inscriptions already published. "May you live among the saints" is engraved on a tombstone of the year 249, and "Refresh thyself, or Be thou refreshed, with the holy souls," on another of 291; that is to say, there are two distinct examples out of the 32 dated inscriptions prior to the conversion of Constantine. Among the 1,340 dated inscriptions subsequent to that event you will scarcely find another.

And next, as to the relative numbers of the epitaphs which speak positively (in the indicative mood) of the present happiness of the deceased, and of those which speak only optatively and breathe the language of prayer. We cannot, indeed, give any exact statement of figures until De Rossi's great work on the inscriptions shall have been completed and the whole number brought together in print. But wherever we have had an opportunity of instituting a comparison, we have always found the optative or deprecatory form in the ascendant. It is so in the epitaphs collected in the Lapidarian Gallery of the Christian Museum at the Lateran in Rome; it is so in the inscriptions of each separate *area* of the great cemetery of San Callisto, so minutely registered by De Rossi in his *Roma Sotterranea;* and he himself writes as follows: "Some of these acclamations are affirmative, and these may be considered as salutations to the deceased, full of faith and Christian hope, substituted for the cold, hopeless dreariness of the pagan *vale;** but *for the most part* they are optative, and ask for the deceased life in God, peace, and refreshment. We should inquire whether these have not often a real deprecative value, and were not uttered or written with the intention of praying to God for the peace and refreshment of the departed souls." A full and satisfactory answer to this question, he says, cannot be given till all the inscriptions of this class have been brought together, so that they may mutually explain and illustrate one another. Nevertheless, he refers to what he had said in another place† on the same subject; and there we read: "These auguries or good wishes are not mere apostrophes, giving vent to the feelings of natural affection (*sfoghi d'affetto*); some of them express confidence that the soul received into the heavenly peace of God and his saints is already in the enjoyment of a life of bliss, and these speak positively—*vives;* others, again, are equivalent to real prayers to obtain that peace, and are expressed in another mood —*vivas.*"

Mr. Withrow, however, and his co-religionists, may plead that, though constrained to yield to De Rossi's statement of facts, they are not bound by his interpretation of them. Waiving, therefore, all dispute as to the number and antiquity of the inscriptions which seem to favor the practice of prayers for the dead, they may still persist that they should be taken, not as the voice of the church, but the errors of individuals; or, as Mr. Withrow himself expresses it, "they are not a formulated and authoritative creed formed by learned theologians, but the untutored utterances of humble

* *R. S.*, ii. 305. † Ib., i. 341.

peasantry, many of whom were recent converts from paganism or Judaism, in which religions such expressions were a customary sepulchral formula." If Mr. Withrow merely means to say that Christian epigraphy was the spontaneous growth of the natural feelings and supernatural faith of the people, rather than the result of any written or traditional law devised and imposed by ecclesiastical authority, we are heartily at one with him. We do not doubt that it was the natural fruit of the religious feeling which pervaded all classes of the new society, that was reflected in their epigraphy as in a mirror. But Mr. Withrow clearly meant something different from this: he intended to insinuate that these inscriptions which are distasteful to himself would have been disapproved of also by all well-instructed members of the church, especially by her pastors and doctors. Yet Tertullian, at least, could hardly have disapproved, who takes for granted in one of his treatises, and uses it as the foundation of an argument, that every Christian widow will be continually praying for the soul of her departed husband, and asking for him refreshment (*refrigerium*), and offering sacrifice for him on the anniversary of his decease. Neither could such prayers have been deemed either objectionable or useless by St. Cyprian and his predecessors in the see of Carthage, who decreed the loss of them as a fitting punishment for any man who should presume to leave the care of his children or of his property after his decease to a cleric, because "he does not deserve to be named in the prayer of the priest at the altar of God who has done what he could to withdraw a priest from the service of the altar." * However, it is not worth while, easy as the task would be, to justify the inscriptions in question by a catena of venerable authorities from among the bishops and teachers of the primitive church; we will only mention one fact about them which seems to us conclusive—viz., that they are in exact accordance, not to say in verbal and literal agreement, with the most authoritative formularies that have come down to us from ancient days; we mean the ancient liturgies. The language of the public offices of the church—if not an apostolic tradition, which Mr. Withrow would not easily admit—was surely formulated by somebody and formulated according to the dogmas of the faith, and not in a spirit of weak indulgence to any poetical fancies or excess of passionate feeling, whether of affection or of grief. We turn, then, to the oldest sacramentaries, † and the prayers we find there run as follows: "We pray that thou wilt grant to all who rest in Christ a place of refreshment, light, and peace"; "Grant to our dear ones who sleep in Christ refreshment in the land of the living"; "Refresh, O Lord! the spirits of the deceased in peace"; "Cause them to be united with thy saints and chosen ones"—the very words and phrases which we have read on the ancient tombstones, and which we still hear from the lips of all devout Catholics when they pray, either in public or in private, for those who are gone before them.

Not without reason, then, does De Rossi describe these prayers for the dead, which are of such frequent re-

* Epist. i. aliter 66.

† Bullett. 1875, pp. 17-32. Muratori, *Liturg. Rom.*, i. 749, 916, 981, 996, 1002; ii. 4, 694, 702, 779, 642, 653, 646.

currence in the Catacombs, as a faithful echo of the prayers of the liturgy. Of such an inscription as this, *In pace Spiritus Silvani, amen*, he says very truly that one seems to hear in it the last words of the solemn burial rite, just as the tomb is being closed and the sorrowing survivors bid farewell to the grave.*

But Mr. Withrow would have us look for the original of these prayers, not to the Christian liturgy, but to the monuments of "paganism and Judaism, in which religions such expressions were a customary sepulchral formula." No doubt there was in many pagan epitaphs an address, or acclamation, or apostrophe—call it what you will—to the deceased. But it was either a brief and sad farewell—an "everlasting farewell," as they mournfully felt it to be—or it was an idle wish "that his bones might rest well," or (far more commonly) "that the earth might lie lightly upon him"; or there was a still more unmeaning and unnatural interchange of salutations between the living and the dead. The passer-by was exhorted to salute the deceased with the customary *Ave* or *Salve*, and the imaginary response of the dead man stood engraven on the stone, ready for all comers. Surely it is impossible that anybody (*εἰ μὴ θέσιν διαφυλάττων*, as old Aristotle has it) can be so blind as to confound this empty trifling of the pagan with the hearty yet simple and touching prayers of the Christian. Between the Christian epitaphs and those of the ancient Jews we might naturally have expected a somewhat closer degree of affinity; and so there is. Yet even here the closest point of resemblance that we are able to find is this: that the Jews ordinarily spoke of death as sleep, and very commonly wrote on the grave-stones, "His sleep is in peace." We do not remember ever to have seen one of ancient date in which peace is *prayed for*, neither does Mr. Withrow produce one, though it has suited his purpose to give a deprecatory form to his translation of *Dormitio in bonis*. The Christian epitaphs, then, have this in common with Jewish epitaphs: that they speak of the dead as sleeping in peace; it still remains as peculiar to themselves that they supplicate for the deceased life—life in God, life everlasting, life with the saints—light, and refreshment.

But we must pass on to another point of doctrine connected with the dead, on which inscriptions in the Catacombs might reasonably be expected to throw some light, and on which the testimony they give is sometimes disputed. Mr. Withrow shall again be permitted to make his own statement of the case: "Associated with the Romish practice of praying *for* the dead is that of praying *to* them. For this there is still less authority in the testimony of the Catacombs than for the former. There are, indeed, indications that this custom was not unknown, but they are very rare and exceptional. In all the dated inscriptions of the first six centuries there is only one invocation of the departed." It is of the year 380, and by an orphan. "But the yearning cry of an orphaned heart for the prayers of a departed mother is a slight foundation for the Romish practice of the invocation of the saints. Previous to this date we have found not the slightest indication of Romish doctrine. . . . The few undated inscriptions

* *R. S.*, ii. 305.

of a similar character are probably of as late, or it may be of a much later, date than this."

We have already had occasion to expose the fallacy of this favorite argument of Mr. Withrow's founded on the paucity and relative antiquity of dated inscriptions. We have pointed out its direct contradiction to all the canons of chronology so laboriously and conscientiously established by De Rossi. Here, however, we must be allowed again to quote his testimony, given precisely upon this particular subject: "Invocations of the deceased," he says, "asking them to pray for the survivors, are found only in the subterranean cemeteries, not in those made above ground; always in epitaphs without dates, never in those bearing dates of the fourth and fifth centuries. They belong to the period before peace was given to the church, and the new style inspired by the changed conditions of the times sent them quickly into disuse." The simple and natural character of earlier Christian epigraphy gave place to colder and more artificial announcements. But whilst the more ancient and more religious style prevailed the following are fair specimens of the epitaphs that were written: *Vivas in pace et pete pro nobis. Christus spiritum tuum in pace et pete pro nobis. Bene refrigera et roga pro nos. Spiritus tuus bene requiescat in Deo petas pro sorore tuâ. Vincentia in Christo petas pro Phœbe et pro Virginio ejus. Vivas in Deo et roga. Spiritus tuus in bono, ora pro parentibus tuis. In orationis tuis roges pro nobis quia scimus te in Christo*—"Mayest thou live in peace, and pray for us. May Christ refresh thy spirit in peace, and pray for us. Mayest thou be well refreshed, and pray for us. May thy spirit rest well in God; pray for thy sister. Vincentia in Christ, pray for Phœbe and for her husband. Mayest thou live in God, and pray. Thy spirit is in good; pray for thy parents. In thy prayers make petition for us, because we know thee to be in Christ."

In all these instances—and many more might easily be given, in Greek as well as in Latin, some edited, others still inedited—it is clear that the survivors had a firm hope that their departed friends had been called by the ministry of angels to the enjoyment of the promised bliss and heavenly peace, and this faith was the foundation of these fervid petitions for their prayers. But, objects our author, "these invocations are almost invariably uttered by some relative of the deceased, as if prompted by natural affection rather than by religious feeling." No doubt the invocations that have been quoted are the utterances of loving and sorrowing relatives; for to them it usually belongs to bury their dead and to write the epitaphs on their tombstones. But does it therefore follow that they were extravagant, unwarranted, and out of harmony with the teaching of the church? First, their very number and antiquity is *primâ facie* evidence against so unjust a suspicion; and, next, they in no way go beyond the eloquent invocations of the martyrs, whether in the *graffiti* on the walls near their tombs or in the more formal inscriptions of the bishops themselves—*e.g.*, of Pope Damasus at the tomb of St. Agnes; but, lastly and above all, these again are in exact agreement with the public liturgy of the church. In a fragment of a very ancient liturgy, only published in our own day, and bearing internal evidence of having been used during the days of persecution, the

priest is instructed to pray "for grace to worship God truly in times of peace, and not to fall away from him in times of trial," and then, after the accustomed reading of the diptychs—*i.e.*, reading the names of the martyrs, the bishops, and the dead for whom the Holy Sacrifice was being offered—he proceeds as follows: "May the glorious merits of the saints excuse us or plead for us, that we may not come into punishment; may the souls of the faithful departed who are already in the enjoyment of bliss assist us, and may those which need consolation be absolved by the prayers of the church." The different gradation of ranks and the different sense of the liturgical commemoration of the saints, the faithful who are dead and those who are still living, could hardly be defined with greater distinctness in "a formulated and authoritative creed formed by learned theologians." We need hardly add that the same doctrine is to be found more or less explicitly in all the old liturgies—*e.g.*, in a prayer that "Christ will, through the intercession of his holy martyrs, grant to our dear ones who sleep in him refreshment in the abode of the living"; "that the prayers of the blessed martyrs will so commend us to Christ that he will grant eternal refreshment to our dear ones who sleep in him," and several other petitions to the same effect. But we are already exceeding the limits of space assigned to us, and we must be content with a general reference to the old sacramentaries; neither can we find room for the passages which are at hand from St. Cyril, St. Chrysostom, and other patristic authorities containing the same doctrine.

We must not, however, altogether omit another branch of evidence belonging to the Catacombs themselves — namely, the frescoes and other monuments in which the saints are represented as receiving and welcoming the deceased into heaven, conversing with them, lifting up the veil, and introducing them into the garden of Paradise, etc. Everybody knows the inscription scratched in the mortar round a grave in the cemetery of Pretextatus fifteen centuries ago, and now brought to light again some twenty years since, in which the martyrs Januarius, Agapetus, and Felicissimus are invoked to refresh the soul of some departed one, just buried near their own tombs; and the anxiety of the faithful of old to obtain a place of burial near the graves of the martyrs is too notorious to need confirmation in this place. This practice had, of course, a doctrinal foundation. St. Gregory Nazianzen, Paulinus of Nola, or other Christian poets may use the language of mere poetical fancy when they talk of the blood of the martyrs penetrating the adjacent sepulchres; but the spiritual meaning that underlies their words is plain—viz., that the merit of the martyrs' pains and sufferings, and the intercession of their prayers thus sought by the living, were believed to profit the souls of the deceased. In a recently-discovered fresco in the cemetery of SS. Nereus and Achilleus, a deceased matron, Veneranda, is manifestly commended to the patronage of St. Petronilla, who is represented standing at her side; and there are not wanting inscriptions in which the survivors distinctly commend the souls of their children or others whom they have buried to the care of that particular martyr in whose cemetery they have been laid. We do not quote them at length, not only from want of space, but also

because this class of monuments belongs, generally speaking, to the fourth century, when no one doubts that invocation of the saints was in common use; and we have already quoted a large class of inscriptions, more ancient and quite as conclusive to all minds of ordinary candor. We mention them, however, because they are links in the chain of evidence we have been inquiring about—evidence given by the Catacombs—and yet more especially because they remind us of the beautiful language of our ritual, which none can forget who have ever heard it sung to the solemn chant of the church: *In Paradisum deducant te angeli; in tuo adventu suscipiant te martyres, et perducant te in civitatem sanctam Jerusalem.* We cannot help suspecting that these prayers or acclamations are as old as the monuments which they so faithfully interpret. The invocation of the martyrs, and of them only amongst "the spirits of the just made perfect" who have already "come to Mount Sion, and to the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to the company of many thousands of angels," seems to point to such a conclusion; it has a flavor of quite primitive times about it, certainly of the age of persecution. It may well have been contemporary with the following inscription, at present in a private museum, but originally taken from the Catacombs: "*Paulo filio merenti in pacem te suscipiant omnium ispirita sanctorum.*'

ON OUR LADY'S DEATH.

I.

"And didst thou die, dear Mother of our Life?
Sin had no part in thee: then how should death?
Methinks, if aught the great tradition saith
Could wake in loving hearts a moment's strife"
(I said—my own with Her new image rife),
"'Twere this." And yet 'tis certain, next to faith,
Thou didst lie down to render up thy breath:
Though after the Seventh Sword no meaner knife
Could pierce that bosom. No, nor did. No sting
Of pain was there, but only joy. The love,
So long thy life ecstatic, and restrained
From setting free thy soul, now gave it wing:
Thy body, soon to reign with it above,
Radiant and fragrant, as in trance, remained.

II.

Yes, Mother of God, though thou didst stoop to die,
Death could not mar thy beauty. On thy face
Nor time nor grief had wrinkle left or trace:
It had but aged in God-like majesty:
Mature, yet, save the mother in thine eye,
As maiden-fresh as when, of all our race,
Thou, first and last, wast greeted "full of grace"—
Ere thrice five years had worshipped and gone by.
Mortal thy body; yet it could not know
Mortality's decay. Like sinless Eve's,
It waited but the change on Thabor shown.
And when, at thy sweet will, 'twas first laid low,
Untainted as a lily's folded leaves
It slept—the angels watching by the stone.

III.

"At thy sweet will." Then wherefore didst thou will
To pass death's portal? To the outward ear
There comes no answer; but the heart can hear.
Thy Son had passed it. Thou upon the hill
Of scorn hadst stood beside his cross; and still
Wouldst "follow the Lamb where'er he went." Of fear
Thou knewest naught. The cup's last drop, so dear
To Him, thy love must share—or miss its fill.
But more. Thy other children—even we—
Must enter life through death. And couldst thou brook
To watch our terrors at the dark unknown,
Powerless to stay us with a sympathy
Better than any tender word or look—
Bidding our steps tread firmly in thine own?

AMID IRISH SCENES.

THE very thought of a journey to distant lands is invigorating. We throw off the dust of old habits, quit the routine of daily life, shut out the customary thoughts of business, and, with hearts that in some mysterious way seem suddenly to have grown younger, turn towards other worlds. Even the uncertainty which is incident to travel has a peculiar charm. The love we bear our country and friends grows warmer and assumes unwonted tenderness when we leave them, not knowing whether it will be given us to look upon them again; and as the distance widens, the bonds of affection are drawn closer. Amid strange faces we reflect how sweet it is to dwell with those who love us; a thousand thoughts of home and friends come back to us, the heart is humanized, and we resolve to become more worthy of blessings for which we have been so little grateful. Indeed, I think that the chiefest pleasure of travel is in the thought and hope of communicating to others our own impressions of all the lovely things we see.

Who would care to look on blue mountains, or ocean sunset, or green isles, if he might never speak of their beauty, never utter the deep feelings which they awaken? All strong emotion, whether of joy or sorrow, seeks to express itself. Nature is beautiful only when we associate it with God or man. No greater torment can be imagined than to think and feel, and yet to live alone for ever with that which has no thought or feeling. I remained in Ireland too short a time to be able to form well-founded opinions or to reach just conclusions concerning the present condition or the future prospects of the country. I was compelled to travel hurriedly, and therefore observed superficially; and in my haste I doubtless often failed to remark what was most worthy of attention. At least, I approached the sacred island with reverence. Whatever I might see, I knew that my feet were upon holy ground, and that I was in the midst of the most Catholic people on earth; I felt that if sympathy could give insight or reveal beauty, I should not look in vain.

And now, with the liberty and quickness of thought, passing the vast expanse of ocean, I shall place myself at Oban, on the western coast of Scotland, opposite the island of Mull; for though we are not here on Irish soil, yet this whole region is so full of Irish memories and Irish glories that we may not pass it in silence. The scenery is sombre, bleak, and wild. It is not lovely nor yet sublime, though there is about it a kind of gloomy and desolate grandeur; and, indeed, this is the general character of all scenery in the Scotch Highlands. It is rugged, harsh, and waste. It does not invite to repose. Amid these barren moors and fog-covered hills we are chilled, driven back upon ourselves. We involuntarily move on, content with a passing glance at dark glens and lochs from

whose waters crags and peaks lift their heads and frown in stern defiance. The gloomy tales of murder and treachery, of war and strife, and the ruined castles which tell of battles of other days, deepen the impressions made by nature's harsh aspect. Even in summer the air is heavy with mist and fog. A day rarely passes without rain, and in the middle of August the traveller finds himself in an atmosphere as damp, cold, and dreary as that of London in November. Before us is the dark sea of the Hebrides, from whose sullen waters a hundred naked and desert islands rise in rough and jagged outlines. As we sail through the narrow straits of this archipelago, we see nothing but barren rocks, covered with black fog. There is no grass, there are no pleasant landscapes, no cultivated fields. We hear only the moaning of the waves, the howling wind, and the hoarse cry of the sea-bird. Nothing could be less beautiful or less attractive; and yet it is in this wild sea and among these rocky islands that we find the sacred spot from which Scotland and northern England received religion and civilization. During the summer a boat leaves Oban every morning to make the tour of the island of Mull, taking Staffa and Iona in the route. The steamer stops at Staffa to permit tourists to visit the Cave of Fingal, of which so much has been written. This cave, which is about seventy feet high and forty feet in width, with a depth of two hundred and thirty feet, opens into the ocean on the southern coast of the little island of Staffa. Its front and sides are formed of innumerable columns of basaltic rock, precisely similar to those which are found in the Giant's Causeway. They are perfectly symmetrical, and one is almost tempted to think they must have been shaped by the hand of man. But, apart from this peculiarity, the only thing which struck me as very remarkable in this celebrated cave is the mighty surge of the ocean, whose angry waves, rushing into this gloomy vault, dash against its everlasting columns, and, with wild and furious roar that reverberates along the high arch in tones of thunder, are driven back, to be followed by others, and still others. And so all day long and through the night, from year to year, this concert of the waves far from human ears chants God's awful majesty and infinite power.

Nine miles south of Staffa lies Iona, St. Columba's blessed isle. "We were now," wrote Dr. Johnson one hundred years ago, "treading that illustrious island which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion. To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible if it were endeavored, and would be foolish if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me and from my friends be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona."

It was in 563, more than thirteen hundred years ago, that Columkille, a voluntary exile from Erin

which he loved with more than woman's tenderness, landed upon this island. Twelve of his Irish monks had accompanied him, resolved to share his exile. Others soon followed, drawn by the fame of his sanctity, and in a little while Columkille and his apostles issued forth from Iona to carry the religion of Christ to the pagans who dwelt on the surrounding islands and on the mainland of Scotland; and from this little island the light of faith spread throughout the Caledonian regions. All the churches of Scotland looked to it as the source whence they had received God's choicest gifts, and for two hundred years the abbots who succeeded St. Columba held spiritual dominion over the whole country. The Scottish kings chose Iona as their burial-place, in the hope of escaping the doom foretold in the prophecy ·

> "Seven years before that awful day
> When time shall be no more,
> A watery deluge will o'ersweep
> Hibernia's mossy shore;
> The green-clad Isla, too, shall sink,
> While with the great and good
> Columba's happy isle shall rear
> Her towers above the flood."

In an age of ferocious manners and continual war this holy and peaceful isle, far removed from scenes of strife and blood, might well be regarded not only as the fit resting-place of the dead, but as the happiest home of the living.

Even to-day, in its loneliness and desolation, there is a calm, sweet look about it that makes one linger as loath to quit so sacred a spot. But the simple, great ones of old are gone; their bones lie buried beneath our feet.

> "To each voyager
> Some ragged child holds up for sale a store
> Of wave-worn pebbles. . . .
> How sad a welcome!
> Where once came monk and nun with gentle stir,
> Blessings to give, news ask, or suit prefer."

A few poor fishermen with their families dwell upon the island. They are all Protestants. After the Reformation, the Calvinistic Synod of Argyll handed over all the sacred edifices of Iona to a horde of pillagers, who plundered and destroyed them. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries these ruins were given up to the ignorant inhabitants of the island, who turned the cathedral into a stable, used the church of the convent of canonesses as a quarry, and broke and threw into the sea nearly all of the three hundred and sixty crosses which formerly covered the island.

As late as 1594 the three great mausoleums of the kings were to be seen, with the following inscriptions:

> Tumulus regum Scotiæ,
> Tumulus regum Hiberniæ,
> Tumulus regum Norwegiæ.

But these have also disappeared, and nothing remains but the site. Here were buried forty-eight kings of Scotland, four kings of Ireland, and eight kings of Norway; and it is even said that one of the kings of France found here a last resting-place. Macbeth closes the line of Scottish kings who were buried in Iona. His successor, Malcolm Canmore, chose the Abbey of Dunfermline as the royal cemetery. Shakspere does not fail to send Duncan's body to Iona:

> "Rosse. Where is Duncan's body?
> Macduff. Carried to Colmekill,
> The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
> And guardian of their bones."

There are still many tombs in this cemetery, most of which are covered with slabs of blue stone upon which figures are sculptured in relief. Here a bishop or an abbot, in cope and mitre, holds the pastoral staff of authority, and by his side lies some famous chieftain

in full armor. On one of these slabs the traveller may behold the effigy of Angus MacDonald, Scott's Lord of the Isles, and the contemporary of Robert Bruce.

In the centre of the graveyard stands the ruin of a chapel which was built at the close of the eleventh century by St. Margaret of Scotland, and dedicated to St. Oran, the first Irish monk who died in Iona after the landing of St. Columba. Near by is the ancient Irish cross which is said to mark the spot where St. Columba rested on the eve of his death, when he had walked forth to take a last view of his well-beloved island. A little farther north lies the cathedral, ruined and roofless, with its square tower, which is the first object to attract the eye of the pilgrim as he approaches the sacred isle. Iona is but three miles in length and about two miles wide. Unlike the islands by which it is surrounded, it has a sandy beach, which slopes to the water's edge, and its highest point is but little over three hundred feet above the level of the sea. The ruins all lie on the eastern shore, and are but a few paces from one another. Some little care is taken of them, now that the facilities of travel have turned the attention of travellers to this former home of learning and religion. The chapel of the nunnery is no longer used as a cow-house, nor the cathedral as a stable, as in the time of Dr. Johnson's visit. Nevertheless, many interesting relics which he saw have since disappeared. Still, enough remains to awaken emotion in the breasts of those whom the thought of noble deeds and heroic lives can move. In treading this sacred soil, and walking among the graves of kings and princes of the church, surrounded by broken walls and crumbling arches which once sheltered saints and heroes, we are lifted by the very genius of the place into a higher world. The present vanishes. The past comes back to us, and throws its light into the dim and awful future. How mean and contemptible seem to us the rivalries and ambitions of men! This handful of earth, girt round by the sea, holds the glories of a thousand years. All their beauty is faded. They are bare and naked as these broken walls, to which not even the sheltering ivy clings. The voice of battle is hushed; the song of victory is silent; the strong are fallen; the valiant are dead, and around forgotten graves old ocean chants the funeral dirge. Monuments of death mark all human triumphs. And yet St. Columba and his grand old monks are not wholly dead. To them more than to the poet belongs the *non omnis moriar*. Their spirit lives even in us, if we are Christians and trust the larger hope. What heavenly privilege, like them, to be free, and in the desert and ocean's waste to find the possibility of the diviner life; like them, to be strong, leaning upon God only! The very rocks they looked upon seem to have gained a human sense; in the air is the presence of unseen spirits, and the waves approach gently as in reverence for the shore pressed by their feet. To have stood, though but for a moment and almost as in a dream, amid these sacred shrines, is good for the soul. It is as if we had gone to the house of one who loved us, and found that he was dead. The world seems less beautiful, but God is nearer and heaven more real.

We have lingered too long among the ruins of Iona. Our ship puffs her sail, and we must go; but our faces are still turned towards the

blessed isle; the cathedral tower rises sadly over the bleak shore, and in a little while the rough and rock-bound coast of the Ross of Mull takes the vision from our eyes. And now I am in Ireland. Landing at Belfast, I went south to Dublin; thence to Wicklow, where I took a jaunting-car and drove through the Devil's Glen, to Glendalough, through Glenmalure and the Vale of Avoca, and back to Wicklow.

Returning to Dublin, I went southwest to the Lakes of Killarney, passing through nearly the entire extent of the island from east and west. Having made the tour of the lakes and visited Muckross Abbey and Ross Castle, I went to Cork, where I took the train for Youghal, on the Blackwater. I sailed up this beautiful river to Cappoquin, near Lismore. From this point I visited the Trappist monastery of Mt. Melleray. Again taking a jaunting-car, I drove over the Knockmeledown Mountains into Tipperary, along the lovely banks of the river Suir, into Clonmel, thence to Cashel, to Holy Cross Abbey and to Thurles. Returning to Cork, I of course visited Blarney Castle, and then, sailing down the noble sea-avenue that leads to Queenstown, went aboard the steamer which was to bring me home again.

In Rome, it has been said, none are strangers. So much of what is greatest and best in the history of the human race centres there that all men instinctively identify themselves with her life and are at home. In Ireland a Catholic, no matter whence he come, forgets that he is in a foreign land; and in proportion to the love with which he cherishes his faith is the sympathy that draws him to the people who have clung to it through more suffering and sorrow than have fallen to the lot of any other. More than other races they have loved the church; more than others they have believed that, so long as faith and hope and love are left to the heart, misery can never be supreme. The force with which they realize the unseen world leaves them unbroken amid the reverses and calamities of this life. They are to-day what they were in ages past—the least worldly and the most spiritual-minded people of Europe.

They live in the past and in the future; cling to memories and cherish dreams. The ideal is to them more than the real. Their thoughts are on religion, on liberty, honor, justice, rather than upon gold. They fear sin more than poverty or sickness. When the mother hears of the death of her son, in some distant land, her first thought is not of him, but of his soul. Did he die as a Catholic should die, confessing his sins, trusting in God, strengthened by the sacraments? When he left her weeping, her great trouble was the fear lest, in the far-off world to which he was going, he should forget the God of his fathers, the God of Ireland's hope; and when in her dreams she saw him back again, her heart leaped for joy, not that he was rich or famous, but that the simple faith of other days was with him still.

The life that is to be is more than that which is. The coldest heart is warmed by this strong faith. In the midst of this simple and pure-hearted people, so poor and so content, so wronged and so patient, so despised and so noble, one realizes the divine power of religion. Whithersoever our little

systems of thought may lead us, whatsoever mysteries of nature they may reveal, nothing that they can give us could compensate for the loss of honest faith and child-like trust in God. Whatever may be, this is the best. Better to die in a hovel, yearning for God and trusting to him, than without hope "to walk all day, like the sultan of old, in a garden of spice." The first and deepest impression made upon me in travelling through Ireland was that it is a country consecrated by unutterable suffering. The shadow of an almost divine sorrow is still upon the land. Each spot is sacred to some sad memory. Ruined castles tell how her proudest families were driven into exile or reduced to beggary; roofless cathedrals and crumbling abbeys proclaim the long martyrdom of her bishops and priests; tenantless cottages and deserted villages speak of the multitudes turned upon the road to die, or, with weary step, to seek shelter in a foreign land. We pass through desolate miles of waste lands that might be reclaimed, through whole counties that have been turned into sheep and cattle pastures, through towns once busy, now dead; and John Mitchel's cry of anguish, when last year, in triumphal funeral march, he went to meet the electors of Tipperary, strikes upon the ear: "My God, my God, where are my people?"

Go to the abandoned ports of Wexford, of Youghal, of Waterford, of Galway, and you will be told of ships, freighted with human souls, that sailed away and never returned. It seemed to me on those silent shores that I could still hear the wail of countless mothers, wringing their hands and weeping for the loss of children whom a cruel fate had torn from them. Was ever history so sad as Ireland's? Great calamities have befallen other nations—they have been wasted by war and famine, trodden in the dust by invading barbarians; but their evils have had an end. In Ireland the sword has never wearied of blood. "The wild deer and wolf to a covert may flee," but her people have had no refuge from famine and danger. Without home and country, they have stood for centuries with the storm of fate beating upon their devoted heads, and in their long night of woe some faint glimmer of hope has shone out, only suddenly to disappear, leaving the darkness blacker. True were the poet's words of despair:

"There are marks on the fate of each clime, there are turns in the fortunes of men,
But the changes of realms or the chances of time shall never restore thee again.
Thou art chained to the wheel of the foe by links which the world cannot sever;
With thy tyrant through storm and through calm shalt thou go,
And thy sentence is—'Banished for ever.'

Thou art doomed for the vilest to toil; thou art left for the proud to disdain;
And the blood of thy sons and the wealth of thy soil shall be lavished, and lavished in vain.
Thy riches with taunts shall be taken; thy valor with gibes is repaid;
And of millions who see thee now sick and forsaken, not one shall stand forth in thy aid.
In the nations thy place is left void; thou art lost in the list of the free.
Even realms, by the plague or the earthquake destroyed, are revived; but no hope is for thee."

I stood in Glendalough, by the lake

"Whose gloomy shore
Skylark never warbles o'er."

The sun was just sinking to rest behind St. Kevin's Hill, covered with the purple heather-bloom. There was not a sound in the air, but all the mountains and the valley held their breath, as if the spirits of the monks of old were felt by them in this hour, in which, in the ages gone, the song of prayer and praise rose up to God from the hearts of believing men, and all the plain and the hillsides

were vocal with sweet psalmody. Here, a thousand years ago and more, a city grew up, raised by the power of holiness. To St. Kevin flocked men who sought the better way, and the Irish people, eternally drawn to religion and to their priests, gathered round, and Glendalough was filled with the multitude of believers. Those were the days which St. Columba sang when in far-off Iona he remembered his own sweet land: "From the high prow I look over the sea, and great tears are in my gray eye when I turn to Erin—to Erin, where the songs of the birds are so sweet, and where the monks sing like the birds; where the young are so gentle and the old so wise; where the great men are so noble to look at, and the women so fair to wed."

From St. Kevin to St. Lawrence O'Toole, Glendalough was the home of saints. When the Norman came, in the twelfth century, there was a bishop there. The hills were dotted with the hermitages of anchorets, and above the seven churches rose the round tower in imperishable strength. To-day there is left only the dreariness and loneliness of the desert. The hills that once were covered with rich forests of oak are bare and bleak; the cathedral is in ruins; the churches are crumbling walls and heaps of stones; the ground is strewn with fragments of sculptured crosses and broken pillars; and amid this wreck of a world are mingled in strange confusion the tombs of saints and princes and the graves of peasants. Still stands the round tower in lonely majesty, like a sentinel of heaven, to watch for ever over the graves of God's people. What a weight of awe falls upon us amid these sacred monuments! We speak not, and scarcely breathe. An unknown power draws us back into the dread bosom of the past. The freshness of life dies out of us; we grow to the spot, and feel a kinship with stones which re-echoed the footsteps of saints, which resounded with the voice of prayer. It seems almost a sacrilege to live when the great and the good lie dead at our feet.

But why stop we here? Is not Ireland covered with ruins as reverend and as sad as these? Throughout the land they stand

> "As stands a lofty mind,
> Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd,
> All tenantless, save to the crannying wind,
> Or holding dark communion with the cloud."

What need of history's blood-stained page to tell the sad story of Ireland's wrongs and Ireland's woes? O'Connell never spoke as speak these roofless cathedrals, these broken walls and crumbling arches, these fallen columns and shattered crosses. The traveller who in Jerusalem beholds the weary and worn children of Israel sitting in helpless grief amid the scattered stones of Solomon's Temple, need not be told how the enemies of the Holy City compassed her about; how the sword and famine and the devouring flame swallowed up the people; how her walls were broken down, her holy of holies profaned, her priests slaughtered, her streets made desolate, until not a stone was left upon a stone.

The massacres of Wexford and Drogheda; the confiscation in a single day of half the land of Ireland; the driving her people into the ports of Munster to be shipped to regions of pestilence and death; the expulsion of every Catholic from the rich fields of Ulster; the exile of the whole nation beyond the Shannon; the violated treaty of Limerick, are but episodes in this

tragedy of centuries. Even the Penal Code, the most hideous and inhuman ever enacted by Christian or pagan people, tells but half the story.

That the Irish Catholic had for centuries been held in bondage by a law which violated every good and generous sentiment of the human heart, I knew. He could not vote, he could not bear witness, he could not bring suit, he could not sit on a jury, he could not go to school, he could not teach school, he could not practise law or medicine, he could not travel five miles from his home; he could own nothing which he might not be forced to give up or renounce his faith; he could not keep or use any kind of weapon, even in self-defence; his children were offered bribes to betray him; he could not hear Mass, he could not receive the sacraments; in his death-agony the priest might not be near to console him. All this I knew, and yet I had never realized the condition to which such inhuman legislation must reduce a people. That this Code, which Montesquieu said must have been contrived by devils, and which Burke declared to be the fittest instrument ever invented by man to degrade and destroy a nation, had failed to accomplish its fiendish purpose, I also knew. The Irish people, deprived of everything, and almost of the hope of ever having anything in this world, remained superior to fate. With a fidelity to religious conviction without example in the history of the world, they retained the chastity, the unbroken courage, the cheerful temper and generous love which had always distinguished them; and that in travelling among them I should find it more and more impossible to doubt of this was but what I had expected. But the generous, pure, and simple character of the people only made the impression which I received of the frightful wrongs and sufferings which have been and are still inflicted upon them the more painful.

There is not in the civilized world another country where the evils of tyranny and misrule are so manifest. One cannot help but feel that Ireland does not belong to the Irish. It is not governed in their interest; it is not made to contribute to their welfare or happiness. They are not taken into account by its rulers; their existence is considered accidental; a fact which cannot be ignored, but which it is hoped time, with famine, poverty, and petty persecution such as the age allows, will eliminate. The country belongs to a few men who have no sympathy with the mass of the people, who do not even desire to have any. They are for the most part the descendants of needy adventurers who, under Elizabeth, Cromwell, and William of Orange, obtained as a reward of their servility or brutality the confiscated lands of Ireland; or if they belong to the ancient families, they inherit their wealth from ancestors who owed it to a double apostasy from God and their country. It was these men, and not England, who enacted the Irish Penal Code. They are the traditional enemies of Ireland, sucking out her life-blood and trampling in contempt upon her people. They have filled the land with mourning and death, with the wail of the widow and the cry of the orphan; they have freighted the ships which have borne the Irish exiles to every land under heaven; they have within our own memory crowded her highways with homeless and starving

multitudes; have pushed out her people to make room for sheep and cattle; in ten years have taken from her three millions of her children. My heart grew sick of asking to whom the domains through which I was passing belonged. It seemed to me that the people owned nothing, that the *paucis vivitur humanum genus* was truer here than ever in ancient Rome. The very houses in which the Irish peasantry live tell the sad tale that in their own country they are homeless. Like the Israelites in Egypt, they must stand with loins girt and staff in hand, ready to move at a moment's warning. If the little hut shelter them for a season, it is enough; for another year may find them where rolls the Oregon or on the bitter plains of Australia. Ask them why they build not better houses, plant not trees and flowers, to surround with freshness and beauty that family-life which to them is so pure and so sweet; they will answer you that they may not, they dare not. The slightest evidence of comfort would attract the greedy eye of the landlord; the rent would be raised, and he who should presume to give such ill-example would soon be turned adrift. The great lord wants cabins which he can knock down in a day to make room for his sheep and cattle; he wants arguments to prove that the Irish people are indolent, improvident, an inferior race, unfit for liberty. I know that there are landlords who are not heartless. The people will tell you more than you wish to hear of the goodness of Lord Nincompoop, of the charity of Lord Fiddlefaddle. The intolerable evil is that the happiness or misery of a whole people should be left to the chance of an Irish landlord not being a fool and yet having a heart. To any other people who had suffered from an aristocracy the hundredth part of what has been borne by the Irish, the very name of "lord" would carry with it the odium of unutterable infamy; among any other people the state of things which, in spite of all the progress that has been made, still exists in Ireland, would breed the most terrible and dangerous passions. For my own part, I could not look upon the castles and walled-in parks which everywhere met my view without feeling my heart fill with a bitterness which I could rarely detect in those with whom I spoke. What it was possible to do has been done to hide the land itself from the eyes of the people. Around Dublin you would think almost every house a prison, so carefully is it walled in. The poor, who must walk, are shut in by high and gloomy walls which forbid them even the consolation of looking upon the green hills and plains which surround that city. In the same way the landlords have taken possession of the finest scenery of the island. If you would see the Powerscourt waterfall, you must send your card to the castle and graciously beg permission. People who have no cards are not supposed to be able to appreciate the beauty of one of the most picturesque spots in Ireland. At the entrance to the Devil's Glen the traveller is stopped by huge iron gates, symbolical of those which Milton has described as grating harsh thunder on their turning hinges; and when he thinks he is about to issue forth again into the upper air, suddenly other gates frown upon him to remind him of the *lasciati ogni speranza voi ch'entrate*, of Dante. Mr. Herbert has taken possession of half the

Lakes of Killarney, and exacts a fixed toll from all who wish to see what ought to be as free to all as the air of heaven. If ten thousand dollars added to his annual income be a compensation for such meanness, he is no doubt content. It is on the demesne of this gentleman that lies the celebrated ruin of Muckross Abbey. It stands embosomed in trees on a green slope, overlooking the Lower Lake, and commanding one of the loveliest views to be had anywhere. The taste of "the monks of old" in selecting sites for their monasteries was certainly admirable. A church was erected on this spot at a very early date, but was consumed by fire in 1192. The abbey and church, the ruins of which are now standing, were built in 1340, by one of the MacCarthys, Princes of Desmond, for Franciscan monks, who still retained possession of them at the time of Cromwell's invasion. A Latin inscription on the north wall of the choir asks the reader's prayers for Brother Thadeus Holen, who had the convent repaired in the year of our Lord 1626. That such a place should have remained in the possession of the monks for more than a century after the introduction of Protestantism is of itself enough to show to what extent the Catholic monuments of Ireland had escaped the destroyer's hand previous to the incursion of the Cromwellian vandals. The ruins of Muckross Abbey have successfully withstood the power of Time's effacing finger. The walls, which seem to have been built to stand for ever, are as strong to-day as they were five hundred years ago; and to render the monastery habitable nothing would be required but to replace the roof.

The library, the dormitories, the kitchen, the cellars, the refectory with its great fire-place, seem to be patiently waiting the return of the brown-robed sons of St. Francis; and in the corridors the silence, so loved of religious souls, is felt like the presence of holy spirits. In the centre of the court-yard there is a noble yew-tree, planted by the monks centuries ago. Its boughs droop lovingly over the roofless walls to shelter them from the storm. In the church the dead are sleeping, and among them some of Ireland's princes. In the centre of the choir a modern tomb covers the vault where in ancient times the MacCarthys Mor, and later the O'Donoghue Mor of the Glens, were interred. These are the opening lines of the lengthy epitaph:

> "What more could Homer's most illustrious verse
> Or pompous Tully's stately prose rehearse
> Than what this monumental stone contains
> In death's embrace, MacCarthy Mor's remains?"

This abbey, like most of the other sacred ruins of Ireland, is now used as a Catholic cemetery. No Protestant is buried here. Mr. Herbert, however, has got possession of it, and has secured the entrance with iron gates, which open only to golden keys. The living who enter here pay this needy gentleman a shilling, the dead half a crown. Elsewhere we find the same state of things. Even the most sacred relics of Ireland are in the hands of Protestants. It is not easy to find a more interesting collection of antiquities than that of the museum of the Royal Irish Academy in Dublin; but the pleasure which we experience in contemplating these evidences of the ancient civilization of the Irish people is mingled with pain when we see that even their holiest relics have been taken from them and given to those who have no sympathy with the struggles and

triumphs with which these objects are associated. We have here, for instance, the "Sweet-sounding" bell of St. Patrick, together with its cover or shrine, which is a fine specimen of the art of the goldsmith as it flourished in Ireland before the Norman invasion. Here, too, is preserved the famous "Cross of Cong," upon which is inscribed the name of the artist by whom it was made for Turlough O'Conor, father of Roderick, the last native king of Ireland. No finer piece of work in gold is to be found in any country of Western Europe. Those who examine it will be able to form an opinion of the state of the metallurgic and decorative arts in Ireland before she had been blessed by English civilization. Another object of even greater interest is a casket of bronze and silver which formerly enclosed a copy of the Gospels that belonged to St. Patrick. The leaves of this, the most ancient Irish manuscript, have become agglutinated through age, so that they now form a solid mass. Another manuscript, almost as ancient and not less famous, is a Latin version of the Psalms which belonged to St. Columba. This is the copy which is said to have led to the exile of the saint and to the founding of his monastery. This was the battle-book of the O'Donnells, who in war always bore it with them as their standard.

One cannot contemplate the exquisite workmanship and precious material of these book-shrines without being struck by the extraordinary care with which the ancient Irish preserved their manuscripts. These sacred relics bear testimony at once to their religious zeal and to their love of learning. They carry us back to the time when Ireland was the home of saints and doctors; when from every land those who were most eager to serve God and to improve themselves flocked to her shores, to receive there the warm welcome which her people have ever been ready to give to the stranger who comes among them with peaceful purpose. Those were the days of her joy and her pride; the glorious three centuries during which she held the intellectual supremacy of the world; during which her sons were the apostles of Europe, the founders of schools, and the teachers of doctors. Never did a nation give more generously of its best and highest life than Ireland in that age. These emblems of her faith and her science are in the hands of her despoiler.

The great schools of Lismore and Armagh are no more. No more in the streets of her cities are heard all the tongues of Europe, which at matin hymn and vesper song lose themselves in the unity and harmony of the one language of the church. They who were eager to teach all men were forbidden to learn. Knowledge was made impossible, and they were reproached with ignorance. But the end is not yet. In contemplating the past we must not forget the present, nor the future which also belongs to Ireland. The dark clouds which so long have wrapped her like a shroud are breaking. In the veins of her children the full tide of life is flowing, warm and strong, as in the day when Columba in his wicker-boat dared the fury of the waves, or Brian drove the Dane into the sea, or Malachi wore the collar of gold. They are old and yet young; crowned with the glories of two thousand years, they look with eyes bright with youthful hope to a future whose splendor shall make the past seem as darkness.

LETTERS OF A YOUNG IRISHWOMAN TO HER SISTER.

FROM THE FRENCH.

JUNE 1, 1868.

WHAT a beautiful Whitsuntide, *carissima!* Only a minute ago Marcella was singing to me the *Tarantella della Madonna*, "*Pie di Grotta.*" Do you recollect the pretty child in rags who used to make such long trills and quavers as she tossed back her dark tresses? How far off now, dear Kate, seems our time at Naples!

Margaret sends me a *summons* to go to her. I answer by telling her how it is that we are detained in Brittany until July. You can understand what the family journey will then be. Oh! it is so sweet and good a thing to be together that it costs much to each one of us to absent ourselves from the rest even for a day.

We have had High Mass and Vespers worthy of a cathedral. On leaving the chapel Anna, whose musical organization leaves nothing to desire, threw herself into my arms, exclaiming: "It must be like that in Paradise!" We all had the same impression. What worldly festivities are worth ours?

This morning a walk with René in the woods, among the thyme and early dew. Made a resolution to go out in this way every day, quietly, before a single shutter is opened. We pray and meditate. René draws me on to heights of faith and love. If you heard him when he walks out with the twins! And how they listen to him, with their large eyes fixed on his!

Would you like to have news of Isa? "She is very thin," Margaret tells me, "but is still beautiful; she personifies the angel of charity. The good she does all around her will never be known. Make haste, then, dear, and come; it is not good of you thus to refuse yourself to our desires."

God keep you, my dear Kate!

LA TARANTELLA DELLA MADONNA, PIE DI GROTTA.

(*Neapolitan Ballad.*)

O lark that singest sweetly
At the rising of the sun,
Whose blithe wing bears thee fleetly
To where the day's begun!
Rise, rise through rosy skies
To the gate of Paradise.

At that gate so fair
What should be my quest?
Shall I enter Paradise
With the angels blest?

Thou shalt pray our Mother fair,
With azure eyes and golden hair,
To touch our fruits with ripening hand,
And bless the harvests of our land.
By her soft eyes bending down,
Watching over field and town—
Eyes more fair than fairest day
That from heaven hath strayed away—
Entreat her from her throne above
Thus to recompense our love.

O my friends! I will do so,
At the gate of Paradise:
To Mary with the brow of snow
I will breathe your ardent sighs.

O lark that singest sweetly
At the rising of the sun,
Whose blithe wing bears thee fleetly
To where the day's begun!
Rise, rise through rosy skies
To the gate of Paradise.

While at that gate so dear
Your Mother I do pray
To bless your hopes alway,
Friends, what will appear?

Thou shalt see our Mother there,
On her throne of rubies rare;
On her head the diamond crown
Set thereon by Christ, her Son;

Queen is she of Paradise.
Mercy raineth from her eyes,
Pity flows from out her hands
Unto all the furthest lands.
Heaven makes music round her throne,
Happiness dwells there alone.
Thou shalt see her shining fair,
More bright than envied princes are—
Our Queen all powerful, yet all sweet,
With the sun beneath her feet.

O friends! my heart would leave its place,
The brightness daze my eyes.
Were I to look on Mary's face,
The Queen of Paradise.

O lark that singest sweetly
At the rising of the sun,
Whose blithe wing bears thee fleetly
To where the day's begun!
Rise, rise through rosy skies
To the gate of Paradise.

And at that threshold dread
Where all the angels throng,
When the golden gates are open spread,
What theme shall wake my song?

To our Mother shalt thou say
That for her hearts burn alway;
That to us her love's more sweet
Than native flowers to exiles' feet;
That her image graven deep
On our hearts doth never sleep;
That gazing from this earthly shore,
Above its tumult and its roar,
In dreams that come like blessed balm,
We see her heaven's unshaken calm.

I go, I go! Sweet friends, good-by;
For you to Paradise I fly.

Dearest, the French is not equal to the naive language of the brown little Neapolitan girl.

JUNE 12, 1868.

I have been ill, my beloved sister. What trouble they have all been giving themselves on my account! Happily, it was nothing—fever, headache, and general indisposition. The doctor orders much exercise, and from to-morrow we organize a cavalcade. Adrien has had some superb horses brought here; what riding parties we shall have!

But sadness mingles with joy. Lucy's mother is very ill. They have just set out; will they arrive too late? Oh! this journey, how full it will be of anxiety and apprehension.

A despatch. . . . Poor Lucy! the goodness of God has spared her that last moment, so full of cruel distress and yet of ineffable hope—she did not see her mother die! What mourning! Why is death like our shadow, pitilessly mowing down the existences which are dearer to us than our own? But to what purpose is it to ask *why?* There is more true wisdom in a *fiat* than in curious researches. On Whitsunday, at the "drawing" of the gifts of the Holy Spirit, my lot was the *Gift of Picty*—love of God and of all that belongs to his service; and the *Fruit of Patience*—generous acceptance of the crosses God sends us. Must I own to you that this gift made me afraid? Oh! if my happiness were to be destroyed. You will be scolding me for this dreaming, and you will say to me with Mgr. Landriot: "If you would keep mind and body in a healthy condition, avoid with extreme care these states of reverie—the habit of taking aerial flights in which the heart and understanding exhaust themselves on emptiness." Dear Kate, my dreams speak but of heaven.

Marcella, so long a captive beneath the yoke of others, regards independence as the first of terrestrial benefits; on this subject our opinions differ. The poor *Prisoner* was quite right when he said to the swallows:

Il n'est dans cette vie
Qu'un bien digne d'envie:
La liberté!" *

Yes, assuredly, liberty is a great good, and therefore it is that our soul has been made free, perfectly free. And how sweet it is to feel one's self free, and to bend generously beneath the yoke of love and sacrifice! One of our first instincts is

* There is in this life but one possession worthy of envy—Liberty.

the need of liberty, and even the word alone has in it a magic which carries the mind away with it, and at critical times becomes the rallying word of revolutions. O my God! grant that I may love only the holy freedom of thy children—that freedom which can never be taken from me. Deliver the captives—the captives of the world, and above all of sin! Deliver also Ireland!

Visits: an entire family, antique in dress and appearance, but modern in language, grace, and heart. Good Bretons!—I love them. This valiant faith, this sublime indignation, these courageous protestations for the church and her Head in a race of granite, is an incomparable spectacle. Brittany has indeed done well to preserve its customs, its manners, and its ancient faith eternally young and living. One of these ladies questioned us about Paris, whither she wishes to accompany her son, who is attacked by the fever of the times. I admire her maternal devotion. Imagine the astonishment of this *Bretonne* in the capital of *mud and gold!*

Dear Kate, Marcella and René have some *secrets* to tell you. Love from us all.

JUNE 16, 1868.

Our first ride has been most prosperous, dear sister. It was a nineteen—an unlucky day, declares the superstitious Marianne. What matters?—God protects us. "Who loves me follows me!" cried Adrien, and away we went, cantering after him through the thickets. Don't suppose our expedition was for nothing but pleasure, however legitimate, but to make a wide circuit of poor. What store of benedictions we gathered on our way! A worthy *tad coz** in his enthusiasm kissed the hem of Marcella's riding-habit, saying: "It is certainly a saint who is come to us." (Marcella already speaks Breton as if it were Italian.)

We had taken provisions with us, and did not get home until nine o'clock, tired out, but so happy! My mother followed us in the carriage. She must be interested and have a little variety at any price; the death of her friend (the mother of our sister) has greatly impressed her. "It is," she says, "the herald to warn me of the approach of my own death." May God spare her to us!

Yesterday, soon after day-break, the carriages were in readiness in front of the entrance for a visit to the old *divor*, as the Poles would call it: a sort of pilgrimage . . . to the *saint of the sea-coast.* It is so distant that we accepted an invitation to stay the night, and are come home this evening, not at all fatigued. We are to go there again, but have meanwhile obtained a kind promise. The *châtelaine of the lake* will be here on the 2d of July. How shall I describe her to you? On our way back we were speaking of the *prestige* of beauty, and Adrien quoted the words of an educational professor who says: "I have passionately loved both nature and study; the fine arts have also made me feel the power of their charms; but among all things under the sun I have found nothing comparable to man when he unites noble sentiments to physical beauty. He is truly the *chef-d'œuvre* of the creation." "I have often thought," observed René, "that, God being infinite and sovereign Beauty, physical beauty is a reflection of the divine. Without sin man would never have been ugly or plain. We have in the soul the instinct of

* Good or worthy father (old).

beauty, the love of the beautiful under every form; and although we say and know very well that human beauty passes in a day, that it is nothing, nevertheless there is no one living who has not some time in his life experienced the unique and irresistible charm which is shed around her by a creature who to high qualities of mind and heart joins the attraction of beauty and regularity of countenance." And my mother: "The saints have a kind of beauty which I prefer to every other; it is like a transfiguration. This miserable mortal envelope which covers the soul becomes in some sort transparent, so that one can see the peace, the calm and serenity, of this interior in which God dwells by his grace and love. The sight of a saint is a foretaste of Paradise. Oh! how beautiful must the angels be. Why cannot our mortal eyes behold those who are here, near to us?" "As Lamartine says," added Marcella:

"Tout mortel a le sien; cet ange protecteur,
Cet invisible ami veille autour de son cœur;
L'inspire, le conduit, le relève s'il tombe,
Le reçoit au berceau, l'accompagne à la tombe,
Et portant dans les cieux, son âme entre ses mains,
La présente en tremblant au Maître des humains." *

Dear Kate, do you not love these pious natures amongst whom God has placed me? "Great souls, great souls," exclaimed a bishop—"I seek them, but I find them not; I call them, and none answer!" Yet some there are in France, and especially in Brittany.

* Each mortal has his own; this protecting angel,
This invisible friend, keeps watch around his heart;
Inspires and guides, uplifts him if he fall,
Receives him at the cradle, stays by him to the tomb,
And, bearing up to heaven his soul within his arms,
Presents it, trembling, to the Lord of all.

In the midst of the refinement of luxury and effeminacy of the times in which we live, everything dwindles and diminishes; people act in the midst of narrow and despicable interests; the life of the heart is daily deteriorating, and "soon we shall know no longer how to love with that generous love which thinks not of self, but whose self-devotion places its happiness in the felicity of others." How happy a thing, then, is it to take refuge near to God, and within a circle where he is loved!

I spoke of you to the *saint of the sands*. Let us love each other, dear Kate.

JUNE 22, 1868.

Fénelon said: "Education, by a capable mother, is worth more than that which is to be had at the best of convents." This often comes into my mind when I see Berthe cultivating with so much care the two choice plants whose fragrance mounts so sweetly up to God. The surname of *duchesse* is abandoned for ever. At Mass, on the 1st of January, Thérèse made the resolution to acquire humility; and she has attained it. How many charming actions the angels must have seen with joy! Her countenance, naturally haughty and self-asserting, has gained an expression of sweetness and gentleness. She is delightful; and what efforts it has cost her! Her mother has seconded, helped, and sustained her. Raoul, the greater part of whose time is absorbed in his literary labors, has not transferred to any one his own share in the education of his daughters. Kate, since my marriage I have regretted more deeply than ever that I never knew my father. I did not know before from what strength of affection we had been severed. Thank

God! so long as my mother lived her heart was enough for us. Kind, saintly mother! how I bless her memory. The twins no longer wear anything but white. It reminds me of the early Christians' preparation for baptism. Their thoughtfulness is my admiration. They count the days with a holy eagerness; they ask us for the hymns of Expectation. We are making a retreat with them, and all our friends of Brittany will fill the chapel on the 2d of July. This is a memorable date in the family—the birthday of Raoul, Berthe, and the twins. What a coincidence!—the wedding-day of the former, and the anniversary of our mother's First Communion. Marcella is singing:

"O jour trois fois heureux! O jour trois fois béni! Viens remplir tous nos cœurs d'un bonheur infini!" *

Anna has this year shared in the life of the twins; she is only eleven years old. Her mother hesitated, but M. le Curé has just given his decision, and the delicate child embraced me with transports. She also will be at the holy table; she also, clothed in white. "Entreat Mme. Kate to pray for me." Sweet little dove!

Evening.—Do you know what I have just heard? The good little hearts! Unknown to every one, even to the vigilant Berthe, the twins and Anna rise every night to pray; and, besides this, they regularly deprive themselves of their *goûter* † for the benefit of a poor child who is also preparing herself for her First Communion. This child has on her arm a horrible wound, and our little saints kiss it on their knees. Do you not think you are reading the *Acta Sanctorum?*

Of the three, Picciola is still the most fervent. I am suspected of partiality with regard to her. Oh! if you saw her kneeling in the chapel, when a ray of sunshine plays upon her fair locks, you would say she was an angel. Dearest Kate, the great day draws near! I say nothing about our processions, our lovely *reposoirs*, the babies scattering roses—I should write until tomorrow. Pray with me.

JUNE 26, 1868.

Dearest, I feel tired after my walk on the sands, and would fain rest myself with you, and talk to you again of the twins and of Anna, whose joy makes me fear for her, so fragile is her pretty frame. Marcella has given me a holiday from my Greek; she and Berthe no more quit their darlings. And I, who have no maternal rights over these almost celestial souls, leave them a little to their mutual happiness, and isolate myself the more with René. Our subjects of conversation are always grave—God, heaven, eternity. We had visitors on the 24th; beautiful fires of St. John in the evening. O son of Elizabeth and Zacharias, voice of one crying in the desert, the greatest among the children of men! give me of your humility, your love of penitence and sacrifice.

Isa sends me a few lines, all enkindled with the love of God. Sarah, returned from Spain, is much amused at certain *hidalgos*, and quotes me the words of Shakspere: "Were it only for their noses, one would take them for the counsellors of Pepin or Clothair, so high do they carry them and so imposing is their mark."

I have not told you of our *fête*

* O thrice happy, thrice blessed day! come to fill all our hearts with infinite happiness.

† A slight refreshment taken by French children between the morning and evening meal.

on the 19th for the twenty-second anniversary of the elevation of the holy and venerated Pius IX. to the pontificate. What will arise out of all the trials of the Papacy? Solomon, after tasting every kind of enjoyment and happiness, exclaimed: "Vanity of vanities! all is vanity." It is deeply sad hitherto, but consolation will come at last; it is like a ray from heaven. "All is vanity, except to love God and serve him." Let us love, then, let us serve, God, who is so full of love. Everything is there! Isa writes to me: "When shall we say, *Quotidie morior?*" Alas! I have not arrived at this perfection.

My good René has published, in an English periodical, a remarkable article, about which I want to have your opinion. .We are convinced here that no means ought to be neglected that may serve the cause of God, and that every Catholic's sphere of action is wider than he thinks. Oh! how right you are, dear Kate. "All our actions ought to preach the Gospel."

Was present at a funeral yesterday evening—a young girl of fifteen. I thought of the beautiful verses by Brizeux on the death of Louise. What a picture!—the poor and lowly funeral train amid the magnificence of Nature, who gave to the youthful dead that which was not afforded her by men. I seem still to behold the scene. The place, also, is suitable. I am in presence of God's fair creation; a thousand birds are singing around me. Oh! these nests, these poor little nests, *chef-d'œuvres* of love. They showed me lately a goldfinch's nest suspended as if by miracle at the extremity of a branch at an immense height.

Ce nid, ce doux mystère,
C'est l'amour d'une mère,
Enfants, n'y touchez pas!*

* This nest, this soft mystery, is a mother's love. Children, touch it not!

Children have an innate inclination for destruction. There are very few who think of the mother of the nestlings when they take possession of the nests; and the poet has reason to say to them:

Ne pouvant rien créer, il ne faut rien détruire,
Enfants, n'y touchez pas! *

May the angel of mercy spread his wing over the cradles and the nests, and may he protect you also, my beloved, and all of us with you!

JUNE 30, 1868.

The retreat and the singing take up all my time, dear Kate, but I want to tell you that Lucy has come back to us, pale and weak, and recommends herself to your prayers. Gaston was asking for me down there. There is something so sad in this deep mourning; but Lucy looks above this earth. Edouard's voice was wanting to our choir; it will be complete after to-morrow. Three poor children, clothed by your Georgina, will accompany our chosen ones.

The *saint of the sea-coast* arrives to-morrow. She will be lodged near to me. I wish she could be there always! Why cannot one gather together in one same place those whom one loves?

Kate dearest, René and all *Brittany* are for you.

JULY 2, 1868.

Quam dilecta tabernacula tua, Domine!

O Kate! what a day. And the vigil—the pious tears, the pardons, the benedictions, the *watching of the arms* in the chapel—how sweet it was! This morning Berthe asked me *to be the mother* of Madeleine. The sweet child was clad in her

* Being unable to create anything, you must destroy nothing. Children, touch it not!

virginal robes in my room. She was touched, but not afraid. When ready to go down, she asked my blessing. Oh! it is I rather who would have wished for hers. Then the Mass, the hymns, the exhortations; then, as in a dream, these fair apparitions prostrate before the altar, and God within our souls. What happiness for one day to contain!

The saintly *châtelaine* was there, absorbed in God. The day has gone by like a flash of lightning. It is now eleven o'clock, and I say with you the *Te Deum*. One of our neighbors was telling me this evening of a lady whose little daughter, pious as an angel, shed tears, the evening of her First Communion, for regret that the day was at an end. This circumstance inspired the happy mother to write a charming poem, which ended something as follows:

Peu de jours dans la vie offrent assez de charmes
Pour qu'on pleure le soir en les voyant finir!*

Marcella wept in the chapel. Happy mother; beloved children; blessed house; incomparable day!

The saint is really a saint. Hear this: "Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament visits me every morning; I know not how it is that I do not die of love. God has allowed me everywhere to meet with souls who understand mine, and who have loved me!"

Good-night, my sister.

I whispered to *my daughter:*

My own sweet child, O soul all pure and fair!
Pray, pray with me where holy feet have trod,
And let thy sinless pleading on the air
Mount like a perfume upwards to thy God!

For the poor mother who her son doth weep
A last farewell in tears that rain like blood,
Let thy prayer, angel, mount the starry steep—
Mount like a perfume upwards to thy God!

For the poor orphan, who in dire distress
Alone by fireless hearth hath famished stood,
Oh! let thy prayer, with sister's tenderness,
Like a sweet perfume mount towards thy God!

For the poor sinner who from God would flee,
Who dies and turns him from the saving Rood,
Oh! let thy prayer rise upward pleadingly—
Like a sweet perfume mount towards thy God!

For all the weary souls who weep and wail
To the sweet Virgin raise thy voice aloud;
Let thy clear tones for those who die and fail
Like saving perfume rise towards thy God!

* Few are the days in life which offer charms enough
To make us weep when evening brings their close.

I used to say this at Venice to the pretty little Rutti, the little American girl; do you remember her? Oh! how well she used to pray, this little dove from the New World. Dear, I should like to cross the ocean to have a nearer view of that unknown land which attracts me so much, with its freedom, its immense spaces, its splendid vegetation, and its beautiful sun! But, nevertheless, it is not Ireland, my country, and the land of memories!

God keep you!

JULY 6, 1868.

Dear Kate, in two days we start for my dear green Erin, to the great joy of Marcella, who is an enthusiast about O'Connell. Margaret feels a *thrill*, she tells me, at the sound of a carriage. It is high time to make acquaintance with the handsome baby. René has left me to accompany *the saint*, whom I would fain have taken with us. She smiled sadly in answer to my proposal: "The aged tree that grows in lonely places cannot thus be rooted up."

The *Annales Orléanaises* speak of nothing but deaths: the Abbé Debeauvais, Curé of St. Thomas d'Aquin, has just died at Mgr. Dupanloup's; Madame de Bannand; the Abbé Rocher, almoner of the prisons, etc., etc. Prince Michael of Servia has been assassinated: it is almost ancient history. I must

see to my packages; so good-by for the present, until we are with *la belle Anglaise.*

JULY 19, 1868.

It is from England, and from Margaret's magnificent residence, that I now think of you, dear Kate. A quick passage, splendid weather, everybody well and strong, including baby Gaston. Lord William was waiting for us on the pier; we were soon in the carriage, and next day in the arms of Margaret, who cannot *fête* us enough. The children have already become used to English ways, to this people of many footmen, to this pomp and splendor, and to the beauties of the *Isle of Saints.* Margaret is in the full bloom of her happiness; her child is superb, and resembles her.

Dear, dear Kate, how much I enjoy being here! What emotion I felt on setting foot on this soil, Breton also, but different from the other! I wept much, and feel ready to weep again. What is wanting to me? You, you, and the best beloved of mothers! But you are both of you with God—my mother in the heaven of heavens, and you in the heaven upon earth! *Laus Deo,* nevertheless, and for ever.

Marcella understood the inward grief I felt, and delicately offered me her friendly consolations. We shall soon see Isa. I shall undertake the *pilgrimage of friendship* with René, in which all the family will join us: Mme. de T—— has so arranged it, you can imagine with what thought. Meanwhile, we are enjoying Margaret's splendid hospitality. Her mother-in-law pleases me. These few lines are only to say good-day.

JULY 24, 1868.

Adrien has brought here the numbers of the magazine containing the articles on "Notre Dame de Lourdes," by Henri Lasserre. We want to persuade our dear English friends to make this pilgrimage with us in November.

We have just come from London. How many things to see and to show!

This morning, our dear convent of ——. I was very happy and delighted; I love so much to meet friends again, and especially these convent meetings—there is something so heavenly about them. Under these black veils it seems as if nothing changes. When a child I used to wonder because nuns did not seem to me to grow older.

Ici viennent mourir les derniers bruits du monde:
Nautonniers sans rivage, abordez, c'est le port.*

This life of union with God, and devotion to souls, has within it something divine. We know not how great is the calm and serenity resulting from the lofty choice of these hearts. To belong to God in the religious life is heaven begun. Doubtless there, as elsewhere, there are sufferings, trials, and crosses; the separation from all those most dear to one, the crushing of nature, the complete and absolute separation from everything which can charm in this world, to give one's self exclusively to God, in prayer and love, is a beautiful thing, but no one, I think, can say that it is free from pain. Assuredly the exchange of terrestrial affections for those which are imperishable cannot be regarded as a loss, and yet what tears there are in this last farewell of the religious, who while living consents to die to all her affections!

Dear Kate, we spoke of you. How they love us in this peaceful place of refuge!

* Hither the world's last echoes come to die:
Land, shipwrecked mariners; the port is here.

Oui, c'est un de ces lieux, où notre cœur sent vivre
Quelque chose des cieux qui flotte et qui l'enivre;
Un de ces lieux qu'enfant j'aimais et je rêvais,
Dont la beauté sereine, inépuisable, intime,
Verse à l'âme un oubli sérieux et sublime
De tout ce que la terre et l'homme ont de mauvais!*

16th.—Prayed much for France. "Since this morning," my mother said to me, "I have continually before my eyes the scaffold and the pale and noble countenance of Marie Antoinette." Poor saintly queen! what a life and what a martyr's death. After the first days of enchantment which followed her arrival in France, what a long succession of troubles! This Dauphine of fifteen years old was so exquisitely beautiful that the Maréchal de Brissac could say to her, in his chivalrous language: "Madame, you have there before your eyes two hundred thousand men enamored of your person"; and a few years later the people cried, "Death to the Austrian!" Never had woman such a destiny. The Greeks could not imagine a great soul in a body that had no beauty, nor beauty of person without a noble soul. Marie Antoinette would have been their idol, their goddess. O holy martyrs of the Temple! pray for France.

The magazine contains a story still more interesting than *Fabiola*, if that is possible: *Virginia; or, Rome under Nero.*

19th.—Feast of St. Vincent de Paul, this man of miracles, this humble and great saint, whose memory will live as long as the world, who founded admirable works, who created the Sister of Charity—this marvel, whom even the impious admire, whom the poor and needy, the aged, the infirm, the wounded, call "sister"; whom one finds tending abandoned children; at the asylum, the hospital, on the field of battle, and in the prison. O charity!

Letter from Sister Louise, who is, it seems to me, drawing near to her Eternity. She tells me that labor has worn out her strength, that she cannot write any more, and sends me two very beautiful little pictures, which have a sacredness in my eyes as the gift of a dying person. Is Heaven so soon about to claim this sweet cloister-flower?

Kate, darling, you see that I cannot lose my favorite habit of confiding to you my thoughts. Oh! why are you not here, admiring Margaret, resplendent with youth, freshness, and joy? She is going to write to you, to ask news of Zoë, etc.

God keep you, my beloved sister!

JULY 29, 1868.

Have I said anything to you about Margaret's park? of her conservatory, worthy of Italy, and where Marcella would like always to remain? of her birds? of all the fairy-land which she knows so well how to make us enjoy? Lucy's mourning prevents our hosts from issuing many invitations; but how much I prefer our home-party as it is!

Long excursions among the mountains. Many projects for next year. Margaret desires that a friendly compact should be agreed to, which would be a continual interchange of visits: Brittany, England, Ireland, Orleans, and Hyères would by turns receive our Penates. O dreams of youth, O balmy days, which never will return! stay with us long.

Yesterday Lord B——, who had

*"Yes, 'tis one of those abodes where our heart feels itself enlivened by something of heaven which floats around it—one of those abodes which as a child I loved, and of which I used to dream, whose beauty, serene, inexhaustible, penetrating, sheds upon the soul a serious and sublime forgetfulness of all that is evil on earth or in man."

heard of my arrival, hastened to come and see us. "What! so soon grown up, Miss Georgina?" he exclaimed, to the exceeding amusement of Alix.

To-morrow we start for Ireland, for my own home, where everything is in readiness for our arrival. What a sorrowful happiness! Gertrude lets me look through her manuscript books; the following lines which I found there you will read with as much admiration as myself:

"This morning Hélène asked to speak with me, and this day and hour I shall ever remember. The beloved child of my soul, of my thoughts, and of my heart desires to become a daughter of St. Teresa; she wishes to go, and speedily. I shall, then, see her no more but at long intervals and behind a threatening grating; another mother will give her her love, other hands than mine will guide her towards God. But she will be thine, O Lord! and, while yet young, I have felt too much the sorrows of this world not to be happy at seeing thee give to her the better part. Her avowals, her innocent confidence, her purity of soul and intention—all these appeared to me so peaceful that I also experienced an ineffable sense of inward peace. Go, then, since God calls thee, sweet angel of this home, in which thou wilt leave so great a void—go; father and mother will not refuse thee to God, and our prayers and blessings will follow thee!"

After these heavenly thoughts, dear Kate, I leave you.

August 6, 1868.

I have received your letter, dear sister, joy of my soul, and to-day must not pass away without my writing to you. *O deliciosa!* I behold Ireland again, my country, my universe, the first place in my heart, where I have loved my mother and you. O these memories!—the past and present uniting their happiness, their harmonies, and their sweetness.

The house is the same as ever—a bit of heaven fallen upon the earth! Prayed on our dear tombs. The rose-trees flourish which you planted there. The good Reginald does everything as well as possible, as he always does. But oh! to live here without you, to see your room—a reliquary which no one enters without me, and where I have put together whatever belonged to you. Dear, dear Kate, you say well that God has given me other sisters—sisters loving and beloved, but who cannot replace my Kate.

All the village came out to meet us. There were no songs—there were tears: the Irish understand one another. Poor martyr-country! I am seized with a longing desire to stay here to console these poor people. Our dogs were wild with delight, like that of Ulysses. Dear friend and sister, do not be uneasy; that which surmounts all else in my heart is peace, and peace founded on hope, as on a foundation of gold. God will deliver Ireland! He will give us back our forests and our hills, and we shall no more return to the condition of the proscribed. Do you remember the last book we read together, in the great drawing-room on the venerated spot where we used to see our mother? This book is still on a side-table, marked at the last page. It is Rosa Ferrucci, the charming Italian, who so loved Milton. Nothing is changed; the wide meadows, the splendid landscape, the sunsets behind the *giants of the park*, the gold-dust gleaming through the foliage, the

decline of day which we used so to admire together—I have seen it again in its fantastic magnificence—all is there, even to the smallest tufts of ivy: but the absent and the dead!

"And they also are present," René assures me. "They wish you to be courageous and truly Christian. Death does not separate souls."

A fraternal letter from Karl. "My heart feels all the impressions of yours in Ireland. I pray God that he may shed happiness upon your path, and I join in all your memories."

Isa, Lizzy, Mme. D——, and all our friends must come in turn, and all together. Isa is with me, pale as a marble Madonna, with a heavenly expression in her eyes. Her mother almost adores her, and clings to her in order to live. Mme. D—— fainted away on seeing me. Lizzy has recovered her gayety and petulance, and would fain enliven Isa. Where have I read some words of a Breton who, in speaking of a young girl called to the religious life, says, "Her heart is like a desert"? Such is Isa, athirst for God, in love with the ideal, a soul wounded with the thorny briers of life.

Margaret takes in several French newspapers. We are reading in the *Ouvrier*, *Les Faucheurs de la Mort*—the "Mowers of Death"—a historical drama of unhappy Poland. It is heartrending. Poland and Ireland, the two martyrs, understand each other. Will not God raise them up a liberator?

Darling Kate, what benedictions are showered upon you in return for your liberalities! What touching questions are put to me! O these good people! how I love them.

For the *first time* I am mistress of the house. René calms my scruples, and tells me that he is proud of me. O the evening prayers in our own tongue! Yesterday I thought I saw you in your old place, and nearly cried out.

Send me your good angel, O best-beloved of sisters! Send him to me in the land of O'Connell—

"First flower of the earth, first gem of the sea."

Dear Kate, I am going to enclose in my letter some beautiful lines by Marie Jenna, the sweet poetess who delights me so much. This poetry is almost *Irish* to my heart:

LE RETOUR.

Oui, je te reconnais, domaine de mon père,
Vieux château, champs fleuris, murs tapissés de lierre,
Où de mes jeunes ans s'abrita le bonheur;
Votre image a partout suivi le voyageur. . .
Vous souvient-il aussi des quatre têtes blondes
Qui si joyeusement formaient de folles rondes?
De nos rires bruyants, de nos éclats de voix,
Nous faisions retentir les échos des grands bois,
Sans craindre d'offenser leur majesté sereine,
Et plus insouciants que l'oiseau de la plaine.
Mais, ainsi qu'un parfum goutte à goutte épanché,
Le bonheur s'est tari dans mon sein desséché.
De ces bois, chaque été rajeunit la couronne,
La mienne est pour toujours flétrie au vent d'automne;
Au murmure des vents dans leurs rameaux touffus,
Au concert gracieux de leurs nids suspendus,
Au doux bruit du ruisseau qui borda leur enceinte,
Aujourd'hui je n'ai rien à mêler qu'une plainte:
Je ne ris plus. . . .

Puis sous le marronnier voici le banc de pierre
Où, pour nous voir de loin, s'asseyait notre mère.
Oh! comme elle était belle et comme nous l'aimions!
Oh! comme son regard avait de chauds rayons!
J'étais le plus petit: souvent lorsque mes frères
Gravissaient en courant les coteaux de bruyères,
Bien las, traînant des fleurs et des branches de houx,
Je revenais poser mon front sur ses genoux.
Alors en doux accents vibrait sa voix chérie,
Et dans mon sein d'enfant tombait la rêverie.
Et maintenant traînant mes pas irrésolus,
Parmi les chers débris de mes bonheurs perdus,
Et les pieds tout meurtris des cailloux de la route,
Je me retourne encor, je m'arrête et j'écoute:
Je n'entends plus. . . .

Et ce vieux monument, c'est toi, ma pauvre église,
A l'ombre d'un sapin cachant ta pierre grise.
J'ai salué de loin le sommet de ta croix
Qui scintille au soleil et domine les bois.
Ici, je m'en souviens, j'eus de bien belles heures,
Qui me faisaient rêver des celestes demeures;
Je contemplais, ravi, les séraphins ailés,
Les gothiques vitraux, les lustres éloignés.
J'entendais à la fois la prière du prêtre,
Et les petits oiseaux jasant à la fenêtre,
Les cantiques de l'orgue et des enfants de chœur,
Et l'ineffable voix qui parlait dans mon cœur. . . .
Oh! que Dieu soit béni! que les mains de l'enfance
Au pied de son autel, sainte arche d'alliance,
Des fleurs de nos sentiers répandent le trésor!
Qu'on brûle devant lui l'encens des urnes d'or!

Que tout vive et tressaille et chante en sa présence !
Le bonheur en fuyant m'a laissé l'espérance :
Je prie encor. . . *

Translation of the foregoing.

Yes, domain of my father, well I know thee again—
Old *château*, flowery fields, walls tapestried with ivy,
Which sheltered the happiness of my youthful years ;
Everywhere your image has followed the wanderer. . . .
Also, remember ye the four flaxen headed children
Who danced so joyously their merry rounds ?
Our noisy laughter and our cries and shouts
Made the wide woods re-echo ; nor did we fear
Thus to offend their majesty serene.
More careless we than wild birds of the plain ;
But like a perfume poured out drop by drop,
So happiness is dried up in my breast.
Each summer, of these woods renews the crown,
The autumn winds for ay have withered mine.
With the breeze murmuring in their tangled boughs,
With the sweet warblings from their hanging nests,
With the soft ripple of their engirdling stream,
Now can I mingle nothing but a moan :
I laugh no more.

See the stone bench beneath the chestnut shade,
Where mother sat, and watched us from afar.
How beautiful she was, and how we loved her !
And what warm rays beamed on us from her eyes !
I was the youngest ; often, when my brothers
Climbed up and ran upon the heathy banks,
I, wearily dragging my flowers and holly boughs,
Would go and lean my head against her knees,
And hear the gentle accents of her voice,
While on my childish heart a reverie fell.
Now I return again, I stop and listen ;
But hear no more. . . .

And this old building—it is thou, poor church,
Hiding thy gray stones 'neath the pine-tree's shade.
The summit of thy cross I hailed from far,
In sunshine gleaming, rising o'er the wood.
Here, I remember, happy hours I spent,
Which made me dream of heavenly abodes ;
I gazed, admiring, at the cherubim,
The Gothic windows, candelabra high.
I heard, together with the prayer of the priest,
The little birds about the windows chirping,
The organ, and the children of the choir,
And the ineffable voice within my heart. . . .
Blessed be God ! Ever may childhood's hands,
Before his altar, the sacred Ark of the Covenant,
Scatter the treasure of our way-side flowers !
May incense burn in golden urns before him !
May all things live, sing, gladden in his Presence !
Happiness, fleeing, still has left me hope :
And still I pray. . . .

I have wept over every line, dear sister ; but as for me, I laugh still, alas ! Oh ! what a treasure of memories hoarded within my soul of those fair years which your love made so sweet.

* Marie Jenna, *Elévations Poétiques et Religieuses.*

Would you like to have one of my relics, dearest ?

Souvenir d'Enfance.

C'était dans un bois, à l'ombre des chênes
Et de nos sept ans, fières toutes trois,
N'ayant pas encor ni chagrin ni peines,
Nous remplissions l'air du bruit de nos voix.

Nous chantions toujours, cherchant l'églantine,
La fraise sauvage et le joyeux nid,
Jouant follement sur la mousse fine,
Et dans ces ébats la nuit nous surprit.

Tremblantes de peur, dans la forêt sombre,
Et pleurant tout bas, craignant de mourir,
Quand autour de nous s'épaississait l'ombre,
Nous ne songions plus à nous réjouir.

Dieu ! quelle terreur ! Tout faisait silence.
Sur le vert gazon tombait par instants
Un rameau jauni, pour nous chute immense !
Ah ! quelle épouvante et quels grands tourments !

Mais un cri lointain, le cri de nos mères,
Un appel du cœur parvint jusqu'à nous ;
Nous vîmes là-bas briller des lumières.
Oh ! que ce moment pour toutes fut doux !

Quels tendres baisers, quels aimés sourires
Calmèrent soudain nos folles terreurs !
Après les sanglots nous eûmes les rires,
Et de nos récits tremblèrent nos sœurs.

Seigneur, que toujours, à l'heure d'alarmes,
Quand gronde l'orage, un ange gardien,
Une mère tendre arrête nos larmes,
Et pour nous guider nous donne la main ! *

* Memories of Childhood.

'Twas in a wood, in the shadow of the oaks,
We children three, all proud of our seven years,
Unknowing yet of trouble or of care,
With our resounding voices filled the air.

Singing we wandered seeking the eglantine,
Wild strawberries, and nests of singing birds,
Gambolling wildly on the fine, soft moss,
Till night o'ertook us in our careless play.

Trembling with fear, within the forest dark
We wept in silence, fearing we should die ;
And when around us thicker shadows fell,
Never, we thought, should we see joy again.

Heavens ! what terror. Everything was still.
On the green, mossy turf at times there fell
A withered branch, to us a fall immense ;
For oh ! what fear and torment were we in.

But hark ! a distant cry, our mother's call,
And loving voices reached our listening ears,
While through the wood we saw the gleam of lights—
Oh ! to us all what sweet relief and joy.

What tender kisses, and what welcome smiles,
Now quickly tranquillized our foolish fears !
After our sobs, we laughed for very joy,
E'en while our sisters trembled at our tale.

Lord, grant that ever, in our anxious hours
And stormy days, an angel guardian,
A tender mother's hand, may dry our tears,
And guide our steps along the path of life.

What memories, dear sister! I had lost my way with Lizzy and Isa. My mother was living then! How pale and trembling she was when I fell into her arms! And you—you, my Kate!

AUGUST 12, 1868.

You have comforted me, dear sister. This place pleases me: everybody likes it. Saw yesterday Karl's family, as well as that of Ellen; the day before yesterday, the W——'s. Fanny is going to marry a German with a great name, a fervent Catholic, in love with England, where he intends to remain.

Our evenings are delightful. I had promised Margaret not to read *Père Lacordaire*, by the Père Chocarne, without her. It is admirably fine. The introduction is the definition of the priest such as is given by the great orator of Notre Dame himself: "Strong as the diamond, tenderer than a mother." There are a thousand things in this book which make my heart beat: "O paternal home! where, from our earliest years, we breathed in with the light the love of all holy things, in vain we grow old: we return to you with a heart ever young; and were it not Eternity which calls us, in separating us far from you, we should be inconsolable at seeing your shadow daily lengthen and your sun grow pale!" "There are wants for which this earth is sterile." What a spring there is of faith and love in words like these: "Riches are neither gold nor silver, nor ships which bring back from the ends of the earth all precious things, nor steam, nor railways, nor all that the genius of men can extract from the bosom of nature; one thing alone is riches—that is love. From God to man, from earth to heaven, love alone unites and fills all things. It is their beginning, their middle, and their end. He who loves knows; he who loves lives; he who loves sacrifices himself; he who loves is content; and one drop of love, put in the balance with the universe, would carry it away as the tempest would carry away a straw." The Père Lacordaire speaks admirably of cloisters: "August palaces have been built, and magnificent tombs raised on the earth; dwelling-places well-nigh divine have been made for God: but the wisdom and the heart of man have never gone further than in the creation of the monastery." The first disciple and brother of Père Lacordaire, the saintly young Hippolyte Réquédat (whose soul was so pure that when, at twenty years of age, he threw himself at the feet of a priest, owning that he had never, since his First Communion, been to confession, having nothing of which to accuse himself, unless that he wished much evil to all the enemies of France) used every day to say to the Blessed Virgin: "Obtain for me the grace to ascertain my vocation—to learn the way in which I could do the greatest possible amount of good, lead back the greatest number of souls to the church, and be most chaste, humble, charitable, active, and patient."

He died of consumption at the age of twenty-two, and his death made a deep wound in the heart of the Père Lacordaire. "Réquédat was a soul as impassioned in its self-devotion as others are in selfishness. To love was his life, but to love to give rather than to receive; to give himself always, and to the greatest number possible—this was his dream, his longing, his martyrdom. Devoted to an ardent pursuit of that which is good, tyrannized over by this noble love, he had not

time to see any evil." A friend of his was Piel, an eminent architect, who joined him to become also a son of St. Dominic—"A lofty soul, an heroic heart, incapable of a divided affection, and from the first moment aspiring after the highest perfection, admirably formed to be a great orator as well as a saint, of whom his friends used to say that his language reminded them of the style of Pascal." With the Père Lacordaire was also Hernsheim, a converted Jew, a frank, intelligent, and profound mind, from whence issued from time to time thoughts which had a peculiar charm about them, mingled with a sweet and penetrating unction." The Père Besson, an artist like Piel, and the *Fra Angelico* of France, was also of the number; and, lastly, the Père Jandel, now general of the order. Mme. Swetchine was like the good genius of Père Lacordaire: "Who does not know this, now?" asks the Père Chocarne. "Who has not read the life and works of this woman, whom death has crowned with a glory all the more pure and radiant because she had so carefully concealed it during her life? Who does not know this Russian with a heart so French, this convert to the Catholic faith, so gentle towards beliefs and opinions differing from hers, the masculine understanding in the woman's heart, the spirit of Joseph de Maistre in the soul of Fénelon, the charity, so delicate and tender, of this woman who said of herself: 'I would no more be made known to the children of men but by these words: She who believes; she who prays; she who loves'!"

This is beautiful. Can you picture to yourself the impression made upon us while Adrien is reading this aloud? Every one is breathless; the twins and Anna, their eyes wide open, their hands joined, seem to *devour* this eloquence. The soul of the orator of Notre Dame has passed into that of his son in Jesus Christ. All is magnificent, and makes one deeply regret that the grand figure which appeared among us with the double aureole of sanctity and genius so soon disappeared from the world. A great and wonderful history is this, too little really known! Have we not heard the most absurd fables told in reference to Père Lacordaire?

I want your prayers, dear Kate, for a grand project: we wish to bring Isa's mother to agree to live with her sister. Lizzy would be the daughter of the two, and the Lord's dear chosen one would go to "the place of repose which she has chosen." It will be difficult to manage, but I have a presentiment of victory.

Good-by, dear Kate, for the present.

AUGUST 20, 1868.

O Temps! suspends ton vol, et vous, Heures propices,
Suspendez votre cours;
Laissez-nous savourer les rapides délices
Des plus beaux de nos jours.*

We have been singing this while floating on the lake. Picciola proposes to take up her abode for a year at Aunt Georgina's. I have installed her as dame and mistress of my little school. What joy!

Isa's mother is beginning to understand. I have been getting so many prayers for this! She yesterday said, after having listened very calmly to what I had to say: "Dear Georgina, I feel that God inspires you; but only think how I have been broken down, and what need

* O Time! suspend thy flight, and ye, propitious Hours,
Suspend your course;
Suffer us to enjoy the swift delights
Of these our fairest days.

I have of Isa!" Poor mother! O these vocations!—a terrible secret which rends so many souls. "Let the dead bury their dead!" I need all my faith in the Gospel to admit that these words were said by our merciful Saviour. St. Bernard, the *saint of Mary*, the *honey of Mary*, will succeed in gaining this material heart, which hesitates before the greatness of the sacrifice.

We have finished our splendid reading. This evening we shall take *Klopstock*. We all find that nothing equals this intellectual pleasure of interchanging our impressions while reading together. We separate at eleven. I am taking some views, being desirous of transporting my part of Ireland into France.

Margaret has written to Mistress Annah to offer her the post of governess to the charming baby. We expect her answer to-day. The baptism took place on the 15th. It was splendid.

Have seen Sarah, whose son has been ill—always amiable, with a tinge of melancholy, caught, no doubt, by the side of the cradle.

My *duties* are so multiplied that I should be quite unequal to them without René. What a pleasure it is to do for others what they have done for me!

Send me always your good angel, my best beloved.

August 26, 1868.

What a *fête* for my mother, the evening of the 24th! All the echoes resounded with it. In two days hence we are to go to Fanny's marriage, which takes place in Dublin. Great preparations; but Anna is unwell, and this spoils our joy. Marcella has suffered so much that she trembles at the least shock. Lucy will remain here with our Italians; we cannot return for a week. But the great piece of news I have to tell you is this: Isa enters the convent of —— on the 8th of October. I have obtained this exchange. Carmel alarmed the poor mother too much; and, besides, the health of our friend is too much shaken to be able to support the austerities of St. Teresa. The two families of the D—— will go with us to Dublin, and we shall accompany Isa. What a *Te Deum* we ought to sing! The timid child had never owned to her mother the ardor which consumed her; the death of George—the nephew so passionately loved, sole heir of so noble a name, and betrothed to Isa from childhood—appeared to Mme. D—— the death of everything, and she lived "*extinguished*." Oh! how I rejoice at this success. Margaret and Isa, both once so sad, and now with their hearts in an eternal spring!

Let us bless God together, dear Kate! Do you recollect Mgr. Dupanloup's words: "One breathes, in this land of Ireland, I know not what perfume of virtue which one finds not elsewhere."

August 31, 1868.

René is writing to you. We know that Anna is well, and we are enjoying the *worldlinesses* of Dublin. Fanny was touching under her veil. Your dear name, my beloved Kate, was mentioned, I know not how often. O kind Ireland! If I had to tell you all the graceful things that were said to me, I should fill my paper. How pleasant it is to be loved! Fanny did not weep on seeing me; she and her mother are unequalled in their serenity; consolation has been sent them from on high. A *vision* is spoken of. I did not like to ask any questions, but it is certain that

something extraordinary has occurred.

O dear Kate! how fair is life. I was saying so yesterday to René while we were looking at the stars; for the night was splendid. Do you know what he answered? "Heaven is fairer; earth is but its echo, its far-off image, its imperfect sketch; and it is death which opens heaven to us." Words like these from the lips of René make me shudder. Oh! to die with him would be sweet, but not to live without him. Père Lacordaire said: "Death is man's fairest moment. He finds assembled there all the virtues he has practised, all the strength and peace he has been storing up, all the memories, the cherished images and sweet regrets of life, together with the fair prospect of the sight of God. If we had a lively faith, we should be very strong to meet death."

Fanny starts to-morrow for France, Switzerland, and Germany—a long journey; we remain at present, so as in some measure to fill up the void a little. Why are you not here to witness our reunion? Oh! how strong is the love of one's country. I am *inebriated* with my native air; we sing our old ballads; we turn over with Adrien the history of the past. Ask of our good God that this may last a long time, dear Kate! *Erin mavourneen! Erin go bragh!*

SEPTEMBER 6, 1868.

Mistress Annah is come, dear sister. I wept with all my heart on embracing her. Dear old mistress Annah! how wrinkled and thin she has become; always upright and stiff as an Englishwoman, and her memory enriched with Italian stories which will charm baby's childhood. Margaret has chosen for the beautiful innocent the name of *Emmanuel*—a blessed name, which well bespeaks the happiness of our friend. Lord William made royal largesses to the poor in the name of the new-born heir. Twelve orphans will be provided for at the expense of *Emmanuel*. Mistress Annah is longing to see and hear you. Margaret promises her this happiness for next spring. You may be sure that no fatigue will be imposed on the dear old lady. The pension given her by Lord William made her independent; but our *belle Anglaise* feared the isolation of old age for her devoted heart, and it will be a happiness to both to watch the growth of baby. A messenger has just arrived. *Te Deum*, dear Kate!—a little daughter is born to Lizzy. Everybody is delighted; they have sent for us; I am going with René.

7th *September*.—In an hour the baptism, so that Isa may be present; then she says farewell to her family, and we take her away. The angel fallen from heaven is to be called Isa. Marcella, Adrien, and Gertrude have joined us. Joy and grief meet at this moment. You will be astonished at the sudden departure of our Isa; but Lizzy wishes it thus, hoping that the poor mother will let herself be interested by the festivities and the visitors.

The last number of the magazine has caused me a sensation. In it is an account of the beautiful scene on the Pincio, in October, 1864, "at the hour when the sun, sinking towards the sea of Ostia, lights with a golden gleam the cross which surmounts the dome of St. Peter." Do you remember, dear Kate, the Pope appearing in the midst of the crowd, which bent before him with so much reverence, and the long shouts of *Viva Pio Nono* which

saluted his departure? O Rome, Rome, my other country, the eternal country of those who believe, hope, and love—Rome of St. Peter and of Pius IX.—I salute thy image and thy memory!

Dear sister, Lizzy requests your prayers. She is well, radiant, and full of gratitude to God. Her good husband is in transports, and the little one so pretty under her gauzy curtains. She has not cried yet, so we think she will resemble Isa, her godmother. Do you not like this prognostic?

Let us both pray, dear Kate! Adrien has again read us the two *fair contemporary pages* about Ireland—Mgr. Dupanloup at St. Roch, and Mgr. Mermillod at St. Clotilde. O these words!—"The first powers of our time, the two most illustrious and rich, are a Prince despoiled and a people in rags—Pius IX., who extends to you his royal hand, and Ireland, who asks you for bread!"

APHASIA IN RELATION TO LANGUAGE AND THOUGHT.

The relation of language to thought as a theme of discussion has busied the pens of philosophical writers from very early times, and the later aspects of the controversy do not promise a speedy agreement of views. Whatever new light, therefore, recent discoveries in science may shed on this much-vexed question ought to be welcomed as helping to increase of knowledge concerning a matter which cannot escape the serious consideration of the teachers of philology. At present Messrs. Max Müller and Whitney most strongly incline to opposite views; and before coming to the subject of aphasia as affecting the question, it may be well to take a cursory view of the field of controversy.

The old or scholastic belief is that language was in the first instance divinely communicated, and this opinion its upholders strove to maintain by a variety of reasons. Authority and tradition were chief among these, though they did not by any means neglect philological and ethnological considerations. In France the Vicomte de Bonald undertook the support of this view on the same line as that now held by Max Müller—viz., that it is impossible to have a purely intellectual conception without a corresponding word or series of words to represent it; whence, according to him, it follows that the word must have accompanied the thought, and, man being unable to originate the one without the other, both must have been originally communicated. Max Müller says: "As a matter of fact, we never meet with articulate sounds, except as wedded to determinate ideas: nor do we ever, I believe, meet with determinate ideas, except as bodied forth in articulate sounds." He strongly insists on the correctness of this view, and argues it at length. Professor Whitney takes direct issue with him, and maintains that there is the widest separation between language and thought. According to him, language can be said to be of divine origin only in so far as man was created with the capacity for its formation just as he was created capable of making

clothes for himself, and of wearing them. Such being the state of the question, we will proceed to consider that abnormal condition of the nervous system which has been denominated aphasia, and afterwards indicate our opinion as to which view the facts established by it go to sustain.

Aphasia, defined by Dr. Hammond as a diseased condition of the brain, was not understood till quite recently. It is an affection of that organ by which the idea of language or of its expression is impaired. It is not mere paralysis of the vocal chords, nor of the muscles of articulation, nor the result of hysteria—which conditions are denominated aphonia, or voicelessness—but depends on a lesion or injury wrought in that portion of the brain which presides over the memory of words and their co-ordination in speech. The loss of the memory of words is styled amnesic aphasia, the other ataxic aphasia—two Greek derivatives which explain very clearly the two separate conditions. A single typical case will exhibit the usual manner of the approach of this trouble, its development and termination. An English banker, a resident of Paris, recently went out in his carriage well as usual, and on his return, as he was stepping to the sidewalk, fell heavily forward, but did not lose consciousness. His whole right side was paralyzed, and, on attempting to speak, he could not articulate a word; he barely succeeded in uttering a few unintelligible sounds. During twelve days the paralysis continued, but after that gradually subsided, till in the course of a few months he was able to move about. Strange to say, however, the power of speech did not return, and for eight months he could no more than articulate a few words incoherently. Nothing in the case of this gentleman openly indicated an impairment of the intellect; for he could neither read nor write in consequence of his paralyzed condition. There was undoubted loss of the memory of words, since his vocabulary was limited to two or three; and there was likewise ataxic aphasia, since his words were jumbled unmeaningly together. The recorded cases of this disease are very numerous, many of them differing in their individual features, but all exhibiting a greater or less degree of both forms mentioned. The case just cited will suffice to enable the reader to understand the interest felt by psychologists and physiologists alike to ascertain whether, by the discovery of a uniform and constantly-recurring lesion in a certain portion of the brain, the seat of language in that organ might be determined. Dr. Gall, with the view of completing his system of phrenology, referred speech-function to that part of the brain lying on the supra-orbital plate behind the eye. Spurzheim, Combe, and others of the phrenological school held the same view. But this was a mere conjecture on their part, and it was not till minute anatomy had already localized several other important functions that a fair promise was held out that the brain-organ of speech might be likewise located. Experiments without number were made by Bouillaud, Cruveilhier, Velpeau, Andral, Broca, and Dax in France; Hughlings, Jackson, Sanders, Moxon, Ogle, Bateman, and Bastian in England; Von Benedict and Braunwart in Germany; Flint, Wilbur, Seguin, Fisher, and Hammond in America—all tending to confirm the local-

ization of the function, though not agreeing as to the exact spot. The mode of procedure usually consisted in making a post-mortem examination of those who during life had suffered from aphasia; and though it was an extremely difficult matter to bring all the cases under a uniform standard, enough was discovered to assign the function in question to the left anterior lobe of the brain. We do not pretend to regard the question as settled; for no less authorities than Hammond in our own country, and Prof. Ferrier in England, seem to consider both hemispheres of the brain as equally concerned. Still, it is significant that out of 545 cases examined by different authorities, 514 favor the left anterior lobe of the brain, while but 31 are opposed to such a conclusion. Assuming, then, as amply demonstrated that some portion of the anterior convolutions of the brain is the seat of the faculty of speech, the question arises, Can that part of the brain which is concerned in the process of ideation continue to perform its functions—*i.e.*, originate true ideas of which the mind is conscious—without the memory of the words which usually represent those ideas or the power to co-ordinate them? It is evident that, no matter how the question may be met, we possess in the discoveries to which aphasia has led a most important contribution to the controversy concerning the relation of language to thought; for if it can be shown that the mental faculties are unimpaired during the existence of the aphasic condition, the conclusion would go to favor Prof. Whitney's view that thought is independent of speech; whereas if it can be shown that during the same condition the mental powers are very much debilitated or frequently suspended, we find an unexpected support given to Max Müller's opinion that without language there can be no thought. We would state in advance that the portion of the cerebral substance which is concerned in the production of thought—or, as neurologists have it, is the centre of ideation—entirely differs from that which is the reputed seat of the faculty of speech; so that the question may read: Does the centre of ideation continue to operate while the speech-centres are in a diseased condition? Aphasic individuals usually retain all the appearances of intelligence: their eyes are full of expression; their manner of dealing with surrounding objects is quite the same as if they were in possession of all their faculties; when asked to point out material objects, they unhesitatingly do so—in a word, to the extent that objects are their own language their intellect remains unimpaired. But they exhibit a remarkable deficiency in the power of co-ordination, since this is a pure relation not symbolized by anything material. Material objects possess in their outlines and sensible qualities enough to discriminate and individualize them; and hence, through perception, they reach the centres of ideation, and are as readily understood by the aphasic as though their names were fully known. This is made manifest in their writing when, as occurs only in a few cases, the aphasic retain the power of using the pen. Thus we read in Trousseau of the case of an aphasic named Henri Guénier, who could not write the word "yes," though capable of uttering it in an automatic way without seeming in the least to understand its meaning. Yet he could write his own name, though nothing else, evidently for the reason that

the τὸ εγα was the object of most frequent recurrence to his mind, and that which consequently he could most readily apprehend through its sensible characteristics, and could thereby connect with his own name; whereas "yes," as the symbol of affirmation, found no counterpart in the sensible order. The same author relates the case of a man who, so far as he could make himself intelligible, boasted of retaining his intellective and memorative powers unimpaired, and yet, on being put to the test, he could not construct the shortest sentence coherently. When a spoon was held before him, and he was asked what it was, he gave no answer; when asked if it was a fork he made a sign of denial, but when asked if it were a spoon he at once replied in the affirmative. It must be remembered that in all these cases the power of utterance, so far as it is a muscular process, remained unimpaired, but there was true amnesic aphasia—*i.e.*, the recollection of the words was lost.

There are some cases of partial aphasia which possess an interest quite peculiar, since its victims frequently regain the entire power of speech, and are able to relate the results of their experience. A celebrated professor in France spent a vacation-day reading Lamartine's literary conversations, when towards evening he was attacked with partial aphasia. Fearing lest he was threatened with paralysis, he moved his arms and walked up and down the room, in doing which he experienced no difficulty; but when he resumed his reading, he found it scarcely possible to understand a sentence. The individual words were intelligible enough, but he could not follow out the sequence of the thoughts. Of course during the attack he could not utter a word, though able partially to comprehend what was said to him, as he afterwards declared. Here indeed is a most instructive instance of impaired intellect, occurring as it did in a man whose brain was usually in a very active state, and whose mind was highly cultivated. Does it not strongly confirm the belief that, even while the organic instrument of thought was unimpaired, its functions were temporarily suspended?

Another case is that of a man of good literary attainments, who pretended that he could still understand what he read, but who could not discover the mistake when the book was presented to him reversed. There can be no doubt, then, that aphasia unerringly points to a most intimate dependence between language and thought, and that, as Max Müller says, without language there can be no thought.

But why is it that, in regard to objects possessing sensible qualities aphasic individuals exhibit no impairment of intellectual power? We will answer, Because with regard to such objects these are their own language, and the functions of the perceptive and ideational centres are as active in their regard as though the faculty of speech were intact. A tree is known by its branches and leaves to the deaf mute as well as it is by its name to those possessing all their faculties. Whatever circumscribes and differentiates an object of thought is its language. For, after all, is not language conventional and arbitrary, the outer symbol of a subjective phenomenon? The symbol may be of any sort whatsoever, but the thought cannot be known without a symbol of some sort. Now, the qualities of sensible objects, in so far as they serve to circumscribe

the objects and to discriminate them from all others, become their language. This is rendered more evident when we reflect that Locke's theory, according to which sensible objects are but an aggregate of sensible qualities, is generally rejected, and the opinion admitted that under these qualities there resides a true substance impervious to the senses and known to us only as inference from the former. Therefore the sensible qualities are the symbol of the substance identified with it; of course in so far these are but the substance modified in such or such a manner. This is why aphasics find no trouble in forming ideas of material things, though they may forget their names. But why is aphasia ataxic—that is, incapable of co-ordinating words? Because co-ordination expresses the relation between the objects co-ordinated, and relation is not represented, and cannot be represented, by anything in the sensible order. They belong to the purely intellectual order, and the only symbol that existed by which they were known being lost, there remains no longer any means of circumscribing and differentiating them. Paul and Peter may be well known to the aphasic—Paul as such, and Peter as such—because the sensible qualities of both render them recognizable; and not only that, but the different qualities pertaining to both enable him clearly to distinguish the one from the other. But if he is told that Peter is taller than Paul, he understands nothing. And why? Because the proposition implies the relation of comparison, in which there is nothing sensible. Indeed, he perceives Peter to be tall and Paul to be diminutive, but he does not perform the intellectual process called judgment, which is interpreted in the proposition, Peter is taller than Paul. In like manner, when there is question of purely intellectual conceptions which can be symbolized by nothing sensible except names, the aphasic are incapable of reaching them. Virtue, power, and malice are meaningless sounds in their ears, and equally unintelligible is what these words represent. The reason is because the symbols by which these ideas were conveyed to the mind are lost, and there is nothing left by which virtue can be known or discriminated from power and malice. Whatever circumscribes and differentiates a thought is its language, and this can be done only by a symbol. Now, if we consult our own consciousness, we will find that it is impossible for us to conceive of what is purely intellectual—*i.e.*, possessing no sensible traits—if we lose sight of the word which represents it. Affirmation and negation are of this sort, and it is entirely impossible to disconnect the idea of either from some word or series of words. The idea, indeed, is not the spoken word, but is painted by it as it were on the canvas of the mind, and hence was called by Aristotle the word of the mind. All this is attested in the case of aphasics. The language-mechanism of the brain is disarranged; there is forgetfulness of words, accompanied by inability to arrange them in proper order so as to be remembered; the ideational centre remains intact, but is inoperative with regard to such thoughts as have their sole symbol in words.

It is true that some aphasic individuals retain for a time certain impressions which belong to the purely intellectual order; but this can be accounted for only by supposing that the brain centres of ideation are endowed with certain register

ing powers capable of retaining impressions for a short while after their active operation is suspended. But when the disease is of long continuance those impressions gradually fade, and the patient is reduced to the condition of an untaught deaf mute. He has lost the formulæ of thought, and therefore cannot think. Trousseau says: "A great thinker, as well as a great mathematician, cannot devote himself to transcendental speculations unless he uses formulæ and a thousand material accessories which aid his mind, relieve his memory, and impart greater strength to thought by giving it greater precision." But where the sole "material accessory," as Trousseau calls it, is absent, how can a person think? We use the word in a higher sense; for children incapable of speech, and animals, exercise a certain amount of thought in respect to surrounding objects; but thinking, in the sense of reasoning, abstracting, and comparing, outlies their capacity, just as it does that of aphasic individuals. "Without language," says Schelling, "it is impossible to conceive philosophical, nay, even any human, consciousness; and hence the foundations of language could not have been laid consciously. Nevertheless, the more we analyze language, the more clearly we see that it surpasses in depth the most conscious workings of the mind." And Hegel says: "It is in names that we think." This exactly explains what occurs in the case of aphasics. The principles of science, the sequence of ideas, the links of an argument, are not understood by them; for they are, as children and animals, capable merely of receiving the impressions which material objects make on their sensory organs. It is true that a few aphasics have been known to be expert chess-players; and though this is as hard to account for as the apparent feats of reasoning accomplished by animals of the lower order, still we would no more rank expertness at such a game among the higher attributes of reason than we would the sagacity of a dog or of an elephant.

This point is well touched upon by Trousseau, who says: "I believe that the same thing obtains in metaphysics as in geometry. In the latter case a man may vaguely conceive space and infinity without any precision or measure; but if he wishes to think of the properties of space, and more particularly of the special properties of the figures which bound space—as, say, conic sections—it is impossible that his mind does not immediately see the curves proper to a parabola, a hyperbola, and an ellipse. In metaphysics, on the other hand, I believe that a man cannot think of the special properties of beauty, justice, and truth, for instance, without immediately giving a material form, as it were, to his thoughts, by using concrete examples, and without associating words together—words which represent concrete ideas, and which then stand in the same relation to particular metaphysical ideas as figures do to determinate geometric ideas."

The same may be said of universal ideas. These are, subjectively viewed, mere concepts of the mind; objectively they have a foundation in the object. Now, that object is present to the aphasic, and he recognizes it by its sensible properties; but when there is question of viewing one or two properties as possessed in common by a number of objects, he finds himself unequal to the task. In a word, he cannot generalize, and this is one of the highest acts of reason.

We would insist upon the distinction between words representing purely material objects and those which interpret to us supersensible thoughts; for not a few physiologists have fallen into error by not observing this distinction. Thus Prof. Ferrier, of the West Riding Lunatic Asylum, says: "In aphasia, consequent as it usually is on disease of the left hemisphere, the memory of words is not lost, nor is the person incapable of appreciating the meaning of words uttered in his hearing." From this it is evident that the learned professor neglected to note the distinction alluded to; and because an aphasic did not fail to appreciate the meaning of certain words representing material things, therefore he concluded in a general way that he did not fail to appreciate the meaning of words. Indeed, we have nowhere noted the distinction, and it is curious that, in all the cases recorded of the clinical history of this disease, physicians have invariably propounded to their patients as test-words such words as fork, spoon, pen, boots, and all such as pertain to the material order of things. Prof. Whitney certainly did not take note of these facts when he asserted the entire independence between language and thought. He regards man as capable of conceiving new thoughts apart from all representative symbols, and then finding for them a vocal expression. This, as we have seen, is in direct antagonism with the data of aphasia. The chief flaw in Prof. Whitney's reasoning is that he starts from false premises when he limits language to mere spoken or articulate sounds. He seems to ignore the question when he says: "In all our investigations of language we find nothing which should lead us to surmise that an intellectual apprehension could ever, by an internal process, become transmuted into an articulated sound or complex of sounds." The implied premise in this sentence is erroneous, since it is entirely possible that it be associated with some other symbol, borrowed from a material source, which is its language, its expression, and makes it something entirely distinct from the intellectual apprehension. Indeed, here lies the secret of metaphorical language, and of its extensive use among those tribes of men whose philosophical vocabulary is limited.

LIGHT AND SHADOW.

In golden pomp at morn and eve
The purple mountains rise,
With banners bright of waving green
Gay flaunting to the skies;
But upward toiling, panting, slow,
Patient the fleetest step must go.

A winding pathway through the vale
Entices weary feet;
The shining waters sing of peace,
The morning breeze is sweet;
But nook or covert there is none
To shelter from the noonday sun.

The fainting trav'ller turns aside
To seek the woodland shade—
Beyond the thicket, stretching cool,
Invites the mossy glade—
But thorny is the tangled way,
And devious paths his steps betray.

The fleeciest cloud that graceful floats
In summer skies of light,
Within a veil of tender mist
Conceals the tempest's might;
And winds that stir with softest breath
Are freighted with the seeds of death.

The loveliest blossom that unfolds
Its beauty to the day
Must yield its treasured fragrance up,
Then droop and fade away;
And greenwood birds that sweetest sing
Are soonest gone on flitting wing.

The undertone of earth's delights
In sorrow's pensive sigh
Is mingled with the echoing breeze
Ere joy's glad accents die—
Of all the strains that saddest float
Are requiems blent with triumph's note.

Chicago, October 14.

Legislative Library Ontario.

JEAN INGELOW'S POEMS.*

JEAN INGELOW is now over fifty years of age. For some time past she has devoted herself chiefly to graceful prose, in which her pure and playful imagination seems to have found sufficient vent. She can never be removed from the company of the poets, however, notwithstanding her apparent purpose of withdrawal, so far as we may surmise a possible design by her neglect of versification.

That she has demonstrated her possession of genuine poetic feeling cannot be denied. The volume before us is sufficient proof of this. Whenever she has permitted herself to be simple, lucid, and natural, her verses not only please—they charm. She is one of the minor poets sincerely beloved—not in so great a degree as Adelaide Procter, or Christina Rossetti, because she is not equally successful in expressing the universal sentiments of the heart, and because she wanders from the unambitious poetry of natural feeling into the tricky and artificial, whither the multitude will not voluntarily follow. She is not always in one mood, as Adelaide Procter is; and her joy, when sincere, and not fictitious and artful, is sometimes exceedingly attractive and—what is its truest test—becomes infectious, pervading the reader's mind and carrying the emotions away into its own atmosphere.

We never smile at Adelaide Procter's joy. Her smiles are sadder than her tears. She smiles like a dying saint, whose pallid features proclaim that the effort is inspired by something higher and more mysterious than the pleasure of the world. It is as Shakspere says: "Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort, as if he mocked himself, and scorned his spirit, that could be moved to smile at anything."

Jean Ingelow possesses enough perception of real humor to throw, here and there, winsome flashes of merriment over very sombre pictures, especially in *genre* scenes like that depicted in "The Supper at the Mill." Indeed, it may be safe to say that if she unloosed the flimsy chains of artificiality in which she has bound her muse, that very affected maid would prove frolicsome and mischievous; but her mistress prefers a decorousness of behavior which, by this time, must have dulled her own sense of the ludicrous, while supplying additional keenness in that direction to her critics, and furnishing new and irresistible models for hilarious parody, as we shall see.

It is impossible to read through a volume of her poems without coming to this conclusion: that she has a poetic stock-in-trade. Let us make an inventory of it. First, there are the birds; secondly, certain flowers and grasses; thirdly, a set of stereotypes composed of peculiar commingling of sea, sky, ships, and stars. This poetic stock

* *Jean Ingelow's Poems.* Boston: Roberts Brothers.

is, as it were, all duly classified and labelled, and the whole is arranged with scientific calculation as to drafts, at intervals, upon the several departments. Matthew Arnold,* modestly defending his own attempts toward translating Homer into English hexameter, hopes to make it clear that he at least follows "a right method," and that, if he fail, it is "from weakness of execution, not from original vice of design." Jean Ingelow is guilty, we think, of "original vice of design." "Weakness of execution" is infallibly certain to follow. In selecting her poetic stock—which is, in itself, vice of design—she deepens the folly by being persistently fantastical. It is not enough to choose birds, grasses, and particular flowers—these are an integral part of all descriptive poetry; but, in order to make them her especial poetic stock, she calls them by a curious and grotesque nomenclature, whose terms were undoubtedly devised with an ultimate view toward picturesque artificial composition. Her birds are not the sweet-syllabled singers of classic song; she eschews the nightingale and lark for jackdaws, wagtails, grouse, coot, rail, cushat, and mews. Her grasses and flowers are less grotesque and better adapted to sentimentalism in style: marigolds, foxglove, heather, daffodils—very fond is she of daffodils—orchis, bluebells, golden-broom, vetches, anemone, clover—her muse is very often in clover—ling, marybuds, cowslips, and cuckoo-pint. The bee appears with industrious frequency; his colors and his business are alike serviceable in a kind of composition both picturesque and fantastic. He is as full of available verbal suggestion as of honey. The ships are invariably bowing to each other, to the land, or to the port. The figure is a good one, and true, but its recurrence soon renders it tiresome and exposes the dryness of the poet's fancy. And after all Shakspere has been beforehand with her. In the *Merchant of Venice* Antonio is told that his mind is tossing on the ocean, where his argosies with portly sail, like signiors and rich burghers of the flood,

> "Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
> *That curt'sy to them*, do them reverence,
> As they fly by them with their woven wings."

The sea—which has supplied all the poets, from Homer down, with noble and beautiful images, lofty, grand, awful, terrible, or simply lovely,—the sea to Jean Ingelow is as a sleek servant who comes in to fill up a gap in the discourse or provide a necessary digression in the narrative. "A Sea Song" contains nothing of the sea except "salt sea foam" repeated. Her sea, stars, sun, and moon are all domestic. They perform no higher functions than the pipes of parsley or "the green ribbon" that "pranks the down." Her sun either "stoops" or is "level"; her moon "droops"; the sea is usually "level," and when disturbed, never awakens any sense of the sublime. Nothing more than her apparent imbecility in poetic treatment of the sea is wanting to dispose of the hope that Jean Ingelow can ever become a better poet than she appeared to be in her first volume.

Mrs. Browning, in one of her earlier efforts, "The Seraphim," makes Ador and Zerah speak of "the glass sea-shore." But we do not remember noting a recurrence of the expression throughout her tens of thousands of lines. Mrs. Browning seems to have been con-

* *Essays in Criticism*, p. 334.

scious that she was unequal to an adequate depicting of marine grandeur, and she rarely attempts it, except in an instant's lofty sweep remindful of Homer — as if she caught a single breath of his inspiration, and pressed it into her verse. She had more imagination than Jean Ingelow; Jean has the readier fancy. Mrs. Browning's conceptions of the awe and beauty of the sea were far above her power of description, whose efforts are often turgid and swell into bombast; so she does not attempt, except in modest discretion, to write of the sea at all. Miss Ingelow, on the contrary, discovers the ocean only at her feet, or through the limited vision of a pretty opera-glass. Thus it becomes a mere commonplace in her stanzas; she is frivolous where Mrs. Browning would have been turgid had she not been cautious.

The sea, indeed, has wrecked most of the poets who did not hug the shore. Only the few greatest of the number have been able, like Jason, to tempt its unknown breadth, and fewer still return from Colchis without a Medea to torment them. The sea will always be the final touchstone of poetic genius. Of recent poets, Tennyson has been most ambitious and most successful; but his best ocean views may be seen from along the shores of the *Æneid*. The little 'scapes which are strictly his own are artificial and under-done; his pigment is only the residuum of lapis-lazuli —ultramarine ashes.

Jean Ingelow's "vice of design" is very sadly shown, too, in her vocabulary. She wanders about in dusty, unused dictionaries, searching out odd, obsolete, obscure, and ambiguous words. Because a term is confessedly obsolete is no sound reason why it should not be revived; but there is no justification for inserting it in a text where it must play the unbecoming part of a conspicuous intruder who can make no satisfactory excuse for his presence in uncongenial company. Where the silenced lexicons do not afford the desired material, she is not loath to make new combinations, and we are harassed by "bewrayed," "amerce," "ancientry," "thrid," "scorpe," "eygre," "chine," "brattling," etc. The best illustration of the artificiality and affectation of her style is found in one of her most pleasing and most popular poems, and it would be deservedly much more popular were these blemishes of etymology and simperings of rhetoric removed. We quote stanzas enough of "Divided" to exhibit her individuality both of thought and diction:

"An empty sky, a world of heather,
Purple of foxglove, yellow of broom;
We two among them, wading together,
Shaking out honey, treading perfume.
. . . . . .
"Flusheth the rise with her purple favor,
Groweth the cleft with her golden ring,
'Twixt the two brown butterflies waver,
Lightly settle, and sleepily swing.
. . . . . .
"Hey the green ribbon! We kneeled beside it,
We parted the grasses, dewy and sheen;
Drop over drop there filtered and slided
A tiny bright beck that trickled between.

"Tinkle, tinkle, sweetly it sung to us,
Light was our talk as of faëry bells,—
Faëry wedding bells faintly rung to us
Down in their fortunate parallels."

The "beck" grows into a widening stream and divides them.

"A shady freshness, chafers whirring,
A little piping of leaf-hid birds;
A flutter of wings, a fitful stirring,
A cloud to the eastward snowy as curds.
. . . . . .
"Stately prows are rising and bowing
(Shouts of mariners winnow the air),
And level sands for banks endowing
The tiny green ribbon that shows so fair."

In the last two verses Miss Ingelow, unconsciously forgetting her previous straining after literal effects, writes these true thoughts, which

are the most finely poetical in the entire poem:

"And yet I know past all doubting, truly—
A knowledge greater than grief can dim,
I know, as he loved, he will love me duly,
Yea better, e'en better than I loved him.

"And as I walk by the vast, calm river,
The awful river so dread to see,
I say, 'Thy breadth and thy depth for ever
Are bridged by his thoughts that cross to me.'"

Only artificial poems can be well parodied, and the parody holds the mirror up to the artifices, so that even the author must make confession. The cleverest burlesques which have reached the public of late, reproducing in an exaggerated form the faults of the modern affected school of poetry, are those of C. S. Calverley.* The merit of his rhymed farces—which is precisely what he makes of his models—is nowhere more happily illustrated than in the following, which needs no introduction. It is entitled "Lovers, and a Reflection":

"In moss-prankt dells which the sunbeams flatter
(And heaven it knoweth what that may mean;
Meaning, however, is no great matter),
Where woods are a-tremble, with rifts atween;

"Through God's own heather we wonned together,
I and my Willie (O love, my love!);
I need hardly remark it was glorious weather,
And flitter-bats wavered alow, above;

"Boats were curtsying, rising, bowing
(Boats in that climate are so polite),
And sands were a ribbon of green endowing,
And O the sun-dazzle on bark and bight!

"Through the rare red heather we danced together
(O love, my Willie!), and smelt for flowers;
I must mention again it was gorgeous weather—
Rhymes are so scarce in this world of ours:—

"By rises that flushed with their purple favors,
Thro' becks that brattled o'er grasses sheen,
We walked or waded, we two young shavers,
Thanking our stars we were both so green.

"We journeyed in parallels, I and Willie—
In fortunate parallels! Butterflies,
Hid in weltering shadows of daffodilly
Or marjoram, kept making peacock eyes;

. . . . . .

"And Willie 'gan sing (O, his notes were fluty;
Wafts fluttered them out to the white-winged sea)—
Something made up of rhymes that have done much duty,
Rhymes (better to put it) of 'ancientry';

. . . . . .

"Oh! if billows and pillows and hours and flowers,
And all the brave rhymes of an elder day,
Could be furled together this genial weather,
And carted, or carried, on wafts away,
Nor ever again trotted out—ay me!
How much fewer volumes of verse there'd be!"

Miss Ingelow's most pretentious poem, next to "Divided," is the "Letter L." It has all her characteristic faults, intensified by a curious jog-trot metre:

"We sat on grassy slopes that meet
With sudden dip the level strand;
The trees hung overhead—our feet
Were on the sand.

. . . . . .

"And let alighting jackdaws fleet
Adown it open-winged, and pass
Till they could touch with outstretched feet
The warmèd grass."

And so on. Calverley has a little versification entitled "Changed." Mark how ingeniously adroit he is in getting the jog-trot:

"I know not why my soul is racked
Why I ne'er smile as was my wont;
I only know that, as a fact,
I don't.

"I used to roam o'er glen and glade,
Buoyant and blithe as other folk:
And not unfrequently I made
A joke.

. . . . . .

"I cannot sing the old songs now!
It is not that I deem them low;
'Tis that I can't remember how
They go."

Calverley's exhilarating volume, by the way, is not all parody; many of its numbers are original expressions of as pure fun, capitally expressed, as mirth ever conceived or art wove into verse.

Jean Ingelow is not altogether artificial. Occasionally she writes a terse truth:

"One striking with a pickaxe thinks the shock
Shall move the seat of God";

or falls into a simple, unaffected strain:

"Far better in its place the lowliest bird
Should sing aright to Him the lowliest song,
Than that a seraph strayed should take the word
And sing His glory wrong."

Hers is that oft-quoted couplet:

"Is there never a chink in the world above
Where they listen for words from below?"

* *Fly-Leaves.* By C. S. C.

"The Carpenter," relating the touching story of his wife's death to "The Scholar," says with happy directness:

> "'Tis sometimes natural to be glad;
> And no man can be always sad,
> Unless he wills to have it so."

"The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire" is widely popularized by lyceum readers, who find its energy well fitted for semi-dramatic recitation; and certain divisions of the "Songs of Seven," notably "Love" and "Giving in Marriage," possess lyrical richness.

The thought of Jean Ingelow's poems is always clean-of-heart; she eschews—generally—psychological tendencies, and, although far from lucid, her longer flights of speculation are merely curious, obscure, and fanciful rather than vicious or misleading. Indeed, according to her measure of grace, she is abjectly devout, worshipping with Eastern blindness a Deity of whose attributes she conceives only one—Love; and, in the humble resignation of a sightless child, she casts herself into the arms of her notion of what that Love is, and rests there, content to seek no knowledge outside herself. But even within these sacred limits her disposition to artificiality in expression unconsciously enters, to mar, with incongruous ornament, the limpid thought:

> "For, O my God! thy creatures are so frail,
> Thy bountiful creation is so fair,
> That, drawn before us, like the Temple veil,
> It hides the Holy Place from thought and care,
> Giving man's eyes instead its sweeping fold.
> Rich as with cherub wings and apples wrought of gold.

> "Purple and blue and scarlet—shimmering bells
> And rare pomegranates on its broidered rim,
> Glorious with chain and fretwork that the smell
> Of incense shakes to music dreamy and dim,
> Till on a day comes loss, that God makes gain,
> And death and darkness rend the veil in twain."

Literal criticism of Jean Ingelow is, however, abashed and almost silenced by the essence of her verse, which, in its chastity and beauty, is above the touch of cavil. She is one of our few contemporaneous poets who can look upon the face of her own work without a blush. Apparently past the zenith of her productive talent, she may look gratefully back upon her modest and constant rise, and say:

> "Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
> Or knock the breast."

She need not avert her gaze from any line, and plead that the public forgets it was hers and a woman's. Wanting the genius of poetry, her inspiration has been only that of intense poetic feeling wrought out by the canons of verse; but, although only one of many in this respect, the work itself is far above the average of its class.

> "Many fervent souls
> Strike rhyme on rhyme who would strike steel on steel,
> If steel had offered. in a restless heat
> Of doing something. Many tender souls
> Have strung their losses on a rhyming thread,
> As children cowslips—the more pains they take,
> The work more withers . . .
> . . . Alas! near all the birds
> Will sing at dawn, and yet we do not take
> The chaffering swallow for the holy lark."

While the popular magazines and the newspapers are daily lowering the standard of taste, and degrading and corrupting the sources of literary enjoyment as well as of personal honor and actual virtue, the regret is irresistible that a pleasing versifier like Jean Ingelow should not contribute more to a total of general reading into which what is known as "popular poetry" so largely enters.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

TERRA INCOGNITA; OR, THE CONVENTS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM. By John Nicholas Murphy. London: Burns & Oates. (For sale by The Catholic Publication Society.)

An unknown land indeed is this that Mr. Murphy traverses—unknown, it is to be feared, not only to his "Protestant fellow-subjects of Great Britain and Ireland, for whose information it has been written" and to whom it is dedicated by the author, but also to too many of his Catholic fellow subjects, as well as to Catholics generally. The book is, in brief, a history of the growth and spread of the religious Orders in Great Britain and Ireland, the greater portion of it being devoted to their work and increase since a removal of the penal statutes enabled them to return in safety to the United Kingdom. The interest of the narrative is simply absorbing. The work accomplished by the Orders in face of a multitude of difficulties and dangers seems little short of the miraculous. They crept back singly or in little groups from France and Belgium, whence the first French Revolution drove them out. Thither they had flown for refuge when the greater revolution of the sixteenth century banished them and their faith from what had been a land of saints. Units gathered units, brothers brothers, sisters sisters, Congregations other Congregations, Orders affiliated Orders, and within less than a century we behold the consecrated yet desecrated soil of England and Ireland dotted with religious houses, asylums, schools, colleges, where the old faith is taught and practised. Those who are in search of the heroic, the sensational, the pathetic, the marvellous, should read this book. Their appetite will be satisfied with a healthy food. It is the old story over and over again of what can be accomplished by those who are really inflamed with a love of God and their neighbor. No one can rise from the story of St. Vincent de Paul or Nano Nagle without a moistening of the eye and a better feeling in his heart.

Mr. Murphy's book was published some years ago, and the extracts from secular and Protestant journals in Great Britain and Ireland show how truly he met a popular want at a time when men like Mr. Newdegate were bent on satisfying their own morbid curiosity and insane hatred of Catholicity by forcing themselves on the peaceful communities of Catholic ladies. If we have any Newdegates among us, they would do well to take up Mr. Murphy's volume, and see for themselves how these "dark and cloistered women" spend their lives. The present volume is a new and improved edition. As the author tells us in the preface, "The statistics of convents have been largely amplified and brought down to the present day. Several chapters have been re-written, and eleven new chapters have been introduced."

THE CATHOLIC'S LATIN INSTRUCTOR IN THE PRINCIPAL CHURCH OFFICES AND DEVOTIONS. For the use of choirs, convents, and mission schools, and for self-teaching. By the Rev. E. Caswall, of the Oratory. London: Burns & Oates. 1876. (For sale by The Catholic Publication Society.)

Father Caswall has done the Catholic laity a great service by this *Instructor*. As he truly observes in his preface, "A knowledge of Latin is not needed for Catholic worship. . . . Nevertheless, to those whose education admits of it an acquaintance with those portions of the Latin Liturgy which are in most frequent public use must ever be a legitimate and worthy object of interest." Accordingly, he has put himself to the very considerable trouble of preparing a manual, which, although an experiment, will be found, we have no doubt, all that is needed for enabling the laity of either sex, who have an English education, to make themselves familiar with the language of the church's liturgy. It deals with grammar as little as possible, he says, yet there will be found in Part II. more grammar than his words may lead us to suppose. Moreover, there are

ample directions given, at every turn, for the right use of the book.

The work is primarily designed, as the title-page indicates, for choirs and mission-schools. With regard to choirs, it is superfluous to observe how much better and more pleasing to God is an intelligent than a non-intelligent singing of the Latin. With regard to schools, especially those where elementary instruction in secular Latin is given, "Catholics will enjoy," says our author, "in the *living* character of the language as used in the church offices, a great and singular advantage." And further, "What better *food for the mind* can we offer to our children," he asks, "than the simple translation from Latin into English—after a method easy alike to girls or boys—of what they constantly hear and often join in singing in church?" Then, as to the adult laity, there is "a large class of persons who, while provided with missals and prayer-books abounding in Latin text and side-by-side translations, yet, from want of a very little practical insight, fail to derive from these manuals the advantage intended. Others there are, devout persons of either sex, who might greatly profit by the occasional use of Latin prayers, but are restrained (and ladies especially) by an idea that in order to this they must first have a complete knowledge of Latin. Such a bugbear—for it is little else—will, let us hope, quickly yield to a steady practice of the present exercises."

The work consists of two Parts: "Part I. containing Benediction, the choir portions of Mass, the Serving at Mass, and various Latin prayers in ordinary use; Part II. comprising additional portions of the Mass, Requiem Mass, Litany of the Saints, Vespers, Compline, and other offices and devotions, with a short Grammar and Vocabulary."

The only stricture we have to make regards the pronunciation of *A*. The author says: "*A*, when fully sounded, is to be pronounced as *a* in *far*. Examples: Pater, *Pa*ter; laudamus, laud*a*mus; ora, or*a*." This is a very strange mistake. Had he heard, as we have, "Glori*a*r *r*in in excelsis," "Benedict*a*r *r*es," "super omni*a*r *r*est," etc., he would never have directed that "*a* should be pronounced as *a* in *far*." We are aware that the English *r* is fainter than the Irish or American. Still, should not *h* be substituted for *r* in the above? Pah-ter, laud*ah*mus, or*ah* are the exact sounds.

With this very small exception, then, we can only speak of Father Caswall's manual with unqualified praise and hope it may obtain the wide circulation it deserves.

Ecclesiastical Discourses delivered on Special Occasions. By Bishop Ullathorne. London: Burns & Oates. 1876. (For sale by The Catholic Publication Society.)

"These discourses," says their distinguished author in his preface, "are called ecclesiastical because they were either addressed to ecclesiastics or treat on ecclesiastical subjects. They form a volume embracing certain points of pastoral theology—a subject on which we have very little that is Catholic in our language, if we except the excellent little book by Canon Oakeley." They will therefore be specially valuable to our clergy, while, at the same time, the bishop "trusts there is much in them which may offer solid instruction to thoughtful Catholic laymen." One of the most important, and the one to which we particularly invite the attention of our readers, both clerical and lay, is that on mixed marriages, "delivered on occasion of the Fourth Diocesan Synod of Birmingham." Bishop Ullathorne is not afraid to speak plainly on this subject. Indeed, his language is startling but leaves no room for question of its truth. He speaks, too, from an extensive experience of the evils resulting from mixed marriages. Here is a passage (the italics are our own), p. 89:

"It would be as unjust as ungenerous not to admit that there *are* Protestants who loyally keep the promises they have made in marriage with Catholics, and who truly respect the faith and religious exercises of their Catholic spouse, and fulfil their pledges respecting the education of their children. *But* prudence looks to *what generally happens*, and not to the exceptional cases. And wisdom never runs any serious risks in matters of the soul. *The individuals, and even the families, that have fallen from the church through mixed marriages, amount to numbers incredible to those who have not examined the question thoroughly*; and the number of Catholics bound at this moment in mixed marriages, who live in a hard and bitter conflict for the exercise

of their religion, for that of their children, and in certain cases for the soundness of their moral life, could they, with all the facts, be known, would deter any thoughtful Catholic from contracting a mixed marriage."

The bishop has extended this discourse in order to give the early discipline of the church on the matter. He further makes his argument impregnable by citations from popes and councils. Moreover, he concludes the instruction "with an admirable passage from the synodal address published by the hierarchy of Australia"; and the condition of Catholics in Australia, as regards the ordinary excuses for mixed marriages, bears striking resemblance, be it remembered, to their position here.

EVERY-DAY TOPICS: A Book of Briefs. By J. G. Holland. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1876.

To one person at least, and to one only, this volume of *Topics* is likely to be of lasting interest. That person is the author. The *Topics* are short articles on a variety of subjects which have appeared from month to month in Scribner's magazine. They are of about the average length of an ordinary newspaper article, and of about equal depth. They lack the newspaper liveliness, however, and the English is in great part of that slipshod style that is mistaken by so many nowadays for an evidence of careless strength. "Familiarly didactic" is the character that Dr. Holland in his preface seems to claim for this and others of his books, and the very phrase stamps the man. The book is tiresome, prosy, and fussy. Any one of the articles is too long for its purpose; what, then, must a volume of them be?

Dr. Holland is apparently a Christian or nothing. He is for ever prating about "the church" and attacking "the world." It is to be feared that his Christianity is of a very vague character. His zeal is unfortunately without knowledge. He is constantly making grave mistakes with the most solemn confidence in his own infallibility, and thunders away on every kind of subject with a "trenchant ignorance" that would be amusing did it not touch such grave matters. Dr. Holland may have the best intentions in the world, but he would do well to weigh his words a little before undertaking to champion "the church." What particular "church" is he for ever defending? The Christian Church, he would doubtless reply. But which is the Christian Church? This is a question that Dr. Holland is quite capable of undertaking to decide in a future "Topic," and he would do not only his own readers but the world at large infinite service by making this matter clear once for all.

We are quite justified in putting this question to Dr. Holland; for everybody knows what a Catholic means when he speaks of "the church." But in Dr. Holland's "church" it is doubtful whether Catholics are allowed a place. At least, we should judge so from the manner in which he treats of them whenever their name occurs in the *Topics*.

LINKED LIVES. By Lady Gertrude Douglas. New York: Benziger Brothers. 1876.

The English Catholic journals greeted this story with such an unusual flourish of trumpets that we were led to expect something extraordinary in the way of novel-writing. It is extraordinary in no sense. It is not even extraordinarily bad. It is eminently dull, altogether commonplace, and only saved from utter insipidity by here and there an indication of real power.

Of course it relies for its main interest on the good old English Catholic story-theme—conversion. To relieve the monotony of this subject, probably, the author sprinkled the narrative with dashes of what is meant for sensation. She takes us to the dens of thieves, to the reformatory, the prison, the court of justice. Such scenes may be rendered exciting—by a Dickens or a Victor Hugo. We are very happy to see that Lady Gertrude Douglas is not at all at home among them. All this portion of the book reads pretty much like an ordinary police report, and all the desire in the world on the reader's part cannot invest Katie McKay or any of her companions with even a touch of the interest that Dickens threw around Nancy Sykes. Such themes should not be touched at all unless they can be made elevating. It takes a very experienced, strong, yet tender hand to bare the ulcers and foul sores of society. The process is a most delicate one. If well done, it excites pity, remorse, sorrow, indignation, that such things can be among Christian

peoples; if ill done, it is revolting and only excites disgust.

Great pains have been bestowed on the delineation of the character of Mabel Forrester, and not without success. Indeed, she and her brother Guy, who is killed off too early, are almost the only interesting persons in the volume. By the way, what a lugubrious story it is! Everybody is constantly down at the mouth. Poor Guy is killed at a yacht-race, which he has just won. Katie McKay throws herself into the sea with her babe, which has been chloroformed (!) by Katie's sister; and we could almost wish that Katie had been left in the sea. She is dragged out, however, to receive two years' imprisonment. The rascal whom she married dies in prison. Her sister dies in her bed, but with a strong intimation that she is likely to be consigned to the lower regions. There are several other deaths of minor consequence; and finally, after being induced to accompany Mabel on a voyage to Australia, to assist at her wedding with her elderly lover, Hugh Fortescue—who, of course, is in the last stage of consumption at the time—the vessel takes fire and Mabel perishes. Equally of course, Hugh, as soon as he receives the news, dies also, "aged fifty-three," as the tombstone erected to his memory in Australia informs us. Surely, after all this, we may say with Macbeth that we have "supped full of horrors," and, like him also, we feel none the better for them.

A great fault with the book, too, is that the fate of every one is foreshadowed early in the story, and the recurrence of such remarks as "But we must not anticipate," "But of that anon," is peculiarly exasperating when the whole murder is out in the very sentence that occasions such a remark. The convert-making is far too labored, and there is too much of it.

We should not have been at the unpleasing pains to write of this book as we have done, did we not see signs in it of a really good Catholic story-writer, who is likely to be spoiled for any future work worthy of the name by the injudicious praise which has been lavished on this, which we take to be her first, book. The lady can describe natural scenery well, can touch a tender chord with true pathos, can display strength at times. She only needs more interest of plot, and to avoid scenes and characters of which she knows little or nothing. All the plot in the present volume consists of the slowly-dragged-out conversion of Mabel to Catholicity—which religion clashes with the creed of the elderly and by no means pleasant parson to whom she is affianced—and the consequent breaking off of the match. Finally he also is converted, and the *dénoûment* is as given above. To tag five hundred and twenty-five pages of a story on a plot of such very slender device is rather overweighting it. The French scenes are the best in the book, and even they are needlessly marred by what the author doubtless considers a beauty—the supposed literal translation of the French characters' speech into English, which is a barbarism

THE ILLUSTRATED CATHOLIC FAMILY ALMANAC for the United States, for the Year of Our Lord 1877. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1877.

The season would scarcely be itself without this admirable little annual. It is always bright, instructive, and amusing, and the number for the present year shows no falling off in these qualities. The first portion of the *Almanac* contains the usual calendars, astronomical and ecclesiastical, with the information respecting Catholic feasts and fasts necessary for the coming year. Among the biographical sketches, that of Dr. Brownson claims the first place. It is illustrated by an admirably-executed portrait. There are excellent portraits also of Bishop Vérot, Archbishop Connolly of Halifax, N. S., Very Rev. Dr. Moriarty, O.S.A., Rev. Francis Piquet, Pius VII., Vittoria Colonna, all accompanied by brief but interesting sketches. There are, as usual, pictures of old Catholic landmarks in this country, Ireland, and other lands, with pleasing descriptions. Among these, that of St. Joseph's Church, in Philadelphia, is especially interesting. In addition to the complete and very valuable list of the popes, which was published for the first time last year, and is wisely retained in the present number, there is a complete catalogue of the kings of Ireland, from the Firbholg conquest down to the landing of Henry II. of England. To this is appended some valuable historical remarks. Indeed, there is not a page of this *Almanac* that can be called

dull, and its cheapness happily places it within easy reach of every reader. We only wish that such cheapness and real excellence could be oftener combined in Catholic books.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF SIR THOMAS MORE. By Agnes M. Stewart, authoress of *Margaret Roper*, etc. 8vo, pp. 365. London: Burns & Oates. 1876.

The lot of Sir Thomas More was cast in troublous times. He lived amid storms that wrecked many a noble life, and yet no man ever bore throughout a serener soul or a happier and gayer disposition. His character is a study of the most healthful sort; for it exhibits the rare picture of a man who deemed the sacrifice of power, wealth, place, friends, and life itself, to principle and conscience, too ordinary a duty to excite surprise. On whatever side we view the man, the hero comes to light. He lived in an atmosphere of his own creation, and whoever came within its influence left it a better and wiser mortal. He was, in the best sense of the word, a Christian philosopher and statesman. He would jest with Erasmus in antique phrase as though he had but returned from the portico, while a hair-shirt nettled his skin and his soul communed in frequent ejaculation with its Creator.

As a letter-writer he will ever hold a foremost rank because of his sense, humor, wit, and grace of expression. Even the careless construction of some of his letters possesses a charm; for there you see the man disclosing himself without reserve—careful, indeed, that the picture be a true one, but indifferent as to the setting. What could be more delightful than his letters to his children while these were under the care of a tutor at home and he was engrossed by the weighty concerns of office? He flies to the pen as a refuge from distracting thoughts, and pours out his soul to his little ones with a sweet *abandon;* he is sportive and grave by turns and veils deep philosophy and wise counsels beneath the garb of a fresh and mirthful phraseology. He evidently believed with Horace:

> "Quamquam ridentem dicere verum
> Quid vetat?"

'And how can you want matter of writing to me, who am delighted to hear either of your studies or your play, whom you may then exceedingly please when, having nothing to write of, you write as largely as you can of that nothing, than which nothing is more easy for you to do, especially being women, and therefore prattlers by nature, amongst whom a great story riseth out of nothing." He then advises them to be careless in nothing, but to bestow conscientious pains on all their performances. The home-life of Sir Thomas affords us the best glimpse of the true character of this great man, and lends a new and sad significance to the scene which occurred between his heart-broken daughter and himself, as he tottered, haggard and emaciated, to the block. He loved his home as the pupil of his eye, and sighed for it when duty called him away. With even such a shrew as his second wife he contrived to make his a model household, where refinement, piety, and cheerfulness ever reigned. Smart retort and repartee, brilliant things and witty sayings, were the salt which lent savor to many a pious reflection and devout allusion while the family shared their daily meals. Thus did Sir Thomas, by being a devout Catholic and a lover of learning, convert a possible home of bickering and discontent into one which nurtured peace, contentment, happiness, and hope.

Unless we pause to study Sir Thomas More in his home at Chelsea, we will fail to discern the peerless knight, the virtuous man, the lover of religion, the sententious philosopher (all which he was), amid the grime and lustful air of Henry's court,

> "Where the individual withers, and the world is more and more."

Next to Sir Thomas as father, friend, and husband, the reader loves to view him in his exalted capacity of chancellor. From him indeed, the title has acquired its synonymous meaning with unblemished integrity and purity immaculate: for throughout his whole political career he never recognized friend or foe as such; he treated all alike with unswerving impartiality. And in pursuing this course he obtained the reward which he especially desired: the testimony of a good conscience. He felt that, though "there are innumerable hopes to innumerable men, he is happy who is happy day by day"; and this is just the sort of happiness which is born of a good conscience. His decisions bore the mark of his sterling sense and unyielding will, and

though many exceptions had been taken to his renderings by those whose interests he countered, not a single reversal could be obtained, while others degraded their high offices and stooped to pander to the lustful instincts of the king. More studied to grace the chancellor's gown by the practice of every virtue pertaining to the dignity of his position, and shone forth more brilliantly by contrast with the pliant tools of Henry.

"Velut inter ignes
Luna minores."

The speech which he delivered on the occasion of his investiture will ever remain a model of dignity and modesty. While deprecating the praise bestowed on him by the Duke of Norfolk, he failed not to express his just appreciation of the high and important trust to which he had been called, and this in language so fitting and graceful that his admirers likened him to Cicero.

Miss Stewart, who but a short time ago gave to the world a charming novelette with the title of the *Chancellor and his Daughter*, addressed herself to the task of compiling these memoirs with laudable enthusiasm, such, indeed, as no one acquainted with the subject could fail to experience. Here is a hero-worship of the right sort, growing out of the virtues and learning of her idol, and so far not to be reckoned with Macaulay's stupid admiration of William III. or Carlyle's still more fatuous veneration for Frederick of Prussia. She has earned a new title to the esteem in which she is held in England. The book contains an admirable autotype fac-simile of the celebrated picture of the meeting between the chancellor and his daughter.

The Science of the Spiritual Life. By Father Francis Neumayr, S.J. London: Burns & Oates. (For sale by The Catholic Publication Society.)

This is a poor translation of an excellent little book on ascetical theology. Francis Neumayr was born in Munich in 1697. Early in life he entered the Society of Jesus, and, having finished his studies, taught theology with great success during a number of years. He was then sent to fill the pulpit of the Cathedral of Augsburg, and during the ten years in which he held this position acquired an extraordinary reputation as an orator. He did not, however, confine himself to preaching, but wrote on various subjects relating to the religious controversies of his age. His writings were very popular in Germany, and some of them made their way throughout Catholic Europe. *The Science of the Spiritual Life*, which is one of his most widely-known works, is a compendium of what has been called the "science of the saints." It is written with good judgment and a thorough knowledge of the subject, in a style which is concise without being obscure. There is nothing in it which the simplest cannot readily understand, and yet there is everything that the most learned could desire.

Missale Romanum ex Decreto Sacros. Concilii Tridentini restitutum, S Pii V. Pontificis Maximi jussu editum, Clementis VIII. et Urbani VIII. auctoritate recognitum. Editio Ratisbonensis X. hujus forma altera missis novissimis aucta. Cum text et cantu a Sacrorum Rituum Congregatione adprobato. 1876. Ratisbonæ, Neo Eboraci, et Cincinnatii: Sumptibus, chartis, et typis Frederici Pustet, S. Sedis Apost. et Sacr. Rituum Congreg. typographi.

This beautiful and finely-printed Missal fully sustains the reputation that Mr. Pustet has already gained for his liturgical books. The paper on which it is printed is of the finest quality, and the type by far the best we have yet seen. Special praise is due to the printing of the notation in the prefaces and other musical portions of the work, which is singularly distinct and clear. The Missal is adorned with many fine and artistic pictures, and all the introits are embellished with finely-executed initial letters. The proof-sheets have all been read by the Sacred Congregation and approved.

Margaret Roper; or, The Chancellor and his Daughter. By Agnes Stewart, Authoress of *Florence O'Neill*, *The Foster-Sisters*, etc. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co. 1876.

This little book will amply repay perusal. The heroine, Margaret Roper, the favorite daughter of Sir Thomas More, was the model of a noble Christian woman, worthy in every way of her gifted and heroic father. Sir Thomas More

was, in the truest and broadest sense of the words, a grand character, a peerless Christian knight without fear and without reproach, true to his honest convictions, to his friends, true to the faith for which he died with the calm heroism of the early martyrs. His murder—to borrow the language of one of his biographers—was one of the blackest crimes ever perpetrated in England under the form of law. Time has only increased the admiration which his grand virtues extorted from his bitterest enemies, and the most bigoted Protestants venerate his name more than that of Cranmer or Cromwell, the unprincipled tools of the heartless tyrant, Henry VIII., who deluged England with innocent blood. His letters to his daughter, skilfully interwoven into the narrative, form a very interesting feature of the volume before us. The character of the greatest of English chancellors is sketched by the authoress with historical fidelity, and the picture of his celebrated daughter is drawn with equal devotion to historic truth.

A Preparation for Death. Done out of French. Chicago: W. F. Squire. 1876.

This is an excellent little book, quite cheap, and well adapted for the sick room. It was originally "done out of French" by a writer in Dublin and has been reprinted in this country by the present publisher. It consists of short prayers, exhortations, and reflections on the Passion of Our Lord. The *imprimatur* of Bishop Foley is attached.

Another work, though larger, which is peculiarly adapted for spiritual reading during the month of the Holy Souls is the *Life of St. Catherine of Genoa*, published by the Catholic Publication Society. This is not only a beautiful and interesting life of one of those great women who adorn the history of the Church in all ages, but contains in addition St. Catherine's treatise on Purgatory, which together with her spiritual dialogues, as is said in the introduction, "St. Francis of Sales, that great master in spiritual life, was accustomed to read twice a year." And "Frederick Schlegel, who was the first to translate St. Catherine's dialogues into German, regarded them as seldom, if ever, equalled in beauty of style; and such has been the effect of the example of Christian perfection in our saint, that even the American Tract Society could not resist its attraction, and published a short sketch of her life among its tracts, with the title of her name by marriage, Catherine Adorno." The words of the saints are always golden. One can never repeat them too often or ponder on them too long.

Songs in the Night, and Other Poems. By the author of *Christian Schools and Scholars*. London: Burns & Oates. 1876.

Songs with a meaning are these, and full of sweet melody. The singer evidently feels. The feelings are deep, the thought deep also, and steeped in the purest well of religion. The versification is as varied as it is happy; and, indeed, for both thought and expression throughout this small volume we have nothing but praise. The title owes its meaning to the fact that "several of the poems were originally suggested by passages in the *Spiritual Canticles* of St. John of the Cross, whose use of the word *night*, in a mystic sense, is too well known to need explanation." The opening poem, "The Fountain of the Night; or, the Canticle of the Soul rejoicing to know God by Faith," gives a good idea of the tone and excellence of the volume:

There is a Fount whence endless waters flow;
There zephyrs play and fairest flowerets blow.
Full well that crystal Fountain do I know,
Though of the night.

I know the verdant hills that gird it round;
Its source I know not, for no thought can sound
The Spring whence all things first their being found
In the dark night.

I know no earthly beauty to compare
With that mysterious Fount, so calm and fair;
All things in heaven and earth are pictured there,
Though of the night.

The tide wells forth in many a flowing river,
Yet is the Fountain-head exhausted never;
Onward it flows, for ever and for ever,
On through the night.

No cloud obscures, no passing shadows rest
Upon that Fountain's clear, unruffled breast,
Itself the very source of light confessed,
Though of the night.

Forth from this spring a sparkling Torrent flows;
Who shall the secret of its birth disclose?
And yet I know the source from whence it rose,
Though of the night.

I see from both a mighty River run,
Yet dare not say when first its course begun;
For Fountain, Torrent, River—all are one,
Though of the night.

I know that all are ours—all hidden lie
In form of Bread, hid from the curious eye
To give us life. O love! O mystery
Of deepest night!

And the Life seeks all living things to fill,
To quench our thirst with water from the rill,
To feed, to guide us, though in darkness still,
As of the night.

And ever of that Fount I long to drink,
And ever of that living Bread I think,
And linger by that flowing River's brink
Through the long night.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS FOR OUR DEAR LITTLE ONES. By Miss Rosa Mulholland. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet.

This beautiful book will be welcomed by the little ones, for whom it is intended, because, from the cover all the way through, it is bright and attractive, and each picture is a pleasant surprise. All the characters of the holy tale are made life-like and familiar, and the children may feel themselves at home with the white-winged angels, the eager shepherds, the stately Magi, and those nearer and dearer ones who attended the Blessed Infant's earliest years.

By parents this book should be welcomed, because anything that illustrates home-lessons and makes them charming is a valuable friend in the household, and because it provides an acceptable gift which will bring home to children's hearts the true meaning of the holiday season. The verses are appropriate and not too difficult for the little ones to enjoy.

LECTURES ON SCHOLASTIC PHILOSOPHY. By Father John Cornoldi, S.J. Part I. Logic. London: Burns & Oates. 1876.

Quite a number of persons have recently undertaken the laudable but difficult task of preparing elementary works on philosophy. Cornoldi's Lectures or Lessons in Philosophy are to be speedily published entire, in an English translation, making two small volumes of from 300 to 350 pages each. A large part of the work is devoted to Rational Physics. The Logic, just now issued, contains the simplest and most necessary part of pure and applied logic in a *brochure* of less than one hundred pages. It seems to be made as simple and intelligible to beginners as the nature of the subject permits. It is a defect, however, in the translation, that Latin terms are sometimes used without the least necessity, and Latin quotations are left untranslated. We hope this defect will be supplied in a second edition.

AN ESSAY CONTRIBUTING TO A PHILOSOPHY OF LITERATURE. By B. A. M. Second revised edition. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. 1876.

The first edition of this solid and genial essay was noticed in THE CATHOLIC WORLD. We are happy to see that its merit has received a general recognition which must be gratifying to the author. It is a book which grows upon one the more carefully it is perused, and we have now an even higher esteem of its originality, sound learning, discriminating judgment and taste than we had when we first commended it as a work of genuine and rare excellence.

THE VOICE OF JESUS SUFFERING, TO THE MIND AND HEART OF CHRISTIANS, ETC. By a Passionist Missionary Priest. New York: P. O'Shea, 37 Barclay Street.

Another excellent book on our Lord's Passion; but it differs from the generality of such works in making our Lord himself relate the history of his sufferings first, and then helping the auditor to "Practical Reflections." This is an admirable plan, in that it enables the reader to bring the divine Object of his thoughts so much more really before his imagination. This, together with the character of the "Practical Reflections," will be found, we are sure, to make meditation easy to those who have hitherto given it up as requiring too great an effort. And if the pious author shall have done no more than succeed in thus facilitating devotion to the Passion, he will not have labored in vain.

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT. (To the end of the Lord's Prayer.) By Henry James Coleridge, of the Society of Jesus. London: Burns & Oates. 1876.

This is the third division of Father Coleridge's treatise on the Public Life of our Lord Jesus Christ. We are glad to learn that the reception of the preceding volume on the Beatitudes has "encouraged him to attempt a somewhat fuller treatment of the rest of the Sermon on the Mount than he had originally thought of." Those who have read the volume on the Beatitudes need no assurance

from us that they will find in this new work an abundance of beautiful lessons, and particularly some we much need at the present time. The nine chapters on the Lord's Prayer (chapters xv.–xxiii.) will furnish the devout with many helps to meditation on the clauses of this summary of prayer.

THE LIFE OF THE VERY REVEREND MOTHER MADELEINE LOUISE SOPHIE BARAT, FOUNDRESS OF THE SOCIETY OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS. By M. l'Abbé Baunard. Translated by Lady Georgiana Fullerton. Rochampton: 1876. (For sale by The Catholic Publication Society.)

The original French edition of this admirable work has already been noticed at length in THE CATHOLIC WORLD. The English edition is brought out in two handsome volumes, and the distinguished name of the translator furnishes every guarantee for a faithful and excellent rendering of the original. So great has been the demand for the work that a large order was exhausted almost immediately on its arrival in this country.

THE DEVOTION OF THE HOLY ROSARY. By Michael Müller, C.SS.R. New York: Benziger Brothers.

Father Müller is a tireless writer. His works are for the most part addressed to those who are too often forgotten by Catholic writers—the ordinary classes. He who provides the people with books of devotion which they will *read*, and not put on the shelf, does a great and good work. Under a modest appearance Father Müller's books conceal much learning and knowledge, the fruit evidently of very extensive reading, while the whole is pervaded with a spirit of piety and zeal. The present volume is devoted to an explanation of that most popular of devotions—the rosary. Those who care to satisfy themselves as to what the rosary is, what it is intended for, what it has done in the service of the church and for the salvation of souls, will find in this volume much to interest and instruct them, as well as to increase their fervor. The concluding chapter treats of the "Devotion of the Scapular."

SHORT SERMONS PREACHED IN THE CHAPEL OF ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, OSCOTT. Collected and edited by the President. London: Burns & Oates. 1876. (For sale by The Catholic Publication Society.)

These sermons will be found very serviceable to our clergy, who are often sorely pressed for time to prepare their discourses. One instruction such as these is better than ten ordinary sermons of twice or thrice its length. Lay persons also will benefit greatly by making their spiritual reading from this volume. The subjects are wisely selected. There are twenty-seven in all, with two funeral sermons in an appendix.

THE

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JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.*

A NATIONAL literature is the most perfect expression of the best thoughts and highest sentiments of the people of which it is born, and of whose life it is the truest record. No other Englishman may have ever written or thought like Shakspere, but he wrote and thought from the fulness of a mind and heart that drew their inspiration from the life of the English people. He may be great nature's best interpreter, but she was revealed to him through English eyes, and spoke in English accents. The power to take up into one's own mind the thoughts of a whole people; to give a voice to the impressions made upon them by nature, religion, and society; to interpret to them their doubts, longings, and aspirations; to awaken the chords of deep and hidden sympathy which but await the touch of inspiration—is genius. Every great author is the type of a generation, the interpreter of an age, the delineator of a phase of national life. Between the character of a people, therefore, and its literature there is an intimate relation; and one great cause of the feebleness of American literature is doubtless the lack of conscious nationality in the American people. We have not yet outgrown the provincialism of our origin, nor assimilated the heterogeneous elements which from many sources have come to swell the current of our life. The growth of a national literature has been hindered also, by our necessary intellectual dependence on England. For, though it was a great privilege to possess from the start a rich and highly-developed language, with this boon we received bonds which no revolution could break. When the British colonies of North America were founded, Shakspere and Bacon had written, Milton was born, and the English language had received a form which nor power nor time could change; and before our ancestors had leisure or opportunity to turn from the rude labors of life in the wilderness to more intellectual pursuits, it had taken on the polish and precision of the age of Queen Anne. Hence-

* *The Complete Poetical Works of John Greenleaf Whittier.* Boston: Osgood & Co. 1876.

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forward, to know English, it was necessary to study its classics; and in them Americans found the imprint of a mental type which had ceased to be their own. And being themselves as yet without strongly-marked or well-defined national features of character, they became fatally mere imitators of works which could not be read without admiration, or studied without exciting in those who had thoughts to express the strong desire of imitation. Their excellence served to intimidate those who, while admiring, could not hope to rival their ease and elegance; and thus, in losing something of native vigor and freshness, our best writers have generally acquired only an artificial polish and a foreign grace.

It must be remembered, too, that more than any other people we have been and are practical and utilitarian; and this is more specially true of the New Englanders, whose mental activity has been greater than that of any other Americans. We have loved knowledge as the means of power and wealth, and not as an element of refinement and culture. If evidence of this were needed, it would suffice to point to our school system, which is based upon the notion that the sole aim of education should be to fit man for the practical business of life. As the result, knowledge has been widely diffused, but the love of excellence has been diminished. Education, when considered as merely a help to common and immediate ends, neither strengthens nor refines the higher qualities of mind. If we may rely upon our own experience in college, we should say that the prevailing sentiment with young Americans is that it is waste of time to study anything which cannot be put to practical use either in commercial or professional life; and this in spite of the efforts very generally made by the professors to inspire more exalted ideas. We have known the wretched sophism that it is useless to read logic, because in the world men do not reason in syllogisms, to pass current in a class of graduates. This low and utilitarian view of education does not affect alone our notions of the value of literature, in the stricter sense of the word, but exerts also a hurtful influence upon the study of science. For science, like literature, to be successfully cultivated, in its higher developments at least, must be sought for its own sake, without thought of those ulterior objects to which certainly it may be made to conduce. The love of knowledge for itself, the conviction that knowledge is its own end, is rarely found among us, and we therefore have but little enthusiasm for literary excellence or philosophic truth. The noblest thoughts spring from the heart, and he who seeks to know from a calculating spirit will for ever remain a stranger to the higher and serener realms of mind.

Another cause by which the growth of American literature has been unfavorably affected may be found in the unlimited resources of the country, offering to all opportunities of wealth or fame. The demand for ability of every kind is so great that talent is not permitted to mature. The young man who possesses readiness of wit and a sprightly fancy, if he does not enter one of the learned professions or engage in commerce, almost fatally drifts into a newspaper office, than which a place more unfavorable to intellectual pursuits or to true cul-

ture of mind cannot easily be imagined. If a book is the better the farther the author keeps away all thought of the reader, under what disadvantages does not he write whose duty it is made to think only of the reader! To be forced day by day to write upon subjects of which he knows little; to give opinions without having time to weigh arguments or to consider facts; to interpret passing events in the interests of party or in accordance with popular prejudice; to exaggerate the virtues of friends and the vices of opponents; to court applause by adapting style to the capacity and taste of the crowd; and to do all this hurriedly and in a rush, is to be an editor. When we reflect that it is to work of this kind that a very considerable part of the literary ability of the country is devoted, it is manifest that the result must be not only to withdraw useful laborers from nobler intellectual pursuits, but to lower and pervert the standard of taste. They who accustom their minds to dwell upon the picture of human life as presented in a daily newspaper, in which what is atrocious, vulgar, or startling receives greatest prominence, will hardly cultivate or retain an appreciation of elevated thoughts or the graces of composition.

As the public is content with crude and hasty writing, the crowd, who are capable of such performance, rush in, eager to carry off the prize of voluminousness, if not of excellence; and, in consequence, we surpass all other nations in the number of worthless books which we print. In fact, the great national defect is haste, and therefore a want of thoroughness in our work.

But we have no thought of entering into an extended examination of the causes to which the feebleness of American literature is to be attributed. The very general recognition of the fact that it is feeble, even when not marred by grosser faults, is probably the most assuring evidence that in the future we may hope for something better.

Our weakness, however it may be accounted for, is most perceptible in the highest realms of thought—philosophy and poetry. To the former our contributions are valueless. No original thinker has appeared among us; no one who has even aspired to anything higher than the office of a commentator. This, indeed, can hardly be matter for surprise, since we may be naturally supposed to inherit from the English their deficiency in power of abstract thought and metaphysical intuition. But in poetry they excel all other nations, whether ancient or modern; and as they have transmitted to us their mental defects, we might not unreasonably hope to be endowed with their peculiar gifts of mind. Deprived of the philosophic brow, we might hope for some compensation, at least, in the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling. But even in this we seem not to have been highly favored. Nothing could well be more wretched than American verse-making during the colonial era. We doubt whether a single line of all that was written from the landing of the Pilgrims down to the war of Independence is worth preserving. Pope, when he wrote his *Dunciad*, found but one American worthy even of being damned to so unenviable an immortality.

Freneau, who was the most popular and the most gifted poet of the Revolution, is as completely unknown to this generation as though he had never written; and, indeed,

he wrote nothing which, without great loss to the world, may not be forgotten. And to this class, whom nor gods nor columns permit to live, belong nearly all who in America have courted the Muse. In our entire poetical literature there are not more than half a dozen names which deserve even passing notice, and the greatest of these cannot be placed higher than among the third-rate poets of England.

Without adopting the crude theory of Macaulay that as civilization advances poetry necessarily declines, we shall be at no loss for reasons to account for this absence of the highest poetic gifts. Neither the character of the early settlers in this country, nor their religious faith, nor their social and political conditions of life, were of the kind from which inspiration to high thinking and flights of fancy might naturally be expected to spring The Puritans were hard, unsympathetic, with no appreciation of beauty. In their eyes art of every kind was at best useless, even when not tending to give a dangerous softness and false polish to manners. Their religious faith intensified this feeling, and caused them to turn with aversion from what had been so long and so intimately associated, as almost to be identified, with Catholic worship. Their sour looks, their nasal twang, their affected simplicity, their contempt of literature, and their dislike of the most innocent amusements, would hardly lead the Muse, even if invited, to smile on them. Habits of thought and feeling not unlike theirs had, it is true, in Milton, been found to be not incompatible with the highest gifts of imagination and expression. But Milton had not the Puritan contempt of letters. He was, on the contrary, a man of extensive reading and great culture; and his proud and lofty spirit was not too high to stoop to flattery as servile and as elegant as ever a tyrant received. His lines on ecclesiastical architecture and music in *Il Penseroso* prove that he had a keen perception of the beauty and grandeur of Catholic worship. He was, in fact, in many respects more a Cavalier than a Roundhead. He had, besides, in the burning passions of his age, the bitter strife of party and sect, in the scorn and contempt of the nobles for the low-born—which in the civil wars had been trodden beneath the iron heel of war, only to rise with the monarchy in more offensive form—that which fired him to the adventurous song "that with no middle flight intends to soar," and made him deify rebellion in Satan, who, rather than be subject, would not be at all.

In the primitive and simple social organization of the American colonies there was nothing to fire the soul or kindle the indignation that makes poets. And even nature presented herself to our ancestors rather as a shrew to be conquered than as a mistress to be wooed with harmonious numbers and sweet sounds of melody. If to this we add, what few will deny, that the equality of conditions in our society, however desirable from a political or philanthropic point of view, is to the poetic eye but a flat and weary plain, without any of the inspiration of high mountains and long-withdrawing vales, of thundering cataracts that lose themselves in streams that peacefully glide all unconscious of the roar and turmoil of waters of which they are born, we will find nothing strange in the practical and unimaginative character of the American people. We know of no better example of the

tameness of the American Muse than Whittier. He is one of our most voluminous writers of verse, and various causes, most of which are doubtless extrinsic to the literary merit of his compositions, have obtained for him very general recognition. He lacks, indeed, the culture of Longfellow, his wide acquaintance with books and the world, and his careful study of the literatures of the European nations. He lacks also his large sympathies and catholic thought, his elevation of sentiment and power of finished and polished expression.

But if Whittier's garb is plain, his features hard, and his voice harsh, his poetry, both in subject and in style, seems native here and to spring from the soil. He has himself not inaptly described his verse in the lines which he has prefixed to the Centennial edition of his complete poetical works:

> "The rigor of a frozen clime,
> The harshness of an untaught ear,
> The jarring words of one whose rhyme
> Beat often Labor's hurried time
> Or Duty's rugged march through storm and strife,
> are here.
>
> "Of mystic beauty, dreamy grace,
> No rounded art the lack supplies;
> Unskilled the subtle lines to trace
> Or softer shades of Nature's face,
> I view her common forms with unanointed eyes."

Whittier is, however, far from being a representative American or American poet. He is a Quaker. The broad-brimmed hat, the neat and simple dress, the sober gait, the slow and careful phrase with thee and thou, could not more truly denote him than his verse. Now, whatever idea we may form to ourselves of the typical American, or whether we think such a being exists at all, no one would ever imagine him to be a Quaker.

The American is eager; the Quaker is subdued. The American is loud, with a tendency to boastfulness and exaggeration; the Quaker is quiet and his language sober. He shuns the conflict and the battle, does not over-estimate his strength; while the American would fight the world, catch the Leviathan, swim the ocean, or do anything most impossible. The Quaker is cautious, the American reckless. The American is aggressive, the Quaker is timid. But it is needless to continue the contrast. A great poet is held by no bonds. His eye glances from earth to heaven—the infinite is his home; and that Whittier should be only a Quaker poet is of itself sufficient evidence that he is not a great poet. But in saying this we affirm only what is universally recognized. He is, indeed, wholly devoid of the creative faculty to which all true poetry owes its life; and yet this alone could have lifted most of the subjects which he has treated out of the dulness and weariness of the commonplace. To transform the real, to invest that which is low or mean or trivial with honor and beauty, is the triumph of the poet's art, the test of his inspiration. His words, like the light of heaven, clothe the world in a splendor not its own, or, like the morning rays falling on the statue of Memnon, strike from dead and sluggish matter sounds of celestial harmony.

> "To him the meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

Whittier certainly has no fear of trivial and commonplace subjects, but in his treatment of them he rarely, if ever, rises above the level of the verse-maker.

It was the opinion of Keats that a long poem is the test of invention: and if we accept this as a canon of criticism, we shall want no other evidence of Whittier's poverty of

imagination. All his pieces are short, though few readers, we suppose, have ever wished them longer. He cannot give sprightliness or variety to his verse, which like a sluggish stream creeps languidly along. There is no freshness about him, none of the breeziness of nature, none of its joyousness, exuberance, and exultant strength. In his youth, even, he had all the stiffness and slowness of age with its want of graceful motion. His narrations are interrupted and halting, interspersed with commonplace reflections and wearisome details; and when we have jogged along with him to the end, we are less pleased than fatigued. He never with strong arm bears us on over flood and fell, through hair-breadth escapes, gently at times letting us down amidst smiling homes and pleasant scenes, and again, with more rapid flight, hurrying us on breathless to the goal.

Some of his descriptive pieces have been admired, but to us they seem artificial and mechanical. They are the pictures of a view-hunter. They lack life, warmth, and coloring—the individuality that comes of an informing soul. He remains external to nature, and with careful survey and deliberate purpose sketches this and that trait, till he has his landscape with sloping hills and meadows green, with flower and shrub and tree and everything that one could wish, except that indefinable something which would make the scene stand out from all the earth, familiar as the countenance of a friend or as a spot known from childhood. He has too much the air of a man who says: Come, let us make a description. In fact, he has taken the trouble to tell us that he has considered the story of Mogg Megone only as a framework for sketches of the scenery of New England and of its early inhabitants. His own confession proves his art mechanical. He gets a frame, stretches the canvas, and deliberately proceeds to copy. The true poet fuses man and nature into a union so intimate that both seem part of each. He dreams not of framework and sketches, but of the unity and harmony of life. Where the common eye sees but parts, his sees the living whole. He does not copy, but transforms and re-creates. Before his enraptured gaze the immeasurable heavens break open to their highest, and every height comes out and jutting peak. From him not the humblest flower or blade of grass is hidden; and whatever he beholds becomes the minister of his thought, the slave of his will; passing through his mind receives its coloring, and rises from his page as though some eternal law of harmony had fitted it to this and no other purpose.

Whittier is even feebler in his attempts to portray character than in his description of scenery. To Ruth Bonython he gives "the sunny eye and sunset hair." "Sunny eye" is poor enough; but who will tell us what "sunset hair" is like? Is it purple or gold or yellow or red? She is "tall and erect," has a "dark-brown cheek," "a pure white brow," "a neck and bosom as white as ever the foam-wreaths that rise on the leaping river";

> "And her eye has a glance more sternly wild
> Than even that of a forest child."

And she talks in the following style:

> "A humbled thing of shame and guilt,
> Outcast and spurned and lone,
> Wrapt in the shadows of my crime,
> With withering heart and burning brain,
> And tears that fell like fiery rain,
> *I passed a fearful time.*"

The artifice by which Ruth quiets the suspicion of Mogg Megone, roused by the sight of her tearful eye and heaving bosom, is as remarkable for shrewdness as for poetic beauty:

"Is the sachem angry—angry with Ruth
Because she cries with an ache in her tooth
Which would make a Sagamore jump and cry
And look about with a woman's eye?"

The same weak and unskilful hand is visible in the characters of Mogg Megone, John Bonython, and Father Rasle, the Jesuit missionary. The descriptive portions of Mogg Megone are disfigured by mere rhetoric and what critics call "nonsense-verses." As Mogg Megone and John Bonython are stealing through the wood, they hear a sound:

"Hark! is that the angry howl
Of the wolf the hills among,
Or the hooting of the owl
On his leafy cradle swung?"

The only reason for hesitating between the wolf's howl and the hooting of the owl was the poet's want of a rhyme. But it is needless to load our page with these nonsense-verses, since Hudibras claims them to be a poet's privilege:

"But those that write in rhyme still make
The one verse for the other's sake;
For one for sense, and one for rhyme,
I think that 's sufficient at one time."

Whittier's Quaker faith inspired him early in life with an abhorrence of slavery, and drew him to the abolitionists, by whom, in 1836, he was appointed secretary of the American Anti-Slavery Society. It was about this time that he began to publish his anti-slavery rhymes, which he afterwards collected in a volume entitled, *Voices of Freedom*. These verses are not remarkable for thought or expression. They have the dull, monotonous ring of all Whittier's rhymes, and are hardly more poetic than a political harangue. They are partisan in tone and manner; breathe rather hatred of the "haughty Southron" than love of the negro; and are without polish or elegance. Read to political meetings during the excitement of the anti-slavery agitation, they were probably as effective as ordinary stump-speeches. Worthless as they are as poetry, they brought Whittier to public notice. He became the laureate of the abolitionist party, and with its growth grew his fame. The circumstances which made *Uncle Tom's Cabin* the most popular novel of the day made him a popular poet. His verses found readers who cared but little for inspired thought or expression, but who were delighted with political rhymes that painted the Southern slave-owner as the most heartless and brutal of men, who "in the vile South Sodom" feasted day by day upon the sight of human suffering inflicted by his own hand. Pieces like that which begins with the words,

"A Christian! Going, gone!
Who bids for God's own image?"

were at least good campaign documents in the times of anti-slavery agitation.

"A Christian up for sale;
Wet with her blood your whips, o'ertask her frame,
Make her life loathsome with your wrong and shame:
Her patience shall not fail."

This is very commonplace and vulgar, we grant, but it has the merit of not being above the intellectual level of an ordinary political meeting.

And then, in the metre of Scott's "Bride of Netherby," we have the "Hunters of Men":

'Have ye heard of our hunting o'er mountain and glen,
Through canebrake and forest, the hunting of men?
Hark! the cheer and the halloo, the crack of the whip,

And the yell of the hound as he fastens his grip.
All blithe are our hunters, and noble their match—
Though hundreds are caught, there are millions to catch."

All we maintain is that this is not poetry, fair sample though it be of Whittier's *Voices of Freedom*.

Slavery undoubtedly is hateful, and to denounce it cannot but be right. A preacher, however, need not be a poet, even though he should declaim in rhymes; nor is hate of the slave-owner love of the slave, much less love of liberty. We fail to catch in these *Voices* the swelling sound of freedom. They are rather the echoes of the fierce words of bitter partisan strife. The lips of him who uttered them had not been touched by the burning coal snatched from the altar of liberty, however his heart may have rankled at the thought of Southern cruelty.

Whittier's rhymes of the war are the natural sequel of his anti-slavery verses. The laureate of abolitionism could but sing, Quaker though he was, the bloody, fratricidal strife which he had helped to kindle. At first, indeed, he seemed to hesitate and to doubt whether it was well to light

"The fires of hell to weld anew the chain
On that red anvil where each blow is pain."

Safe on freedom's vantage-ground, he inclined rather to be the sad and helpless spectator of a suicide.

"Why take we up the accursed thing again?
Pity, forgive, but urge them back no more
Who, drunk with passion, flaunt disunion's rag
With its vile reptile-blazon.

But soon he came to recognize that God may speak "in battle's stormy voice, and his praise be in the wrath of man."

Whittier's war rhymes are not so numerous as his *Voices of Freedom*, nor are they in any way remarkable as poetical compositions. The lines on Barbara Frietchie derive their interest from the incident narrated, and not from any beauty of thought or language with which it has been clothed. They are popular because old Barbara Frietchie waving the flag of the Union above Stonewall Jackson's army as it passed, with measured tread, through the streets of Frederick, is a striking and dramatic figure. There could be no more convincing proof of the barrenness of Whittier's imagination than the poor use which he has made of so poetical an episode.

"In her attic window the staff she set
To show that one heart was loyal yet."

And yet of all his poems this is probably the best known and the most popular.

The *Voices of Freedom* and the *Songs in War Time* both belong to the class of occasional poetry which more than any other kind is apt to confer a short-lived fame upon authors whose chief merit consists in being fortunate. He who sings the conqueror's praise will never lack admirers.

We are sorry to perceive, in so amiable a man as Whittier is generally supposed to be, the many evidences which this edition of his complete poetical works affords of intense and bitter anti-Catholic prejudice. If he were content with manifesting, even with damnable iteration, his Quaker horror of creeds, we could excuse the simple mind that is capable of holding that men may believe without giving to their faith form and sensible expression; though the mental habit from which alone such a theory could proceed is the very opposite of the poetical. The Catholic Church, which is the groundwork and firm support of all Christian dogmas, cannot be understood

by those who fail to perceive that without doctrinal religion the whole moral order would be meaningless. But Whittier's prejudice carries him far beyond mere protest against Catholic teaching. He cannot approach any subject or person connected with the church without being thrown into mental convulsions. Let us take, for example, the character of Father Rasle, the martyr, in "Mogg Megone," one of his earliest and longest poems. This noble and heroic missionary is represented as a heartless and senseless zealot, who "by cross and vow" had pledged Mogg Megone

> "To lift the hatchet of his sire,
> And round his own, the church's, foe
> To light the avenging fire."

When Ruth Bonython, half mad with fear and grief, comes to confess to Father Rasle that, seeing the scalp of her lover hanging to Mogg Megone's belt, she had killed him in his drunken sleep, the Jesuit starts back—

> "His long, thin frame as ague shakes,
> And loathing hate is in his eye"—

not from horror of the crime, but because in the death of Megone he recognizes the extinction of his long-cherished hopes of revenge.

> "Ah! weary priest! . . .
> Thoughts are thine which have no part
> With the meek and pure of heart. . .
> Thoughts of strife and hate and wrong
> Sweep thy heated brain along—
> Fading hopes for whose success
> It were sin to breathe a prayer;
> Schemes which Heaven may never bless;
> Tears which darken to despair."

His heart is as stone to the pitiful appeal of the contrite and broken-hearted girl. "Off!" he exclaims—

> "'Off, woman of sin! Nay, touch not me
> With those fingers of blood; begone!'
> With a gesture of horror he spurns the form
> That writhes at his feet like a trodden worm."

And in the death-scene of the martyr, as painted by Whittier, the coward and the villain, with forces equally matched, strive for the mastery.

The ode "To Pius IX." will furnish us with another example of religious hate driving its victim to the very verge of raving madness. "Hider at Gaeta," he exclaims—

> "Hider at Gaeta, seize thy chance!
> Coward and cruel, come!
>
> "Creep now from Naple's bloody skirt;
> Thy mummer's part was acted well,
> While Rome, with steel and fire begirt,
> Before thy crusade fell.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "But hateful as that tyrant old,
> The mocking witness of his crime,
> In thee shall loathing eyes behold
> The Nero of our time!
>
> "Stand where Rome's blood was freest shed,
> Mock Heaven with impious thanks, and call
> Its curses on the patriot dead,
> Its blessings on the Gaul;
>
> "Or sit upon thy throne of lies,
> A poor, mean idol, blood-besmeared,
> Whom even its worshippers despise—
> Unhonored, unrevered!"

It is some consolation to know that Whittier himself, in reading over these ravings, has been forced to acknowledge their unworthiness by a lame attempt at apology. "He is no enemy of Catholics," he informs us in a note to this effusion; "but the severity of his language finds its ample apology in the reluctant confession of one of the most eminent Romish priests, the eloquent and devoted Father Ventura." What is this but making calumny an ally of outrage?

In the "Dream of Pio Nono" he introduces St. Peter, who upbraids the venerable Pontiff in the following style:

> "Hearest thou the angels sing
> Above this open hell? *Thou* God's high-priest!
> Thou the vicegerent of the Prince of Peace!
> Thou the successor of his chosen ones!
> I, Peter, fisherman of Galilee,
> In the dear Master's name, and for the love
> Of his true church, proclaim thee Antichrist."

In a poem on "Italy" Whittier hears the groans of nations across the sea.

> "Their blood and bones
> Cried out in torture, crushed by thrones
> And sucked by priestly cannibals."

"Rejoice, O Garibaldi!" he exclaims,

"Though thy sword
Failed at Rome's gates, and blood seemed vainly poured
Where in Christ's name the crownèd infidel
Of France wrought murder with the arms of hell.
. . . . . .
God's providence is not blind, but, full of eyes,
It searches all the refuges of lies;
And in his time and way the accursed things
Before whose evil feet thy battle-gage
Has clashed defiance from hot youth to age
Shall perish."

We crave the reader's indulgence for this disfigurement of our page, and wish with all our heart it had been possible to fill it with more worthy matter.

Longfellow, breathing the same air as Whittier, the disciple of a faith commonly supposed to be less mild and sweetly loving than a Quaker's, has found the tenderest thoughts, the noblest images, and the highest forms of character in the church which our poet cannot even think of without raving.

But possibly we should be wrong to complain that the mystic beauty which has in all ages appealed with irresistible power of fascination to the highest and most richly-gifted natures should fail to impress one all of whose thoughts are cast in a straitened and unyielding mould. Whittier has not the far-glancing eye of the poet to which all beauty appeals like the light itself. The partisan habit of an inveterate abolitionist has stiffened and hardened a disposition which was never plastic. It was so long his official duty to write anti-slavery campaign verses that, in treating subjects which should inspire higher thoughts, he is still held captive to the lash of the slave-driver, hears the clanking of chains and the groans of the fettered; and these sights and sounds drive him into mere rant and rhetoric.

We willingly bear testimony to the moral tone and purity which pervade Whittier's verse. There is nothing to offend the most delicate ear; nothing to bring a blush to a virgin's cheek. He lacks the power to portray passion, and was not tempted into doubtful paths. He delights in pictures of home, with its innocent joys and quiet happiness; sings of friendship and the endearing ties that bind the parent to the child; or, if he attunes his harp to love, he does it in numbers so sadly sweet that we only remember that the fickle god has wreathed his bowers with cypress boughs and made his best interpreter a sigh.

What could be more harmless than the little scene between Maud Muller and the judge—though Heaven only knows what the judge, and above all the American judge, can have done that he should be condemned to play the *rôle* of a lover. Possibly it may have been the judicious nature of the love that induced the poet to think such a *deus ex machinâ* not out of place. At all events, nothing could be more inoffensive.

"She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up
And filled for him her small tin cup.
'Thanks!' said the judge; 'a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed.'"

And how refreshing it is to find a judge making love by talking

"Of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and humming bees"!

We are less edified, however, when, in after-years, we find him a married man, sipping the golden wine but longing for the wayside well and the barefoot maiden:

"And the proud man sighed, with secret pain:
'Ah! that I were free again!'"

In reading Whittier we seldom come upon a thought so perfectly expressed that it can never after

occur to us except in the words in which he has clothed it. It is a poet's privilege thus to marry thoughts to words in a union so divine that no man may put them asunder; and where this high power is wanting the *mens divinior* is not found. For our own part, we hardly recall a line of Whittier that we should care to remember. Nothing that he has written has been more frequently quoted than the couplet:

"For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: 'It might have been.'"

To our thinking, this is meaningless. "It might have been" is neither sad nor joyful, except as it is made so by that with which it is associated. He who is drowned may thus have escaped hanging—"It might have been." The judge might have been Maud's husband; but she might have thought of sadder things than that she was not his wife.

"Snow-Bound," a winter idyl, is, in the opinion of several critics, Whittier's best performance. A more hackneyed theme he would probably have found it difficult to choose; nor has he the magic charm that makes the old seem as new. It is the unmistakable snow-storm with which our school-readers made us familiar in childhood. The sun rises "cheerless" over "hills of gray"; sinks from sight before it sets; "the ocean roars on his wintry shore"; night comes on, made hoary "with the whirl-dance of the blinding storm," and ere bed-time

"The white drift piled the window-frame";

and then, of course, we have the horse and cow and cock, each in turn contemplating the beautiful snow. Even the silly ram

"Shook his sage head with gesture mute,
And emphasized with stamp of foot."

The boys, with mittened hands, and caps drawn down over ears, sally forth to cut a pathway at their sire's command. And when the second night is ushered in, we are quite prepared for the blazing fire of oaken logs, whose roaring draught makes the great throat of the chimney laugh; while on the clean hearth the apples sputter, the mug of cider simmers, the house-dog sleeps, and the cat meditates. The group of faces gathered round are plain and honest, just such as good, simple country folk are wont to wear, but feebly drawn. In the fitful firelight their features are dim. The father talks of rides on Memphremagog's wooded side; of trapper's hut and Indian camp. The mother turns her wheel or knits her stocking, and tells how the Indian came down at midnight on Cocheco town. The uncle, "innocent of books," unravels the mysteries of moons and tides. The maiden aunt, very sweet and very unselfish, recalls her memories of

"The huskings and the apple-bees,
The sleigh-rides and the summer sails."

It would be unkind to leave the village schoolmaster out in the biting air, and he is therefore brought in to make us wonder how one small head could contain all he knew.

In the very thought of home there is an exhaustless well-spring of poetic feeling. The word itself is all alive with the spirit of sweet poesy which gives charm to the humblest verse; and it would be strange indeed if, in an idyl like "Snow-Bound," there should not be found passages of real beauty, touches of nature that make the whole world kin. The subject is

one that readily lends itself to the lowly mood and unpretending style. Fine thoughts and ambitious words would but distract us. Each one is thinking of his own dear home, and he but asks the poet not to break the spell that has made him a child again; not to darken the dewy dawn of memory, that throws the light of heaven around a world that seemed as dead, but now lives.

"O Time and Change!—with hair as gray
As was my sire's that winter day,
How strange it seems, with so much gone
Of life and love, to still live on!
Ah! brother, only I and thou
Are left of all that circle now—
The dear home faces whereupon
That fitful firelight paled and shone.
Henceforward, listen as we will,
The voices of that hearth are still;
Look where we may, the wide earth o'er,
Those lighted faces smile no more.
We tread the paths their feet have worn;
We sit beneath their orchard trees;
We hear, like them, the hum of bees
And rustle of the bladed corn;
We turn the pages that they read,
Their written words we linger o'er.
But in the sun they cast no shade,
No voice is heard, no sign is made,
No step is on the conscious floor!
Yet love will dream, and faith will trust
(Since He who knows our need is just),
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Alas! for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress-trees;
Who hopeless lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play;
Who hath not learned in hours of faith
The truth to flesh and sense unknown—
That Life is ever Lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!"

This is true poetry, sad and sweet as a mother's voice when she lulls her sick babe to rest, knowing that, if he sleep, he shall live.

In Whittier's verse we often catch the unmistakable accent of genuine feeling, and his best lyrics are so artless and simple that they almost disarm criticism. In many ways his influence has doubtless been good; and the critic, whose eye is naturally drawn to what is less worthy, finds it easy to carp at faults which he has not the ability to commit.

MONSIEUR GOMBARD'S MISTAKE.

M. Gombard was a short, stout, pompous man, with a flat nose, and sharp gray eyes that did their very best to look fierce through a pair of tortoise-shell spectacles. They succeeded in this attempt with very young culprits and with the female prisoners who appeared before M. Gombard in his official capacity of mayor of the town of Loisel; they succeeded in a lesser degree with functionaries, such as clerks and policemen, who were to a certain extent under the official eye of the mayor; but with the general, independent public the attempt at ferocity was a failure. M. Gombard passed for being a good man, a man with high principles, an unflinching sense of duty, and a genuine respect for law, but also a man whose heart was as dry as a last year's nut. He was fifty years of age, and it had never been said, even as a joke, that M. Gombard had had a "sentiment"; it had never entered into the imagination of anybody who knew him to suggest that he might have a sentiment, or even that he might marry some day. He was looked upon by his fellow-townsmen as a trusty, intelligent machine—a machine that never got out of order, that was always ready when wanted, that would be seriously missed if it were removed. He settled their differences and saved them many a costly lawsuit; for M. Gombard had studied the law, and understood its practical application better than any lawyer in Loisel; he made marriages, and drew out wills, and dispensed advice to young and old with the wisdom of Solomon and the stoical impartiality of Brutus. Everybody trusted him; they knew that if their case was a good case, he would decide it in their favor; if it was a bad case, he would give it against them: no man could buy him, no man could frighten him. Antoine Grimoire, the biggest bully in all the country round —even Antoine Grimoire shook in his shoes when one day a suit in which he was defendant was sent up before M. Gombard. M. Gombard gave judgment against him; and this was more than the united magistrates in Loisel would have dared do, for Antoine would have "licked them" within an inch of their lives, if they had tried it; but he never said *boo* when M. Gombard pronounced the plaintiff an injured man, and ordered the defendant to pay him one hundred and fifty-three francs, ten sous, and three centimes damages. Everybody in the place held their breath when this sentence went forth. They fully expected Antoine to fly at the audacious judge, and break every bone in his body on the spot; but Antoine coolly nodded, and said civilly, "*C'est bon, Monsieur le Maire*," and walked off. People made sure he was bent on some terrible vengeance, and that he would never pay a sou of the damages; but he deceived them by paying. This incident added fresh lustre to the prestige of M. Gombard, whose word henceforth was counted as good as, and better than, law, since even Antoine Grimoire gave in to it, which was more than he had ever been known to do to the law.

M. Gombard had some pressing

business on hand just now; for he had left Loisel before daybreak in a post-chaise, and never once pulled up, except when the wheels came off and went spinning right and left into the ditch on either side, and sent him bumping on over the snow in the disabled vehicle, till at last the horses stopped and M. Gombard got out, jumped on to the back of the leader, and rode on into Cabicol. There he is now, his wig awry and pulled very low over his forehead, but otherwise looking none the worse for his adventurous ride, as he walks up and down the best room in the *Jacques Bonhomme*, the principal inn of Cabicol.

"You said I could have a post-chaise?" said M. Gombard to the waiter, who fussed about, on hospitable cares intent.

"I did, monsieur."

"And it is in good condition, you say?"

"Excellent, monsieur. It would take you from Cabicol to Paris without starting a nail."

"Good," observed M. Gombard, sitting down and casting a glance that was unmistakably ferocious on the savory omelet. "I can count on a stout pair of horses?" he continued, helping himself with the haste of a ravenous man.

"Horses?" repeated the waiter blandly. "Monsieur said nothing about horses."

M. Gombard dropped his knife and fork with a clatter, and looked round at the man.

"What use can the chaise be to me without horses?" he said. "Does it go by steam, or do you expect me to carry it on my head?"

"Assuredly not, monsieur; that would be of the last impossibility," replied the waiter demurely.

"The aborigines of Cabicol are idiots, apparently," observed M. Gombard, still looking straight at the man, but with a broad, speculative stare, as if he had been a curious stone or an unknown variety of dog.

"Yes, monsieur," said the waiter, with ready assent. If a traveller had declared the aborigines of Cabicol to be buffaloes, he would have assented just as readily; he did not care a dry pea for the aborigines, whoever they might be; he did not know them even by sight, so why should he stand up for them? Besides, every traveller represented a tip, and he was not a man to quarrel with his bread and butter.

"What's to be done?" said M. Gombard. "I must have horses; where am I to get them?"

"I doubt that there is a horse in the town to-day which can be placed at monsieur's disposal. This is the grand market day at Luxort, and everybody is gone there, and to-morrow the beasts will be too tired to start for a fresh journey; but on Friday I dare say monsieur could find a pair, if he does not mind waiting till then."

"There is nothing at the present moment I should mind much more, nothing that could be more disagreeable to me," said M. Gombard.

"We would do our best to make monsieur's delay agreeable," said the waiter; "the beds of the *Jacques Bonhomme* are celebrated; the food is excellent and the cooking of the best; the landlord cuts himself into little pieces for his guests."

"Good heavens!" ejaculated M. Gombard.

"It is a figure of speech, monsieur, a figure of rhetoric," explained the waiter, who began to heap up blocks of wood on the hearth, as if he were preparing a funeral pyre for his unwilling guest.

"Tell the landlord I want to speak to him," said M. Gombard.

Before he had finished his meal the landlord knocked at the door. M. Gombard said "Come in," and the landlord entered. He was a solemn, melancholy-looking man, who spoke in a sepulchral voice, and seemed continually struggling to withhold his tears. He loved his inn, but the weight of responsibility it laid upon him was more than he could bear with a smiling countenance. Every traveller who slept beneath his roof was, for the time being, an object of the tenderest interest to him; it was no exaggeration to say, with the rhetorical waiter, that he cut himself into little pieces for each one of them. He made out imaginary histories of them, which he related afterwards for the entertainment of their successors. He was guided as to the facts of each subject by the peculiar make and fashion of their physiognomies; but he drew his inspiration chiefly from their noses: if the traveller wore his beard long and his nose turned up, he was set down as a philosopher travelling in the pursuit of knowledge; if he wore his beard cropped and his nose hooked, he was a banker whose financial genius and fabulous wealth were a source of terror to the money-markets of Europe; if he carried his nose flat against his face and wore a wig and spectacles, he was a desperate criminal with a huge price on his head, and the police scouring the country in pursuit of him; but he was safe beneath the roof of the *Jacques Bonhomme*, for his host would have sworn with the patriot bard: "I know not, I care not, if guilt's in that heart; I but know that I'll hide thee, whatever thou art!" All the pearls of Golconda, all the gold of California, would not have bribed him into delivering up a man who enjoyed his hospitality. Many and thrilling were the tales he had to tell of these sinister guests, their hair-breadth escapes, and the silent but, to him, distinctly manifest rage of their baffled pursuers. This life of secret care and harrowing emotions had done its work on the landlord; you saw at a glance that his was a heavily-laden spirit, and that pale "melancholy had marked him for her own." He bowed low, and in a voice of deep feeling inquired how he could serve M. Gombard.

"By getting me a pair of good post-horses," replied his guest. "It is of the utmost importance that I reach X—— before five o'clock to-morrow afternoon, and your people say I have no chance of finding horses until Friday."

The landlord stifled a sigh and replied: "That is only too true, monsieur."

M. Gombard pushed away his plate, rose, walked up and down the room, and then stood at the window and looked out. It was a bleak look out; everything was covered with snow. Snow lay deep on the ground, on the trees, on the lamp-post, on the chimneys and the house-tops; and the sky looked as if it were still full of snow.

Just opposite there was a strange, grand old house that arrested M. Gombard's attention; it was a gabled edifice with turrets at either end, and high pointed, mullioned windows filled with diamond-paned lattices. The roof slanted rapidly from the chimneys to the windows, and looked as if the north wind that had howled over it for centuries had blown it a little to one side and battered it a good deal; for you could see by the undulations of the snow

that it was full of dints and ruts. Close under the projecting eaves in the centre of the house there was a stone shield, on which a family coat of arms was engraved; but the ivy, which grew thick over the wall, draped the escutcheon, and, with the snow, made it impossible to read the story it set forth. There was a balcony right under it, from the floor of which an old man was now engaged sweeping the snow; on either side were set huge stone vases, in which some hardy plants grew, defying all weathers, apparently. When the old man had cleared away the snow, he brought out some pots of wintry-looking flowers, and placed them on the ledge of the balcony. M. Gombard had been watching the performance, and taking in the scene with his eyes while his thoughts were busy about these post-horses that were not to be had in the town of Cabicol. He turned round suddenly, and said in his abrupt, magisterial way: "Curious old house. Whose is it?"

"It belongs now to Mlle. Aimée Bobert," replied the landlord; and the question seemed to affect him painfully.

"Whom did it belong to formerly?" inquired M. Gombard.

"To the brave and illustrious family of De Valbranchart. The Revolution ruined them, and the mansion was bought by a retired manufacturer, the grandfather of Mlle. Aimée, who is now the sole heiress of all his wealth."

"Strange vicissitudes in the game of life!" muttered M. Gombard; he turned again to survey the old house, that looked as if it had been transplanted from some forest or lovely fell-side to this commonplace little town. As he looked, the window on the balcony opened, and the slight figure of a woman appeared, holding a flower-pot in her hand. He could not see her face, which was concealed by a shawl thrown lightly over her head; but her movements had the grace and suppleness of youth. M. Gombard mechanically adjusted his spectacles, the better to inspect this new object in the picture; the same moment a gentleman, hurrying down the street, came up, and lifted his hat in a stately salutation as he passed before the balcony. M. Gombard could not see whether the greeting was returned, or how; for when he glanced again towards the latticed window, it had closed on the retreating figure of the lady. The old church clock was chiming the hour of noon. "The ancient house has its modern romance, I perceive," observed M. Gombard superciliously; and as if this discovery must strip it at once of all interest in the eyes of a sensible man, he turned his back upon the old house, and proceeded to catechise the landlord concerning post-horses. There was clearly no chance of his procuring any that day, and a very doubtful chance of his procuring any the next. There was no help for it: he must spend at least one night at the *Jacques Bonhomme*. He was not a man to waste his energies in useless lamentation or invective. One exclamation of impatience escaped him, but he stifled it half way, snapped his fingers, and muttered in almost a cheerful tone, "*Tantpis!*" The landlord stood regarding him with a gaze of compassion mingled with a sort of cowed admiration. There was a strange fascination about these criminals, murderers or forgers, flying for dear life; the concentrated energy, the reckless daring, the heroic self-control, the calm self-possession they evinced in the face of danger and impending death, were

wonderful. If these grand faculties had been ruled by principle, and devoted to lawful pursuits and worthy aims, what might they not have accomplished! The landlord saw the stigma of crime distinctly branded upon the countenance of this man, though the low, bad brow was almost entirely concealed at one side by the wig; and yet he could not but admire, nay, to a certain extent, sympathize, with him. M. Gombard noticed his singular air of dejection, his immovable attitude —standing there as if he were rooted to the spot when there was no longer any ostensible reason for his remaining in the room. He bent a glance of inquiry upon him, which said as plainly as words: "You have evidently something to say; so say it."

"Monsieur," said the landlord in a thick undertone, "I have been trusted with many secrets, and I have never been known to betray one. I ask you for no confidence; but, if you can trust me so far, answer me one question: Is it a matter of life and death that you go—that you reach your destination by a given time?"

M. Gombard hesitated for a moment, perplexed by the tone and manner of his host; then he replied, deliberately, as if weighing the value of each word: "I will not say 'life and death,' but as urgent as if it were life and death."

"Ha! That is enough. I understand," said the landlord. His voice was husky; he shook from head to foot. "Now tell me this: will you—will the situation be saved, if you can leave this to-morrow?"

"To-morrow? . . . Let me see," said M. Gombard; and thrusting both hands into his pockets, he bent his head upon his breast with the air of a man making a calculation. After a prolonged silence he looked up, and continued reflectively: "If I can leave this to-morrow at four o'clock, with a good pair of horses, I shall be at X—— by ten; and starting afresh at, say, five next morning, I shall be—"

"Saved!" broke in the landlord.

"I shall be saved, as you say," repeated M. Gombard.

"Monsieur, if the thing is possible it shall be done!" protested the landlord. This coolness, this superhuman calm, at such a crisis, were magnificent; this felon, whoever he was, was a glorious man.

"Very peculiar person our host seems," was the hero's reflection, when the door closed behind that excited and highly sensitive individual. M. Gombard then drew a chair towards the fire, pulled a newspaper from his pocket, and poked his feet as far out on the hearth as he could without putting them right into the blaze.

When he had squeezed the newspaper dry, he threw it aside, and bethought to himself that he might as well go for a walk, and reconnoitre this extremely unprogressive town, where a traveller might wait two days and two nights for a pair of post-horses. He pulled on his big furred coat and sallied forth. The snow was deep, but the night's sharp frost had hardened it, so that it was dry and crisp to walk on. There was little in the aspect of Cabicol that promised entertainment; it was called a town, but it was more like a village with a disproportionately fine church, and some large houses that looked out of place in the midst of the shabby ones all round though the largest was insignificant beside the imposing old pile opposite the inn. They looked quaint and picturesque enough, however,

in their snow dress, glistening in the beams of the pale winter sun that shone out feebly from the milky-looking sky. The church was the first place to which M. Gombard bent his steps, not with any pious intentions, but because it was the only place that seemed to be open to a visitor, and was, moreover, a stately, Gothic edifice that would have done honor to a thriving, well-populated town. The front door was closed. M. Gombard was turning away with some disappointment, when an old woman who was frying chestnuts in the angle of the projecting buttress, with an umbrella tied to the back of her chair as a protest rather than a protection against the north wind that was blowing over the deserted market-place, called out to him that the side door was open, and pointed to the other side of the church. When the visitor entered it, he was struck by the solemnity and vastness of the place. It was quite empty. At least he thought so; for his eye, piercing the sombre perspective, saw no living person there. In the south aisle the rich stained glass threw delicate shadows of purple and gold and crimson on the pavement, on the stern mediæval statues, on the slim, groined pillars; but the other aisle was so dark that it was like night until your eyes grew accustomed to the gloom. M. Gombard walked slowly through the darkened aisle, peering up at the massive carving of the capitals, and into the quaint devices of the basements, and wondering what could have brought this majestic, cathedral-like church into so incongruous a frame as Cabicol. Suddenly he descried coming towards him from the farthest end of the aisle, like a dimly visible form emerging from total darkness, the figure of a man. He supposed at first it was a priest, and he thought he would ask him for some information about the church; but, as the figure drew near, he saw he had been mistaken, and presently he recognized the tall, erect bearing and hurried step of the lover of Mlle. Bobert. There was no reason why M. Gombard should not have accosted him just as readily as if he had been the priest he had taken him for, but something checked him at the first moment; and when the young man had passed, he was loath to call him back. He had not the kind of face M. Gombard expected; there was none of the levity or mawkishness that almost invariably characterized the countenances of men who were in love; neither was there any trace of coxcombry or conceit in his dress and general appearance; he had a fine head, well shaped, and with a breadth of forehead that announced brains; his face was thoughtful and intelligent. M. Gombard was sorry for the poor fellow, who was evidently not otherwise a fool. The sound of the lover's footfall died away, and the great door closed behind him with a boom like low thunder. M. Gombard continued his walk round the church undisturbed. He came to the Lady Chapel behind the high altar, and stood at the entrance, filled with a new admiration and surprise. The chapel was as dimly lighted as the rest of the building; but from a deep, mullioned window there came a flood of amber light that fell full upon a kneeling figure, illuminating it with an effulgence to which the word heavenly might fitly be applied. M. Gombard's first thought was that this new wonder was part of the whole; that it was not a real, living female form he be-

held, but some beautiful creation of painter and sculptor, placed here to symbolize faith and worship in their loveliest aspect. But this was merely the first unreasoning impression of delight and wonder. He had not gazed more than a second on the kneeling figure when he saw that it was neither a statue nor an apparition, but a living, breathing woman. The worshipper was absorbed in her devotions, and seemed unconscious of the proximity of any spectator; so M. Gombard was free to contemplate her at his ease. It was the first time in his life that he ever stood deliberately to contemplate a woman, simply as a beautiful object; but there was something in this one totally different from all the women, beautiful or otherwise, that he had ever seen. It may have been the circumstances, the place and hour, the obscurity of all around, except for that yellow shaft of light that shot straight down upon the lovely devotee, investing her with a sort of celestial glory; but whatever it was, the spectacle stirred the fibres of his heart as they had never been stirred before. Who was this lovely creature, and why was she here in the deserted church, alone and at an hour when there was neither chant nor ceremony to call her thither? M. Gombard's habit of mind and his semi-legal and magisterial functions led him to suspect and discover plots and sinister motives in most human actions that were at all out of the usual course; but it never for an instant occurred to seek any such here. This fair girl —she looked in the full bloom of youth—could only be engaged on some errand of duty, of mercy, or of love. Love! Strange to say, the word, as it rose to his lips, did not call up the scornful, or even the pitying, smile which at best never failed to accompany the thought of this greatest of human follies in the mayor's mind. He repeated mentally, "Love," as he looked at her, and something very like a sigh rose and was not peremptorily stifled in his breast. While he stood there gazing, a deeper gloom fell upon the place, the yellow shaft was suddenly withdrawn, the golden light went out, and the vision melted into brown shadow. M. Gombard started; high up, on all sides, there was a noise like pebbles rattling against the windows. The lady started too, and, crossing herself, as at a signal that cut short her devotions, rose and hurried from the chapel. She took no notice of the man standing under the archway, but passed on, with a quick, light step, down the north aisle. M. Gombard turned and walked after her. He had no idea of pursuing her; he merely yielded to an impulse that anticipated thought and will.

On emerging into the daylight of the porch he saw that the rain was falling heavily, mixed with hailstones as big as peas. The lady surveyed the scene without in blank dismay, while M. Gombard stealthily surveyed her. She struck him as more wonderful, more vision-like, now even than when she had burst upon him with her golden halo amidst the darkness; her soft brown eyes full of light, her silken brown curls, her scarlet lips parted in inarticulate despair, the small head thrown slightly back, and raised in scared interrogation to the dull gray tank above—M. Gombard saw all these charms distinctly now, and his dry, legal soul was strangely moved. Should he speak to her? What could he say? Offer her his umbrella, perhaps? That was a safe

offer to make, and a legitimate opportunity; he blessed his stars that he had brought his umbrella.

"Madame—mademoiselle—pardon me—I shall be very happy—that is, I should esteem myself fortunate if I could—be of any service to you in this emergency—"

"Thank you; I am much obliged to you, monsieur," replied the young lady; she saw he meant to be polite, but she did not see what help he intended.

"If you would allow me to call a cab for you?" continued M. Gombard timidly.

"Oh! thank you." She broke into a little, childlike laugh that was perfectly delicious. "We have no cabs at Cabicol!"

The young merriment was so contagious that M. Gombard laughed too.

"Of course not! How stupid of me to have thought there could be! But how are you to get home in this rain, mademoiselle? Will you accept my umbrella? It is large; it will protect you in some degree."

"Oh! you are too good, monsieur," replied his companion, turning the brown eyes, darting with light, full upon him; "but I think we had better have a little patience and wait until the rain stops. It can't last long like this; and if I ventured out in such a deluge, I think I should be drowned."

There was nothing very original, or poetical, or preternaturally wise in this remark, but coming from those poppy lips, in that young, silvery voice, it sounded like the inspiration of genius to M. Gombard. He replied that she was right, that he was an idiot; in fact, had not his age and his business-like, dry, matter-of-fact appearance offered a guarantee for his sobriety and an excuse for his attempt at facetiousness, M. Gombard's jubilant manner and ecstatic air would have led the young lady to fear he was slightly deranged or slightly inebriated. But ugly, elderly gentlemen who wear wigs are a kind of privileged persons to young ladies; they may say anything, almost, under cover of these potent credentials.

"This is a fine old church," observed M. Gombard presently.

"Yes; we are proud of it at Cabicol. Strangers always admire it," replied his companion.

"They are right; it is one of the best specimens of the Gothic of the Renaissance I remember to have seen," said M. Gombard; "this portico reminds one of the cathedral of B——. Have you ever seen it, mademoiselle?"

"No; I have never travelled farther from Cabicol than Luxort."

"Indeed! How I envy you!" exclaimed the mayor heartily. He was a new man; he was fired with enthusiasm for beauty of every description, in art, in nature, everywhere.

"It is you, rather, who are to be envied for having seen far places and beautiful things!" returned the young girl naïvely. "I wish I could see them too."

"And why should you not?" demanded M. Gombard; he would have given half his fortune to have been able to say there and then: "Come, and I will show you these strange places, and beautiful things!"

"I am alone," replied his companion in a low tone; the merry brightness faded from her face, the sweet eyes filled with tears.

M. Gombard could have fallen at her feet, and cried, "Forgive me! I did not mean to give you pain." But he did not do so; he did better: he bowed gravely and mur-

mured, almost under his breath: "*Pauvre enfant!*" He had never pitied any human being as he pitied this beautiful orphan; but then he was a man, as we know, who passed for having no heart. His young companion looked up at him through her tears, and her eyes said, "*Merci!*" It was like the glance of a dumb animal, so large, so pathetic, so trustful. The rain still fell in torrents, lashing the ground like whip-cords; but the hailstones had ceased. The two persons under the portico stood in solemn silence, watching the steady downpour. Presently, as when, by a sudden jerk of the string, the force of a shower-bath is slackened, it grew lighter; the sun made a slit in the tank, and gleamed down in a silver line through the lessening drops. The young girl went to the edge of the steps, and looked up, reconnoitring the sky.

"It is raining heavily still," said M. Gombard; "but if you are in a hurry, and must go, pray take my umbrella!"

"But then you will get wet," she replied, laughing with the childlike freedom that had marked her manner at first.

"That is of small consequence! It will do me good," protested M. Gombard. "I entreat you, mademoiselle, accept my umbrella!"

It was hard to say "no," and it was selfish to say "yes." She hesitated. M. Gombard opened the umbrella, capacious as a young tent, and held it towards her. The young lady advanced and took it; but the thick handle and the weight of the outspread canopy were too much for her tiny hand and little round wrist. It swayed to and fro as she grasped it. M. Gombard caught hold of it again.

"Let me hold it for you," he said. "Which way are you going?"

"Across the market-place to that house with the veranda," she replied; "but perhaps that is not your way, monsieur?"

It was not his way; but if it had been ten times more out of it, M. Gombard would have gone with delight.

"Do me the honor to take my arm, mademoiselle," he said, without answering her inquiry. It was done in the kindest way—just as if she had been the daughter of an old friend. The young girl gathered her pretty cashmere dress well in one hand, and slipped the other into the arm of her protector. They crossed the market-place quickly, and were soon at the door of the house she had pointed out.

"Thank you! I am so much obliged to you, monsieur!"

"Mademoiselle, I am too happy—"

She smiled at him with her laughing brown eyes, and he turned away, a changed man, elated, bewildered, walking upon air. He walked on in the rain, his feet sinking ankle-deep in parts where the snow was thick and had been melted into slush by the heavy shower. He did not think now whether there was anything to visit to pass the rest of the day; his one idea was to find out the name of this beautiful creature, then to see her again, offer her his hand and fortune, if her position were not too far above his own, and be the happiest of men for the rest of his life. He was fifty years of age; but what of that? His heart was twenty; he had not worn it out in butterfly passions, "fancies, light as air," and ephemeral as summer gnats. This was his first love, and few men half his age had that virgin gift to place in the

bridal *corbeille*. Then how respected he was by his fellow-citizens! M. Gombard saw them already paying homage to his young wife; saw all the magnates congratulating him, and the fine ladies calling on Madame Gombard. When he reached the *Jacques Bonhomme* he was in the seventh heaven. The landlord saw him from the window of the bar, and hurried out to meet him with a countenance blanched with terror.

"Good heavens, monsieur! you have ventured out into the town. You have been abroad all this time! What mad imprudence!" he whispered.

"Eh! Imprudence? Not the least, my good sir," replied the mayor, descending with a painful jump from his celestial altitude; "my boots are snow-proof, and behold my umbrella!" He swung it round, shut it up with a click, and held it proudly at arm's length, while the wet streamed down its seams as from a spout.

"Marvellous man!" muttered the landlord, staring at him aghast. "But hasten in now, I entreat you. You ordered dinner at three; it will be served to you in your room."

"Just as it pleases you," returned M. Gombard complacently. "I don't mind where I get it, provided it be good."

"Monsieur, for heaven's sake be prudent!" said the landlord; he took the umbrella from him, and hung it outside the door to drip.

"I wish to have a word with you presently, mine host," M. Gombard called out from the top of the stairs.

"I am at your orders, monsieur," said the host. This reckless behavior in a man flying for his life was beyond belief. "It is madness, but it is sublime!" thought the landlord. The table was ready laid when M. Gombard entered his room; the dinner was ready too, as was evident from the smell of fry and cabbage that filled the place; he went to the window and threw it open. As he did so the mysterious lover appeared at the corner of the street—that is, of the gabled house—and, as before, lifted his hat and bowed reverently as he passed under the balcony. Was his lady-love there to see it? M. Gombard glanced quickly to the latticed window; it did not open, but he distinctly saw a female figure standing behind it, and retreating suddenly, as if unwilling to be observed. The little pantomime, which he had looked on so contemptuously a few hours ago, was now full of a new interest to him. He wondered what the lady was like; whether she looked with full kindness on this pensive, intellectual-looking adorer, and admitted him occasionally to her presence, or whether she starved him on these distant glimpses. What was he doing in the church just now, with that long scroll in his hand? He had not been praying out of it, certainly. "I must interrogate mine host," thought M. Gombard, stirred to unwonted curiosity about these lovers. Great was his surprise at that very moment to behold the said host cross the street, pass the open gateway of the gabled house, ring at the narrow, arched door and presently disappear within it. What could the landlord of the *Jacques Bonhomme* have to do with the wealthy mistress of that house?

"Monsieur is served!" said the waiter, in a tone which announced that he had said it before.

M. Gombard started, shut the window, and sat down to his dinner. When he had finished it, he went and opened the window again, and, lo and behold! there was the land-

lord coming back from the mystifying visit. This time M. Gombard saw most distinctly the figure of a woman looking out from the latticed window, and drawing back instantly when he appeared.

There was a knock at the door. "Come in!" said M. Gombard.

The landlord looked very much excited.

"I have done my best for you, monsieur," he began in an agitated manner; "I have left nothing undone, and all I have been able to obtain is that you shall have a good pair of post-horses to-morrow at one o'clock."

"Capital! Excellent! Then I am—" He stopped short.

"*Saved!*" muttered the landlord exultingly.

"Yes, yes, my friend, saved," repeated M. Gombard with an air of cool indifference which was nothing short of heroic; "but I am just thinking whether, as I have not been able to start this afternoon, I am not losing my time in starting at all. It might be wiser to— But, no; I had better go. You say the horses are good?"

"The best in Cabicol."

"And I can count upon them?"

"I have the word of a noble woman for that."

"Ha! a woman! Who may she be?"

"The mistress of that house—Mlle. Bobert."

The landlord pronounced these words with an emphasis that might have been dispensed with, as far as regarded the effect of the announcement on M. Gombard.

"Mlle. Bobert!" he repeated in amazement.

"Yes, monsieur. She is young, but she has the mind of a man and the heart of a mother. When every other resource had been tried in vain, I went to her; I told her—enough to excite her sympathy, her desire to help you; she promised me you should have the horses to-morrow at one o'clock."

"You confound me!" said M. Gombard.

"Have no fear, monsieur; Mlle. Bobert is a woman, but— she is to be trusted. The horses will be here at one o'clock."

"Well, well," said M. Gombard, "I must not be ungrateful either to you or Mlle. Bobert; it is most kind of you to take so much trouble in my behalf, landlord, and most kind of her to furnish me with the horses. You say she is young; is she pretty?" (Gracious heavens! If the citizens of Loisel had heard this stony-hearted mayor putting such questions!)

"No, monsieur, she is not pretty," replied the landlord; "she is beautiful."

"*Diable!*" exclaimed M. Gombard facetiously.

"Beautiful as an *angel*," remarked the landlord, with an accent that seemed to rebuke his guest's exclamation.

"You appear to have a *spécialité* for beautiful persons in Cabicol," said M. Gombard, pouncing on his opportunity; "I met one in the church just now, taking shelter from the rain—the most remarkably beautiful person I ever saw in my life. Who can she be? She lives in the house to the right of the market-place."

"Excuse me, monsieur, she does not," said the landlord sadly.

"No? How do you know? Did you see me—did you see her in the church?"

"No, monsieur, I did not," answered the landlord.

M. Gombard was mystified again.

What a droll fellow mine host was altogether!

"You evidently know something about her," he resumed; "can you tell me her name and where she lives?"

"Her name is Mlle. Bobert; she lives yonder." He stretched out his arm, and held a finger pointed toward the old house. The effect on M. Gombard was electric. He started as if the landlord's finger had pulled the trigger of a pistol; he grew pale; he could not utter a word. The landlord pitied him sincerely.

"When I told her who it was I wanted the horses for," he continued, "she asked me to describe you. I did so, and she recognized you at once as the person to whom she had spoken in the church. She said immediately it would be a great pleasure to her to do you this service, you had been so very courteous to her."

"Pray convey my best thanks to Mlle. Bobert," said M. Gombard, making a strong effort to control his emotions; "I am profoundly sensible of her goodness."

The landlord cast one deeply tragic look upon his unfortunate guest, bowed and withdrew. As he turned away, he bethought to himself how, as the wisest men had been fooled by lovely woman, it was not to be wondered at that the bravest should be made cowards by her; here was a man who could carry a bold heart and a smiling face into the very teeth of danger, but no sooner did he find that a woman had got hold of even a suspicion of his secret than his courage deserted him, and he was incapable of keeping up even a semblance of bravery. Unhappy man! But he was safe; he had nothing to fear from Mlle. Bobert.

And so it was the great heiress whom he had seen and surrendered his impregnable heart to, without even a feint at resistance! M. Gombard understood all now; the joyous expression of her lovely face, her unconstrained manner to him, her presence in the deserted church—it was all explained: her lover had been there, praying with her, and she had lingered on praying for him. Happy, happy man! Miserable Gombard! He spent the evening drearily over his lonely fire. How lonely it seemed since he had lost the dream that had beautified it, filling the future with sweet visions of fireside joys, of bright companionship by the winter blaze! He went to bed, nevertheless, and slept soundly. The wound was not so deep as he imagined, this middle-aged man, who had no memories of young love, with its kindling hopes and passionate despairs, by which to measure his present suffering. He was very miserable, sincerely unhappy, but, all the same, he slept his seven hours without awaking. When at last he did awake, and bethought him of his sorrow, he took it up where he had left it the night before, and moaned and pitied himself with all his heart. He was to start at one o'clock, but he must make an effort to see Mlle. Bobert again before leaving Cabicol for ever. He ordered his breakfast, ate heartily, and then sallied forth in the direction of the church. He knew of no other place where he was at all likely to meet her; he had not seen her leave the house, but she might have done so while he was breakfasting. As well try to time the coming in and out of the sunbeams as the ways and movements of this fairy *châtelaine*. She would sit by her latticed window immovable for an hour, then

disappear, then return, flitting to and fro like a shadow. M. Gombard watched his opportunity, when the landlord was busy in the crowded bar, to slip out of the house. He felt as if he were performing some guilty action in stealing away on such a foolish errand; how men would laugh at him if they knew, if they could see the revolution that had taken place in him within the last four-and-twenty hours! He tried to laugh at himself, but it was more than his philosophy could accomplish. The great doors of the church were open to-day. They were open every morning up to noon; the good folks of Cabicol went in and out to their devotions, from daybreak until then, not in crowds, but in groups of twos and threes, trickling in and out at leisure. The grand old church looked less gloomy than yesterday; the sunlight poured in, illuminating the nave fully, and scattering the oppressive darkness of the lofty aisles; but to M. Gombard the sunshine brought no brightness. He stood at the entrance of the nave, and looked up the long vista and on every side, but no trace of the luminary he sought was visible. The few worshippers who knelt at the various shrines disappeared one by one, going forth to the day's labor, its troubles and its interests, till the church was nearly empty. M. Gombard turned into the north aisle, and sauntered slowly on. Presently he saw a tall figure advancing, as yesterday, with the same quick step, from out the same side chapel. It was his hated rival! Here he was again, with the same scroll of paper in his hand; he rolled it up carefully, and put it in his pocket as he walked on, calm, pensive, unconcerned, as if nobody had been by, nobody scowling fiercely upon him as he passed. It was evidently a plan agreed upon between these lovers that they should come and say their prayers together at a given hour every day. M. Gombard was now certain that Mlle. Bobert was in the Lady Chapel; he quickened his step in that direction. Great was his surprise to find it almost filled with people. The first Mass was at six, the second at ten; the second was just finished. People were rising to come away; soon there were only a few, more fervent than the rest, who lingered on at their devotions. M. Gombard looked eagerly all round. There was a group of several persons going out together. Descrying Mlle. Bobert amongst them, he turned and followed quickly, taking the south aisle so as to reach the portico before her, and have a chance of saluting, perhaps speaking to, her; for might he not, ought he not, lawfully seize this opportunity of thanking her? He stationed himself in the open door-way, standing so that she could not pass without seeing him. The common herd passed out. M. Gombard turned as a light step drew close. He bowed low. "Mademoiselle, I have many thanks to offer you," he said in a subdued voice, as became the solemn neighborhood. "You have done a great kindness to a perfect stranger. I shall never see you again; but if ever, by chance, by some unspeakable good-fortune, it were—in my power, if I could do anything to serve you, I should count it a great hap . . . I should be only too happy!"

Poor man! How confused he was! He could hardly get the words out. It was pitiable to see his emotion. Mlle. Bobert's gentle heart was touched.

"Don't think of it!" she answered

kindly, but with a nervous, timid manner that he was not too absorbed to notice and to wonder at, remembering her unrestrained frankness of yesterday. "It is I who am glad. I wish I had known it sooner, before the market-day. I should have done my best; but I hope it is not too late, that you will esca—that you will get where you want in good time."

"It is of little consequence, mademoiselle. I care not whether I get there late or early now," replied M. Gombard.

"Don't say that! Pray don't!" said the young girl with great feeling. "I should be so sorry! Good-by, monsieur, good-by."

She hurried away. Did his eyes deceive him, or were there tears in hers? She was strangely agitated; her voice trembled; there was a choking sound in it when she said that "Good-by, monsieur, good-by!" Did she read his secret on his face, in his manner, his tone, and was she sorry for him? It was not improbable. He hoped it was so. It was something to have her pity, since she could give him nothing more. He watched the slight figure drifting out of sight; the step was less elastic than yesterday; she was depressed, unnerved. What a treasure that odious man had conquered in this tender, loving heart!

The post-chaise was at the door punctually at one. M. Gombard was ready waiting for it when the landlord knocked at his door. The traveller's air of deep dejection struck a new pang at his feeling heart.

"Monsieur, I trust sincerely you may not be too late," he said in the quick undertone of strong emotion, as he closed the door of the chaise and leaned forward confidentially.

"Late or not, I shall always remember your kindness, landlord; it signifies little whether I am late or not," replied the parting guest.

"Don't say that, monsieur, don't, I entreat you!" said the landlord, lowering his voice to a hoarse whisper. "It would grieve me to the very soul! I swear to you it would! Will you do me one favor?—just to prove that you trust me and believe that I have done my best to forward your es—your wishes: will you send me word by the postilion if you arrive in time?"

"Really, landlord, your interest in my welfare is beyond my comprehension," said M. Gombard; he had had enough of this effusive sympathy, and at the moment it irritated him.

"Don't say so, sir! But I understand—you don't know me; you are afraid to trust me. Well, I will not persist; but if you consent to send me back one word, I shall be the happier for it. And Mlle. Bobert—think of her!"

"Mlle. Bobert! Do you suppose she cares to hear of me again? To know what becomes of me?" asked M. Gombard breathlessly.

"Care, monsieur? She will know no peace until she hears from you; she will reproach herself, as if it had been her fault. You little know what a sensitive heart hers is."

The postilion gave a preliminary flourish of his whip. Crack! crack! it went with a noise that roused all the population of the *Jacques Bonhomme*, the inmates of the house, of the back yard and the front; boys, dogs, pigs, ducks, turkeys, geese—all came hurrying to the fore, barking, grumbling, cackling, screaming, and pushing, terrified lest they should be late for the fun.

"I will send you word," said M. Gombard, pressing mine host's

hand with an impulse of gratitude and joy too strong for pride. "Adieu! *Merci!*"

Crack! crack! and away went the post-chaise amidst such a noise and confusion of men and animals as is not to be described. As the horses dashed down the street, M. Gombard beheld the man with the scroll turn the corner. Curiosity was too much for dignity; he looked back: the hat was raised, and the happy rival passed on.

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.

WHAT IS DR. NEVIN'S POSITION?

THE leading article * in the *Mercersburg Review* for October last is from the celebrated pen of J. Williamson Nevin, D.D. Dr. Nevin is a member of the German Reformed Church, and at one period he was president of Marshall College, the leader of a school of theologians, and editor of the *Mercersburg Review*, to which magazine he is now the ablest contributor. During his editorship he wrote several remarkable articles for its pages, especially those on St. Cyprian, which attracted considerable attention.

Dr. Nevin's writings are characterized by an earnest religious spirit, a freedom from bigotry, and they always aim at conveying some important Christian verity; which, although he scarcely can be said to know it, finds its true home only in the bosom of the Catholic Church. Hence Catholics can but take an interest in whatever Dr. Nevin writes, and we intend to lay before our readers, with some remarks of our own, the purport of his present article, entitled "The Spiritual World."

In this article Dr. Nevin tries to show and prove that the work of salvation includes not only the resistance to inordinate passions, but above all a struggle against, and a conquest over, the world of evil spirits. This is his thesis. He says:

"Flesh and blood, self, the world, and the things of the world around us here in the body, are indeed part of the hostile force we are called to encounter in our way to heaven; they are not the whole of this force, however, nor are they the main part of it, by any means. That belongs always to a more inward and far deeper realm of being, where the powers of the spiritual world are found to go immeasurably beyond all the powers of nature, and to be, at the same time, in truth, the continual source and spring of all that is in these last, whether for good or for evil. The Christian conflict thus, even where it regards things simply of the present life, looks through what is thus mundane, constantly to things which are unseen and eternal; and in this way it becomes in very fact throughout a wrestling, not with flesh and blood, but with the universal powers of evil brought to bear upon us from the other world."

This he proceeds to prove by the vows of baptism:

"So much we are taught in the form of our Christian baptism itself, by which we are engaged to 'renounce the devil with all his ways and works, the world with its vain pomp and glory, and the flesh with all its sinful desires.' In one view these may be regarded as separate enemies; but we know, at the same time, that they form together but one and the

* "The Spiritual World," by J. W. Nevin, D.D., the *Mercersburg Review*, October, 1876.

same grand power of evil, no one part of which can be effectually withstood asunder from the diabolical life that animates and actuates the whole. To wrestle with the world or with the flesh really, is to wrestle at the same time really with the full power of hell. If the struggle reach not to this, it may issue in stoic morality or respectable prudence, but it can never come to true self-mastery or victory over the world in the Christian sense. The field for any such conquest lies wholly beyond the realm of mere flesh and blood. The conquest, if gained at all, must be won from the hosts of hell, and then, of course, by the aid only of corresponding heavenly hosts and heavenly armor; which is, in truth, just what our baptism means."

He calls in philosophy to confirm his thesis, thus:

"The conception of any such comprehension of our life here in the general spiritual order of the universe can be no better than foolishness, we know, for the reigning materialistic thinking of the present time. But it is, in truth, the only rational view of the world's existence. Philosophy, no less than religion, postulates the idea that the entire creation of God is one thought, in the power of which all things are held together as a single system from alpha to omega, from origin to end; and all modern science is serving continually more and more to confirm this view by showing that all things everywhere look to all things, and that everything everywhere is and can be what it is only through its relations to other things universally. So it is in the world of nature; so it is in the spiritual world; and so it must be also in the union of these two worlds one with the other. It is to be considered a settled maxim now, a mere truism indeed for all true thinkers, that there is no such thing as insulated existence anywhere—such an *inconnexum* must at once perish, sink into nonentity. It is no weakness of mind, therefore, to think of the spiritual world as a vast nexus of affection and thought (like the waves of the sea, endlessly various and yet multitudinously one), viewed either as heaven or as hell. Without doing so, indeed, no man can believe really in any such world at all. It will be for him simply an abstraction, a notion, a phantom. And so, again, it is no weakness of mind, in acknowledging the existence of the spiritual world (thus concretely apprehended), to think of our present human life, even here in the body, as holding in real contact and communication organic inward correlation, we may say, with the universal life of that world (angelic and diabolic), in such sort that our entire destiny for weal or woe shall be found to hang upon it, as it is made to do in the teaching of God's Word here under consideration. It is no weakness of mind, we say, to think of the subject before us in this way. The weakness lies altogether on the other side, with those who refuse the thought of any such organic connection between the life of men here in the body and the life of spirits in the other world."

These views, so strongly put forth by Dr. Nevin, we hardly need remark, are familiar to all Catholics, agree with the doctrines of all Catholic spiritual authors, especially the mystics, who have written professedly on this subject, and their truth is abundantly illustrated on almost every page of the lives of the saints. The Catholic mystical authors, many of whom were saints, have gone over the entire ground of our relations with the supernatural world, and, both by their learning and personal experience, have conveyed, in their writings on this subject, important knowledge, laid down wise regulations, and given in detail safe, wholesome, practical directions. They seem to breathe in the same atmosphere as that in which the Holy Scriptures were written, and in passing from the reading of the Holy Scriptures to the lives of the saints there is no feeling of any break. They lived in the habitual and conscious presence, and in some cases in sight, of the inhabitants of the supernatural world; and so familiar was their intercourse with the angelical side, and at times so dreadful were the combats to which they were deliv-

ered on the diabolical side, that their lives, for this very reason, become a stumbling-block to worldly Catholics and to Protestants generally. In the lives of her saints the Catholic Church proves that she is not only the teacher of Christianity, but also the inheritor and channel of its life and spirit. How far Dr. Nevin himself would agree with this intense realism of the church in connection with the supernatural world, as seen in the lives of her saints, we have no special means of knowing; but if we may judge from the spirit and drift of the article under consideration, he goes much farther in this direction than is usual for Protestants. Be his opinion what it may, their lives form a concrete evidence of the truth of his thesis. It is the sense of nearness of the spiritual world, and its bearing on the Christian life, pervading as it does the public worship, the private devotions, and the general tone of Catholics, that characterizes them from those who went out from the fold of the Catholic Church in the religious revolution of three centuries ago. This whole field has become to Protestants, in the process of time, a *terra incognita;* and if Dr. Nevin can bring them again to its knowledge, and in "constant, living union" with it, he will have done a most extraordinary work.

Efforts of this kind and of a similar nature have not been wanting in one way or another, and are not now wanting, among Protestants. There are those who show a decided interest in the works of the spiritual writers of the Catholic Church. Strange to say—and yet it is not strange; for in this they follow the law of *similia similibus*—they are particularly fond of those authors whose writings are not altogether sound or whose doctrines are tainted with exaggerations. Thus Dr. Upham will write the life of Madame Guyon; another will translate *The Maxims of the Saints*, by Fénelon; and to another class there is a peculiar charm in the history of the Jansenistic movement of Port Royal; others, again, moved by the same instinct, will not hesitate to acknowledge with Dr. Mahan that "such individuals as Thomas à Kempis, Catherine Adorno [he means St. Catherine of Genoa], and many others were not only Christians, but believers who had a knowledge of all the mysteries of the higher life, and who, through all coming time, will shine as stars of the first magnitude in the firmament of the Church. In their inward experiences, holy walk, and 'power with God and with men,' they had few, if any, superiors in any preceding era of church history. 'The unction of the Spirit' was as manifest in them as in the apostles and primitive believers"; * while many of this class in the Episcopal Church translate from foreign languages into English the works of Catholic ascetic writers, and books of devotion, for the use of pious members of their persuasion. The Rev. S. Baring-Gould will give you in English, in many volumes, the complete lives of the saints. They even go so far, both in England and the United States, as to found religious orders of both sexes as schools for the better attainment of Christian perfection, and venture to take the name of a Catholic saint as their patron.

It is evident that, among a class of souls upon whom the church can be said to exert no direct influence,

* *The Baptism of the Holy Ghost*, by Rev. Asa Mahan, D.D., p. 81.

there is a movement towards seeking nearer relations with the unseen spiritual world, accompanied with a desire for closer union with God. It finds expression among all Protestant denominations. With the Methodists and Presbyterians it is known by the name of "perfectionism," or "the higher life," or "the baptism of the Holy Ghost." It is also manifested by the efforts made now and again for union among all the Protestant sects. It is the same craving of this mystical instinct for satisfaction that lies at the root of spiritism, which has spread so rapidly and extensively outside of the Catholic Church, not only among sceptics and unbelievers, but even among all classes of Protestants, and entered largely into their pulpits.

The former movement assumes a religious aspect; but lacking the scientific knowledge of spiritual life, and the practical discipline necessary to its true development and perfection, it gradually dies out or runs into every kind of vagary and exaggeration. Recently, after having made not a little commotion among different denominations in England and Germany, it came, in the person of its American apostle, Mr. Pearsall Smith, to a sudden and disgraceful collapse. "If the blind lead the blind, both fall into the ditch." The latter movement—spiritism—leads directly to the entire emancipation of the flesh, resulting in free-lovism, and sometimes ending in possession and diabolism. Spiritism is Satan's masterstroke, in which he obtains from his adepts the denial of his own existence. These are some of the bitter fruits of the separation from Catholic unity: those who took this step under the pretence of seeking a higher spiritual life are afflicted with spiritual languor and death; and they who were led by a boasted independence of Christ have fallen into the snares of Satan and become his dupes and abject slaves. Behold the revenge of neglected Catholic truth; for only in Catholic unity every truth is held in its true relation with all other truths, shines in its full splendor, and produces its wholesome and precious fruits!

Suppose for a moment that Dr. Nevin should succeed in the task which he has undertaken, and by his efforts raise those around him, and the whole Protestant world, to a sense of their relation to the supernatural world. What then? Why, he has only brought souls to a state which many Protestants have reached before; and when they sought for the light, aid, and sympathy which these new conditions required, in those around them, they found none.

By quickening their spiritual sensibilities you have opened the door to wilder fancies, more dangerous illusions, and thereby exposed the salvation of their souls to greater perils. For, as St. Gregory tells us: "*Ars artium est regimen animarum*"—the art of arts is the guidance of souls; and where is this art, this science, this discipline, to be found? Not in Protestantism. What then? Why, either these souls have to renounce their holiest convictions, their newly-awakened spiritual life, and sink into their former insensibility; or go where they can find true guidance, certain peace, and spiritual progress—enter into the bosom of the holy Catholic Church, where alone the cravings of that spiritual hunger can be appeased which nowhere else upon earth found food, and the soul can at last breathe freely.

But there is another point in-

volved in Dr. Nevin's article; and however so much, as Catholics, we may sympathize with his endeavors to awaken Protestants to their relations with the supernatural world, this point in question will come up, and we cannot help putting it: What is Dr. Nevin's criterion of revealed truth? The rule of interpretation of the written Word? Dr. Nevin has one; for neither he nor any one else can move a single step without employing and applying, implicitly or explicitly, a rule of faith. He criticises, judges, condemns others, but on what ground? Does his own position, at bottom, differ from that of those whom he condemns? He lacks neither the ability nor the learning to make a consistent statement on this point. Truth is consistent. God is not the author of confusion.

Where does Dr. Nevin find or put the rule of faith? If it be placed in simple human reason, then we have as the result, in religion, pure rationalism. If it be placed in human reason illuminated by grace, then we have illuminism. If it be placed in both of these, with the written Word—that is, the Bible as interpreted by each individual with the assistance of divine grace—then we have the common rule of faith of all Protestants, so fruitful in breeding sects and schisms, and inevitably tending to the entire negation of Christianity.

This last appears to be Dr. Nevin's rule of faith; for what else does he mean when in the beginning of his article, its second sentence, he makes the following surprising statement: "Christianity is a theory of salvation"? Did God descend from heaven and become man upon earth, live, suffer, and die, and for what? "A theory"! Is this the whole issue and reality of Christianity—"a theory," a speculation? Did Christ rise from the dead and ascend to the Father, and, with him, send forth upon earth the Holy Ghost, to create "a theory," a speculation, or an abstraction? "Christianity a theory"! We fear that one who would deliberately make that assertion has never had the true conception of what is meant by the reality of Christianity. What would be said of a man who in treating of the sun should say: The sun is a theory, or a speculation, or an exposition of the abstract principles of light? If the sun be a theory, it would be quickly asked, what becomes, in the meanwhile, of the reality of the sun? This way of dealing with Christianity, while professing to explain it, allows its reality altogether to escape. Notwithstanding Dr. Nevin's condemnation of "the abstract spiritualistic thinking of the age," and of those who would make Christianity "a fond sentiment simply of their own fancy," he falls, in his definition of Christianity, into the very same error which in others he emphatically condemns.

That this is so is evident; for while he says, "Christianity is a theory," he adds in the same sentence, "and is made known to us by divine revelation." Now, the separation, even in idea, between the church and Christianity, is the fountain, source, and origin of all the illusions and errors uttered or written, since the beginning, concerning the Christian religion. The attempt to get at and set up a Christianity independently of the Christian Church is the very essence and nature of all heresies. The church and Christianity are distinguishable, but not separable; and in assuming their separability, as a primary position, lies all the confusion of ideas and

misapprehensions of Christianity in the author of the article under present consideration. This point needs further explanation, as it is all-important, and forms, indeed, the very root of the matter. "Christianity is a theory," says Dr. Nevin, "and is made known to us by divine revelation." But what does Dr. Nevin mean by "divine revelation"? Here are his own words in explanation:

"When the question arises, How are we to be made in this way partakers of the living Christ, so that our religion shall be in very deed—not a name only, not a doctrinal or ritualistic fetich merely, nor a fond sentiment simply of our own fancy?" "All turns in this case on our standing in the divine order as it reaches us from the Father through the Son. That meets us in the written Word of God, which, in the way we have before seen, is nothing less in its interior life than the presence of the Lord of life and glory himself in the world."

Again:

"We cannot now follow out the subject with any sort of adequate discussion. We will simply say, therefore, that what our Lord says here of his words or commandments is just what the Scriptures everywhere attribute to themselves in the same respect and view. They claim to be spirit and life, to have in them supernatural and heavenly power, to be able to make men wise unto everlasting life, to be the Word of God which liveth and abideth for ever—not the memory or report simply of such word spoken in time past, but the always present energy of it reaching through the ages. The Scriptures — God's law, testimonies, commandments, statutes, judgments, his word in form of history, ritual, psalmody, and prophecy—are all this through what they are as the 'testimony of Jesus'; and therefore it is that they are, in truth, what the ark of God's covenant represented of old, the conjunction of heaven and earth, and in this way a real place of meeting or convention between men and God. To know this, to own it, to acknowledge inwardly the presence of Christ in his Word, as the same Jehovah from whom the law came on Mount Sinai; and then to fear the Lord as thus revealed in his Word, to bow before his authority, and to walk in his ways; or, in shorter phrase, to 'fear God and keep his commandments,' because they *are his* commandments, and not for any lower reason—this is the whole duty of man, and of itself the bringing of man into union with God; the full verification of which is reached at last only in and by the Word made glorious through the glorification of the Lord himself; as when, in the passage before us he makes the keeping of his commandments the one simple condition of all that is comprehended in the idea of the mystical union between himself and his people."

According, then, to Dr. Nevin, "the divine order of our being" made "partakers of the living Christ is in the Word of God."

To make what is plain unmistakable, he adds:

"What we have to do, then, especially in the war we are called to wage with the powers of hell, is to see that this conjunction with Christ be in us really and truly, through a proper continual use of the Word of God for this purpose."

There is here and there throughout this article a haziness of language which smacks of Swedenborgianism, and makes it difficult to seize its precise meaning; but we submit that Dr. Nevin—and he will probably accept the statement, as our only aim is to get at his real meaning—proceeds on the supposition that Christianity is a theory, and becomes real as each individual, illumined by divine light, discovers and appropriates it in reading the written Word—the Bible. This is the common ground of Protestantism; and Dr. Nevin holds no other than the rule of faith of all Protestants. The following passage places this beyond doubt or cavil:

"It was the life of the risen Lord himself, shining into the written Word, and through this into the mind of the dis-

ciples, which, by inward correspondence, served to open their understanding to the proper knowledge of both. And as it was then, so it is still. We learn what the written Word is only by light from the incarnate Word; but then, again, we learn what the light of the incarnate Word is only as this shines into us through the written Word—a circle, it is true, which alone, however, brings us to the true ground of the Christian faith."

We need scarcely tell our readers that this pretended rule of faith is no rule of faith at all. It breaks down on any reasonable test which you may apply to it. It will not stand the trial of the written Word itself, nor of history, nor of common sense, nor of good and sound logic. This has been too often demonstrated to require here long argumentation. Therefore, when a man ventures to speak for Christianity, and professes to define and explain what is Christianity, the question rises up at once, and naturally: What does this man know, in fact, about Christianity? Did he live in the time of Christ? Did he ever speak to Christ, or see him? Was he a witness to his miracles? Why, no! He can bear testimony to none of these events. If he was not a contemporary of Christ, what, then, does he know about him? Where has he obtained his knowledge to set up for a teacher of Christianity? On what grounds does he presume to speak for Christianity? Does he come commissioned by those whom Christ authorized to teach in his name? Why, no; they repudiate him in the character of a teacher of Christ. Does he prove by direct miraculous power from God to speak in his name? Why, no! Then he has no commission, indirect or direct; then he is unauthorized, a self-sent and a self-appointed teacher!

But he fancies he has a right to speak for Christianity on the authority of certain historical documents which contain an account of Christ and his doctrines. But how about these documents? What authority verified and stamped them with its approval as genuine, and rejected others, which professed to be genuine, as spurious? Why, the very authority which verified these documents, and on which he has to rely for their genuineness and divine inspiration, is the very authority which altogether denies his presumed right of teaching Christianity! The authority which authenticated them rejects as spurious his claim to be the interpreter of their true meaning. How does he get over this difficulty? He does not get over it. He simply ignores it.

But do these documents profess to give a full and complete account of Christianity? By no means. He assumes this too. What! assumes the vital point of his own rule, which is in dispute? He does. Strange that those who were inspired to write these so important documents should not have written their great object plainly on their face; and stranger still, if they did, that this should have remained a secret many centuries before its discovery!

Then this was not the way the primitive Christians learned Christianity? Not at all. There were millions of Christians who spilt their blood for Christianity, and millions more who had died in the faith, before these documents were verified and put in the shape which we now have them and call the Bible. This pretended rule, then, unchristianizes the early Christians? It does; and does more—it unchristianizes the great bulk of Christians

since; for the mass of Christians could not obtain Bibles before the invention of printing, and could not read them if they had them. Even to-day, if this be the rule, how about the children, the blind, and those who cannot read—not a small number? How are they to become Christians?

But as the Bible is an inspired book, to get at its true meaning requires the same divine Spirit which inspired it? Of course it does. But do they that follow this rule assume that each one for himself has this divine Spirit? Nothing else. But are they sure of this? Sure of it?—they say so. But are they sure that each one has the divine Spirit to interpret rightly the divinely-inspired, written Word? Each one thinks so. Thinks so! But do they not know it? Do they not know it? Why, let me explain: "You see we learn what the written Word is only by light from the incarnate Word." But how do you get the light from the incarnate Word? Why, "we learn what the light of the incarnate Word is only as this shines into us through the written Word." That is, you suppose that the Bible, read with proper dispositions, conveys to your soul divine grace? Just so. That is, you put the Bible in the place of the sacraments; but that is not the question now. The question, the point, now at issue is: How do you know that that light which shines into you through the written Word is not "a fond sentiment simply of your own fancy," is not a delusion, instead of "the light of the incarnate Word"? "Oh! I see what you are aiming at. A book divinely inspired requires for its interpreter the divine Spirit to get at its divine meaning. Now, if those who assume to possess this Spirit contradict each other point-blank in their interpretation of its meaning, then this is equivalent to charging the Holy Spirit, the Spirit of truth, with error; and such a charge is blasphemy! But this is pushing things too far."

Perhaps so; nevertheless, those who follow this rule of faith do differ in their interpretation of Holy Scripture, and differ as far as heaven is from earth. There is no end to their differences. Almost every day breeds a new sect. They not only differ from each other, but each one differs from himself; and why? Because none are certain that they have the inspired Word of God, except on a basis which undermines their position; and none are certain that the light by which they interpret the written Word of God is the unerring Spirit of truth. Hence all who hold this rule gradually decline into uncertitude, doubt, scepticism, and total unbelief.

But how do the followers of this rule of faith interpret those passages of Holy Scriptures which speak so plainly of the church?—for instance, where Christ promises to "build his church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it"; "He that heareth not the church, let him be to thee as a heathen and a publican"; "The church of the living God, the pillar and ground of truth"; "Christ died for the church"; "The church is ever subject to Christ"; and others of like import. They either pass them by as of no account, or deal with them as an artist does with a piece of clay or wax—they mould them to suit their fancy. Truly, this rule of faith reduces the divine reality of Christianity to the efforts of one's own thought—"a theory."

Dr. Nevin may struggle against the inevitable results of this rule,

as he does in several places in the present article, but he stands on the same inclined plane as those whom he condemns, and, in spite of his earnest counter-efforts, he is descending visibly with them into the same abyss. For the effort to get at the reality of Christianity, and to escape the recognition of the divine authority of the church, through the personal interpretation of the written Word, is a vain, absurd, and fatal expedient. "He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up another way, the same is a thief and a robber" (John x. 1).

As the attempt to separate the church and Christianity from each other empties Christianity of all its contents and destroys its reality, so, reversely, the conception of the transcendent union and inseparability of the church and Christianity leads to the recognition of the living, constant, divine reality of Christianity. For the Christian Church was called into being by God, the Holy Ghost, the Creator Spirit; and as this primary creative act still subsists in her in all its original vigor, she is, at every moment of her life, equally real, living, divine. Just as the created universe exists by the continuation of the creative act which called it into existence at the beginning, so the Catholic Church exists by the continuation of the supernatural creative act which called her into existence on the day of Pentecost. Once the church, always the church.

The church and the Bible are, in their divine origin, one; they cooperate together for the same end, and are in their nature inseparable. But the written Word is relative or subsidiary to the church, having for its aim to enlighten, to strengthen, and to perfect the faithful in that supernatural life of the Spirit in which they were begotten in the laver of regeneration, in the bosom of the holy church. The purpose of the written Word is, therefore, to effect a more perfect realization of the church, and to accelerate her true progress in the redemption and sanctification of the world. Hence the written Word presupposes the existence of the church, is within and in the keeping of the church, and depends on her divine authority for its authentication and true interpretation. The church is primary, and not enclosed in the written Word; but the end of the written Word is enclosed in that of the church.

Were not a word of divine revelation written, the church would have none the less existed in all her divine reality, and she would have none the less accomplished her divine mission upon earth. For God, the indwelling Holy Spirit, is her life, power, guide, and protector. God the Son was incarnate in the man Christ Jesus; so God the Holy Spirit was incorporate in the holy Catholic Church.

Undoubtedly the apostles were inspired by the Holy Spirit to write all that they wrote; but their Gospels and their Epistles always presuppose the church as existing. To appeal, therefore, from the church to the written Word of the New Testament, if nothing else, is to be guilty of an anachronism.

Even as to the Old Testament, before the Incarnation as well as after the Incarnation, the reality of the church consisted in that supernatural communion between God and man which existed at the moment of his creation. The church, therefore, existed, at least in potentiality, in the garden of Paradise, and was historically primary

in the order of supernatural communications.

Wherein does Dr. Nevin differ from the Ebionites, the Nicolaites, the Gnostics, the common Protestants, down to Joe Smith, Père Hyacinthe, and Bishop Reinkens? Perceptibly, at bottom, there is no difference. Dr. Nevin appears to have never asked himself seriously the most searching of all questions, to wit: What, in the last analysis, is the basis, standard, or rule by which I judge what is and what is not Christianity? He ventures to treat of the gravest questions and most momentous mysteries touching the kingdom of God, on which the saints would not have ventured a personal opinion; and on what grounds? But it may be said in his excuse, and with truth, that this self-sufficient attitude is due to the very position of defiance to the divine authority of the church in which all those who have gone out, or are born out, of her fold are necessarily involved.

To sum up: Either we must suppose that God has left the task to every individual to direct the human race to the great end for which he created it—and thus the individual occupies the place of Almighty God, and turns the crank of the universe to suit his own fancy, or the schemes and theories of the cogitations of his little brain—or believe in "a divine order," in being made constant partakers of the living Christ "in a concrete form." In this case, our first duty is to find this real concrete body, become a member and partaker of its divine life, and, in conquering the obstacles in the way of our salvation, co-operate in its divine work for the whole world.

But the history of these last three centuries shows conclusively that there is no standing-place between the Catholic Church and Protestantism; and it has made it equally clear that Protestantism has no standing ground of its own, and therefore no man can be a Christian, and defend with perfect consistency his position, out of the Catholic Church.

SIX SUNNY MONTHS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF YORKE," "GRAPES AND THORNS," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

AN ARRIVAL.

If Mr. Vane and the Signora felt any difficulty in meeting each other the next morning, it was soon over. *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*, and that one step brought them into the familiar path again, almost as though they had never left it. Almost, but not quite; for the entire unconsciousness of Mr. Vane's manner impressed the lady strongly. It did not give her a new idea of him, but it emphasized the impressions she had for some time been receiving. She had never believed him to be so careless and indifferent as he often appeared to be, but it had grown upon her, little by little, that under that calm, and even *nonchalant*, exterior was hidden an immense self-control and watchfulness; that he could ignore things when he chose so perfectly that it was difficult to believe he had not forgotten them; and that, instead of being one of the most unobserving of men, he was, in reality, aware of everything that went on about him, seeing much which escaped ordinary lookers-on.

Such a disposition in a person in whose honesty we have not entire confidence is disconcerting, and increases our distrust of them; but it excites in us a greater interest when we know them to be honest and friendly. If they have had sorrows, we look at them with a tenderer sympathy, searching for signs of a suffering which they will not express; if they have revealed a peculiar affection for us, we feel either sweetly protected or painfully haunted by an attention which seldom betrays itself, and which will not be evaded.

The Signora could not have said clearly whether she was pleased or displeased. Mr. Vane had mistaken the nature of her sympathy, she thought, and, believing her to be attached to him, had spoken from gratitude; and though the conviction hurt her pride, she could not feel any resentment for a mistake kindly made on his part, and promptly corrected on hers. The only wise course was to put the matter completely out of her mind, as he seemed to have done, and to secure and enjoy the friendship she had no fear of his withdrawing.

Isabel was greatly exercised in her mind that morning on the subject of insects.

"I made up my mind in the middle of the night what I should do if I ever built a house in Italy," she said. "I should have every stick and stone on the place carried away, a deep trench dug all around the land, and a high wall built all around the trench. Then I should have the whole surface of the ground covered with combustible material, and a fire kindled over it. When that had burned a day or two, I should have cellars, wells, drains, everything that had to be

excavated, made thoroughly, and the garden-plot well turned over. Then I should have a second conflagration, covering everything. Next would come the house-building. For that every stone should be washed and fumigated before it was brought in at the gate, and all the earth and gravel should be baked in a furnace, and every tree and shrub, and cart and donkey and workman, should be washed seven times; and finally, when the house should be finished as to the stone-work and plaster, I would have it drenched inside and out with spirits of wine, and set fire to. By taking those precautions I believe that one might have a place free of fleas. What do you think, Signora?"

"My dear, I think you would have had your labor for your pains," was the reply. "These little creatures would hop over your walls, come in snugly hidden in your furniture, ride grandly in on the horses and in the coaches of your visitors, and even enter triumphantly on your own person. They are invincible. One must have patience."

"I would continue to burn the place over, furniture and all, till I had routed them," the young woman declared. "I believe it could be done. I would have patience, but it should be the patience of continual resistance, not of submission. I would not give up though I should reduce the place to ashes."

Mr. Vane asked his daughter if she ever heard of such a process as biting off one's nose to spite one's face; and then he told her a very pathetic story of a man and a flea: "Once there was a man who was greatly tormented by a flea which he could never catch. In vain he searched his garments and the house. The insect hopped from place to place, but always returned as soon as the search was over. At length, in a fit of impatience, the man hit upon a desperate project, which he did not doubt would succeed. He went softly to the seashore and, after waiting till the enemy was plainly to be felt between his shoulders, flung himself headlong into the water. But, alas! engrossed by the one thought of vengeance, he had not calculated his own peril. The waters drew him away from shore in spite of his struggles, and just as they were closing over him, with his last glimpse of earth, he saw the flea, which had hopped from him on to a passing plank, floating safely to shore again."

"The moral is—" Mr. Vane was concluding, when his daughter interrupted him.

"I maintain that the man conquered!" she exclaimed. "That flea could never bite him again."

This uncomfortable talk was carried on in the house, which naturally suggested it. But when they went out of doors, they left it behind them. The quaint, zigzag streets; the countless number of odd nooks in every direction; the narrow vistas here and there between close rows of houses, where a wedge of distant mountain, as blue as a lump of lapis-lazuli, seemed to be thrust between the very walls, or where the rough gray ribbon of the street became a ribbon of flowery green, silvering off into the horizon, with a city showing on it far away no larger than a daisy; the people in the streets, and all about, whose simple naturalness was more astonishing than the most unnatural behavior could have been—all these kept their eyes and minds alert.

In the midst of the town stands the church, the houses clustering about it like children about their mother's knees. Some little chil-

dren were playing on the steps outside; inside, a group of women, with white handkerchiefs on their heads, were kneeling about a confessional, waiting their turns. One of them, who had confessed, came slowly away, and went toward the high altar, touching here and there with a small staff she carried, her eyes looking straight ahead.

The Signora stepped quickly forward to remove a chair from her path. "You are blind!" she whispered pitifully.

The old woman smiled, and turned toward the voice a face of serious sweetness, as she made the reply of St. Clara: "She is not blind who sees God!"

She reached the altar-railing, and knelt there to wait for the Mass. Where she knelt the one sunbeam that found its way into the church so early fell over her. Feeling its warmth like a gentle touch, she lifted her face to it and smiled again.

The children, weary of their play, came in and wandered about the church. One, finding its mother among the penitents, went to lean on her lap. She smoothed its pretty curls absently with one hand, while the other slipped bead after bead of her chaplet, her lips moving rapidly. Another, seeing the hand of the priest resting on the door of the confessional, just under the curtain, went to kiss it, standing on tiptoe, and straining up to reach the fingers with its baby mouth. A third, seeing some one near it kneel before the altar, made a liliputian genuflection, and went down on its knees in the middle of the church, a mere dot in that space, and remained there looking innocently about, uncomprehending but unquestioning. Another dreamed along the side of the church, looking at the familiar pictures, and presently, climbing with some difficulty the steps of one of the altars, seated itself and began softly to stroke the cheeks of a marble cherub that supported the altar-table.

If a company of baby angels had come in, they would not have made less noise nor done less harm; perhaps, would not have done more good.

"How peaceful it is!" Mr. Vane exclaimed as they went out into the air again. "How heavenly peaceful!"

They saw only women and children on their way down through the town. Some of the men had gone off in the night to Rome, carrying wine in those carts of theirs, with the awning slung like a galley-sail over the driver's seat, and the cluster of bells atop, each tinkling in a different tone, and the little white dog keeping watch over the barrels while the man dozed. Others had gone at day-dawn to work in the Campagna, and might be seen from the town moving, as small as spiders, among the vines or in the gardens.

Just below the great piazza, at the entrance of the town, beside the dip of the road into the hollow between *Monte Compatri* and *Monte San Sylvestro*, a long, tiled roof was visible supported on arches. They leaned over the parapet supporting the road, and watched for a little while the lively scene below. All the space beneath this roof was an immense tank of water, or fountain, as it was called, divided into square compartments. Around these stood forty or fifty women washing. They soaped and dipped their clothes in the constantly-changing water, and beat them on the wide stone border of the fountain, working leisurely, and chatting with each other. The

white handkerchiefs on their heads, and, now and then, a bit of bright drapery on their shoulders, shone out of the shadow made by the roof and the piers supporting it, and the rich green of that sheltered nook between the hills. It was, in fact, the town wash-tub, and this was the town wash-day. In this place the women washed the year round, in the open air, and with cold water, spreading their clothes out to dry on the grass and bushes.

The travellers went up *Monte San Sylvestro*, gathering flowers as they went. The path was rough and wild, winding to and fro among the bushes as it climbed, and hidden, from time to time, by tall trees. Half way up they met a man with a herd of goats rushing and tumbling down the steep way. A little farther on, at a turn of the road, was a large shrine holding a crucifix. The place seemed to be an absolute solitude, but the withered flowers drooping from the wire screen, and the sod, worn to dust, at the foot of the step, showed that faith and love had passed that way, and stopped in passing. Near this shrine was a protruding ledge, from under which the gravel had dropped away or been dug away, leaving a sort of cave. The place needed only a gray-bearded old man clad in rags, and bending over an open book, an hour-glass before him, and perhaps a lion lying at his feet. Or one might have placed there the Magdalen, with her long hair trailing in the sand, and her woful eyes looking off into the distant east, as she gazed across the blue ocean from her cave on the coast of France. There was still faith enough in this region to have honored and protected such a penitent.

The three women gathered some green to go with their flowers, cleared away all the withered stems and leaves, and wrote in pink and white and blue around the edge of the screen. When they had done all that they could well reach, Mr. Vane finished for them by writing last, over the head of the crucifix, the word that in reality came first. Then they went on, leaving the symbol of all that Heaven could do for earth encircled by the expression of all that earth can do for Heaven—"*Credo, Spero, Amo, Ringrazio, Pento.*" They wrote these words in flowers, Bianca weaving a verdant Hope at the right hand, Isabel a white Thanksgiving at the left, and the Signora placing a rose-red Love and Penitence under the feet. Over the head Mr. Vane had set in blue the word of Faith.

The summit of the mountain was crowned with the convent and church of St. Sylvester; but the buildings extended quite to the edge of the platform on the eastern side, and the fine view was from the gardens on the west side, and, of course, inaccessible to ladies. They could only obtain glimpses over the tops of trees that climbed from below, and through the trunks of trees that pressed close to the corners of the stone barriers. No person was visible but a monk in a brown robe and a broad-brimmed hat, who lingered near a moment, as if to give them an opportunity to speak to him if they wished, then entered a long court leading to the convent door, and disappeared under the portico.

A perfect silence reigned. They heard nothing but their own steps on the grassy pavement. The town of *Monte Compatri*, seen through the trees on the other height, looked more like a gray rock than a city. Not a sign of life was visible from it. The glimpses they caught of the

Campagna had seemed fragments of a vast green solitude where grass had long overgrown the traces of men. No smallest cloud gave life or motion to the steady blue overhead; no song of bird wove a silver link between familiar scenes and that solemn retreat. The soul, stripped of its veiling cares and interests, was like Moses on the mountain, face to face with God. History, mythology, poetry—they were not! The buzzing of these golden bees that made the brow of Tusculum their hive was inaudible and forgotten. On this height was a station-house of eternity, and the electric current of the other world flowed through its blue and silent air.

"It seems to me one should prepare one's mind before going there," Bianca said, looking back from the foot of the mountain, after they had descended. They had scarcely spoken a word going down.

The impression made on them was, indeed, so strong that they scarcely observed anything about them for several hours; and it was only when they were going down to Frascati again in the afternoon that they roused themselves from their silence.

"We shall have time to go into Villa Aldobrandini a little while," the Signora said, looking at her watch. "The train does not start for more than an hour. We can send the man on to the station with our bags, and walk down ourselves. Of course all these villas have very nearly the same view, but this is the finest of all."

They had time for a short visit only, but their guide made the most of it. Going round one of the circling avenues, dark with ancient ilex-trees, she turned into a cross-road that led directly to the upper centre of the villa, where the cascades began. First, from under a tomb-like door in the side of a mound, flowed a swift ribbon of water between stone borders. It slanted with the hill, and flashed along silent in the sunshine, eager to leap through the mouth of the great mask below, to scatter its spray over carven stone and a hundred flowers.

They followed the cascades down to the lower front, with its niches, statues, chapel, and chambers, and the noble *casino* facing it.

"Every story of the house, as you go up," the Signora said, "brings you on a level with a new cascade, and from the topmost room you look into the heart of the upper thicket, where you might imagine yourself unseen. Indeed, splendid as these scenes are, there is, to me, a constant sense of discomfort in that frequent appearance of solitude where solitude is not. There seems to be no nook, however apparently remote, which is not perfectly overlooked from some almost invisible watch-tower. It may be necessary, but the suggestion is of suspicion and espionage."

They left the villa by the front avenue and lawn, walking through grass and flowers ankle-deep, and gathering handfuls of dear, familiar pennyroyal that they found growing all about.

When they reached the station there was yet a little time to wait, and they stood in the western windows and looked off to the distant ridges that showed their dark edges against intervening layers of silvery mist. They were ridges of jewels, marked thickly with spires, towers, and palaces. At the left the dome of the world's temple was visible, making everything else of its sort puny, and next it, like the outline of a forest against the sky, the Qui-

rinal stretched its royal front. All floated in that delicate mist that, from the distance, always veils the Campagna, as if the innumerable ghosts of the past became luminous when so seen, evading for ever the nearer spectator.

Framing this distant picture, a hill of olives at one side of the station-house sloped to a hill of vines at the other, and the railroad track, set in roses, curved round in the narrow strip of land between them.

The Signora, putting her arm around Bianca, and pointing to one of these ridges, whispered in her ear: "What does my darling think that is—the two dark spots shaped like two thimbles, and about as large, and the something that might be a lead-pencil standing up between them? What blessed *campanile* and twin *cupole* do you wish them to be?"

"Oh! I was searching for them," the girl exclaimed, and kissed her hand to the far-away basilica. "We must go there a few minutes this evening," she added—"go up the steps, at least, if it should be too late to go in."

They started, and went trailing along through the enchanted land, happy to return to the city that already seemed to them like home, and, having learnt some landmarks in their outward passage, added to the number of their acquisitions in returning. The Signora indicated the principal tombs and named the aqueducts. "There are the Claudian and Marcian, side by side, galloping over the plain like a pair of coursers, each bringing a lake in its veins to quench the thirst of Rome. Sixtus V., who built our chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, Bianca, used those Claudian arches to bring a new stream in when the old one failed. It is called Aqua Felice. His name was Felice Peretti."

"*Stia felice!*" said Bianca, smiling at the grand old arches.

"In what a circle water goes," she added after a moment, "and what a beautiful circle!—down in the rain, running in the river, where the wheel touches the earth, rising on the sunbeams, running in clouds, where the wheel touches the sky, dropping in rain again, and so on round and round."

"Apropos of Sixtus V.," the Signora said to Mr. Vane, "see how the church recognizes and rewards merit. It is, in fact, the only true republic. That wonderful man was a swineherd in Montalto when he was a boy, and Cardinal of Montalto when he was a man, and he died one of the most brilliant popes that ever wore the tiara. One cannot help wondering what the boy Felice thought of in those days when he watched the swine, and if ever a vision came to him of kings kneeling to kiss his feet. And, more yet, I wonder what thoughts the mother had of his future when she watched over her sleeping child, or looked after him when he went out to his day's task. He could not have been so great but that his mother gave the first impulse. One does not gather figs of thistles."

"I agree with you about the mother," Mr. Vane replied cordially. "I don't believe any man ever accomplished much of real worth in life without his mother having set him on the track of it. Sometimes a noble mother has a son who does not do justice to her example and teaching. But even then, if her duty has been fully done, she may be sure that he is the better for it, though not so good as he should be. I am sure I owe it to my mother that, though my life has not

benefited the world much, my sins have been rather of omission than of commission. Come to think of it, I have never done her any particular credit; but I am happy to be able to say that I have never done her any great discredit."

While he spoke, his face half-turned toward the window, his manner more energetic than was usual with him, the large blue eyes of the Signora rested on him with an expression of grave kindness and interest. When he ended, she leaned slightly toward him, smiling, and tossed him a rose she had drawn from her belt, repeating Bianca's exclamation: "*Stia felice!*"

His fingers closed on the stem of the rose which had touched his hand, and he held it, but did not turn his face, seeming to wait for her to go on.

"You should read Padre Ventura," she said, "though, indeed, you have less need than most men. I would like to put his *La Donna Cattolica* into the hands of every Catholic—yes, and of every Protestant. I would like the Woman's Rights women, and those who think that Christianity and the church have degraded us, and some Catholics too, to learn from St. Chrysostom, St. Jerome, and Gregory the Great what estimate Christian women should be held in. It would do them good to read the works of this eloquent priest, who speaks with authority, and ennobles himself in honoring the sisters of the Queen of angels. Padre Ventura must have had a beautiful soul. I fancy that his ashes even must be whiter than the ashes of most men. I always judge men's characters by their estimate of women, and what they seek in women by what they say is to be found in them."

"This author is dead, then?" Mr. Vane remarked, looking attentively at the Signora in his turn.

"Yes. He died years before I had ever heard his name. When you have read something of his, you may like to visit his tomb in St. Andrea delle Valle. The stone over his sepulchre is in the pavement, about half way up the nave, and there's a fine monument in the transept on the epistle side. I wish every Christian woman who visits Rome would drop a flower on the stone that covers all that was earthly of that man, and remember for a moment the place he assigns her in her home and in the world. 'The man,' he says, 'is the king of the family; the woman is the priest.'"

She was silent, pursuing the subject mentally, then added: "He says so many beautiful things. Describing the different kinds of courage with which the Christian martyrs and certain celebrated pagans met death, he speaks of one as 'the modesty and humility that throws itself into the arms of hope, to rest there,' and the other as 'the pride that immolates itself to desperation, in order to lose itself there.' One he calls 'the sublime of virtue,' and the other 'the sublime of vice.' He had mentioned Socrates and Cato in the connection."

They had reached the station while this talk was going on, and, coming out into the piazza, separated there, the Signora and Bianca coming down by one of the fine new streets to pay a visit to their basilica on the way home. They found the door just closed, it being half an hour before *Ave Maria;* but it was a pleasure to walk a while on the long platform at the head of the steps, bathed in the red gold of the setting sun, that gilded, but did not scorch; to look up at the fringe of

pink flowers growing in spikes at the top of the façade, and at the flocks of little gray birds that flew about among them; and to glance up or down the streets that stretched off like rays from the sun, and then to stroll slowly homeward through the lounging, motley crowd.

They met Mr. Vane and Isabel at the door.

"Did you think we also might not visit a church?" Isabel said. "I invited papa to go into St. Bernard's, and, though they were about closing, they kept open ten minutes for us. I am not sure but I may adopt that church as my favorite. It is not too large. The congregations are orderly, and all attend to one service; and, besides, I like a rotunda. If I should go there, papa, you must side with me, that the house may be equally divided."

"I'm not sure I like those cherubic churches, all head and no nave," Mr. Vane replied. "The basilica, being modelled on the human body, has a more human feeling."

The door opened before they rang, and the servants, having been on the watch, welcomed them with smiling faces, kissing the hand of the Signora. It was impossible not to believe in, and be touched by, their sincerity and affection, which expressed themselves, not in looks and words alone, but in actions. The house showed plainly, by its exquisite cleanliness, that the absence of the mistress had not been a holiday for them; and they had prepared everything they could to please her, even to filling all the smaller vases with her favorite flowers.

"You haven't been spending your money for violets, you extravagant children!" she exclaimed.

They had been watching to see if she would notice them, and were delighted with her surprise and pleasure.

No, they had not spent money, but only time and strength. They had gathered the flowers themselves in Villa Borghese.

"I do not take on myself to decide great social questions," the Signora said, as they sat talking over their supper. "I could not decide them if I would. But this I must think: that, in most cases, little happiness is to be found for people except in the position in which they were born. Look at these two good creatures who serve us. Their parents before them were servants, and they do not expect or wish to be anything more. They want the rights their claim to which they understand perfectly—fair wages, not too hard work, and an occasional holiday. They know that the fatigues of the great, the wealthy, and the ambitious are greater than theirs, though of a different sort. If wealth were to drop upon them, they would grasp it, no doubt, but it would embarrass them. They would never strive for it. Do you know, I find their position dignified, even when they black my shoes. It's a nicer thing to do than toadying for fine friends, or striving for place, or gnawing one's heart out with envy."

Mr. Vane smiled slightly.

"How is it about your swineherd, who changed his rough straw hat for a triple crown, and had the royalty and nobility of centuries come to kiss the foot that once hadn't even a shoe to it?"

"Oh!" she replied, "the church is the beginning of the kingdom of heaven on earth, and the meek and the poor in spirit possess it already. Besides, I always make exception of those whom God has especially endowed with gifts of nature or

grace, or with both. Besides, again, this man did not seek greatness; it was conferred on him."

Isabel felt called on to show her colors.

"America for ever!" she said. "Europe will do very well for the great, and for those who are willing to remain small; but in *my* country there's a fair field for everybody. Everybody there is born to as high a position as he can work his way to, and his destiny is not in the beginning of his life, but in the end of it. We are like Adams and Eves new-made, and dominion is given us over the garden of the new world."

She paused for breath, and the Signora applauded. "Brava! I am willing you should defeat me. I will call America not only the garden, but the nursery-garden, of the new world, if you like. Long live your seedlings!"

"How would you like it," the girl went on, rather red in the cheeks—"how would you like it, if you had been born in some very humble position in life, instead of in the position of a lady, to have some one tell you not to try to rise, but to stay where you were? Just take it to yourself."

"If I had been so born I should have been a different sort of person, and cannot say how I should have felt," the Signora replied tranquilly. "If I had been a product of generations of obedience, instead of generations of command, do not you see that the marriages would have been different, the habits, the traditions, the education, everything but the immortal spark and the common human nature? Or, if I had been like what I am now, I think I should have looked for, and found, the beauties and pleasures in my path." She had been speaking very quietly, but here she drew herself up a little, and a slight color rose to her face as she went on: "I have never striven for any of those things the chase of which seems so mean to me. It has never occurred to me that I might be honored by any association, except with a person either very good or very highly gifted by nature. The only rank which impresses me is that in the church. For the rest—you have heard the expression, 'a distinction without a difference.'"

Isabel gave a puzzled sigh. "I never could understand you," she said, a little impatiently. "Sometimes you seem to me the haughtiest of women; sometimes I think you not half proud enough. One moment you seem to be a red republican, the next an aristocrat. I can't make out what you really are. You graduate your bows to an inch, according to the rank you salute. I've seen your eyes flash lightning at a person for being too familiar toward you; and then I find you talking about the rights of the people almost like a communist."

The Signora was crumbling a bit of bread while she listened, and did not look up in answering: "I am quite ashamed of having made myself the subject of conversation for so long a time. Excuse me! Shall we go out to the *loggia* for a little while? It is very warm here."

"Permit me!" Mr. Vane interposed. He had been looking at his daughter with great displeasure. "I would say, Isabel, that when you shall have thought and learned more, you will, I hope, understand the Signora better than you do now, and will try to imitate the justice which can give to all their due, and not rob Peter to pay Paul. Moreover, I would remind you that an intrusive familiarity is not

a right of any one, even to an inferior. And now, Signora, shall we go to the *loggia?*"

Perhaps it was because she had never before been so sharply criticised to her face; but the Signora had, certainly, never before known how pleasant it is to be defended. This pleasure showed itself in her manner as they went out. She usually held herself rather erect, and had an air of composure which might easily be called pride; but now there was a slight drooping of the head and bending of the form which gave her an appearance of softness, as of one who droops content under a protecting shadow. It was a softness which she, perhaps, needed.

They heard the door-bell ringing as they went up the *loggia* steps, and presently an exclamation in Isabel's clear voice. She had not followed them, they now perceived, being a little displeased or hurt at the reproof to which she had been subjected.

"Who can have come?" said the Signora, listening. "It seems to be some one whom Isabel knows."

Bianca stood at the railing and looked intently at the windows of the *sala*, faintly lighted from the room beyond. Two figures passed through the dimness and disappeared. They might be coming to the *loggia*, or they might be going to the sofa under that picture of Penelope and Ulysses—the Signora and Mr. Vane, both a little preoccupied, did not notice or care which. If any one wished to see them, he could come to them.

Bianca, alone, stood looking steadily. The full moon, shining in her face, had showed it for one moment as red as a rose; but as the minutes passed, that lovely color faded, growing paler, till it was whiter than the light that veiled it, sparkling like silver on its beautiful outlines. Where was the sweet confidence that had been growing up in her heart for the last few weeks? Gone like a cloud-house built on a cloud. She was terrified at the fear and pain that had taken the place of it, and began to lose sight of the cause in trembling at the magnitude of the effect.

"It is surely wrong that anything in the world should make me feel so," she murmured. "What have I been doing? I must have thought of this too much, and now is come my punishment. Here in Rome, where we shall stay but a few months, I ought to have given all my mind and heart to religion. It is a shame that I have not. I do not deserve the privilege of being here."

She strove to gather about her mind the sacred thoughts and associations which the Christian finds in the heart of the Christian world, to dwarf with the grand interests of eternity the passing interests of time, and she was in some measure successful, to the extent, at least, of inspiring herself with resolution, if not with peace.

"Oh! how terrible is life," she said, looking upward, as if to escape the sight of it. "How it catches us unawares, sometimes, and wrings the blood out of our hearts!" The prayer that always rose to her lips in any necessity, "We fly to thy patronage," escaped them now; and then she swiftly and firmly read to herself her lesson: "I will be friendly and gentle toward him. I will neither seek him nor shrink from him, nor show any foolish consciousness, if I can help it; and I will not be angry with Isabel. If he should care for me in the way

I have thought, he will come every step of the way for me; if he should not, I shall not win either respect or affection by putting myself in his way. For the rest, I will trust my future with God."

"Bianca," said her sister's voice at her elbow, "who do you think has come?"

Whatever might happen, it was a pleasure to meet him, and there was no effort or embarrassment in her greeting. That moment of pain and recollection had lifted her merely earthly affection so that it became touched with the serious sweetness of heavenly charity, as the mist, lifting at morning from the bosom of the river, where it has hung through the dark hours, grows silver in the upper light. She held out her hand and smiled. "You are welcome! Papa, here is an old friend of ours."

The Signora was instantly all attention. Her own affairs were quite forgotten in those of her beloved young favorite. She was eager to see this man, to watch him, to understand him. If he should suit her and be good to Bianca, there was nothing she would not do for him; if he should be lacking in principle, or in kindness to her darling, woe to him! She would most certainly—

And here, just as she was meditating in what way she could most fittingly punish him without hurting any one else, he turned, at Mr. Vane's introduction, and saluted her with a smile and glance that won her completely. It was not the meeting of two strangers. He had thought of his lady's guardian with almost as much interest, perhaps, as she had thought of her friend's lover, and had expected to find in her either a help or a hindrance. Her searching regard had not disconcerted, then, but reassured him rather.

The Signora soon made an excuse to go into the house a moment, and left the Vanes and their visitor to renew their intercourse without interruption, and go through the mutual questioning of friends reunited after many and varied experiences. Returning quietly after a while, she stood in a corner of the *loggia* and observed them. Mr. Vane sat with a daughter at either side, and Marion stood opposite them, leaning back against the railing and talking. The moon shone in his face and flowed down his form, investing both, or revealing in both, a beauty inexpressibly noble and graceful. One might say that he looked as if he had been formed to music. A gold bronze color in his hair showed where the light struck fully, a flash of dusky blue came now and then from under his thick eye-lashes, and when he smiled one knew that his teeth were perfect and snowy white. His voice, too, was very pleasant, with a sound of laughter in it when he talked gayly —a laughter like that we fancy in a brook. It was as though his thoughts and fancies sparkled as they passed into the air.

"He is certainly fascinating," the Signora thought. "I hope he does not try to be so."

He did not. No one could be more unconscious of the effect produced by what was personal in his talk than Marion. If he sometimes appeared, while talking, almost to forget his company, it was not because he thought of himself, but because he was absorbed in his subject. He saw plainly before his eyes that which he described, and he made others see it. Bright, animated, varied, passing, not abruptly, but with the grace of a bird that

swims through the air, and alights for a moment, now here, now there, on a tree, a shrine, a house-top, a mountain-top, a window-ledge with an inside view, he carried his listeners along with him, charmed and unconscious of time. He knew that they were pleased, but gave the credit to the subject, and thought nothing of himself. He would have kept silent if he had believed he could be thought talking for effect.

The Signora stood a smiling and unseen listener to his description of his journey, and felt her sympathy and admiration increase every moment for the man who, in a hackneyed experience, had seen so much at every moment that was fresh and new, and, travelling the beaten ways of life, had found gems among the worn pebbles, had even broken the pebbles themselves, and revealed a precious color sparkling inside.

"If only he could find so much in worn and hackneyed people!" she thought. "If he could compel the cold, the conventional, and the mean to break the dull crust that has accumulated around the original nature of them, what a boon it would be! There must be something tolerable, perhaps a capacity for becoming even admirable, left in the lowest. I would like to have him point it out or call it out; for sometimes my charity fails."

His recital finished, he stood an instant silent, looking down; then a swift glance probed the shadowed corner where the Signora stood, showing that he had all the while known she was there. It was not the inquisitive nor intrusive look of one who wishes to show a knowledge of what another has tried to hide from him, but a pleasant glance that sought her presence, and begged her not to separate herself from them.

She came forward immediately, more pleased at the frank invitation than if he had pretended to be unaware of her presence.

"I feel bound, in honor, to declare my intentions to you, Signora," he said; "for you may look on me as a foe when you know them, and it is but right you should have fair warning. I have been told that you are disposed to win this family for Rome, and I am equally disposed to keep them in America. I should despair of success in such a rivalry but that I believe I have right on my side. Is it peace or war?"

"Peace," she replied. "I cannot war against right, and I ought not to wish against it. Moreover, since the family are the majority, and have free will, we can only try to influence, but must leave them to decide. I am sorry, though, that you distrust Rome so."

"Oh! it is not that," he said quickly, "though, indeed, I do distrust Rome for some people—or rather, I distrust some people for Rome. I have known cases of the most deplorable deterioration of character here in persons who were considered at home a little better than the average. But that was not my thought in this instance. I hope our friends will return to America for other reasons. No one should, it seems to me, expatriate himself without a sort of necessity. The native land assigned us by Providence would seem to be the theatre in which it is our duty to act, and one of the motives of our visits to other countries should be to enrich our own with whatever of good we may find there. Every country needs its children; but America particularly needs all her good citizens, and the church in America

needs good Catholics. That is not a true Christian who spends a whole life abroad without necessity. The climate is not an excuse, for we have every climate; economy has ceased to be a sufficient motive; and mere pleasure is no reason for a Catholic to give."

"What, then, may be considered a good reason?" the Signora asked, wondering if she were to be included in the catalogue of the condemned.

"An artist may study here a good many years," was the reply. "The sculptor or the painter finds here his school. But I maintain that when the sculptor and painter are out of school, and begin to work in the strength of their own genius, if they have any, their place and their subjects are to be found in their own land. If they stay here they will never come to anything. They will only produce trite and worn-out imitations. The writer has a longer mission here, perhaps the longest; for thoughts are at home in every land, and that is the best where thoughts can best clothe themselves in words. There is another class who must be allowed to choose for themselves, though it would be better if they would choose to endure to the end in their own country—that is, certain tender souls from whom have been stripped friends and home, leaving them bare to a world that wounds them too much. Here, I have been assured and can well believe, they find a contentment not possible to them anywhere else. Their imaginations had flown here in childhood and youth, and had unconsciously made a nest to which they could themselves follow at need, and find a sort of repose. If they have not the courage or the strength to stay in the midst of our ceaseless, and sometimes even merciless, activity, I have not a word of blame for them. I would not breathe, even gently, against the bruised reeds."

He spoke with such tender feeling that for a moment no one said anything; then he added, smiling: "I hope the Signora does not think me too dogmatic."

"I think you are quite right," she replied.

"You have forgotten one large class of Americans who may be excused, and even lauded and encouraged, for taking up a permanent residence in Europe," Mr. Vane said.

"What, pray?"

"Snobs," he replied solemnly.

The subject was whirled away on a little laugh, and a change of position showed them Annunciata on the shadowed side of the *loggia*, making coffee at a little table there, at the same time that Adreano offered them ices and cake. The place where the girl stood was quite darkened by the wall of Carlin's studio and by an over-growing grape-vine, and the moonlight about revealed of her only a dark outline. But the flame of the spirit she was burning threw a pale blue light into her face and over her hands, flickering so that the light seemed rather to shine from, than on, her.

"It looks Plutonian," Marion said. "We are, perhaps, on a visit to Proserpine."

"Speaking of Proserpine reminds me of pomegranate-seeds," the Signora said; "and pomegranate-seeds remind me of something I heard very prettily said last summer by a very pretty young lady. We were in Subiaco, and had risen very early in the morning to go up to the church of St. Benedict. I noticed that Lily was very serious and

silent, so did not speak, but only looked at her while we waited a little in the *sala* for another member of our party. She walked slowly up and down, and seemed to be praying; presently, as if recollecting that we had a difficult climb before us, she seated herself near a table on which a servant had just piled up the fruit she had been buying. Among it was a pomegranate, broken open, and bleeding a drop or two of crimson juice out on to the dark wood. Lily drew a small, pointed leaf from an orange stem, and made a knife of it to separate the grains of the pomegranate, presently lifted one, and then another, and another to her mouth. I only thought how pretty her daintiness was as she absently fed like a bird, when all at once she turned as crimson as the juicy grain she had just eaten, and sprang up from the table, throwing the leaf away, and uttering an exclamation of such distress that I thought she must have been poisoned. Her exclamation was odd: "O Pluto!'

"'You see,' she explained after a minute, 'I was saying the rosary, and had finished it, when I caught sight of the fruit here. And I thought then that, though our prayers may be flowers before the throne, our actions are fruits. Then I sat down to look at the pomegranate, and wondered what sort of a good action it was like; and while I wondered, I got tangled in a thicket of similitudes, and wandered off into mythology; and as I divided the grains I remembered poor Proserpine, and how Pluto, who knew well she could not leave him after having eaten, induced her to eat three pomegranate grains. I wondered if they were just like these, and how they tasted to her, and put one and another in my mouth, imagining myself in her place, and that presently my mother would come seeking me, and want to carry me back to heaven with her, and would find that I could not go because of these same pomegranate seeds. And then, my mind catching on the word Mother, which I had just been repeating on my rosary so many times, I remembered the Mother of God, and began to search for some Christian meaning in the myth. I thought Ceres was the giver of wheat and grain, therefore of bread, and Mary gave us the Bread of Life. Ceres came searching and mourning for her daughter, snatched away by the prince of darkness, and Mary watches and prays over those whom the enemy has snatched away from the garden of God, and who cry out to her for help. Ceres found that her daughter, having tasted of the fruit of the lower regions, was bound to spend one-half of her life there. Before I had time to find a Christian parallel for that part of the story, it flashed over me that my three pomegranate-seeds had cost me heaven for to-day, and deprived me of a privilege I might never have again. O Signora! I was going to receive Communion to-day in the grotto of St. Benedict!'

"It is not often," the Signora added, "that one can retrace the wandering path of a reverie as my poor Lily did. Her story reminded me of an illustrated poem, with wheat and roses wreathed around the leaves and hanging in among the verses."

The bell announcing visitors, they went into the house again, and found Mr. Coleman and Signor Leonardo, the latter having come to see when his pupils would wish to resume their lessons.

"I can assure you, Signor, that I am the only one who has thought of study during the last three days," Isabel said. "You should commend me. I have faithfully learned an irregular verb every morning while taking my coffee. That is my rule; and it is becoming such a habit with me that the mere sight of a cup and saucer suggests to me an irregular verb. The night we spent at Monte Compatri I learned three, not being able to sleep for the fleas."

The Italian murmured some inarticulate commendation of her industry, and dropped his eyes. Her perfectly free and off-hand manner confounded him. To his mind such a lack of the downcast reserve of the girls he was accustomed to regard as models of behavior indicated a very strange disposition and an education still more strange. Yet he could not doubt that Miss Vane was respectable.

Mr. Coleman, who was hovering near, begged permission to make a comment, which he would not be thought to intend as a criticism. "You say the night you 'spent' at Monte Compatri. Is it, may I ask, true that Americans always speak of *spending* time? In England we say we *pass* time. I have heard the peculiarity attributed to your nation, the reason given for it being that Americans are almost always engaged in business of some kind, and naturally use the expressions of trade."

Isabel not being quite prepared with an answer, hesitating whether to regard the suave manner or the annoying matter of the speech, the Signora, who had overheard it, came to her aid.

"The fact is true, but the reason given is false," she said. "I believe we Americans do almost always speak of spending time. It may be because we understand better the value of it. But you should be aware, Mr. Coleman, that the Italians also use the same expression, and they are the last people with whom you can associate the idea of trade and hurry. One of their critics cites the word as peculiarly beautiful so employed, as if time were held to be gold. Your English friends, when criticising the American expression, were probably thinking of their great clumsy pennies."

Mr. Coleman, who had not known that the Signora was near, stammered out a deprecating word. He had only asked for information.

"The English are bound to criticise us, and to regard our differences as defects," she went on, addressing Isabel. "You must not mind them, my dear. In fact, educated Americans speak and write the language better than the same class of English do, and use far less slang. One frequently finds inaccurate and cumbersome expressions in their very best writers. The exquisite Disraeli says, 'I should have thought that you would have liked,' which is ineffably clumsy. I can give you, however, a model of the most perfect English in an English writer, and I do not know an American who equals him. I refer to T. W. M. Marshall. I almost forget his thoughts while admiring the faultless language in which they are—not clothed so much as—armed. He has little color, but a great deal of point. One might say he writes in *chiar-oscuro*.

"I have not the least prejudice against, nor for, any nation," she continued, regarding with a little mocking smile her disconcerted visitor. "English people are as good as Americans, when they be-

have themselves. They are not, however, so polite. Whatever peculiarities we may observe in our island neighbors, we are never guilty of the impropriety of mentioning them to their faces."

Mr. Coleman was crushed, and the Signora left him to recover himself as best he might. She had thought him long since cured of his national habit of making such comments, and was not disposed to suffer the slightest relapse.

Marion, who had observed and watched for a moment the expression of Signor Leonardo's face while Isabel spoke to him, began talking with him after a while, and soon found him a liberal—not one of those who make the name a cover for every species of disorder, but an honest man, of whom the worst that could be said was that he was mistaken.

"You think that we Italians are different from yourselves," he said somewhat excitedly, as the talk progressed. "When you praise your country, and boast of it, you forget that we, too, may wish to have a country of which we can boast and be proud."

Marion smiled quietly. "I should have said," he replied, "that in the history of Italy, both past and present, there had been more pride felt and expressed than can be found in the histories of all the other nations of the earth put together; and that, besides this self-gratulation, no other nation on earth had been so praised, and loved, and feared, and sought as Italy. It has had every kind of boast—warlike, splendid, learned, poetic, and artistic. It has gone on through the centuries supreme in beauty and in interest, never failing to draw all hearts and eyes, and changing one attraction into another, instead of losing attraction. And all its changes have been ordered and harmonious till now. But I find neither beauty nor dignity in a manufacturing, trading Rome. She throws away her own *unique* advantages in seeking to vie with her younger and more vigorous sisters. The *rôle* does not suit her."

"We will see!" the Italian said hotly. "We will make the trial, and find out for ourselves if our life and strength are so decayed that we can no longer boast of anything but ruins."

"I beg your pardon; but you have already tried, and failed," the other returned. "You have proved yourselves only strong in complaint, but worthless in action. The only vigor I have heard of as shown by liberal Rome was in throwing flowers on Victor Emanuel when he entered, and now in cursing him for having taxed you to the verge of starvation. He isn't afraid of you, and takes no pains to conciliate you. The only vigor here, of the kind you praise, is in the northern men he has brought down with him; and in another generation, if they should stay so long, the blood in their hearts will have thickened to the rich, slow ichor of Roman veins. No, sir! You cannot succeed in being yourselves and everybody else. You are no longer the world, but only a part of it, and must be content to see yourselves surpassed in many things. Your true dignity is in not contending for the prize which you will never win. If you had sat here quietly, a mere looker-on, a judge, perhaps, of the contests going on in the world, who could have said surely that you might not win any success by the mere half trying? You have proved

your own weakness, and merely exchanged an easy master for a hard one. You do not govern yourselves so much under the king as you did under the pope, and the complaints which were listened to in the old time nobody listens to now. You have been coaxed and petted for generations; now you are treated with contempt."

The Italian was pale, less with anger at such plain speaking than with the bitter consciousness that it was true. "You have not seen the end yet," was all he could say. "Great changes are not wrought here so easily as in America. There it was simply Greek meeting Greek, and there was no history or tradition in the way. Here, besides our visible opponents, who may be half a dozen nations, we have to fight against generations of ghosts."

"O my country! how you have bewitched the world," exclaimed the American. "I grant you there is a difference, sir, and it is even greater than you think; for it is a difference of nature as well as of circumstances. Italy is Calliope, with the scroll in her hand, and her proper position is a meditative and studious one; America is Atalanta, the swift runner, young, strong, and disdainful, with apples of gold to fling and stop her pursuers. Do you wish your muse to come down and join in the dusty race?"

"Do you know,' the Signora asked of Marion, joining the two, "Victor Emanuel, they say, has a special devotion to the good thief?"

The Italian rose. He had a great regard for the Signora, but, as she never spared him when politics was in question, he thought discretion the better part of valor.

"How odd it is," the lady remarked, when they were left alone with Marion, "that when we are best pleased we are sometimes most impatient! I am exceedingly well contented to-night, yet I do not know when I have been so sharp toward Mr. Coleman or Leonardo. I begin to feel premonitory symptoms of compunction. What is the philosophy of it, Mr. Vane?"

"Marion could answer such a question better than I," he replied. "But may not the reason be that, your mood and some of your circumstances being perfect, you cannot bear that all should not accord?—as, when we are listening to beautiful music, and are particularly inclined to listen just then, the smallest interruption, especially if it be discordant, is intolerable."

Marion had been saying good-night to the sisters, who stood before him arm in arm, speaking with, or rather listening to, him. He turned on being appealed to.

"Is it true," he asked, "that the mood is one of perfect contentment? May it not be an exalted mood which demands contentment? I think we may sometimes feel an excitement and delight for which we can give no reason, unless it may be some rare moment of perfect physical health, like that which our first parents enjoyed in Eden. Naturally, in such a moment, we feel earth to be a paradise, and are impatient of anything which reminds us that it is not."

The Signora was surprised to find herself blushing, and annoyed when she perceived that the others observed it and seemed, also, to be surprised. Only Marion, bowing a good-night as soon as he spoke, appeared not to see.

"Did you ever blush for nothing, dear?" she asked of Bianca, when the two went to their rooms to-

gether. "I can't imagine what set me blushing to-night. I didn't mean to blush, I had no reason, I didn't know I was going to do so, and I have no idea what it was about."

"I never blush at the right moment," Bianca replied rather soberly. "When embarrassing incidents occur, and, according to the books and speakers, one would be doing the proper thing to be confused, I am almost always cool. And then all at once, just for nothing, for a surprise, for a thing which would find other people cool, I am as red as—"

"A rose," finished the Signora, and kissed the girl's cheek. "Good-night, dear. I like your friend exceedingly. I do not know when I have liked any one so much on short acquaintance."

"He is very agreeable," Bianca returned, and echoed the good-night without another word.

"That is one of the times you should have blushed, and didn't," thought her friend, and wondered a little.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ROMA—AMOR.

"Strength is none on earth save Love."
—AUBREY DE VERE.

SUGGESTED BY A STATUE BY MISS A. WHITNEY EXHIBITED IN BOSTON, APRIL, 1876.

I.

UPON the statue's base I read its name—
"Rome," nothing more; so leaving to each thought
To mould in mind the form the sculptor wrought,
The living soul within the dead clay's frame.
And was this Rome, so weak and sad and old,
So crouching down with withered lip and cheek,
With trembling fingers stretched as if to seek,
The thoughtless wanderers' idly-given gold?—
Some Roman coins loose-lying in her lap,
Some treasure saved from out her ancient wealth,
Or begged with downcast look as if by stealth,
Fearing her end, and wishing still, mayhap,
Enough to hold to pay stern Charon's oar
When the dead nations o'er the Styx it bore.

II.

And was this Rome—this shrunken, shivering form,
  This beggared greatness sitting abject down;
  Her throne a broken shaft's acanthus crown
Whose crumbling beauty still outlived the storm?
Where were her legions? eagles? where her pride?
  The conqueror's laurel binding once her head?—
  She, the world's mistress, begging so her bread
At her own gates, her empire's wreck beside!
Withered and old, craven in form and face,
  Yet keeping still some gift from out the past
  In the broad mantle o'er her shoulders cast,
Where lingered yet her ancient, haughty grace—
Conscious each fold of that far-sounding name,
Imperial still in spite of loss and shame.

III.

And was this Rome? Nor faith, nor hope, nor love
  Writ in the wrinkled story of her face,
  Where weariness and sad old age had place,
For earthly days no cheer, no light above!
All earthly greatness to this measure shrunk?
  With burning heart I gazed. Was this the thought
  The sculptor in the answering clay had wrought—
Cæsar's proud impress in the beggar sunk
For men to mock at in her weak old age?
  Was this a living Rome, or one, long dead,
  That waked to life a modern Cæsar's tread,
Claiming with outstretched hand her heritage?
While the strong nations she once triumphed o'er
Scarce heeded her they served with awe before!

IV.

Where, then, was she that was Eternal called?
  Bore she no likeness of immortal youth?
  Did she lament her cruel dower in truth
As once Tithonus by that gift enthralled?
All joy of youth long perished, living on
  In dread possession of the pitiless gift,
  In hopeless age set helplessly adrift,
Her bread the bitter thought of days bygone!
No word immortal on the statue writ,
  Save the deep bitterness of graven name;
  No trumpet telling dumbly of her fame,

Nor unquenched lamp by vestal virgin lit—
Youth, empire, and her people's love all o'er,
Unqueened, and still undying, evermore!

V.

O artist! lurks there in your sculptured thought
No vision of another Rome than this?
Along the antique border of her dress
I sought in vain to see the symbol wrou ght
That she has steadfast borne since first its touch
Did her, the holy one, e'er consecrate
The tender mother of the desolate,
Consoler of poor hearts o'erburdened much,
Pure spouse of Him who is Eternal Life,
Inheritor of beauty ever new
Yet ever ancient, 'missioned to subdue
Beneath love's yoke the nations lost in strife—
Rome's eagles shadowed not a realm so wide
As lights the cross, her trust from Him that died.

VI.

O Rome! imperial lady, Christian queen!
Art thou discrowned and desolate indeed?
All vainly doth thy smitten greatness plead?
Reads none the sorrow of thy brow serene?
Perished thy eagles, and o'erthrown thy cross?
Thou banished from possession of thine own,
While they who rob thee fling thee mocking down
An ancient Roman robe to hide thy loss,
That the world, seeing thy fair-seeming state,
Shall greet the Cæsar who gives thee such grace,
Nor heed the appealing sorrow in thy face,
Nor hear thy cry like His who at the gate
Of Jericho cried out! Bide thou thy day—
Thy Western children for thee weep and pray.

VII.

So once in Pilate's hall thy Master stood
In Roman purple robed, and none divined
The holy mystery in those folds enshrined—
The sorrowing God-head lifted on the Rood.

Such was his portion here; with thee he shares
His grief divine. Ah! grandly art thou crowned—
Fair in the light of truth thy brows around—
With thorns like his, while thy strong hand uprears
His wide-armed cross, thou leaning on its strength!
What though thy constant sorrow shade thine eyes?
Undying hope about thy sweet mouth lies;
That faith is thine that has been all the length
Of centuries past, that shall be centuries o'er;
And on thy bosom writ I read—*Amor*.

VIII.

Each letter seeming with a ruddy hue—
Won from His Passion who is Perfect Love—
To glow the whiteness of thy robe above,
Thy own heart staining red thy raiment through.
What though thy hands are fettered as they lift
The blessing of the cross? They still can guide,
Like Israel's cloud, thy children scattered wide:
Still are they warning to lost flocks adrift
On mist-enshrouded slopes; still can they bless
Thy faithful ones who, weeping, peace implore,
Who, striving, spread thy realm far countries o'er:
Still rulest thou while kings, as shadows, pass;
And still the weary, craving love and home,
Peace in thy bosom seek, Eternal Rome!

CHALDEAN ACCOUNT OF THE CREATION.

In no portion of the world will the adventurous traveller feel himself more impressed by a sense of mystery and of awe than in that vast plain which rises from the Persian Gulf and stretches away northwestwardly along the mountains of Kurdistan until it reaches those of Armenia. From the rivers which water it the Greeks called one portion of it Mesopotamia. Other portions are known as Chaldea and Assyria. In this plain it was that the Lord God planted the Garden of Eden, bringing forth all manner

"Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruit.
Blossoms and fruit at once of golden hue
Appeared, with gay enamel'd colors mixed,
On which the sun more glad impress'd his beams
Than in the fair ev'ning cloud or humid bow,
When God shower'd the earth; so lovely seemed
That landskip."—*Par. Lost*, b. iv.

Here still flow the Euphrates and the Tigris, named in Holy Writ as two of the rivers of Eden. Their waters still fertilize a soil which, desolate and accursed though it now seems, will yield, even to rude and imperfect culture, a harvest of an hundred-fold. Here our first parents spent their too brief hours of innocence. Here, too, driven for their disobedience from Eden, they wandered in sorrow, and tilled the earth in the sweat of their brow.

On this plain, when the waters of the Deluge had passed away, did the children of Noe, as yet of the same tongue, assemble together, and, forgetful of the power of God, say to each other: "Let us make a city and a tower, the top of which may reach to heaven; and let us make our name famous before we be scattered abroad into all lands" (Gen. xi. 4). From this centre, when the Lord had confounded their speeeh and humbled their pride, did they go forth to people the whole earth.

Here walked Nimrod, the mighty hunter before the Lord, ruling his fellow-men. Here he built Babylon, afterwards so renowned in history. On this plain, too, across the Tigris, were founded Resen and Calah and Ninive, cities of power in the earlier days of history.

For more than fifteen centuries this plain was the most favored spot of the ancient world. As the Assyrian, the Babylonian, the Mede, the Persian, and the Greek succeeded each other on the throne, the tributes and the spoils of surrounding nations were brought hither, and were here lavishly squandered in every mode that could display the magnificence or perpetuate the memory of mighty sovereigns. Each monarch seemed, with the land, to inherit the ambitious desires of the builders of Babel. Each strove to found cities, to erect towers, to build walls, and to raise structures which neither man nor time nor the hand of Heaven should destroy. All through those centuries the work was carried on, each age striving to excel in grandeur and strength of work all that had gone before. Neither time nor wealth nor skill was spared; nothing that man could do was left undone.

How vain and futile is man's mightiest effort! The decree went forth that Ninive should be laid waste, and that Babylon should be

as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrha.

This fertile plain, once filled with gorgeous cities and countless villages, checkered with fruitful groves and cultivated fields, has become a wild, deserted, treeless waste, over which the wandering Arab drives his flock in search of a precarious pasturage, and from which even he is forced to flee as the grass withers under the burning heats of summer. The towers and temples and palaces, rich with statuary and painting, and whose sides, glistening with gold and shining brass, reflected the dazzling rays of the sun for leagues around, have all disappeared. In their stead a few mud-walled and thatch-roofed cottages, pervious to wind and rain, may be seen clustering around some ancient Christian shrine, or are falling to fragments since the last raid of the pasha or the rapacity of the Arabs drove the miserable tenants from even such humble abodes. It is only at Mosul and Bagdad, seats of Turkish civil rule—such as it is—and at a few other points, that anything to be called a town can be found. And even there little more is to be seen than an accumulation of many such huts around a few rude stone dwellings and churches. For ages the inhabitants have been ground to the dust by Turkish misrule. Long since stripped of everything, they are the poorest of the poor. He holds life and property by a frail tenure indeed whom the greedy pasha suspects of possessing aught that can be seized. So thoroughly have the glories of old and the outward traces of ancient grandeur passed away that for a long time antiquarians disputed where on this plain Ninive, and where Babylon, stood.

It is a vast, treeless, uncultivated, arid blank on the surface of the earth. Stern, shapeless mounds rise like low, flat-topped hills from the parched plains — rude, unsightly heaps, whose sides, here and there stripped of earth by the rains of winter, disclose within masses of brickwork and fragments of pottery. Desolation meets desolation on every side. The traveller sees no graceful column still standing erect in solitary beauty, no classic capital or richly-carved frieze fallen to the earth, and half-appearing, half-hidden amid the luxuriant growth of the soil; nothing that charms in its present picturesque beauty, nothing that he can rebuild in imagination. He travels on, day after day, over the parched plain, amid these sombre mounds, and feels that in truth this is a cemetery of nations accursed for their sins. The ever-recurring sameness of the dreary prospect around him, before him, behind him, impresses even more deeply on his mind the grand truth that, do what man may, God reigns and rules and conquers. Every step shows him how completely are fulfilled the threats made of old, in the days of their luxury and pride, against the sensual and sinful peoples who dwelt here. The words of the messengers of God have indeed come true.

For the last third of a century a fresh interest has drawn the minds of men to this plain. The silence of twenty-five centuries has been broken, and these old mounds are lifting up their voices, as it were, and telling us of the glories of ancient times, and how men then lived and battled, what arts they practised and what knowledge they possessed, in what gods they believed and how they worshipped. The tale is a wondrous one.

The French government, which

still claims throughout the Levant the right of protecting the Catholic Christians of every rite, under the rule of the Moslems, who are united to the Holy See, had stationed in Mosul in 1841, as French consul, M. Botta, a ripe scholar, enthusiastically devoted to Oriental studies. Across the Tigris, and in sight of Mosul, stood a huge mound. The natives called it *Kouyunjik*, and had vague traditions of carved stones and figures having been found in or about it from time to time. M. Botta bethought him of excavating the mound to test the truth of such tales. For a time his labors were without any satisfactory result. He was induced to leave Kouyunjik for a time, and to work instead on the mound of Khorsabad, some fifteen miles distant. Here his very first attempt at excavation brought him down to a thick brick wall. Digging down by its side, he saw that it was lined with slabs bearing sculptures in bass-relief, and inscriptions in some unknown language. Continuing his trench, he groped his way along the wall, until it broke off, with a face at right angles to the face he had followed. A few feet further on the wall commenced again as before. He had evidently passed a doorway. Pursuing his course steadily and eagerly, and turning corner after corner, he at length came to the point whence he had started. He had completed the inner circuit of a room. Then, going through the door already discovered, he led his trenches along the walls of a second chamber lined, like the first, with slabs bearing illegible inscriptions and bass-relief figures. In six months six halls, some of them 115 feet long, were fully explored, and over 450 feet of sculptures and inscriptions were accurately copied. The copies, with an able report, were sent to the Academy of Inscriptions at Paris.

These startling discoveries were hailed with enthusiasm by the antiquarians of France and of Europe generally. The French government at once supplied M. Botta with ample funds, and sent to his assistance M. Flandin, an able draughtsman. The work was vigorously pushed on until the entire mound of Khorsabad had been thoroughly investigated. On an original elevation or mound of earth, either natural or artificial, a vast platform of brick-work had been laid. On this rose the building itself, evidently a magnificent royal palace, over 1,200 feet in front and 500 feet deep. Within, it was divided by thick walls of masonry into numerous halls or rooms, many of them more than 100 feet long, but few of them exceeding 35 feet in breadth. The external walls and these party-walls were from twelve to twenty feet in thickness, and were evidently intended to bear a heavy superstructure of upper stories. These, however, have all perished; nothing remains but the walls on the ground-floor. In fact, they rise only about ten or fifteen feet. Within and without they were lined with limestone slabs ten feet high, bearing inscriptions and bass-relief figures. The same subject often occupied many slabs in succession. Thus, the entire panelling of one long front, of 1,200 feet, seemed to be occupied by a single subject—the triumphant procession of a king returning victorious from some war—the whole presented in a long succession of figures above the natural size. Winged human figures with the heads of eagles—the deities of Assyria—led the way, each bearing the sacred pine-cone in one hand

and a basket in the other. To them succeeded priests leading victims for the sacrifice. Then came the monarch in his richest robes, attended by his chief ministers, his eunuchs, and his courtiers. Other officials in a long line bore the various insignia of royalty. Soldiers came next, escorting the tribute-bearers, laden some with miniature representations of the cities and towns and castles that had been conquered, others with the tribute itself and with the spoils of the conquered nations. Lastly, groups of captives, with fettered limbs and drooping heads, closed the long array which proclaimed to men the prowess and grandeur of the monarch who reared this palace. Within the palace the walls were lined with still other inscriptions and sculptures of battles, of sacrifices, processions, of royal audiences, and of lion hunts in the forests and mountains.

MM. Botta and Flandin copied as accurately as possible all these inscriptions and figures as soon as found. It was well they did so. The palace had been destroyed by fire. The limestone slabs had been overheated and calcined. A brief exposure to the weather was now sufficient to cause them to crumble into dust.

In 1845 Mr. (now Sir) Austin Henry Layard commenced excavations first in a different mound—that of Nimroud, some twenty miles distant from Mosul in another direction—and then at Kouyunjik, which M. Botta had abandoned; and afterwards at Karamles, at Birs Nimroud, and elsewhere. He was rewarded by the discovery of four other royal palaces, and of an immense amount of inscriptions, bass-reliefs, and curious Assyrian statuary, large shipments of all of which he sent to the British Museum in London.

We need not say with what astonishment and what interest men looked at this vast amount of Assyrian antiquities, so unexpectedly discovered, and now to be seen in London and in Paris; nor need we follow the steps of the various exploring expeditions that went forth in succession from Europe to delve yet again in those rich mines of archæology. In 1876 they were still at it, and doubtless the work will long continue; for there remains much to reward a search.

The first emotions of astonishment over, the scholars of Europe left aside for a time the sculptured figures, and turned to those multitudinous and inscrutable inscriptions as in truth the richest and most valuable portion of the find. In what language or languages, and by what system, are they written? Does each sign, or group of these curious signs, spell a word letter after letter, as modern writing does? Or do they give syllable after syllable, after the manner of some ancient people? Or does each group simply mean a word, as the Chinese characters do? Can we answer? Is it possible to ascertain the purport and meaning of these records?

These were the questions puzzling the scholars of Europe as they looked on the inscriptions placed before them. More puzzling questions, one would think, could scarcely be devised. How much or how little was already known about this style of inscriptions, these strange arrow-headed, nail-formed, wedge-shaped, claviform, or cuneiform letters, as men styled them?

They were evidently the "Assyrian letters" mentioned by Herodotus. But neither he nor any other

ancient writer gave any aid whatever towards their interpretation.

The moderns could tell little of them. In 1620 Figueroa, the Spanish traveller and diplomatist, published some account of the inscriptions he had seen in Persepolis, and gave a fac-simile of one line of this arrow-headed writing. A year or two later Pietro Della Valle, who spent years travelling in Asia, published another specimen, and, from a general consideration of its appearance, decided that the writing, be it in what language it may, was to be read from left to right, as European languages are read, and not from right to left, as the Hebrew, Chaldee, Arabic, and other Semitic languages are to be read, nor from top to bottom, as the Chinese read their inscriptions. But beyond this he could not go.

Fifty years later a French traveller, M. Chardin, published drawings of the inscriptions he had copied in Persepolis. Other travellers gave further accounts of such inscriptions at Persepolis, Hamadan, and elsewhere in Western Persia. They spoke especially of the magnificent inscription of Bisutun or Behistun. Following the grand caravan route from Bagdad to Ispahan, the traveller finds himself in the beautiful valley of the Kerkha River. On his left rise rugged limestone cliffs. At one spot the road runs at the base of a gigantic perpendicular cliff, fully 1,700 feet high. In some ancient time workmen made their way up, by scaffolding, three hundred feet and more above the road, where they smoothed a large space of the face of the rock, cutting out weak and soft portions, and carefully plugging the cavities with firmer and stronger pieces of the same stone. On this smoothed surface they cut their figures of majestic stature. A monarch, armed and triumphant, stands erect, one foot pressing on a prostrate foe. Above his head floats the winged form of a heathen deity. Before him stands a line of nine other captives, united together by a cord passing from neck to neck. For the king and for each captive there is a short inscription. Below, on the face of the rock there are hundreds of lines of inscriptions, every letter, over an inch in length, being cut neatly and carefully into the smoothed and perpendicular face of the cliff. The whole was then floated, as the plasterers would say, with a wash of fluid glass, which in drying left a transparent, silicious crust or film, saving the work from the ravages of wind and rain and time. Much of this coating is still in place, more of it has flaked off, and fragments of it may be gathered from the debris at the foot of the cliff.

In 1765 Carsten Niebuhr visited those regions, and, after long study, came to the opinion that there were here three different styles of inscription, probably in three different languages. In this case one of them was probably the Persian. From that date on Niebuhr, Münter, Grotefend, De Sacy, Saint-Martin, Rask, and others pored over these strange letters, studied out the Sanscrit and the Zend or ancient Persian, and, devoting themselves laboriously to the simpler and presumed Persian portions of the inscriptions, finally succeeded in making out one letter after another, and discovered that this part, at least, was of course to be read alphabetically. They began to guess at the sense of some oft-recurring word or phrase, or of what were apparently royal names or titles. Great was their exultation when they were sure at last that a

certain oft-recurring group of characters (which we have no type to print) was to be read "Khsháyathíya Khsháyathíyánám," and meant "King of kings." By 1836 Lassen, Burnouf, and Sir Henry Rawlinson claimed to be able to make out, at least in a general way, the sense of those Persian portions. Other scholars followed them, making still further advances. Those Persian inscriptions were found to commemorate the deeds of Cyrus, Darius, Xerxes, and other Persian monarchs of their epoch.

The inscriptions were, as Niebuhr had conjectured, in three languages. The second, called the Scythic or Turanian, was in characters more difficult and more complex than the Persian writing. The third, and still more difficult, portions were supposed to be in some ancient Assyrian language—perhaps even in several distinct forms or dialects of it. They had not yet been read when Botta and Layard made their discoveries in the mounds, and filled the museums of Europe with thousands of inscriptions, whole or fragmentary, all evidently of this third class. The task was taken up by the scholars of Europe with renewed ardor. If the difficulties were great, they had at least a fair starting point in the Persian portions already deciphered; but the difficulty was still great. Those groups of arrow-headed characters seemed to shift their meaning in a bewildering fashion. Sometimes they represented letters, sometimes syllables, sometimes words or monograms. Again, the same group sometimes seemed to represent one letter, and at another quite a different letter; while, as if to compensate this multiplicity of values of a single sign, it was evident that frequently several signs had the same identical value, and might be interchanged one for another. Add to all this the fact that they were not yet sure in what language or what dialect these inscriptions of Ninive were written, nor, even in a general way, what they treated of, and it will be clear that the task of deciphering them was in truth a puzzling one. The more clearly men saw what was to be done, the more difficult it appeared to do it. Progress could be made only by a series of tentative guesses. When one proclaimed that he had attained some result, however small, that result was attacked by others, and sometimes proved to be illusory. However, despite of thousands of failures, despite of ridicule and disbelief, progress was gradually made. In March, 1857, Mr. Fox Talbot selected the first cuneiform inscription which had been lithographed by the trustees of the British Museum, and proposed it as a test. Four of the chief students of this new literature were to make, each apart, and without consultation with the others, his own translation of it, to be sent under seal to the Royal Asiatic Society. When all had come in, the seals were to be broken and the several translations compared. In May, 1857, this was done. The following translations of one passage of the inscription will serve as a sample of how they agreed:

Rawlinson: "Then I went on to the country of Comukha, which was disobedient, and withheld the tribute and offerings due to Ashur, my lord. I conquered the whole country of Comukha. I plundered their movables, their wealth, and their valuables. Their cities I burned with fire, I destroyed and ruined."

Talbot: "I then advanced against Kumikhi, a land of the unbelievers, who had refused to pay taxes and tribute unto Ashur, my lord. The land of Kumikhi

throughout all its extent I ravaged. Their women, etc., I carried off. Their cities I burned with fire, destroyed, and overthrew."

Oppert: "In those days I went to the people of Dummukh, the enemy who owed tribute and gifts to the god Ashur, my lord. I subdued the people of Dummukh; for its punishment(?). I took away their captives, their herds, and their treasures; their cities I burnt in fire; I destroyed, I undermined them."

Hincks: "At that time I went to a disaffected part of Qummukh, which had withheld the tribute by weight and tale belonging to Assur, my lord. I subdued the land of Qummukh as far as it extended. I brought out their women, their *slaves*, and their cattle; their towns I burned with fire, threw down, and dug up."

Such a wonderful agreement of those four translators in deciphering the text of this inscription was proof that the key had been found, and that ere long this vast cuneiform literature would emerge from the tomb in which it had lain buried for over two thousand five hundred years. The experiment was felt to have been eminently successful.

We need not follow the further labors of those and other Orientalists in this new field of research, as volume after volume appeared in French, in German, and in English, giving translations of texts, and rewriting the ancient history of those Eastern lands. For years it seemed that this would be the chief literary result of those discoveries. The lines of monarchs were established, gaps were filled up, broken links were restored, contested dates were settled. Much light was thrown on manners and customs, and on the religious systems of the peoples, their wars and conquests, and on the duration, successions, and vicissitudes of the various dynasties which ruled over them. A by no means small library might be formed of the works on these subjects published within the last quarter of a century.

As it became known that Orientalists were gradually obtaining the power of deciphering these Assyrian cuneiform inscriptions, and as the extent of the field thus opened to fresh researches was gradually developed, hopes that seemed extravagant were indulged as to the results soon to be reached, and not wholly without reason. These ancient Assyrians seemed to have been possessed with an extraordinary passion for recording anything and everything in their mysterious characters. Monarch after monarch had taken pride in putting up pompous inscriptions to perpetuate the memory of his victories and of the glorious events of his reign. From such monuments might we not obtain some record of their successive dynasties, and learn something of the history of their empires and kingdoms? Those grand bass-reliefs of marble or alabaster, representing deities, monarchs, sacred bulls, or other mysterious figures; every representation of a battle-scene, of a triumphal procession, of the building of a city, of the sailing of boats, or of what else you please, had each its own cuneiform lettering, now about to tell us its long-hidden meaning. Everywhere seals, cylinders, signets, or other small objects of value, whether of agate, of chalcedony, or of other hard and precious stone, or of terra-cotta, had its group of emblematic figures, often with an inscription in minutest characters, nicely cut with a lapidary's skill. The very bricks used in building those huge walls, hundreds of feet long and ten or fifteen feet thick, bore nearly every one of them, in cuneiform characters, some name;

perhaps that of the monarch who built the palace, or of the architect who planned and directed the work, perhaps that of the workman who made the brick itself and laid it in the wall.

And more than all this, all through the *débris* of earth now filling chamber after chamber, and more abundantly towards the bottom, the explorers found countless fragments of terra-cotta or baked clay tablets, bearing generally cuneiform inscriptions on both sides. Some of those fragments were not an inch in length or breadth; others were even a foot square or larger. It was possible sometimes to fit a number of fragments together. They had been found lying near together, and had originally formed one piece, that was broken when it fell. A thorough examination of the character of the material and of the work, and their present condition, made it clear that originally they were slabs or tablets of fine clay, well kneaded and pressed into form. While still comparatively soft, they had received the inscriptions at the hands of skilled scribes. This the marks of the metal tool or style used in inscribing the letters on the yielding clay made quite evident. The tablets so inscribed were then hardened by baking, and were placed in upper rooms of the palace devoted to the purposes of a library. When at last the palace itself was destroyed by fire, the heat may have cracked or otherwise injured some of them. Their fall, as the rooms were destroyed and the slabs precipitated into a heated mass of ruins in the lower masonry chambers, must have broken most of them into fragments. The spade and mattock, as men overturned again and again this mass of *débris* to recover gold and silver and jewelry buried in it, may have continued the work of destruction; and perhaps time has since done more than all these agencies. For the yearly rains of twenty-five centuries, sinking into this soil and taking up chemical agents from the mass on every side, would in turn react on these plates of clay, producing crystals in every minutest fissure or cavity, and slowly but surely dividing them into minuter and minuter fragments. However, the fragments are there, covered with writing. In the mound of Kouyunjik alone there may be, it is judged, twenty-five or thirty thousand of them. How many more may be found in other mounds of Ninive? And as to the mounds of Babylon and its vicinity, so little as yet has been done to them in comparison with the work at Ninive that we may say they are still almost untouched.

If the Assyrians had libraries, and if those libraries have come down to us, be it even only as tattered leaves and torn volumes, may we not yet gather together these fragments, or at least some portion of them, decipher what is written, and so become acquainted with something of this ancient Assyrian literature? What did men then know? What did they believe? What did they write? It was hoped that we were on the very eve of discoveries equalling, if not far surpassing, in extent and in importance, those made in the earlier half of this century by the discovery of how to read the ancient hieroglyphs of Egypt. We cannot say that these hopes have so far been fully realized. Far from it. We are still at the beginning of the work; but the work goes bravely on.

Attention was at first, and naturally, directed to the grander and more prominent public monuments

and inscriptions. From them much has been learned of the series of Assyrian monarchs and concerning their deeds, and light has been thrown on many obscure points of chronology. The statements of the Holy Scriptures in reference to the relations of the Jewish people with Babylon and Ninive during the thousand years preceding Christ, and Biblical references to the character and customs of the Assyrians and Babylonians, have been wonderfully illustrated.

Other classes of inscriptions, on fragments of the terra-cotta tiles or tablets, gave accounts of the divisions of the empire, the character, and almost the statistics, of the provinces. The laws and usages then in force, and the peculiarities of their domestic life, are sometimes presented with a vividness that startles us.

Strange to say, and equally to the surprise and the delight of those now laboring in the work of deciphering this enigmatical writing, quite a number of tablets were found written for the special purpose of explaining to the ancient students of Assyria, in simpler and more legible, or rather more *pronounceable*, characters, the meaning and the sound of the more abstruse and ideographic characters so frequently occurring in the texts of the inscriptions. These supply us to-day with what we may call, and what is in reality, a dictionary of their hard words, giving their correct pronunciation and their meaning.

Still other tablets were devoted to astronomy, to astrology, to medicine, to sorcery, to hymns of religion and prayers of sacrifice, to history, to geography, to poetry, and to whatever might be embraced by the term Assyrian belles-lettres.

Acceptable as all this is, something more was expected. Was there nothing to illustrate the earlier history of mankind, nothing in relation to those earlier events which are narrated by Moses as having occurred in this very land? They are dear to us because intertwined with our religious and moral training. Was it possible that there was no trace whatever of them, not even an allusion to them, to be found in all this mass of Assyrian writings?

Berosus, a Babylonian priest of the time of Alexander the Great, about three hundred years before Christ, wrote a history of Babylon. The work itself has perished; but we have some accounts of it in sundry Greek writers. According to them, Berosus distinctly stated that accounts were carefully preserved in Babylon in which were recorded the formation of the heavens, the earth, and the sea, the origin of man, and the chief memorable events of the early history of the world. Why had we come across nothing of all this? Was it because Berosus spoke of ancient tablets at Babylon, and the tablets whose fragments we were scrutinizing are, for the most part, from Ninive, and, in their present form at least, date back generally only seven, eight, or nine centuries before Christ?

No other reason seemed assignable; and it appeared that, to obtain such tablets, we must wait until the mounds of Babylon shall be as carefully and as thoroughly excavated as those of Ninive. When will that be done? In the meantime let us be patient and make the most we can of what we have.

Things were in this condition in 1872. In that year Mr. George Smith, of the British Museum, a

young and ardent Assyriologist, who has indeed proved himself worthy to continue the labors of Rawlinson, Hincks, Oppert, Lenormant, Talbot, and the other distinguished Oriental scholars of Europe, was occupied in the task of examining one by one the thousands of cuneiform terra-cotta fragments collected in the Assyrian department of that institution. He intended to divide them into classes, according to the subjects on which they seemed to treat, in order that each class might afterwards be more thoroughly studied by itself.

Taking up one day a fragment, of medium size, the middle lines of which were entire and could be plainly made out, he read as follows:

"To the country of Nizir went the ship;
The mountains of Nizir stopped the ship, and to pass over it was not able;
The first day and the second day, the mountains of Nizir, the same;
The third day and the fourth day, the mountains of Nizir, the same;
The fifth and the sixth, the mountains of Nizir, the same.
On the seventh day, in the course of it,
I sent forth a dove, and it left. The dove went and turned;
A resting-place it did not find, and it returned.
I sent forth a swallow, and it left. The swallow went and turned; and
A resting-place it did not find, and it returned.
I sent forth a raven, and it left. The raven went, and the decrease of waters it saw, and
It did eat, it swam, and wandered away, and did not return."

There could be no mistake about it. This was evidently a portion of a cuneiform inscription which gave an Assyrian version of the history of the Deluge. Could he pick out, from among the thousands and thousands of fragments, great and small, around him in the collection, the other pieces of the same tablet, so as to have the whole? or were they still lying buried in the mound of Kouyunjik, whence Layard had brought the fragment he is reading? That was the question before Mr. Smith. He set himself to the task of practically answering it. Month after month was spent in the labor of scrutinizing, matching, and deciphering fragments. Success rewarded this perseverance, almost beyond his expectation. In December he was able to electrify the literary world of London. He lectured on the "Chaldean Account of the Deluge," and was able to present to his audience the greater portion of the cuneiform text. It corresponded wonderfully not only in the main points, but sometimes even in details, with the account of Genesis. It differed from it chiefly by the introduction of poetic and mythological imagery, and in a few minor details—such details as men will naturally vary in, while they retain the substance and general truth of an account.

About this time the New York *Herald* had attained a world-wide and well-deserved celebrity by having sent Stanley on a bold and successful mission to find Livingstone in the heart of Africa. Other papers naturally wished to imitate, if not to rival, the great deed. The London *Daily Telegraph* saw its opportunity, seized it at once, and sent out Mr. Smith to Mesopotamia, to make further excavations in the mound of Kouyunjik and elsewhere, and to obtain more of those interesting fragments. This he strove to do, though under many embarrassments from the opposition or the petulance of ignorant and arbitrary Turkish officials. He was forced to bring his work to a close just when he felt that he had entered well into it. The results, however, of that trip have since turned out to be greater and more important than he then thought. He soon went out again to resume and continue the work under the auspices

of the British Museum, and he succeeded in obtaining for its collection still another large instalment of the much-coveted fragments, together with many other valuable articles. Since his return to England in June, 1874, he has given himself up almost entirely to the study of those fragments, classifying, comparing, and uniting them where possible, and deciphering the inscriptions.* In the work before us † he gives to the public some special results attained by a little over one year's labor. We catch the words—if only the muttered and broken words—of this early Assyrian literature, yet words of highest importance, because they bear directly on the topics narrated in the earliest chapters of the Holy Scriptures. As we read them, we feel like one standing by the bedside of a sick man, and listening to his fitful and feverish utterances. You catch a word here and a word there, perhaps scarcely enough to guide you. Now and then a sentence is spoken out with startling distinctness, to be followed only by low, almost unintelligible murmurings. Still, if you know what the patient is speaking of, you may follow his train of thought, at least after a fashion.

We take up the special subjects of some of these deciphered tablets. Following the Biblical and historical order of events, we commence with

THE CREATION.

It is fortunate that the very commencement of the Chaldean legend on this subject—possibly the written account which Berosus mentions—is found on a comparatively large and legible fragment. We give it line by line as Mr. Smith has translated it, marking the missing portions by points. It will serve as a favorable sample of the condition of such fragments :

" WHEN ABOVE were not raised the heavens :
And below, on the earth, a plant had not grown up ;
The abysses also had not broken open their boundaries.
The chaos Tiamate [the abyss of waters] was the producing-mother of them.
Those waters at the beginning were ordained : but
A tree had not grown, a flower had not unfolded.
When the gods had not sprung up, any one of them :
A plant had not grown, and order did not exist.
Were made the great gods,
The gods Lahmu and Lahamu they caused to come . . .
And they grew . . .
The gods Sar and Kisar were made . . .
The course of days and a long time passed . . .
The god Anu . . .
The gods Sar and . . .
. . . . . .

These fifteen lines, six of them imperfect, are all that we have of the inscription on the face or obverse of this tablet. Judging from the inscriptions on other fragments of similar tablets, there were probably fifty lines on the face of the tablet when entire, and perhaps thirty or forty of text on the back, or reverse of it, all missing as yet, except what we have given.

On the upper portion of the back, above the thirty or forty lines referred to as missing, and fortunately on the back of the fragment before us, was placed a curious and interesting inscription, serving both as title and preface, and throwing light on the history and character of the material fragments before us. The inscription reads as follows :

" First tablet of WHEN ABOVE
Palace of Assurbanipal, King of Nations, King of Assyria,
To whom Nebo and Tasmit [*Assyrian deities*] attentive ears have given :
He sought with diligent eyes the wisdom of the inscribed tablets,

* Since this article was written we regret to have received the announcement of Mr. Smith's death. In 1876 he made a third trip for the purpose of further explorations, and on his way homeward died at Aleppo, August 19, of fever, or, as some suspect, of foul play at the hands of the Turkish officials, in revenge for his published censures of them.

† Chaldean Account of Genesis.

Which among the kings who went before me,
None those writings had sought.
The wisdom of Nebo, the impressions of the god
my instructor all delightful,
On the tablets I wrote, I studied, I observed, and
For the inspection of my people, within my palace,
I placed."

The Assyrians, we see, like the Israelites and other Eastern nations, frequently designated their books, not by the subjects treated of, but by the initial words. The book the commencement of which we see on this fragment of terra-cotta was known to them, and they subsequently refer to it, by the title, WHEN ABOVE.

We see also that the fragments which we possess are remnants of a series of tablets which were prepared and placed in his palace at Ninive by the Assyrian monarch Assurbanipal, son of Esarhaddon, the celebrated Sardanapalus of Grecian writers, renowned for his luxury and magnificence, and who, seeing his kingdom at length subverted and his capital taken, preferred to perish with his family in the conflagration of his own palace, rather than yield himself a prisoner into the hands of his enemies. He reigned from B.C. 673 to B.C. 625. From this inscription, and from many other notices, we learn that during his reign he followed up with ardor the literary work of his father and grandfather, and of several of their predecessors. He sought out the more ancient literary treasures of Babylon, Cutha, Erech, Akkad, Borsippa, Ur, Nipur, and other older cities then under his sway; caused them to be carefully copied out on fresh tablets of terra-cotta, and to be placed in his own Royal Library at Ninive. It is thus almost entirely to Assurbanipal and his patronage of learning that we owe what we now know, or hope soon to possess, of this oldest of all national literatures

Reverting to our fragmentary tablet, and comparing the verbose text of this remarkable inscription with the brief account of Moses (Gen. i. 1, 2), we cannot but note the contrast between the clear and emphatic statement of the inspired writer, "In the beginning God *created* the heavens and the earth," on one side, and on the other the vague and undecided statement of the cuneiform writer, "Those waters [or chaos] at the beginning were *ordained*."

It may be presuming too much on our present ability to translate with accuracy every individual word of these tablets for us to give much weight to a single word or isolated expression; but it would seem that the early Assyrians, even if they had lost, or at least were accustomed to leave in the background, the idea of the unity of God, and were commencing to indulge in mythological fancies, had not, however, gone as yet so far astray as to hold the primeval chaos to have existed of itself from eternity. On the contrary, they believed that at the beginning it was *ordained*. There is here a trace, at least, of the idea of creation by a superior Power.

The watery character of the abyss is an idea common to both narratives. Whence this agreement? Could the void and formless character of the original chaotic mass be conceived under no other condition than that of a watery mist?

Moses distinctly indicates the exercise of the power of the true and supreme God in the further progress of creation: "And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." The inscription, leaving that out of sight, in this instance at least, gives us the primor-

dial conceptions of mythology. The gods, who at the beginning 'had not sprung up, any one of them," soon commence to appear—"are made." They are evidently personifications or deifications of the divisions or the powers of nature, perhaps poetic fancies in the beginning, to become in course of time mythological personages, and then heathen divinities, to be worshipped with altars and sacrifices.

Here *Lahmu* and *Lahamu* (masculine and feminine) represent the powers of motion and reproduction, the earliest forces recognized as originally existing, or made to exist, in the chaotic abyss. *Sar* (or Assorus) and *Kissar* are the upper and the lower heavens. *Anu* represents the firmament, while *Elu* and *Hea*—whose names (if we follow an excerpt from Berosus) probably followed that of *Anu* in the broken line—stood for the earth and the sea.

The tablet to which this fragment belonged was evidently only a general introduction to a series of eight, or perhaps more, tablets, each one forming, as it were, a special portion or chapter or canto to the entire legend or book known by the name WHEN ABOVE, detailing the creation of the world.

Of the second, third, and fourth tablets we have as yet only two fragments. At least, those fragments are judged to belong here—probably to the third—as they both appear to treat of the formation of the firm, dry land:

"When the foundations of the ground of rock (thou didst make),
The foundation of the ground, thou didst call . . .
Thou didst beautify the heavens . . .
To the face of the heaven . . .
Thou didst give . . .
. . . . . .

We have here the poetic form of an address directed to the Creator, perhaps to the Supreme God. If this be so, the true idea of the Divinity stands forth more distinctly here than in the former fragment. But the address may have been to Elu, or to Hea, or to some other inferior god, now made and acting. Only the recovery of more of the tablet can decide the question.

The other fragment is longer, and contains portions of a greater number of lines. But it is so mutilated, and the words recognizable in each line are so few, that the meaning of the whole scarcely rises to obscurity. Some words are said about the "sea" and the "firmament," and the "earth" "for the dwelling of man."

We come now to another fragment of larger size and in a better condition. It speaks of the formation of the sun and the moon and the stars, and corresponds to Genesis i. 14–19:

"It was delightful, all that was fixed by the great Gods.
Stars, their appearance (in figures) of animals he arranged.
To fix the year through the observation of their constellations,
Twelve months (or signs) of stars in three rows he arranged,
From the day when the year commences unto the close.
He marked the positions of the wandering stars (planets) to shine in their courses,
That they may not do injury, and may not trouble any one.
. . . . . .
"The god Uru [the moon] he caused to rise out, the night he overshadowed.
To fix it also for the light of the night, until the shining of the day.
That the month might not be broken, and in its amount be regular.
At the beginning of the month, at the rising of the night,
His horns are breaking through, to shine on the heaven.
On the seventh day, to a circle he begins to swell,
And stretches towards the dawn further,
When the god Shamas (the sun) in the horizon of heaven in the east.
. . . formed beautifully and . . .
. . . to the orbit Shamas was perfected
. . . the dawn Shamas should change,
. . . going on in its path."
. . . . . .

On the back of this fragment, at the top, is found this inscription:

"Fifth tablet of WHEN ABOVE
Country of Assurbanipal, King of Nations, King of Assyria."

If, as we remarked above, the first tablet of WHEN ABOVE be looked on as a general introduction to the whole subject, the remarkable fact becomes apparent that the Assyrian writer followed precisely the same division and order of the details of the creation which we find in Genesis. Tablet II. would correspond with the work of the first day, and Tablet III. and IV. with that of the second and third day, as here Tablet V. clearly is occupied with the work of the fourth day. It is generally acknowledged that the word *day* in the Mosaic account does not mean that the work there mentioned was done in the space of twenty-four hours. The term *day* is understood by many to mean an undetermined and probably a long period of time. It may even be, that the term *day* has been used by Moses not in an historical sense, as we ordinarily would take it, but rather in a liturgical or religious sense, paralleling and adapting the six divisions of the creative work, and the cessation from it, to the six days of labor and one day of rest which constituted the Jewish week. In this way Moses would give to the Jewish people an ever-recurring cycle of hebdomadal services, something like that still found in the Eastern liturgies, where on each day that day's work is the chief and almost exclusive theme of religious service. Beyond this agreement in the mode of dividing the progress of creation—an agreement carried out in the tablets to follow—there are other points to be noted. In the first line of this fragment, as also on other fragments, we read an approval of what has already been done: "It was delightful, all that was fixed by the great gods." In Genesis we find the oft-repeated statement, "And God saw that it was good." Moses places this approbation at the conclusion of each day's work. The cuneiform writer places it at the beginning of the next day's work.

We see, too, in the continued use of the personal pronoun *He*, that the work is attributed to the true and Supreme God. The plural phrase, the *great gods*, does not militate against this view; for this form, it seems to us, is a parallel to the early Hebrew name of God, *Elohim*, likewise a plural form. This form was used to convey to their minds by the very mode of speech a deeper sense of the infinite power and majesty of God, and served as a fuller expression of their reverence for him. Even in our modern languages there is a trace of some such feeling. It is generally more respectful to address one in the plural form—*you*, *vous*, *sie*—than in the singular. If we thus take the phrase, "the great gods," in our cuneiform texts to mean, as it certainly may in many places, the one true and Supreme God, the primitive doctrine of monotheism will be found to stand out in bold relief in these texts, perhaps the earliest we have of human writing.

Even the mention of several gods by name, in succession, may have been consistent with monotheism. On one tablet we have glosses informing the reader that the six names there given in succession are all names of the *same* god; and another tablet speaks of the *fifty names* of the Great God. They seem not to have been interchangeable. The use of one or of another depended, perhaps, on some special

character or tone of the thought to be expressed.

It may be observed, also, that in our text the moon seems to be preferred to the sun as the more important orb of the two. The account of Moses is simpler, and, what is more to the purpose, is true, and has not had to be corrected by the advance of astronomical science in modern days.

The sixth tablet, referring probably to the work of the fifth day, is altogether absent. The fifth tablet bore at its conclusion the catch-words with which the sixth commenced. But they do not help us. The seventh tablet commences with the statement that "the strong monsters were delightful . . . which the gods in their assembly had created." We may take it for granted, then, that the sixth tablet spoke of the creation of fishes and whales and monsters of the deep, and perhaps also of the birds of the air (Gen. i. 23).

The seventh tablet has fourteen lines, most of them mutilated. But it tells us that "the gods caused to be, living creatures," . . . "cattle of the field," "beasts of the field," and "creeping things of the field" . . . and "creeping things of the city," agreeing even in some of the terms used with the account of Genesis i. 24, 25.

Lower down on the fragment, where the lines are very much broken, mention is made of two . . . "who have been created, and of the assembly of creeping things . . . being caused to go" . . . somewhere or before somebody; of "beautiful flesh" and "pure presence." It is unfortunate that these concluding lines are so shattered, and still more that of the thirty-five or forty other lines which must have followed, on the face of this tablet, not one letter has as yet been found. For this is the passage in which we should look for an account of the actual creation of the first man and the first woman, and of the bestowal on man of power and authority over the rest of creation. We may entertain the hope that some considerable portion, at least, of these missing fragments may yet be found. It will certainly be an interesting inquiry to ascertain how far they may, even in details, accord with the expressions of Moses on this subject.

This seventh tablet corresponded with the work of the sixth day. As the Assyrian writer does not follow a division by days, he does not give us another tablet answering to the seventh day of rest. His eighth tablet, and any others that may have followed, would naturally narrate subsequent events.

THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

Of the eighth tablet there exists only a single fragment, bearing twenty-seven lines, whole or mutilated, on the face, and fifteen, all mutilated, on the reverse. The first is evidently an address to the newly-created man. The opening words are on the question of his eating something, though whether a command (Genesis ii. 16) or a prohibition (Genesis ii. 17) is not clear. The occurrence of the single word "evil" in one of the lines may probably indicate the latter. The text then goes on to instruct man as to his duty to God:

"Every day thy God thou shalt approach [or invoke];
Sacrifice, prayer of the mouth and instrumen's . . .
To thy God in reverence thou shalt carry.
Whatever shall be suitable for divinity,
Supplication, humility, and bowing of the face.
Fire (?), thou shalt give to him, and thou shalt bring tribute,
And in the fear also of God thou shalt be holy."

. . . . . .

In the fragmentary lines that follow further instructions seem to be given for religious worship and for moral life.

The other side of this fragment contains apparently a discourse to the newly-created woman. The commencement for many lines is entirely lost, as is also the termination, and what we have from the middle is exceedingly broken and indistinct. There is something about her sharing "the beautiful place," evidently with the man, and her being with him or in his presence "to the end"; something apparently about his beauty and her beauty, and about her giving him drink. She is told:

"To the lord of thy beauty thou shalt be faithful;
To do evil thou shalt not approach him."
. . . . . .

Perhaps the recovery of other fragments may tell us more of this "beautiful place" which the woman is to share with man. So far we do not find in the inscriptions any account of the Garden of Eden. But even before Mr. Smith had commenced deciphering them, Rawlinson had pointed out how the Tigris and Euphrates, the Ukni and the Surappi, were, in all probability, the four rivers designated by Moses, the two latter, under the more ancient names Phison and Gehon, as the streams of Eden; and how the garden itself might be placed in the district of Ganduniyas. Many circumstances unite in showing that among the Babylonians there did exist some religious tradition on this subject, although we cannot yet know its special form. They certainly spoke of a sacred grove of Anu, inaccessible now to man because it is guarded by a sword turning to all the four points of the compass.

The passage in the instruction to the man, in which he is commanded to offer sacrifice to God—even holocausts (for this is what is meant by "fire")—is also worthy of remark. It is an additional argument showing that from the earliest ages, and in the earliest home of mankind, men believed that God had commanded our first father to offer sacrifice—a belief which passed with man from that home to whatever region he afterwards occupied, and which has led all nations to offer sacrifice, under some form or other, as a special homage to the Deity.

THE FALL.

Another fragment of a tablet is in the usually tantalizing condition. The upper half, if not more than half, is gone, as is likewise a portion at the bottom. On the front we count thirty-two lines, the first four and the last nine too mutilated to be intelligible. On the reverse are thirty-two lines, eight of them more or less incomplete. The beginnings and the terminations of both inscriptions are missing.

In the first inscription six gods are blessing and praising the newly-created man, who is "good" "and without sin," and is "established in the company of the gods," and "rejoices their heart." Though six gods are named separately, glosses in each instance inform the reader that these are all titles of one and the same god.

On the other side of the tablet, in the second inscription, all is changed. Every line is a denunciation or an imprecation on man for some evil which, in connection with the dragon Tiamat, he has done. Tiamat also is to be punished. The lines referring to Tiamat are very defective; but the por-

tion against the man is clear and strong:

. . . . . .

"The god Hea heard and his liver was angry,
Because man had corrupted his purity.
. . . . . .
In the language of the fifty great gods,
By his fifty names he called, and turned away in anger from him;
May he be conquered and at once cut off.
Wisdom and knowledge, hostilely may they injure him.
May they put at enmity also father and son, and may they plunder.
To king, ruler, and governor may they bend their ear.
May they cause anger also to the lord of the gods, Merodach.
His land, may it bring forth, but he not touch it.
His desire shall be cut off, and his will be unanswered;
The opening of his mouth no god shall take notice of;
His back shall be broken and not be healed;
At his urgent trouble no god shall receive him.
His heart shall be poured out, and his mind shall be troubled;
To sin and wrong his face shall come . . .
. . . front . . ."

Perhaps the continuation might have softened what we have just read by some promise of a redeemer coming to rescue man and give him hope of pardon. The imperfection of the earlier lines, and the want of the many that preceded them, leave us without any precise account of the evil act that man had done, and of the motive that prompted him to its commission. That Tiamat was primarily concerned in it, is evident from the earlier portion of these lines referring to Tiamat, and also from another small fragment on which "Hea" called to the man he had made, and apparently warned him against "the dragon of the sea," who was plotting to lead him to "fight against his father." The part that wisdom and knowledge shall play in man's punishment may indicate that his offence was somehow connected with an unlawful seeking after forbidden knowledge.

But the special details of the fall of man, according to these cuneiform legends, can only be known when, if ever, the full text shall be recovered. Then, it may be, we shall read in words the full story as indicated by the design on an ancient Babylonian cylinder taken from the mounds. In the middle stands a tree, laden with fruit. On either side are seated a man and a woman, stretching out their hands as if to pluck the fruit. Behind the woman a tortuous serpent raises his head aloft, as if to whisper in her ear.

In other designs the serpent is replaced by a monster or dragon. The name of the dragon is frequently written by signs, or ideographically, "the scaly one." This might mean either a sea monster, a fish, or a serpent. The Assyrian idea of a dragon is not altogether alien to the primitive Scriptural conception; for in the Apocalypse (xii. 7–9) mention is made of "the great dragon, that old serpent, called the devil and Satan, who seduceth the whole world."

THE REBELLION OF THE EVIL ANGELS.

Although in the account of the creation of all things, in the beginning, Moses makes no specific mention of the angels, nor of their rebellion against God, nor of the punishment which they incurred therefor, yet, as the subject is referred to by Isaias (xiv. 12–15) and Ezechiel (xxviii. 14–16), and by St. Peter (2 Ep. ii. 4) and St. Paul (Eph. ii. 2 and vi. 12) in the New Testament, we may properly introduce here what the cuneiform writings say on this subject. The Assyrians seem to have had quite a number of poems on such themes, various fragments of which are found in the collection before us. As might be expected, there is an

exuberance of poetical imagery and of mythological fancies in their mode of treating such a subject. But the main points are salient and clear. We are told in the fragments of one poem of "the angels," "the evil gods" "who were in rebellion," who "had been created in the lower part of heaven," of their "evil work" and "wicked heads," and of their "setting up evil." These "evil gods" "like a flood descend and sweep over the earth. To the earth like a storm they come down." The fragments note the preparations of the great gods to overpower and punish them; but the conclusion is missing.

There are fragments of another remarkable poem giving an account of the revolt of the god *Zu*, apparently the greatest of those rebellious ones, and the leader, who "conceived the idea of majesty in his heart" and said:

"May my throne be established, may I possess the *parzi*,
May I govern the whole of the seed of the angels.
And he hardened his heart to make war."

The father of the gods sends his sons (the angels) to combat and overpower Zu. His punishment is to be:

"Father, to a desert country do thou consign him;
Let Zu not come among the gods thy sons."

In all this we cannot but be reminded of the pride and ambition of Lucifer, who said in his heart: "I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne about the stars of God, I will be like the Most High"; of his overthrow by the archangel Michael; and of his punishment—perpetual exclusion from the companionship of the angels and saints, and from the beatific presence of God in heaven, and his condemnation for ever to hell, his abode of suffering for ever more.

We may here leave these legends, overwhelmed as they are with mythological fables, and with more satisfaction turn to other plainer words and more prosaic facts.

THE TOWER OF BABEL AND THE CONFUSION OF TONGUES.

One of the most striking events narrated by Moses is the attempt of the descendants of Noe to build a lofty tower at Babel; how the attempt displeased God, and how in his anger he confounded their speech, so that they could no longer understand one another. Thus their attempt was defeated, and they were scattered from that place abroad upon the face of all countries (Genesis xi. 1–9).

In none of the Greek writers who epitomize Berosus or make extracts from his *History of Babylon* do we find any intimation of, or reference to, this event. Berosus seems to have been entirely silent on it. For years nothing relating to it had come to light in all the searching of inscriptions of any kind. But lately Mr. George Smith, with his usual good fortune, has come across several small fragments of a tablet which evidently gave the whole history. The fragments are small, and the inscriptions brief and more mutilated than usual. But we catch the sense. The gods in heaven are angry because of the sin of men on earth—the place specially mentioned is Babylon; there a strong place or tower which men all the day are building. "To their strong place in the night God entirely made an end." "In his anger" "he confounded their speech," "their counsel was confused." "He set his face to scatter them abroad."

Even should no additional portions of this text be recovered,

these remarkable fragments will attest that the memory of the event narrated in Genesis was long preserved, as well it might be, at Babylon. It had its place in their national traditions. Should the full text be ever restored, it may likewise be seen that this is the very subject meant by those frequent representations seen on Babylonian cylinders, where men are depicted, after a very absurd and conventional style, busily employed in building some circular or cylindrical structure.

THE DELUGE.

We have inverted the Scriptural and chronological order of events in speaking of the Tower of Babel before treating of the Deluge. We did so, however, in order to be able to treat this latter important subject more at length. The Deluge was, as we have said, the subject of the fragmentary inscription the discovery of which led Mr. Smith into this special line of research. By singular good fortune this is the inscription which has been most fully recovered. Of the two hundred and ninety lines it contained, there is not one of which some words are not legible. By far the greater portions of the lines are perfect. This arises from the fact that in the library of Assurbanipal there were three copies, at least, of this legend, which seems to have been very popular. The *lacunæ* or missing portions of one it has been generally easy to supply or fill up from the recovered portions of the others. The inscription filled the eleventh tablet in a series of twelve, which Mr. Smith calls "The Legends of Izdubar."

Izdubar, as he warns us, is only a temporary makeshift name or sound, adopted by him for the present, and to be given up as soon as he shall be satisfied as to the proper sound to be given to the cuneiform characters in which the name stands written. Whatever the true sound of his name, he was a celebrated hero or king in the early days of Babylon. His name frequently occurs in other inscriptions, and his exploits are still more frequently figured on Babylonian cylinders. The peculiar cast of his countenance, and the very marked way in which his beard and his hair are ever made to fall in long rolls or curls, cause him to be recognized at a glance, even in the coarsest representations. We might almost call him the Babylonian Hercules. All that has been thus far learned concerning him tends strongly to identify this as yet nameless hero with "Nimrod the mighty hunter before the Lord" (Gen. x, 8, 9, 10).

The first ten tablets, which exist only in the usual thoroughly-mutilated condition, tell us of his adventures, wars, victories, and ultimate attainment of great power. At last, having lost his trusted friend and counsellor Heabani, and finding himself stricken with a foul disease, he sets out on a long and difficult journey to seek the sage *Hasisadra*, in order to be cured by him.

This Hasisadra, as the tablet calls him—or *Xisuthrus*, as the Greeks have the name—is no other than the patriarch Noe, whom the Chaldean legend supposes not to have died, but to have been translated from among men, as Henoch was, without seeing death, and to have been placed in some divinely guarded spot where, by a special favor from the gods, he enjoys immortality. To him, after surmounting many difficulties, Izdubar succeeds in coming; and their speeches to each

other are commenced toward the close of the tenth tablet. On the eleventh Izdubar questions him about the Deluge, and he replies:

"Hasisadra after this manner also said to Izdubar:
Be revealed unto thee, Izdubar, the concealed story,
And the judgment of the gods be related to thee."

In the course of the narrative, which he then gives, we are told of the anger of the gods, and their purpose to destroy the world because of its sin; of the command given to Hasisadra to build a ship after the manner they would show him, in order that therein "the seed of life might be saved"; of the building of the ship; of its size (different from the measures given in Genesis), the lining of it three times with bitumen, and the launching of it. Into this ship, at the proper time, there enter Hasisadra and all his family, and "all his male servants and his female servants," as also "the beasts of the field and the animals of the field," which God "had gathered and sent to him to be enclosed in his door." Hasisadra brought in also "wine in the receptacle of goats," which he had "collected like the waters of a river," and "food" in abundance "like the dust of the earth," "his grain, his furniture, his goods," all his "gold," and all his "silver." Also, as the text reads, "the sons of the people all of them I caused to go up." The number of persons saved would thus far exceed the number specially mentioned by Moses.

"A flood Shamas made, and
He spake saying in the night: I will cause it to rain heavily;
Enter to the midst of the ship and shut thy door.
That flood happened of which
He spake in the night, saying: I will cause it to rain from heaven heavily.
In the day, I celebrated his festival;
The day of watching, fear I had.
I entered to the midst of the ship and shut my door.
To close the ship, to Buzur-sadirabi, the boatman,
The palace I gave with its goods."

The heavy clouds rising from the horizon, the thunder, the lightnings, the rushing winds, the pouring torrents of rain, are vividly presented in a mythological garb:

"Of Vul, the flood reached to heaven;
The bright earth to a waste was turned;
The surface of the earth like . . . it swept;
It destroyed all life from the face of the earth . . .
The strong deluge over the people reached to heaven.
Brother saw not his brother; they did not know the people.
. . . . . .
Six days and nights
Passed; the wind, deluge, and storm overwhelmed.
On the seventh day, in its course was calmed the storm; and all the deluge,
Which had destroyed like an earthquake,
Quieted. The sea he caused to dry, and the wind and deluge ended.
I perceived the sea making a tossing;
And the whole of mankind turned to corruption,
Like reeds the corpses floated.
I opened the window, and the light broke over my face;
It passed. I sat down and wept;
Over my face flowed my tears."

Hasisadra proceeds to narrate to his visitor the gradual lowering of the waters, the appearance of the mountains of Nizir, the waiting during other days, and the sending forth of the birds, as written on the first fragment, already given. After this they left the ship; he built an altar and offered sacrifice, the odor of which was pleasant to the gods; and finally a promise is made that a deluge shall not again be sent, but that henceforth man when guilty shall be punished in other modes.

This concludes the narrative proper of the Deluge. The conclusion of the eleventh tablet informs us of the healing of Izdubar and of his return home. Of the twelfth tablet only a few fragments remain. It evidently narrated subsequent adventures of the great national hero. One fragment contains the conclusion of the sixth and last column of this closing tablet. It presents a few lines from a lament over the death of some one, pos-

sibly of Izdubar himself, slain in battle. We give it, with its refrain, as a veritable and curious specimen of the poetry in which men delighted three thousand five hundred years ago. We might call it the poetry of pre-historic man:

"On a couch reclining and
Pure water drinking,
He who in battle is slain
Thou seest and I see.

"His father and his mother carry his head,
And his wife over him weeps;
His friends on the ground are standing.
Thou seest and I see.

"His spoil on the ground is uncovered;
Of the spoil account is not taken.
Thou seest and I see.
The captives conquered come after; the food
Which in the tents is placed, is eaten."

There immediately follows the closing colophon, written by the scribe under Assurbanipal:

"The twelfth tablet of the legends of Izdubar;
Like the ancient copy, written and made clear."

When we place side by side this Chaldean account of the Deluge and that given by Moses, the minor discrepancies between them as to the size of the ship, and as to the duration of the rain and the deluge, sink, as it were, out of sight. These are such variations as would naturally arise in a case like this, where a legend, after having been transmitted orally from generation to generation, is at length reduced to writing, with, of course, careful corrections and supposed emendations, and where many centuries later it is again written out with other emendations, in order to "make it clear" for the benefit of those that would then read it. Some such discrepancies must necessarily creep in, even if the original form were supposed to have been without any error. This, however, can scarcely be taken for granted. Neither in its original form, nor in any later form which it may have had, does this legend enjoy the guarantee of divine protection which the inspired account of Moses possesses.

On the other hand, we are irresistibly startled by the wonderful agreement of those two accounts in the main and substantial facts of the narrative. We feel that this agreement is not factitious. The writers were too widely separated in time and in country, as also by education, to allow it. If they agree, it can only be because of the historical verity of the facts they both record.

What may have been the actual age of those "ancient tablets" which Assurbanipal caused to be copied and placed in his library, and of which we have treated, cannot at present be ascertained with any degree of precision. Sufficient data are not yet at hand to determine the points. Most probably they are not all of the same, or nearly the same, date. Perhaps light may be thrown on such questions by further decipherings of the mass of cuneiform writings. At present our judgment or our guesses must be based on two points: first, the occurrence, in the text deciphered, of certain local or historical references given as contemporary, or very recent, at the time when the inscription was written; and, secondly, such a minute knowledge on our part of the geography, history, and chronology of those regions as will enable us to decide accurately when and where such statements, allusions, or references can be verified. The difficulty is that, with all the progress made up to this in deciphering these inscriptions, we are still liable to mistakes, especially in such passing allusions and references as are for our purpose important data, but originally were to the writer almost *obiter dicta*. A second diffi-

culty is found in the obscurity and uncertainty which still hang around the vicissitudes of early Chaldean history and the geographical divisions then existing.

Mr. Smith, however, after studying the matter and weighing all the data, thinks that none of the original tablets we are considering can have been written less than fifteen hundred years before Christ. Most of them, indeed, especially the legends of Izdubar and the account of the creation, he believes should be dated back as far as 2,000, or even 2,200, years before Christ.

How many Voltairean sneers, and how many crude utterances of crude criticism by the so-called "advanced thinkers" in Germany and elsewhere, against Moses and his narrative, are deprived of all their force, and have been made utterly ridiculous and nonsensical, by the discovery of this ancient and indisputable corroborative testimony! Verily, the men of Ninive have risen up in judgment against them, and have condemned them.

It has been a standard line of argument with the apologists and defenders of Christianity, from the second century down, to prove the truth of our divine religion, and of the primitive facts recorded in Scripture, by the general and substantial agreement of all nations on those points. This agreement, it was evident, could only spring from the fact that originally such truths were known by men, and had been retained by them ever since in some form. Such truths are still to be found in the common principles of morality, in the agreement or similarity of national traditions; and philosophic research will show that they generally constitute the central *nuclei* around which mythological fables subsequently gathered or grew up. Many modern writers have devoted themselves to this theme. One of the latest is the Abbé Gainet. In his very full and learned work, *La Bible sans la Bible*, he seems almost to exhaust the subject. Leaving aside, for argument's sake, the testimony of the Bible itself, and loading his pages with quotations and testimonies, heathen, infidel, or Mahommedan, taken from every quarter, he strives to establish, by this independent and non-Biblical line of proof, the truth, one by one, of the chief Biblical statements. What a splendid chapter would he not have added to those in his work had these discoveries been made when he wrote! To appeal to men two thousand years or more before Christ—witnesses living in the very region of the earth where man was created, and which after the Deluge became, as it were, a second birthplace to him—to receive from such witnesses this clear, unimpeachable testimony as to the creation of man, the fall, the punishment, the Deluge, the Tower of Babel, and the confusion of tongues, would indeed supply him with another irrefragable argument in support of divine revelation, in addition to those he had already collected. With our limited space, however, we can only take a simpler view.

Compare those Chaldean legends, fragmentary as they are, often turgid and verbose, with their poetic forms and Oriental license, and with the variations which are sometimes exhibited in different versions of the same legend—compare them, we say, with the clear, straightforward, and almost tame narrative of Moses. Need one ask which is the

simple narrative of truth, and which seeks to wear the adornment of human fancy?

Other questions on this matter call for an answer: How came it that Moses, born in Egypt, and trained in all the knowledge of the Egyptians, should, when undertaking to write his history in the desert, so utterly cast off all the ideas of Egypt, and write a simple narrative in absolute contradiction to all the science of Egypt in his day? Above all, how comes it that the truth of his narrative should be so unexpectedly and so strongly supported three thousand years later by the resurrection of long-dormant testimony from a land he had never visited and a people with whom he never had any communication?

Obviously, Moses wrote, not as the Egyptians or any other men taught him, but as the God of all truth inspired him to write.

LETTERS OF A YOUNG IRISHWOMAN TO HER SISTER.

FROM THE FRENCH.

SEPTEMBER 12, 1868.

RENÉ has sent you a minute account of our 8th of September, to which I will add nothing, except that I understand better than ever the words of the Gospel, "Mary has chosen the better part!"

Since then we have seen Lizzy and Isa's mother, who is marvellously consoled, and is recovering the activity of her youth, in order to occupy herself with the works of her daughter. How truly does God order all things well! "O blessed journey!" repeated Isa. "O well-inspired friend!" Dear Kate, it is *you* to whom all thanks are due. You it is who ever taught me to occupy myself in making others happy. But this is already a thing of the past, and another case for self-devotion presents itself. Edith L—— has come back from Australia with three children. The establishment set on foot by her husband did not succeed, and she returns a widow and poor. Her first thought was of us. With what eagerness I received the poor exile! How she has expiated her fault—that marriage, contrary to her aunt's wishes! I was young then, but I still seem to hear your exclamation of sorrowful astonishment at Paris on hearing the news, and of the departure for a land then almost unknown. Poor Edith! I have installed her at the *châlet;* our numbers made her afraid. Her children also are a little wild, and it required all the amiability of the *Three Graces* to persuade them to speak. What shall we do? I do not at all know as yet; inspire me, dear Kate. Edith is grave and sad, she has suffered so much! I have surrounded her with every possible comfort. Only think: she arrived here on the 8th, and was received by Marcella, who had the greatest difficulty in the world to induce her to remain. Her son, the eldest child, is eight years old; he is very tall and strong, and of an indomitable nature. The two little girls are like wild fawns, and cling to-

gether at a distance from their mother, who seems to me severe towards them. René has been very kind and compassionate, and has left me free to act as I think well. Edith is embarrassed with me. Why are you not here to console this dear, afflicted one? She ought not to reckon upon her Scotch relations, who have entirely cast her off; and she is utterly without resources. Ah heavens! what distress. She sold her jewels to pay her passage: "But I would not die without seeing Ireland again!" Poor, poor Edith, whom my mother loved! I wish to stand towards her in the place of my mother and of you, dear Kate.

SEPTEMBER 22, 1868.

Beloved sister, your kind letter is here before my eyes, and I will answer it before this day ends. Edith fell ill on the 13th. A fictitious energy sustained her up to that time, and then she had a fainting fit which lasted two hours. Marcella was alone with her; I was in the park with the dear *Australicunes*, as Picciola calls them. I heard a cry of anguish. My first impulse was to hasten to send for the doctor. He came. Edith, returning to animation in a state of delirium, made our hearts bleed by her sorrowful revelations. She was in this condition for three days. Now she is better, but so pale! The good doctor has pronounced the terrible verdict of an affection of the lungs. She needs constant care, and that her mind should be interested and free from any anxieties.

Your intentions are the same as mine, dear Kate. I give Edith an indefinite freedom of the *châlet*, where nothing will be wanting to her. Reginald will be her steward, Arabella and Françoise will be in her service; and as she needs a companion to whom she can entrust the education of her girls, Mistress Annah offered herself of her own accord, and Margaret has consented. And thus everything is settled, and Edward will accompany us to France. Edith breathes again, and thanks me so fervently that I weep with her. Admirable simplicity, nobleness of soul, and great tenderness of heart—this is her portrait. She has accepted my offers with the same generosity with which I made them. I told you that I thought her severe towards her children; I ought to have said towards her daughters only, and this, she has owned to me, because she has learned by experience how much harm it does children to spoil them. Our good priest has promised me to watch over his new parishioner; but, thank God! I myself will watch over her also, for we shall wait until November before returning to Brittany. My mother desires whatever pleases me. René approves of all our arrangements. He has had a sort of miniature park made round the *châlet*. Edward already loves him, and follows him about without speaking. Strange child! I can discover nothing in him but an intense love for his mother, and fear, therefore, that we shall not be able to take him away. René, to whom I am talking while I write, proposes to leave him here, where the priest will attend to him, and so also will the wise Mistress Annah. How grateful I am to the dear old lady! Margaret is a little displeased at not giving the half of *Edith's dowry*. Lord William has promised to appease her. You know how ardent she is.

Write to us again, dear Kate. It is in *your name* that I have been acting. You are the good angel of Ireland.

SEPTEMBER 30, 1868.

We had such an alarm yesterday! There was a *grande battue:* René and Lord William at the head, with our brothers and all the gentry of the neighborhood. We were in carriages: my mother with Lucy and Gertrude; Berthe and the *Three Graces;* Johanna and her girls; Marcella, Edith and I; Margaret with Mary and Ellen. We were quietly following the chase, which became more and more distant, when a cry from Edith made us start. Edward had just passed like lightning, proudly seated on a large horse. Only think—a child of eight! Profiting by the absence of the grooms, he had managed matters all by himself. He looked beautiful thus, but it was frightful. Edith trembled. We took her home and sent off the coachman for the child; but his search was fruitless, and Edward did not return until evening, when he came in breathless, but proud and happy. "Only see," said Edith, "how he is already master! This child will be the death of me!" René gave him a moral admonition, but this son of Australia is for liberty. His black eye sparkled, and when René said to him, "Your mother might die in consequence of any strong emotion," some tears fell, but not a word escaped from his compressed lips. You see that your first plan was the best. Impossible to leave him with Edith—the poor mother feels this; we shall therefore place him with the Jesuits. You would say he was twelve years old. He is accustomed to the free life of the woods; he has constantly to be scolded, and never yields.

Margaret is sent for by her mother-in-law, who is keeping her room with the gout. She takes with her Marcella, Anna, Lucy, and Edouard. We shall all go and take leave of her before quitting Ireland. O Kate! if you were not in France, I could not leave my mother's house for any place but heaven.

Margaret *has stolen* a poor woman from me, to *revenge* herself, she says. It is old Ludwine, a stranger from we know not whence, and who has all the appearance of a saint. She knows very well how to rock a cradle, and it is under the title of cradle-rocker that Margaret has persuaded her to accompany them. Kind Margaret!

Lord William admires his wife as much as he loves her. They are going to found a hospital, a *crèche* or day-nursery, and an *ouvroir* (to provide work for women and girls). What would not riches be worth, if they only helped always to do good!

We are now in comparative solitude; for Margaret is to every one like a ray of sunshine.

God alone—he alone suffices to the soul. It is in him that I love you.

OCTOBER 8, 1868.

Long walks with René all this week among our good farmers. Made presents everywhere. Held at the font a little flower of Ireland whom I named Kate. Old Jack is very ill, without any hope of cure. All the tribe of Margaret send us most affectionate letters almost daily. In the evenings, under the great trees, Adrien reads to us *St. Monica*, by the Abbé Bougaud, while the children play at a little distance. What say you to this page: "The perfection of sacrifice, and the extremity of suffering, is to give up the life of those whom one loves. The greatest martyrdom, to a mother, is not to sacrifice herself for her child: it is to sacrifice even the very life of her child; it is so highly to

prize truth, virtue, honor, true beauty of soul, the eternal salvation of her child, that, rather than see these holy things fade and wither in his soul, she would see him die." Edith listened nervously to these words, and then said: "This sacrifice may be required of me!" Poor mother! "St. Augustine," writes M. Bougaud, "passionately loved his mother, and constantly spoke of her. Almost all the writings which have issued from his pen are embalmed with the memory of her. More than twenty years after her death, when he had become aged by labors yet more than in years, and had attained the time when it seems that the love of God, having broken down every embankment and inundated the heart, must have destroyed within it every other love, the name and memory of his mother never recurred to him, even when preaching, without a tear mounting from his heart to his eyes. He would then abandon himself to the charm of this remembrance and allow himself to speak of it to his people of Hippo, and even in the sermons where one would scarcely expect to find them we meet with words of touching beauty in which breathe at the same time the faith and grateful piety of the son and the double elevation of the genius and the saint"—noble and beautiful words which delight me. To love one's mother—is not this one of the happinesses of this earth, where so few are true? M. Bougaud is admirable, whether in defining eloquence, "the sound given by a soul charmed out of herself by the sight of the good and true," or in speaking of the complaint of Job, "this song of death which we all sing, and which makes us better, even when we have but wept its first notes—this song of two parts, the first sad, where all passes, all fades away, all dries up from the lips of those who wish to drink and slake their thirst; the first song which does good to the soul, even when we know but this one note, and cast on the world only this sorrowful look. What is it, then, when we rise to a loftier height, to the second part of this song of death, where sorrow is absorbed in joy? Yes, everything passes away, but to return; everything fades, but that it may bloom again; everything dies, to return to life transfigured." Kate, in the beauty of this book there is to me incomparable splendor. Would you like a few more fragments from it—precious pearls which I would enshrine in my heart and memory, there to ruminate upon and enjoy them? I will send you the definition of Rome: "That delectable land full of holy images and tranquil domes, whither one goes in order to forget the world and rest the soul in the memories and associations which are there alone to be found." Again, this about the second age of life: "In which, after having tasted every other love, we return to that of our mother; and seeing the years which accumulate upon her venerable head, not venturing to contemplate the future, desiring still to enjoy that which remains of a life so dear, we feel in ourselves the renewal of an indescribable affection which rises in the soul to something akin to worship." Or this portrait of Plato: "There was in ancient times, in the palmiest days of Greece, a young man of incredible loftiness of mind, and of a beauty of speech which has never been surpassed; the disciple of Socrates, whom he immortalized by lending him his own wings; and the master of Aristotle,

whose power he would have tripled could he have communicated to him some of his own fire!"

A letter from Isa, a *Nunc Dimittis*. She would like us to be present when she takes the veil. Will it be possible? Oh! how much it will cost me to quit my own Ireland—our lakes, mountains, and mists, all the poetry of our green Erin. Where shall I find it in France?

Adieu and *à Dieu*, dear sister of my life.

OCTOBER 12, 1868.

Margaret's mother-in-law is better, and all the dear tribe will arrive this evening. Impossible to live apart when the ocean is not between us!

The expectation and preparations please the twins, who are placing bouquets everywhere. Poetry, youth, and flowers go together. I did not tell you that René had brought Margaret the volumes which have appeared of the *Monks of the West*. Dear Kate, all our memories of Ireland there find a voice. Do you recollect the touching manner in which our mother used to relate the story of St. Columba? I have been this week with René on a pilgrimage to Gartan. "The love of Ireland was one of the greatnesses and one of the passions of Columba. Even in the present day, after so many centuries, they who fear to be unable to do without their native air ask help from him who required special assistance from God to be able to live far from Ireland, her mountains and her seas." These are the words of a French writer quoted to me by René. And we looked at the salt sea and the sea-gulls, and spoke of the stork, which is not forgotten by the sailors of the Hebrides. . . . Delightful journey! My mother had advised us to take it alone. However much I enjoy the lively gambols of the children, I have still more enjoyed this, our intimate solitude, together. Thus I am delivered from the fear of nostalgia. It was this terrible home-sickness which undermined the health of Edith. Thanks to prompt treatment, we shall save her, I trust. Already she is less pale, more cheerful and resigned. She has been making some projects on the score of her talents as an artist, but all her scruples of *obligations* have been forced to yield to my solicitations. She is not and cannot be here otherwise than as my mother's friend, and as such she ought to be treated.

The two *Australiennes* are gradually becoming civilized, and consent to take part in the lessons with the twins. The good *abbé* herborizes with great enjoyment, takes long walks, makes acquaintances among the clergy of the country, makes himself a doctor to the poor, and announces his intention of settling near Gartan, against which we protest loudly.

Let me quote you a few more pages from *St. Monica*, this perfectly beautiful book, which you will not read, since it is for mothers; but the passages I take from it are good for all souls possessed by the only veritable love.

When, immediately after his conversion, St. Augustine retired to Cassiacum with his mother and so select an assemblage of friends, it was at the close of summer. "The autumn sun shed its warm rays over the campagna. The leaves were not yet falling, but they were already beginning to take those glowing tints of red and yellow which in the month of September give the country so rich a splendor. It was the moment when the whole of nature appeared to clothe itself in some-

thing more grave and almost sad, as though preparing to die. There are certain states of soul in which one finds an infinite charm in contemplating nature at such a time." Have we not felt this charm, dear Kate, a hundred times in our own Ireland, and also in the Roman Campagna and at Sorrento?

Listen to this admirable comparison between the disciple of Socrates and the son of St. Monica: "Plato and Augustine are two brothers, but of unequal ages. The first, at the dawn of life, in his sweet and poetic spring, has more flowers than fruits; he dreams of more than he possesses. He has glimpses of a sublime ideal, which fill him with enthusiasm, but he does not attain it. He seeks the way, he sees and describes it, but knows not how to enter; and he dies without bearing in his soul the fruit of which his youth had the flowers. The second, after painful struggles, after years of toil and courage, enters resolutely on the road which the former had pointed out. Plato had said: 'To be a philosopher is to learn to die'; and again: 'What is needful in order to see God?—to be pure and to die.' Augustine studied this great art; he put it in practice at Cassiacum, and the light, like a river whose embankments have been broken down, flooded his vast intellect. What Plato hoped for and conjectured he saw. That which passed in the rich imagination of the philosopher as a confused though sublime presentiment existed with clearness and precision in the luminous intelligence of the saint, and sprang forth from his heart in accents such as Plato never imagined. He who would know Augustine when first trying his wings, before his full strength of flight, should study the conversations and conferences of Cassiacum. There is in these a first flower of youth which is not to be found again; something softened in the light, like that of the dawn of day; a freshness of thoughts and sentiments, a tranquil enthusiasm, and a gentle gayety. His mind, imprisoned until then, had recovered its powers, and with a joyous elasticity mounted upwards to the true, the good, and the beautiful."

May God keep you, my best beloved!

October 23, 1868.

Margaret, René, and Marcella have written to my dear Kate, and Georgina has been absorbed in her cares as mistress of the house. We shall certainly not leave before December. Isa is to take the veil on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. My mother forgets herself for us. Adrien and Raoul set out at once for Brittany, where they will act on behalf of all, and return here to fetch us

Edith and Mistress Annah get on together as well as possible. Dear Edith laments her own helplessness. Our worthy friend replaces her everywhere and for everything. The handsome little *savages* (is there a feminine?) are become radiant with health, and are greatly in love with Margaret, who loads them with presents. Marcella pays frequent visits to Edith. No need to say that old Homer is sadly neglected. We prefer the poetry of Ireland!

Anna had another of her feverish attacks while with Margaret. The air of Ireland suits her better. Oh! what eyes she has.

René and Lord William have decided on an excursion into Scotland, declaring that the French owe this to the memory of Mary Stuart

and the noble royal family which sheltered its misfortunes beneath the sombre, vaulted roofs of Holyrood. A thing decided is a thing accomplished. Every one is ready, and we set out to-morrow. Reginald is amazed at this perpetual movement, the coming and going of our colony. We have persuaded Edith that this journey would be of use to her children, so we shall form a veritable caravan. Before starting I will once more give you a quotation from M. Bougaud.

Notice how well he comments upon these beautiful words of Adeodatus: "No soul is truly pure but she who loves God and attaches herself to him alone."

"Nothing human, nothing terrestrial, suffices to the soul. She can only be happy in the possession of God; and the only means of possessing him here below, as well as above, is to love him. For love laughs at distance and makes light of space; unites souls from world to world, and, in uniting, beatifies and transfigures them. Moreover, if it be true that, even in attaching itself to finite beings, love renders the soul indifferent to fatigue, pain, and privation; if it communicates to it a peace, security, and strength invincible; if it fills the soul not only with joy, but even with ecstasy—what, then, must be the love which attaches itself to God? Thus the saints have always been happy, even upon the cross; and if the world sees their joy without comprehending it, the reason is that it does not know what it is to love. Purity and love have, towards God, lofty flights which genius would envy. The works of God have all proceeded from his heart. They who love most will understand them best. St. Augustine said: 'The soul is made for God. The soul is an open eye which gazes upon God. The soul is a love which aspires after the infinite. God is the soul's native land.' Deep and noble words! And this cry which he was constantly repeating: 'Let us live here below in an apprenticeship for our immortal life in heaven, where all our occupation will be to love.' St. Augustine called death 'the companion of love—she who opens the door by which we enter and find Him whom we love.'"

Dearest Kate, I have given you here the fairest flower in the basket, but the whole basketful is superb. Good-by for the present, dearest; you will hear next either from the Highlands or the Lowlands, or the borders of the lakes. How much I enjoy travelling! My mother is delighted at the idea of making acquaintance with Scotland; and I sing her its ballads. . . . Send us the angel Raphael, my Kate!

October 31, 1868.

We are, then, in Scotland—a beautiful country, picturesque and charming, full of old memories and legends, and where the mountaineers have a very noble air, proudly draped in their many-colored plaids. Yesterday we met with a MacGregor. The shade of Walter Scott seemed to rise at our side. This brave Highlander did the honors of the country, and expressed himself with an antique grace that is indescribable. On leaving us he kissed the hands of the ladies, pressed those of the *lords*, and kissed all the young *misses*. Was it not fine? But we found better still—a white-haired bard, "with trembling gait and broken voice," who gave us his benediction with all the majesty that could be desired. Every rock has its legend, every ruin its tradi

tion, every lake its spectre. But there is no need for me to describe Scotland to you, my learned sister; you know its exact portrait better than I. This wandering life, these encampments in the woods, these steeple-chases, have their charm, and are of great interest to Edith. I fear she may miss us too much later on. Dear Kate, Reginald sent your last letter after me. I enjoyed reading it in the country of Mary Stuart.

Quick! . . . I slip this note into Réne's packet. Always union of prayers.

I have still a few minutes. We are seeking here the traces of the martyr-queen, the beautiful and unfortunate Mary Stuart. There was, then, no more pity in France? Was the chivalrous enthusiasm which breathes in the old songs of the *Gesta* merely a poet's dream, or was it crouching in the *oubliettes* of the past when England's axe severed that royal head on which had shone the crown of France?

Who, then, will sing as they deserve the youthful victims cut off in their flower—Stuart, Grey, the gentle Jane who did not wish to be made queen, Elizabeth of France, Joan of Arc, Mme. de Lamballe, Marie Antoinette, and all the legion of martyrs whose blood cries for vengeance?

Where are the snows of Antan? where are the personages of Walter Scott? where are Rob Roy, Flora MacIvor, and so many others? Marcella just now pointed out to me a singular individual who must be, she insists, *my father's son.*

Will the day ever come when the triumphant cross of the Coliseum will surmount, with its beauty and its love, the crown of the United Kingdom? O my own Ireland! what heart could forget thee?

Let us pray for her, dear sister of my life, dear daughter of Erin!

NOVEMBER 5, 1868.

Our All Souls' day was sad and sweet. We all have losses to deplore. My mother loved her Brittany at this anniversary. How maternal this mother of my René is towards your Georgina! How gracious and tender her daily greetings! All our friends feel the charm of her elevated nature. Edith loves to be with her. Dear Edith! She said to me yesterday: "Thus far all is well; how I trust that it may so continue! In the depth of my soul I have that inexorable sadness of which Bossuet speaks; I feel it hourly. For a time I thought that I should die of a broken heart, but you have revived me. I feel that in Heaven alone all sorrows will be for ever consoled, and, like the Alexandrine whom you have described to me, I love, hope, and wait!" Oh! how sweet it is, dear Kate, to belong to God. How could we live without feeling that we were of use, without giving ourselves up, devoting, spending ourselves in the service of God and of souls? Isa writes to Margaret: "M. l'Abbé Lagrange speaks admirably of virginity in his *St. Paula;* it is like reading a page of Mgr. Dupanloup: 'How beautiful in the church are those forms of devotedness to which the Christian virgin is called, whether she silently immolates herself in solitude and prayer, consumed by the flames of the noblest love which a creature can possess, a pure victim whose sacrifice is profitable to us, whatever we are, by the communion of saints of which we are taught by the church; whether she gives a sister to the sick, a daughter to the aged, a mother to orphans, or a

friend to the poor, the consoler here below in every neglect and every infirmity, and taken for these works in the spring-time of her life and the flower of her youth—taken away from all maternal sweetnesses, from the joys of home, from future hopes, for ever! Doubtless the mother also devotes herself; does Christianity ignore it? But it must be allowed that the devotion of a mother is at the same time her duty and her happiness, whilst these sublime sacrifices of themselves for the relief of every kind of ignorance and sorrow are entirely voluntary and disinterested, without other compensation here below than the love of God; and it is true that this is worth all the rest.

"'Christian virginity is a state of intimate union with Jesus Christ, in which, in spotless love and the perfection of purity, souls here below consume themselves for God, whom they call into themselves, and are the fragrance of earth and the delight of heaven. The Gospel, knowing human nature, makes not a precept of this celestial ideal, since it would surpass the ordinary strength of mankind; but it gives a counsel for those who have the courage to follow it, because it feels that there are chosen souls who have this strength, and because this marvel of virtue, this life of angels in a mortal frame, while it embalms the world, is, in the church, one of the most evident and touching marks of her divine origin.'"

How beautiful it is! What a pen of gold! Dear Kate, all this is very suitable for you!

Met Lady Cleave and her nice children at Edinburgh. Spoke of Kate—a thing as natural to me as singing is to the bird. Had a delightful conversation yesterday evening with Margaret and Marcella, both of whom are as clever as they are saintly, and love each other like old friends, keeping for me, they say, a throne of honor in their hearts. No one appreciates more than I do the charm of a pure and intellectual friendship. This will assuredly be one of the joys of eternity, since on high all souls will be united in the plenitude of intelligence, purity, and love.

It is very cold. We are making some happy people. Picciola is charming in the exercise of charity.

Good-night, dear Kate, it is eleven o'clock.

NOVEMBER 18, 1868.

From the window of an ancient Scottish castle I am watching for the return of the *abbé* and his pupils from a *walk of beneficence*. But, like "Sister Anne" in the old story, I see nothing come, and have not even the compensation of beholding the "sun's golden sheen and the grass growing green," any more than I am in the same peril as that inquisitive *châtelaine*. We are intending simply to do honor in Scotland to my mother's *fête*, one of her names being Elizabeth. It was René's idea, and applauded by all. Edith herself, with her fairy fingers, has made a charming bouquet from the flowers in the conservatories. Marcella is practising on the piano, Edouard singing; Lucy has undertaken to keep Mme. de T—— out of the way for a few hours. I hear joyous voices; good-by until this evening.

Evening.—Superb, dear Kate! A scene of ancient times, and, moreover, in a romantic dwelling, where Walter Scott has been, and where kings have displayed their splendor. The effect produced by

the voices of René, Edouard, Marcella, and Margaret is unique. Our mother, surprised and touched, was only able to answer by her tears; and just now, when I was accompanying her to her room, she said: "Dear Georgina, I regretted Hélène!" Ah! this is the ever-open wound, the ineffaceable regret!

God keep you, my Kate! Your spirit accompanies me everywhere, my beloved companion, my invisible guardian; and how sweet a nest your love has made me!

This will be the last sheet that I shall date from Scotland; we are far from the post. I shall not send it until the moment of our departure.

November 25.—News from Paris, and of every kind; the best comes always from you. Adrien and Raoul will arrive in Ireland at the same time as we do.

It will be a day of rejoicing to me to return to our own house. Long live home, my country, the place of many memories! I have taken some views, and bought quantities of things for Lizzy, Fanny, and all our friends there. These good mountaineers regret our departure. O Ireland, Ireland! Marcella has set to music the poetry of the sweet and terrible Columba; impossible to hear it without tears. Decidedly, I must go on another pilgrimage to Gartan.

The *Three Graces*, dressed in the tartans of which I have made them a present, have a Scottish appearance which is charming. They send kisses to Mme. Kate.

A thousand loving messages to you, my beloved sister. May all the blessed angels be with you!

DECEMBER 9, 1868.

Dear Kate, with what joy we find ourselves in Ireland again! Adrien and Raoul have brought with them quantities of books. I must give you some quotations from the *Life of the Saints* by MM. Kellerhove and de Riancey—a splendid volume, presented by Gertrude to Margaret—and a remarkable work by the Comtesse Olympe de Lernay: "Born with the century, and dying on the 30th of March, 1864, she realized in her admirable life the high ideal of the truly Christian woman. Her existence wholly of faith, labor, and love was visited by the heaviest trials, but her resignation was profound. She said: 'The triumph of self-renunciation over enthusiasm will not be without fruit with reference to the eternal future; and when God's day of reckoning shall come, I will say to him, Father, I wished to labor at thy vine with my golden pruning-knife, but this was not thy will; and therefore is it that, instead of adorning its summit, I have remained at its foot.'" Do you not find in this a finished beauty? "To glorify God and gain hearts to him was the supreme desire of this saintly and amiable woman, who, endowed with artistic, poetic, and literary talents, as varied as they were remarkable, worked as one prays, and prayed as one sings."

Adrien is reading us fragments of the *Mahâbhârata*—"the book of the people which has meditated most." How much more sublime than ever does the Bible appear after this reading! No; outside of the love of God there is nothing completely beautiful or great.

Immense party this evening; *sixty invitations!* The preparations are complete, except that much is still going on in the region of the kitchen. And I, the happy giver of the invitations, tranquilly seated at my

writing-table of island-wood, am chattering like a school-girl in the holidays. Dear Kate, it is because I have been making all diligence, and because I have before me your thrice welcome pages, so charming and affectionate, and which appear to me to breathe a perfume of our native land. Yes, truly, the sweetest is there—this fragrance of delightful and unalloyed affection which comes to me from you!

Jack is still in a distressing state, suffering incessantly. He yesterday received our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, the sovereign Comforter, and, resting lovingly on the adorable Heart which gave itself for him, he has promised to love the cross. Poor old man! His children have the evil of the age—the loss of respect. René prepared him for the visit of his Saviour, and I went later to arrange everything; on entering I heard the sick man speaking with animation, and paused involuntarily. "I suffer too much, your honor." "My friend, say with me: O Life of my soul, O most sweet and merciful Saviour, put into my heart much indulgence, patience, and charity." "But then I am so often thrown back! Ten years of suffering; and what have they brought me? Oh! how my loneliness weighs upon me. I am left so much alone!" "My poor brother, dear privileged one of our Lord, say with me: My God, I accept these sufferings in union with thy Agony and Crucifixion. Pardon me my involuntary murmurings; accept my daily torments as an expiation. Eternity is near! My God. I will all that thou willest." Jack repeated the words with docility.

After communion he appeared happy. The doctor wonders that he can endure so much suffering and live. "Will the good God grant me to die before you go?" the poor man asked of René. Oh! how sad it is to die thus—to become the *outcast* in the home of which one had been the life.

Kate dearest, let us pray for all in their agony.

TO BE CONTINUED.

TESTIMONY OF THE CATACOMBS TO THE PRIMACY OF ST. PETER.

In our former article* the evidence which we adduced as to the testimony of the Catacombs on a disputed point of Catholic doctrine was drawn almost exclusively from their inscriptions; and that evidence was very abundant, because the doctrine in question was precisely that on which we should look to tombstones for information. It was only natural that, in writing the last earthly memorial of their departed friends, the survivors should spontaneously —one might almost say unconsciously—give utterance to the thoughts that were in their mind as to the present condition and future prospects of those to whom they had now paid the last offices. The subject now before us is of a very different kind. We are going to inquire of the Catacombs whether they can tell us anything as to the idea entertained in primitive times about the position held in the Christian hierarchy by St. Peter and his successors; and we think most persons would consider it very strange indeed if we should elicit any answer to this inquiry from the inscriptions upon gravestones. Mr. Withrow, however, is of a different opinion; he thinks that if in those early days the bishops of Rome enjoyed any superior dignity over other bishops, it ought to have been, and probably would have been, mentioned on their epitaphs; and, accordingly, he chronicles as items worthy of being noted in the controversy such facts as these: that "the tomb of the first Roman bishop bore simply the name *Linus*" (p. 507), and that in the papal crypt, or chamber where the popes of the third century were buried, they are only honored with the title of bishop, and even that appears in a contracted form, *ΕΠΙ* or *ΕΠΙΚ* (p. 508). The Dean of Chichester seems to entertain a somewhat similar opinion; only, as he has formed a higher estimate of the episcopal dignity, this opinion shows itself in him in a different form. He thinks the extremely "curt and unceremonious" character of these papal epitaphs almost a conclusive argument against their authenticity.

Mr. Withrow further adds (p. 509), that the word *Papa* or pope does not occur in the Catacombs till at least the latter part of the fourth century, when it is found, applied to Pope Damasus, in the margin of an inscription by that bishop in honor of one of his predecessors, Eusebius. Even with reference to this, however, he insinuates that, as this inscription in its present condition is "admitted" by De Rossi to be a badly-executed reproduction, of the sixth or seventh century, of a previous inscription, "this title may very well belong to that late period.' Our first impression upon reading this was a grave doubt, which we cannot even now altogether suppress, whether Mr. Withrow had ever read either what De Rossi or his English epitomizers have written on the subject of this monument. Certainly, he cannot have

* "Testimony of the Catacombs to Prayers for the Dead and the Invocation of Saints," THE CATHOLIC WORLD, Dec., 1876.

appreciated the curious and interesting story they have told of this stone; or, if we may not call in question his intelligence, we shall be obliged to accuse him of wilful misrepresentation. One of the most striking features in the story, now *lippis et tonsoribus notum*, is that the ignorant copyist, so far from being capable of forging a link in the chain of evidence for the papal supremacy, was only able to transcribe the letters actually before his eyes, and even left a vacant space occasionally where he saw that a letter was missing from the mutilated inscription before him, which, however, he was quite incompetent to supply. We are afraid, therefore, that Mr. Withrow must be content to acknowledge that this obnoxious title of pope was certainly given to a Bishop of Rome before the close of the fourth century. At the same time we offer him all the consolation we can by pointing out that it was given to him only by an artist, an *employé* of his, and one of his special admirers—he calls himself his *cultor atque amator*—and perhaps, therefore, Mr. Withrow may suggest that the title was here used in a sense in which he is aware that it was originally employed—viz., as an expression of familiar and affectionate respect rather than of dignity.

But we must go further, and, in obedience to the stern logic of facts, we must oblige Mr. Withrow to see that the title was used of the Bishop of Rome some seventy or eighty years before Damasus. If he had ever visited the cemetery of San Callisto, he might have seen the original inscription itself in which the title is given to Pope Marcellinus (296–308); and this time not by a layman, an artist, but by an ecclesiastical official—in fact, the pope's own deacon, the Deacon Severus, who had charge of that cemetery:

Cubiculum duplex cum arcisoliis et luminare Jussu PP. sui Marcellini Diaconus iste Severus fecit. . . .

Observe that the title is here abridged into the compendious formula PP., as though it were a title with which Roman Christians were already familiar, just as in pagan epigraphy the same letters stand for *præpositus* or *primopilus*, and those words are not written at full length, because everybody interested in the matter would know at once from the name and the context what was to be supplied.* So, then, it seems impossible to determine when the title was first used of the bishops of Rome; it is at least certain that it occurs in the Catacombs a century earlier than Mr. Withrow imagined, and that even then it was no novelty. However, we do not care to dispute the facts, to which he attaches so much importance, that the title of pope was in those ancient days neither "peculiar to the Bishop of Rome," nor, so far as we know, *first* applied to him. Moreover, we cannot even accept, what Mr. Withrow in his ignorance is ready to concede, that "the name of the Bishop of Rome was used as a note of time in the latter part of the fourth century"—a distinction, however, which he contends "was also conferred on other bishops than those of Rome."

Again, we must observe that this remark seems to indicate an entire ignorance in its author of all that De Rossi has written on the same subject. Of course Mr. Withrow is referring to the two epitaphs which conclude with the words *sub Liberio*

* *R. S.*, ii. 307

Episcopo, sub Damaso Episcopo; but he gives no sign of being acquainted with the history of those pontiffs, and with the reasons which De Rossi has so carefully drawn out,* wherefore there might have been special mention of their names on the tombs of persons who died during their pontificates.

We have now noticed, we believe, all Mr. Withrow's observations upon the testimony of the Catacomb inscriptions with reference to the papal supremacy; it remains that we ourselves should make one or two observations upon it which he has *not* made. And, first, it seems to have escaped his notice that there *is* a title given to the popes by one of themselves on three or four of these monuments—a title stronger and of more definite meaning than *Papa*, and quite as unwelcome to Protestant ears. Pope Damasus calls Marcellus, one of his predecessors, *Veridicus Rector*, or the truth-speaking ruler or governor, in the epitaph with which he adorned his tomb. Two others of his predecessors, Eusebius and Sixtus II., he simply calls *Rector*, without any qualifying epithet at all. And next we would ask Mr. Withrow and all who sympathize with his objection what title they would suggest as possible for the tombstones of the earliest bishops of Rome, even supposing their position in the Christian hierarchy to have been at that time as clearly defined and fully developed as it is now. Do they think it would have been either seemly or possible for a Christian bishop in the first three centuries to assume the highest official religious title among pagans, and to be addressed as *Pontifex Maximus?* It is true, indeed, that this title has been given to them in modern epigraphy since it was moulded on the classical type—*i.e.*, ever since the Renaissance. But nobody could dream of such a title as compatible with the relative positions of paganism and Christianity during the period that the Catacombs were in use for purposes of burial. Nevertheless, it is well worthy of note that even at a very early period of the third century, when Tertullian wished to jeer at a decree which he disliked, but which had been issued by the pope, he spoke of him in mockery, as though he were *Pontifex scilicet maximus et episcopus episcoporum*, thereby intimating pretty clearly what position in the Christian hierarchy the bishops of Rome seemed to assume.

And now, taking our leave of all discussions about mere titles and verbal inscriptions, let us inquire whether any other evidence can be produced from the Catacombs bearing upon the question before us—the question, that is, of St. Peter's position under the New Law. Let us inquire of the paintings and sculpture, and other similar monuments, as explained and illustrated by contemporary writings. And we ask our adversaries to deal fairly with the evidence we shall adduce; not to weigh each portion of it apart from the rest, but to allow it that cumulative weight which really belongs to it, interpreting each separate monument with the same spirit of candor and equity which they claim on behalf of any evidence which the Catacombs afford for doctrines which they themselves accept. Take, for instance, the doctrine of the Resurrection. We saw in our last article that Mr. Withrow's assertion that this doctrine was everywhere recorded throughout the Catacombs rested virtually upon the existence of certain oft-recurring paintings there—

* *Inscr. Christian.*, i. 80, 100.

paintings of the story of Jonas and of the raising of Lazarus; that it was not supported by any contemporary sepulchral inscriptions, but that certain more explicit inscriptions of a later date undoubtedly contain it. In other words, Mr. Withrow (and we might add Mr. Burgon, Mr. Marriott, and the whole race of Protestant controversialists who have entered this arena at all) can recognize, when it suits his purpose, the justice of reading ancient monuments in the light of more modern and explicit statements of Christian doctrine, and of interpreting the monuments of Christian art in one age by their known form and meaning in another. Let them not deny the privilege of this canon of interpretation to others besides themselves. We shall use it as occasion may require in our examination of the monuments which to all Catholic archæologians seem to bear testimony to the exceptional position of St. Peter in the Apostolic College.

A subject represented from very early times, and frequently repeated both in paintings and in sculpture, is that of Moses striking the rock in the wilderness, and the waters gushing forth for the refreshment of the children of Israel in their passage through the wilderness. What does this subject mean? The stories of Jonas and of Lazarus were meant, we are told, as types of the Resurrection, and are to be admitted as proofs of the belief of the early Christians in that great doctrine. What part of their belief is typified in this incident from the life of Moses? Let us first see how it was understood by the Jews themselves.

The Royal Psalmist refers to it more than once in accents of fervent gratitude as for a signal act of God's mercy towards his people, and also of lively hope, as having been typical and prophetic of further mercies. Isaias, in that magnificent prophecy wherein he recounts the marvels that shall happen in the world when "God shall come and save it," recalls the memory of the same event, and makes use of it as a fitting image of the spiritual graces that should then be poured forth on the children of men. "God himself," he says, "will come and will save you. Then shall the eyes of the blind be opened; and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb shall be free: for waters are broken out in the desert, and streams in the wilderness. And that which was dry land shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water."* At length the period so long looked for, so frequently promised, "in the fulness of time" arrived; Jesus was born and manifested among men, and, standing in the Temple on a great feast-day, he offered himself to all men as "a fountain of living waters." "He stood, and cried, saying: If any man thirst, let him come to me and drink. He that believeth in me, as the Scripture saith, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water." And St. John, who has preserved to us this history, immediately adds, for the more certain interpretation of his words, that Jesus "said this of the Holy Spirit, whom they should receive who believed in him." Finally, St. Paul comes to complete the explanation, and, in that chapter of his Epistle to the Corinthians which one may almost call the key to the history of the children of Israel, gives more clearly than any before him the mystical interpretation of the prodigy

* C. xxxv. 4–7.

of the rock. Taking the first and last links of the long chain of inspired writing about it, he couples the original physical fact with its far-distant spiritual interpretation in those words with which we are so familiar: "Our fathers all drank the same spiritual drink: and they drank of the spiritual rock that followed them: and *the rock was Christ.*"

It cannot be disputed, then, that the water represented as flowing from the rock struck by Moses in the wilderness was intended to be typical of the spiritual blessings which flow to the church from Christ. Was there anything typical also in the *person* striking the rock? Or was this a mere historical accessory of the scene, represented of necessity in order to the completeness of the story, but having no particular meaning of its own—merely the historical Moses, and nothing more? It might very well have been so; and everybody who suggests a mystical interpretation is bound to produce substantial reasons for departing from the literal sense. De Rossi then leads us into a chapel in the Catacomb of San Callisto, and bids us notice the marked difference between the two figures of Moses painted side by side on the same wall—in the one scene taking off his shoes before going up to the holy mountain; in the other, striking the rock. They cannot both be meant to represent the historical verity; it looks as though the distinction between them was intended to point out their typical or symbolical character, and we almost fancy we can discern a resemblance between one of the figures and the received traditional portrait of Peter. But we advance further into the same cemetery, and enter another chapel in which the same scene is again represented. This time there is no room for doubt: the profile, the features, the rounded and curly beard, the rough and frizzled hair—are all manifest tokens of the traditional likeness of St. Peter, and we are satisfied that it is he who is here striking the rock. The same studied resemblance may be noted also in the figure of the man striking the rock on several of the sculptured sarcophagi. Still, we are not satisfied; we should be loath to lay the stress of any important argument upon any mere likeness which we might believe that we recognize between this and that figure in ancient painting or sculpture. It would be more satisfactory if we could find an inscription on the figure putting its identity beyond all question. And even this, too, is not wanting. In the Vatican Museum there are two or three specimens of this same subject on the gilded glasses that have been sometimes found affixed to graves in the Catacombs, and on them the name of PETRUS is distinctly engraved over the scene. It is true that these glasses were probably not made till the fourth century; neither were the sarcophagi. But we argue with Mr. Marriott that "the existence of these later monuments can hardly be accounted for except on the supposition of their being reproductions of still older monuments." In fact, in the present instance, these older monuments still exist; only their interpretation might have been disputed, had not the later monuments been found with the interpretation engraved upon them. With these glasses in our hands, showing indisputably that the Christians of the fourth and fifth centuries looked upon Moses in the act of striking the rock as a type of St. Peter, we feel confident that the Christians of the second and third centuries, who

continually represented the same scene, did so with the same idea. In a word, the evidence for the identification of St. Peter with Moses in the conceptions of the ancient Christian artists seems to be complete and convincing. Such, at least, is our own conclusion; we subjoin Mr. Withrow's:

"In two or three of the gilded glasses which are of comparatively late date. the scene of Moses striking the rock is rudely indicated, and over the head or at the side of the figure is the word PETRUS. From this circumstance Roman Catholic writers have asserted that in many of the sarcophagal and other representations of this event it is no longer Moses but Peter—'the leader of the new Israel of God'—who is striking the rock with the emblem of divine power: a conclusion for which there is absolutely no evidence except *the very trivial fact above mentioned*" (p. 292).

Mr. Withrow's observations suggest one or two additional remarks. First, he calls St. Peter "the leader of the new Israel of God," but he omits to mention from whom he borrows this title or description of the apostle. They are the words of Prudentius, the Christian poet of the fifth century, who thus becomes an additional witness to the truth which we have been insisting upon—that the position of St. Peter under the New Law was analogous to that of Moses under the Old. Prudentius was in the habit of frequenting the Catacombs for devotional purposes, and he has left us a description of them. Perhaps in the line which we have quoted he was but giving poetical expression to a fact or doctrine which he had seen often represented in symbols and on monuments.

But, secondly, Mr. Withrow speaks of the rod in the hands of Moses as "the emblem of divine power." And here it should be mentioned that this rod is never seen on ancient monuments of Christian art, except in the hands of these three: Christ, Moses, and Peter—or should we not now rather say of two only, Christ and St. Peter?—and that these two hardly ever appear without it. Either in painted or sculptured representations of our Lord's miracles he usually holds a rod in his hands as the instrument whereby he wrought them. Whether he is changing the water into wine, or multiplying the loaves and fishes, or raising Lazarus from the dead, it is not his own divine hand that touches the chosen objects of the merciful exercise of his power, but he touches them all with a rod. Even when he is represented not in his human form, but symbolically as a lamb—*e.g.*, in the spandrels of the tomb of Junius Bassus, A.D. 359—the rod is still placed between the forefeet of the mystical animal, its other end resting on the rock, the water-pots, or the baskets. In one of the sarcophagi, belonging probably to the year 410 or thereabouts, we almost seem to assist at the transfer of this emblem of power from Christ to his Vicar. In the series of miracles in the upper half of the sarcophagus to which we refer it appears three times in the hand of Christ; in the lower series it occurs the same number of times in the hand of Peter. In the last of these instances, indeed, it may be said that it was necessary, as it was the scene of striking the rock; but in the other two it can hardly be understood in any other sense than as an emblem, and, if an emblem at all, we suppose all would admit that it can only be an emblem of power and authority. In the first of these two scenes we are reminded, by the cock at his feet, that our Lord is warning his apostle of his threefold denial, whilst we are

assured by the rod in the apostle's hand that his fall would not deprive him of his prerogative, but that after his conversion it would be his mission to "confirm the brethren." In the second scene the firmness of faith foretold or promised in the first is put to the test by persecution, which began from his first apprehension by the Jews and still continues, yet the rod or staff remains in his hands, no human malice having power to wrest either from himself or his successors that authority over the new Israel which he had received from his divine Master.

We are told that there was an ancient Eastern tradition that the rod of Moses, the ministerial instrument of his great miracles, had originally belonged to the patriarch Jacob, from whom it was inherited by his son Joseph; that upon Joseph's death it was taken to Pharao's palace, and thence was in due time given by the daughter of Pharao to her adopted son, Moses. Moreover, the same author mentions that in like manner when our Lord said the words, "Feed my lambs, feed my sheep," he gave to Peter a staff significative of his pastoral authority over the whole flock; and that "hence has arisen the custom for all religious heads of churches and monasteries to carry a staff as a sign of their leadership of the people." We do not in any way vouch for the authenticity, or even the antiquity, of this tradition. The only authority we have found for it does not go further back than the first years of the fifteenth century; but it aptly expresses the same truth which (we maintain) was clearly present to the minds both of Christian writers and Christian artists in the early ages of the church. We have seen how it was illustrated by symbol in the monuments of the Catacombs; we have heard the language of Prudentius, calling St. Peter the leader of the new Israel; to these we must add the testimony of an Eastern solitary, the Egyptian St. Macarius, who lived some fifty years earlier, and who states the same thing more distinctly, saying that "*Moses was succeeded by Peter*," and that "to him [St. Peter] was committed the new church and the new priesthood."

We are far, however, from having done justice to the idea as it existed in the mind of the ancient church, if we separate the notion of Peter being a second Moses from that particular act in the life of the Jewish leader which we have seen specially attributed to the apostle—viz., the striking of the rock; and in our interpretation of this act we must be careful to take into account all that the ancient Fathers understood by it. Let us listen to the commentary upon it preached in a public sermon somewhere about the middle of the fifth century. Speaking in Turin on the feast of SS. Peter and Paul, St. Maximus uses these words:

> "This is Peter, to whom Christ the Lord of his free will granted a share in his own name; for, as the Apostle Paul has taught us, Christ was the rock; and so Peter too was by Christ made a rock, the Lord saying to him: 'Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church.' For as water flowed from a rock to the Lord's people thirsting in the wilderness, so did the fountain of a life-giving confession come forth from the mouth of Peter to the whole world wearied with the thirst of unbelief. This is Peter, to whom Christ, when about to ascend to his Father, commends his lambs and sheep to be fed and guarded."

The doctrine which is here taught is plain and undeniable. Allusion

is clearly made to a twofold idea: first, Christ in his own nature is the shepherd of the sheep, and the rock whence flows the fount of living water in the desert; but by an act of his own sovereign will, by his own special appointment, when about to leave the world, he assigns the office of chief shepherd to Peter, and he communicates to Peter a share in his own attributes, so that he too from henceforth becomes a rock whereon the church is built, and from him flows the fount of heavenly doctrine and life-giving faith which was first revealed to him by the Father, and then by him proclaimed and preached throughout the whole dry desert of the world.

Did this thought originate with the Bishop of Turin? Was it a conceit of his own fancy, the fruit of a lively imagination? Or are his words only a link in the chain of ancient tradition, handing on to others the same truth which he had himself received from his forefathers?

One thing is certain: that the pope was preaching the very same thing in Rome about the same time. Each year, as the feast of SS. Peter and Paul—which was also the anniversary of his own consecration—came round, Pope Leo exhorted the bishops and others who heard him to lift up their minds and hearts, to consider the glory of the Prince of the Apostles, who was inundated (he said) by such copious irrigations from the fount of all graces that whereas there were many which he alone received, none passed to anybody else without his having a share in them. "The divine condescension," he says again, "gave to this man a great and wonderful participation in his own power, so that, though he chose that some things should be common to him with the other apostles, yet he never gave except through him what he did not withhold from the rest"; and then he goes on to interpret the words of Christ to Peter in this manner; he says: "The formation of the universal church at its birth took its beginning from the honor of Blessed Peter, in whose person its rule and its sum consist; for *from his fountain the stream of ecclesiastical discipline flowed forth into all churches.*" Twenty years earlier Pope Innocent praises an African council for having referred some question to Rome, "knowing what is due to the Apostolic See, since all we who occupy this place desire to follow the apostle himself, from whom the very episcopate and all the authority of this title spring; that nothing, even in the most distant parts of the world, should be determined before it was brought to the knowledge of this see; . . . that so all waters should flow from their parent source and the pure streams of the fountain should well forth uncorrupted throughout the different regions of the whole world."

It may be said, perhaps, that these are mere figures of speech and rhetorical illustrations, and that there is no proof that the writers intended any reference whatever to the miraculous stream from the rock in the desert.

We cannot, in reply to this question, undertake to trace back an unbroken catena of authorities, from the fifth century to the first, clearly expressing the same idea; but we can say with truth that it is continually recurring in all writings which have occasion to speak of the unity of the church, especially in the controversies of the third century against the Novatians; that the types of the rock and the fount, symbols of the origin and unity of

the faith, of baptism, and of the church, seem then to have been inseparable in the minds of writers and preachers from the mention of St. Peter, on whom Christ had founded that origin and that unity; that those who impugned the validity of baptism administered by heretics considered that they urged an irrefragable argument against their adversaries as often as they invoked the prerogative of Peter and the undoubted unity of the rock whence alone all pure waters flowed; finally, that the earliest writer in whom we find the waters of baptism spoken of as flowing from the rock (Tertullian) was a frequent visitor at Rome about the very time when some of the most remarkable paintings in which they are so represented—those in the so-called sacramental chapels in the Catacomb of San Callisto—were being executed; *i.e.*, at the very commencement of the third century.

We conclude, then, that the paintings and other monuments of ancient Christian art belonging to the Catacombs, when placed side by side with the language of contemporaneous and succeeding Christian writers, mutually explain and confirm one another; and that it is impossible not to recognize in the perfect agreement of these important witnesses the faithful echo of a primitive tradition—to wit, that to St. Peter was given the authority to draw forth the true living waters of sacramental grace from the Rock of ages, and to distribute them throughout the whole church.

There is yet one more incident in the life of Moses which ancient Christian art has reproduced, and with a distinct reference to St. Peter—viz., the receiving of the law from the hand of God. This is a subject very commonly repeated on the sarcophagi of the fourth and fifth centuries, but there is not, so far as we know, any emblem attached to these sculptured representations which obliges us to refer them to the apostle. Other monuments, however, of the same or an earlier date, supply what is wanting. We find both paintings and ancient gilded glasses in which St. Peter receives from our Lord either a roll or volume, or sometimes (as if to make the resemblance more striking) a mere tablet with the inscription *Lex Domini*, or *Dominus legem dat*. Now, in pagan works of art the emperors were sometimes represented in the act of giving the book of the laws or constitutions to those officials whom they sent forth to govern the provinces, and the magistrates receive the book, for greater reverence, not in their bare hands, but in a fold of their toga. Compare with this a Christian sarcophagus, belonging to an early part of the fourth century, and published by Bosio. In it we see Christ, already ascended and triumphant, having the firmament under his feet, giving the book of the New Law to Peter, who in like manner has his hands covered with a veil, that he may receive it with due reverence. It is as though Christ were visibly appointing him his Vicar and representative upon earth, and making him the expounder and administrator of his law. And the same scene is represented, without any essential alteration, in a number of monuments of various kinds, frescoes, sculpture, glasses, and mosaics. By and bye, in some artists' hands, it lost something of its precise original signification; at least, in two of the later monuments (one of them undoubtedly by a Greek artist) it is St. Paul who receives the law, instead of St.

Peter. But then there is, of course, a certain sense in which this might be as truly predicated of St. Paul or of any other member of the Apostolic College as of St. Peter himself. Sometimes, also, all the apostles appear together with St. Peter when he receives the law—only he receives the volume opened; they stand each holding a closed roll in his hand. In some monuments, as in the mosaic of Sta. Costanza, the legend is *Dominus dat pacem* instead of *legem*. This, however, is hardly an essential difference. It is only through his law that Christ gives peace, and peace or unity of the church is a primary dogma of his law. Hence this interchange of the two words: the substitution of one for the other, or occasionally even their union, as on the cover of a Book of the Gospels at Milan, which is inscribed *Lex et pax*.

But it is time to draw this paper to a close. Let it be remembered that it is not an attempt to prove the papal supremacy by means of inscriptions or other monuments from the Catacombs, but an answer to an oft-repeated challenge upon one point at least which lies at the root of that subject; and incidentally it throws light upon some other points also, more or less closely connected with it. And we claim to have established against these controversialists that there is evidence to be gathered from these subterranean cemeteries; that those who made and decorated them were conscious of a special pre-eminence belonging to St. Peter over the rest of the apostolic body; that they knew him to be in a certain singular manner the representative of his divine Master, whose rod of power or staff of rule he alone was privileged to bear; that it was his prerogative to be the head of the Christian church, its leader and its teacher, having received the law from the hands of Christ, and the commission to feed and govern his flock; that he had the special guardianship of the fountain and river of living waters, only to be found within the church, and special authority to draw them forth and distribute them throughout every region of the thirsty world

MODERN THOUGHT IN SCIENCE.

When we were informed that Professor Huxley, during his visit to America, was to give a few scientific lectures, we could easily anticipate that from a man of his character nothing was to be expected so likely as a bold effort to exalt science at the expense of religion. The three lectures on the *Evidences of Evolution*, which he delivered in New York on the 18th, 20th, and 22d of September last, are an evident proof that we had guessed right. These lectures, though free from open and formal denunciations of religious faith, are deeply imbued with that spirit of dogmatic unbelief which pervades other works of the same professor, and especially his *Lay Sermons*. His aim is always the same: he uniformly strives to establish what Mr. Draper and other modern thinkers have vainly attempted to prove, that *science conflicts with revelation;* and he labors to impress upon us the notion that *none but the ignorant can believe in revealed truth*. Such is the main object which the professor has had constantly in view since he preached the first of his *Lay Sermons*. A friend of ours, who happened to be in England when this first lay sermon was delivered, disgusted at the arrogance and levity displayed by the lay preacher, hastened to write a short popular refutation of that sermon. This refutation, owing to some unforeseen accident, was brought over to America without being published, and it is now in our hands. Believing, as we do, that, although written some years ago, it is by no means stale, and that its perusal will effectually contribute to expose the gross fallacies of the scientific lecturer, we offer it to our readers as an appropriate introduction to the direct criticism of the lectures themselves, which we intend to give in an early number. The manuscript in question reads as follows:

The *Fortnightly Review* (Jan. 15, 1866) has published "A Lay Sermon delivered at St. Martin's Hall on Sunday, January 7, 1866, ON THE ADVISABLENESS OF IMPROVING NATURAL KNOWLEDGE, *by Prof. T. H. Huxley*." The lay preacher thinks that the improvement of natural knowledge, besides giving us the means of avoiding pestilences, extinguishing fires, and providing modern society with material comfort, has produced two other wonderful effects: "I say that natural knowledge, seeking to satisfy natural wants, has found the ideas that can alone still spiritual cravings"—this is the first. "I say that natural knowledge, in desiring to ascertain the laws of comfort, has been driven to discover those of conduct, and to lay the foundation of a new morality"—this is the second. Though Mr. Huxley is a great professor, or rather because he is a great professor, we make bold to offer him a few remarks on the subject which he has chosen, and especially on the manner in which he has treated it. The reader, of course, will understand that when we speak of Mr. Huxley we mean to speak, not of the man, but of the preacher.

That natural knowledge is a good

thing, and its improvement an advisable thing, is universally admitted and requires no proof. Hence we might ask: What is the good of a *lay sermon on the advisableness of improving natural knowledge?* Does any man in his senses make sermons on the advisableness of improving one's purse, or health, or condition? A student of rhetoric would of course take up any unprofitable subject as a suitable ground for amplification or declamation; but a professor cannot, in our opinion, have had this aim in view in a lay sermon delivered at St. Martin's Hall. Had Mr. Huxley been under the impression that natural knowledge is nowadays, for some reason or other, in a deplorable state, every one would have seen the advisableness of remedying the evil, if shown to be real. Had he proved in his sermon that natural knowledge nowadays is superficial, sophistical, or incoherent with other known truths, the opportunity of talking about the advisableness of improving it would have struck every eye and stirred every soul. But this was not the case. Natural knowledge is assumed by the lay preacher to be in a splendid and glorious state; our scientific men are accounted great men, our conquests in science admirable, and our uninterrupted progress unquestionable.

"Our 'mathematick,'" says he, "is one which Newton would have to go to school to learn; our 'staticks, mechanicks, magneticks, chymicks, and natural experiments, constitute a mass of physical and chemical knowledge, a glimpse at which would compensate Galileo for the doings of a score of inquisitorial cardinals; our 'physick' and 'anatomy' have embraced such infinite varieties of being, have laid open such new worlds in time and space, have grappled, not unsuccessfully, with such complex problems, that the eyes of Vesalius and of Harvey might be dazzled by the sight of the tree that has grown out of their grain of mustard-seed" (pp. 628, 629).

Such being the state of things, we might have expected a sermon *on the means of diffusing and promoting natural knowledge;* but a sermon laying stress on such a triviality as *the advisableness of improving natural knowledge*, when natural knowledge is quite flourishing and dazzling, seems to us to have no object at all. Unfortunately, the lay preacher did not see that it was a triviality, or, if he saw that it was, thought that his own way of dealing with it was so new and untrivial that the merit of his novel conceptions would redeem the triviality of the subject. Let us see, then, what such novel conceptions are.

That natural knowledge may help us to keep back pestilences and to extinguish fires is not a discovery of the lay preacher; we all knew it. His first discovery is that pestilences are not punishments of God, and that fires have little to do with human malice.

"Our forefathers had their own ways of accounting for each of these calamities. They submitted to the plague in humility and in penitence, for they believed it to be the judgment of God. But towards the fire they were furiously indignant, interpreting it as the effect of the malice of man, as the work of the republicans or of the Papists, according as their prepossessions ran in favor of loyalty or of Puritanism. It would, I fancy, have fared but ill with one who, standing where I now stand, in what was then a thickly-peopled and fashionable part of London, should have broached to our ancestors the doctrine which I now propound to you—that all their hypotheses were alike wrong; that the plague was no more, in their sense, a divine judgment than the fire was the work of any political or of any religious sect; but that they were them-

selves the authors of both plague and fire, and that they must look to themselves to prevent the recurrence of calamities to all appearance so peculiarly beyond the reach of human control—so evidently the result of the wrath of God or of the craft and subtlety of an enemy" (pp. 626, 627).

We think that natural knowledge will not be much improved by this Huxleyan discovery. God's existence and providence are notoriously a most substantial part of natural knowledge; so the relegation of Deity out of the world, and the suppression of his providence over it, is no less a crime against science than against God himself, and shows no less ignorance than impiety. We cannot admit that pestilences "will *only* take up their abode among those who have prepared unswept and ungarnished residences for them," nor that "their cities *must* have narrow, unwatered streets, foul with accumulated garbage," nor that "their houses *must* be ill-drained, ill-lighted, ill-ventilated," nor that "their subjects *must* be ill-washed, ill-fed, ill-clothed" (p. 630). Our reasons for denying such conclusions are many. To cite one only—of which we think that Mr. Huxley will not fail to appreciate the value—we read in one of the most authentic historical books the following:

"The word of the Lord came to Gad the prophet and the seer of David, saying: Go, and say to David: Thus saith the Lord: I give thee the choice of three things: choose one of them which thou wilt, that I may do it to thee. And when Gad was come to David, he told him, saying: Either seven years of famine shall come to thee in thy land: or thou shalt flee three months before thy adversaries: or for three days there shall be a pestilence in thy land. Now therefore deliberate, and see what answer I shall return to him that sent me. And David said to Gad: I am in a great strait: but it is better that I should fall into the hands of the Lord (for his mercies are many) than into the hands of men. *And the Lord sent a pestilence upon Israel*, from the morning unto the time appointed, and there died of the people from Dan to Bersabee seventy thousand men. And when the angel of the Lord had stretched out his hand over Jerusalem to destroy it, the Lord had pity on the affliction, and said to the angel that slew the people: *It is enough: now hold thy hand*" (2 Kings xxiv.)

This fact is as historical as the London plague; nor is it the only one that could be adduced. Hence we are at a loss to understand how natural knowledge can be *improved* by a theory which is annihilated by the most positive facts.

The next discovery of the lay preacher is no less remarkable: "I say that natural knowledge, seeking to satisfy natural wants, has found the ideas which can alone still spiritual cravings" (p. 632). What great ideas has natural knowledge introduced into men's minds? 1st. That the earth is but an atom among atoms, whirling no man knows whither, through illimitable space (p. 634); 2d, that what we call the peaceful heaven above us is but that space, filled by an infinitely subtle matter, whose particles are seething and surging like the waves of an angry sea (*ibid.*); 3d, that there are infinite regions where nothing is known, or ever seems to have been known, but matter and force (*ibid.*); 4th, that phenomena must have had a beginning, and must have an end; but their beginning is, to our conception of time, infinitely remote, and their end is as immeasurably distant (*ibid.*); 5th, that all matter has weight, and that the force which produces weight is co-extensive with the universe (*ibid.*); 6th, that matter is indestructible (p. 635);

7th, that force is indestructible (*ibid.*); 8th, that everywhere we find definite order and succession of events, which seem never to be infringed (*ibid.*); 9th, that man is not the centre of the living world, but one amidst endless modifications of life (*ibid.*); 10th, that the ancient forms of existence peopling the world for ages, in relation to human experience, are infinite (*ibid.*); 11th, that life depends for its manifestation on particular molecular arrangements or any physical or chemical phenomenon (*ibid.*); 12th, that "the theology of the present has become more scientific than that of the past; because it has not only renounced idols of wood and idols of stone, but begins to see the necessity of breaking into pieces the idols built up of books and traditions and fine-spun ecclesiastical cobwebs, and of cherishing the noblest and most human of man's emotions by worship, 'for the most part of the silent sort,' at the altar of the Unknown and Unknowable" (p. 636).

It appears that Mr. Huxley assumes that these ideas have been of late "implanted in our minds by the improvement of natural knowledge," that they suffice to "still spiritual cravings," and that they alone suffice, as "they alone *can* still spiritual cravings." Now, the indestructibility of matter is not a new idea implanted in men's minds by modern science. The ancient and the mediæval philosophers knew it as well as Mr. Huxley, and, if we may be allowed to state a simple truth, even better, as they could give a very good reason of the fact—a thing which would probably puzzle those great men who despise "the products of mediæval thought," and dedicate themselves exclusively to the acquirement of the so-called "new philosophy." That life depends for its manifestation on particular molecular arrangements is, in substance, an old story, as physicists and philosophers of all times taught that not only the manifestation, but also the very existence, of life in the body required a particular organization of matter; so that, to judge by this test, the improvement of knowledge would here consist in the suppression of the soul—that is, in a mutilation of knowledge. That phenomena must have had a beginning is an axiom as old as the world, though some pagan philosophers denied it; and that phenomena must have an end is but an assumption which modern men have hitherto failed to prove. But let this pass.

What a refreshing thought for "stilling spiritual cravings" to know that phenomena must have had a beginning and must have an end! What a consoling idea to think that the earth is but an atom among atoms, whirling no man knows whither! What a subject of delicious contemplation—the infinite regions, where nothing is known but matter and force! And then what a happiness to know that what we call "heaven" is but space filled by an infinitely subtle matter; to know that all matter has weight; to be certain that all matter is indestructible! At such thoughts, surely, the heart of man must wax warm, and spiritual cravings be stilled! Is not this a very strange discovery?

With regard to the idea that "man is not the centre of the living world, but one amid endless modifications of life," we must confess our ignorance. We thought that such a view had been ere now peremptorily condemned as absurd by all

competent men. But if Mr. Huxley, in a future lay sermon, is able to show that natural knowledge obliges him to reckon crabs, monkeys, and gorillas among his own ancestors, we do not see how much "our spiritual cravings" will be gratified at the thought of such a noble origin. In any case, we shall leave to Mr. Huxley the privilege of enjoying personally all the glory of a bestial genealogy.

And now we must say a word on "the theology of the present, which has become more scientific than that of the past." The improvement of knowledge, according to our lay preacher, led theology first to renounce the idols of wood and the idols of stone. Very good; yet we may observe that such an improvement of knowledge had its origin in divine revelation, not in experimental science, and that the sect which now preaches the progress of natural knowledge has had no part in breaking the idols either of wood or stone. Then the improvement of knowledge must lead theology to break into pieces—What? "Books, traditions, fine-spun ecclesiastical cobwebs"! And men—that is, Mr. Huxley's friends—"begin to see the necessity" of breaking all such things. This is but natural. As the outlaw detests the police and the army, and "begins to see the necessity" of breaking both into pieces, so these lovers of matter detest books and traditions on higher subjects, and their "spiritual (!) cravings" cannot be stilled unless they break traditions and books into pieces. At this we do not wonder; but as for "ecclesiastical cobwebs," what are they? Does Mr. Huxley know any cobwebs but his own—and those, too, not very "fine-spun?"

Next comes "the worship, 'for the most part of the silent sort,' at the altar of the Unknown and Unknowable." This is the last degree of the climax; and this gives us the measure both of the "new philosophy," and of the acute mind of the lay preacher. Our "spiritual cravings" cannot be stilled until we have done away with that portion of knowledge which concerns our Lord and Creator. Our scientific Titans do not want a Master and a Judge. The improvement of knowledge must lead us back to the time when a few fools worshipped at the altar of an unknown God; and, since the absurdity of this pretension had not the merit of being modern, it became necessary to show the high degree of ignorance which may be united with the *improved* natural knowledge by proclaiming that the noblest and most human of man's emotions is cherished by a worship which is a moral, not to say physical, impossibility.

We have now reached the bottom of the "new philosophy"; we are edified about the *improvement* of natural knowledge; we know what is aimed at in the lay sermons on the *advisableness* of improving natural knowledge; and we thank Mr. Huxley, not without a deep sense of melancholy, for his open profession of infidelity, which will very likely make harmless all lay sermons which he may venture to preach henceforward. At one thing only we are astonished; that is, that the champion of such a cause—a professor—has not been able to deal with his subject except by a strain of whimsical assertions. Is it necessary for us to teach a professor that mere assertions are good for nothing in science? A professor like Mr. Huxley should have understood that, in the case

of new theories, the absence of proof makes men suspect the intellectual poverty of the orator. Still, the fact remains: the lay-preacher asserted much, and proved nothing. The only excuse which we think he can offer may be that a layman has no special vocation and no special grace for preaching; or, perhaps, that *nemo dat quod non habet;* or, lastly, that the *improvement* of natural knowledge is in no need of proof, the assertion of any professor being considered as a sufficient demonstration. And this leads us to the third of Mr. Huxley's discoveries.

Let us hear him. He asks: "What are among the moral convictions most fondly held by barbarous and semi-barbarous people?" And he answers:

"They are the convictions that authority is the soundest basis of belief; that merit attaches to a readiness to believe; that the doubting disposition is a bad one, and scepticism a sin; that when good authority has pronounced what is to be believed, and faith has accepted it, reason has no further duty. There are many excellent persons who yet hold by these principles, and it is not my present business or intention to discuss their views. All I wish to bring clearly before your minds is the unquestionable fact that the improvement of natural knowledge is effected by methods which directly give the lie to all these convictions, and assume the exact reverse of each to be true."

Then he adds:

"The improver of natural knowledge absolutely refuses to acknowledge authority as such. For him, scepticism is the highest of duties, blind faith the one unpardonable sin. And it cannot be otherwise; for every great advance in natural knowledge has involved the absolute rejection of authority, the cherishing of the keenest scepticism, the annihilation of the spirit of blind faith; and the most ardent votary of science holds his firmest convictions, not because the men he most venerates hold them, not because their verity is testified by portents and wonders, but because his experience teaches him that, whenever he chooses to bring these convictions into contact with their primary source, nature—whenever he thinks fit to test them by appealing to experiment and observation—nature will confirm them. The man of science has learned to believe in justification, not by faith, but by verification" (pp. 636, 637).

This language is undoubtedly clear, and its meaning unmistakable. All Englishmen who have any disposition to believe on good authority, from Queen Victoria down to the meanest of her subjects, are to be ranked among barbarians or semi-barbarians. And as Mr. John Stuart Mill has already decided, in his high wisdom, that barbarians can be justly compelled (for their own good, of course) to bear the yoke of a tyrant, we can, by a genial union of the views of these two great men, substantiate the result of their combined teaching. "Barbarians, for their own good, can be subjected to tyranny"—this is the major proposition drawn from Mr. Mill. "But Englishmen who respect authority and believe are but barbarians"—this is the minor of Mr. Huxley. The consequence is brutal but evident, and gives us the measure of the liberality of a certain class of liberals. Fortunately, Prof. Huxley is a very amiable man, and perhaps he does not hold without limitation the aforesaid principle of his philosophical friend. He even condescends to declare that "there are many excellent persons who yet hold those convictions of barbarous people," and says that "it is not his present business or intention to discuss their views." Still, we are sorry that these "excellent persons" are condemned without a

hearing; and as for discussion, our impression is that Mr. Huxley is much afraid of it, at least "for the present." We should prefer that our views were discussed before we are insulted on account of them. Who knows whether the issue of such a discussion would not show that the true barbarians, after all, are those very worshippers of "scepticism" or of the "Unknown" and of the "Unknowable"?

But let us abstain from retaliation; we are barbarians, and our word is worth nothing as long as we continue to hold that "authority is the soundest basis of belief." And yet we fancy that the London plague could only be believed because the authority of a great number of eye-witnesses was the soundest basis of belief. Mr. Huxley will say that we are mistaken, as "the improver of natural knowledge *absolutely refuses* to acknowledge authority as such"; but he has forgotten to tell us on what grounds he himself believes the London plague. Is it perchance because "his experience teaches him that, whenever he chooses to bring his convictions into contact with their primary source, nature—whenever he thinks fit to test them by appealing to experiment and observation—nature will confirm them"? We are exceedingly anxious to know the truth. Will the lay preacher, who is so kind, enlighten us by a clear answer?

We have just said that a little discussion would very likely show that Mr. Huxley's remarks apply to his equals rather than to those whom he endeavors to stigmatize. And as we do not belong to the school or sect of which Mr. Huxley is the representative, and accordingly do not enjoy the privilege of boldly asserting what cannot be proved, so we are obliged to show what are the reasons of our conviction.

Mr. Huxley believes that "man is not the centre of the living world, but *one amid endless modifications of life*." Whence does this conviction come? The learned professor cannot be ranked among *civilized* people unless he be able to show that his conviction is *not* grounded on authority, but on scepticism, which is "the highest duty" of an improver of knowledge. He must be prepared to show that "he holds it, not because the men he most venerates hold it, not because its verity is testified by portents and wonders, but because *his experience teaches him* that, whenever he thinks fit to test it by appealing to experiment and observation, nature will confirm it." Unfortunately for him, and in spite of his uncommon power of making broad assertions, he cannot have recourse to such an answer, inasmuch as it would be received with loud peals of laughter even by his devout flock of St. Martin's Hall. In conclusion, he has caught himself in his own trap, and we are afraid he must declare himself to be (horrible to say!) a *barbarian*, and an awful barbarian too; for it is with open eyes, and with other aggravating circumstances, that he has done what, according to him, only "barbarous people" do.

This being the case, no one needs to ask why Mr. Huxley informs us that it is not his present business or intention to discuss the views of those "excellent persons" who still believe. He believes himself more than they believe. They believe "when *good* authority has pronounced"; the lay preacher believes even without good authority. Those

"excellent persons" smile with the "keenest scepticism" at his theory of the Unknown and of the Unknowable; but the lay preacher believes in his theory without proof and against proof, and thinks that "reason has no further duty." And it is remarkable that he does not content himself with believing what may appear to be a view of the present or a fact of the past. This would be too little for him; he believes a great deal more: he believes in what may be called a dream of the future. Yes:

> "If these ideas be destined, *as I believe they are*, to be more and more firmly established as the world grows older; if that spirit be fated, *as I believe it is*, to extend itself into all departments of human thought, and to become co-extensive with the range of knowledge; if, as our race approaches its maturity, it discovers, *as I believe it will*, that there is but one kind of knowledge, and but one method of acquiring it—then we, who are still children, may justly feel it our highest duty to recognize the advisableness of improving natural knowledge" (p. 637).

Who would have thought or imagined that a man could be so ill-advised as to condense three professions of blind faith in the very lines in which he intends to conclude in favor of scepticism?

The consequence of all this is appalling. For how now can Mr. Huxley again present himself to his devout congregation of St. Martin's Hall? What can he say in his defence? The best would be to dissemble, if possible, and to ignore with a lofty unconcern his numerous blunders; but men are shrewd, and the expedient might seem an implicit confession of failure. As for "discussing the views of those excellent persons" who still hold the principles of faith, there can be no question. This would be too much and too little: too much for the man, too little for the purpose. And, in fact, since Mr. Huxley is himself guilty of that of which he accuses others, he cannot strike others without wounding himself. The only practical thing would be, in our opinion, an explicit, generous, and humble confession of guilt. Why not? The lay preacher is not the first professor who has spoken nonsense, nor will he be the last. We are all liable to error and sin; and recantation and repentance are a right of humanity. On the other hand, he is not the only man who is guilty of believing—he is in very good company; for "there are many excellent persons who still believe," though undoubtedly he goes further than they do. Still, we apprehend that a lay preacher may find himself a little embarrassed in a subject of this sort; and as we have already shown what a deep and sincere interest we feel in lay sermons, and have gained, perhaps, a title to a special hearing on the part of the lay preacher, so, to relieve him, at least partially, from the heavy burden, we venture to offer him the following plan of a new *Lay Sermon to be delivered at St. Martin's Hall on a day not yet appointed.*

The exordium might contain the following thoughts: "My friends, a sorrowful duty calls me to speak unto you. On January 7, 1866, a professor from this very place preached a sermon on the improvement of natural knowledge by unbelief, and maintained that to believe on good authority was a principle of barbarous or semi-barbarous people. . . . That professor, alas! was myself. . . . Well, it is my painful duty to tell you to-day that you have been humbugged. . . .

(Cheers from the audience.) Do not cheer; have pity on me, my dear brethren. I have sinned against myself, against you, and against mankind. This is the distressing truth of which I am now ready to make the demonstration."

The confirmation would have three parts. In the first he might say: "I have sinned *against myself* in two ways: First, because I uttered assertions calculated to show that I am more credulous than those whom I reprehend. Now, if men are condemned by me on the ground that they believe 'on *good* authority,' what will be the sentence reserved for me, who believe on bad authority and on no authority? Secondly, because I put myself in an awkward position as a scientific man. The distance of the earth from the sun I hitherto admitted on authority; the specific weight of most bodies on authority; the discovery of certain geologic curiosities on authority; the ratio of the circumference to the diameter on authority, etc., etc. Verification would have taken too many years of work; and this seemed to me a good excuse for assuming that there was no harm in believing. But now, as I have declared 'scepticism to be the highest of duties,' to be consistent, I shall be obliged to appeal without intermission to experiment and observation, and even to calculation; 'for the man of science has learned to believe in justification not by faith, but by verification' And so good-by to my lay sermons! It will be quite impossible for me, while calculating anew the basis of the Napierian logarithms or the circumference of the circle, or while testing Faraday's discoveries by actual experiments, or travelling to verify the assertions of geological writers, to dream of popular eloquence."

After developing these or similar thoughts, he would pass to the second part and say: "I have sinned *against you;* for the principal aim of my sermon was *to make you believe* what I was then saying. How is it possible, dear friends, that I should have taken pleasure in thus treating you as barbarians or semi-barbarians? Civilized men, according to the theory which I then advanced, 'refuse to acknowledge authority as such.' 'Scepticism,' according to the same theory, 'is the highest of duties,' and 'blind faith an unpardonable sin.' Such was my doctrine on January 7. Yet this very sin, this unpardonable sin, I suggested to you on that same day, and you committed it! In fact, you have *believed* me. . . . Now, for this no one is more responsible than myself. I have been your tempter; I did my best to extort your belief; I caused you to believe on my authority, to believe as barbarians believe! I plead guilty. Still, as you are so kind, I hope that you will excuse me. I admitted, after all, that 'there are many excellent persons who yet hold the principle that merit attaches to a readiness to believe,' and therefore both you and myself, in spite of all that you have believed, may be excellent persons. Another very good reason in my favor is that the subject of that sermon was 'the advisableness of improving natural knowledge'; now, our common fault is a very good demonstration of such an advisableness. I might add a third reason. I told you, and I trust that you have not forgotten it, that 'we are still children.' Now, children, when they err, deserve indulgence, etc., etc."

In the third part he would say

something like the following: "I have sinned *against mankind;* for my sermon was calculated to create the impression that those who believe 'when *good* authority has pronounced what is to be believed' are all barbarians or semi-barbarians. This, I must be allowed to say, was a very great mistake, and perhaps an 'unpardonable sin.' The London plague is believed 'on *good* authority,' by all Englishmen at least, and yet—let me frankly say it—Englishmen are not all barbarians. All civilized nations believe that there has been a king called Alexander the Great, a mathematician called Archimedes, a woman called Cleopatra, an emperor called Caligula, and they believe it only 'on *good* authority'; and how could this be, if belief were the lot of barbarous or semi-barbarous people? What I say of profane history must be said of the Biblical also, and even of the ecclesiastical. No doubt, dear brethren, there has been a man called Moses, who was a great legislator and prophet; there has been a man called Solomon, who was wiser than you and myself; there has been a man called JESUS, who wrought miracles in the very eyes of obstinate unbelievers, and rose from death (a thing which we, men of progress, have not yet learned to do), thereby showing that he was no mere man, but man and God. To say that this God is 'unknown' or 'unknowable' is therefore one of the greatest historical blunders. Men have known him, have loved him, and have obeyed him. Those who have believed in him became models of sanctity, of charity, and of generosity; millions among them were ready to die, and really died, for his honor, and many of them were the greatest and most cultivated minds that have enlightened the world. We scientific infidels, as compared with them, 'are still children.' Our Newton believed, Galileo believed, Leibnitz believed, Volta believed, Galvani believed, Ampère believed, Cauchy believed, Faraday believed. These were men; these have created modern science. But what are we unbelievers? What have we done? Where are our creations?—creations, I say, not merely of modern time, but of unbelievers? 'We are children'—I am glad to repeat it. We have invented nothing. We, in our capacity of unbelievers, are only parasitic plants which suck the sap of a gigantic tree—Christianity—and live upon it, and yet we have been so ill-advised as to call ourselves 'improvers of natural knowledge,' and, worse still, we have attached the name of barbarians to 'excellent persons,' even though we are no better than they, etc., etc."

In the *peroration* he might say: "And now we come to our conclusion. The conclusion evidently is that true barbarians are not those who believe 'on *good* authority,' but those who endeavor to 'still spiritual cravings' with purely material objects. No, dear brethren, spiritual cravings cannot be stilled by knowledge of material things alone. Spiritual cravings imply the existence of a spiritual soul: and a spiritual being cannot be satisfied with the knowledge of matter alone, etc., etc. As for the idea of drawing 'a new morality' from the improved natural knowledge, I need scarcely tell you that it was only a joke. You know too well that morality transcends the physical laws, and cannot come out of matter; and you know also that a 'new' morality is as impossible as a new God, etc." And here the orator

might give way to the fulness of his feelings, according to the penitent disposition of the moment.

Hitherto we have addressed ourselves to the lay preacher exclusively; we will now address a word to the man. We trust that Professor Huxley will not feel offended at our remarks and suggestions. It is true that unbelievers, whilst ready, and even accustomed, to attack all mankind, are often very sensitive when they themselves are either unmasked or criticised. But we feel persuaded that Professor Huxley will not be angry with us. Our reason is, first, that we might have smiled in secret at the lay sermon on the advisableness of *improving* natural knowledge by unbelief; and if we did it the honor of a lengthy refutation, we have given the orator a greater importance than he himself would have expected. On the other hand, we have been attacked; and, accordingly, we would have been cowards had we been afraid of answering. Moreover, we have treated him not only fairly, but with great indulgence. What we have said is only a small part of what we might have said. We made no remark on his proposition that "whether these ideas (which alone can still spiritual cravings) are well or ill founded, is not the question" (p. 636); and yet this assertion on account of its neutrality between truth and error, would have supplied abundant matter for criticism; but we abstained. We could have animadverted on the very phrase "natural knowledge," which he takes as meaning the knowledge of physical laws, and yet it is presented by him as comprehensive of all possible knowledge; whereas it is evident that natural knowledge extends far beyond physical things. We might have objected to the captious expression "*blind* faith," on account of the latent assumption that faith is not prompted by reasonable motives and has no reasonable grounds. We might have pointed out the recklessness of the proposition: "There is but one kind of knowledge and but one method of acquiring it"—a proposition which, considering the general spirit of the sermon, would mean that philosophy, theology, and religion are a heap of impostures. We might have dwelt on the assertion that "verities testified by portents and wonders" are not to be admitted on this ground by the votary of science; as if portents and wonders were not facts, or as if the votary of science were obliged by his profession to blind himself to the natural evidence of supernatural facts.

It appears, then, that we had copious materials for further criticism; but we have not found it necessary to dwell upon them. What we have said is, in our opinion, sufficient for the defence of those principles which every enlightened man most cherishes as the very foundations of human society. We have remained, therefore, within the limits of a fair and equitable reply; and if we have laughed at the ignorance of the unbeliever, we have respected as far as possible the person of the professor.

A CHRISTMAS LEGEND.

'Twas midnight, and the Christmas bells were chiming loud and clear;
Peal after peal glad tidings bore to Christians far and near.
Those throats of metal seemed to chant in solemn tones and slow:
En puer nobis natus est: laus Jesu Domino.
The night winds heard, and thereupon took up the holy song
First learned by them when angel hosts surprised the shepherd throng.
The very river caught the strain, and whispered as it ran:
"Glory to God in heaven above; on earth be peace to man."
The ocean from the river took the tidings glad and good;
Like monks white-cowled its crested waves in mighty chorus stood;
Then, hastening on with joyous shout, cried loud from shore to shore:
The Christ is born: let all the world its King and God adore.
Floating flakes of fleecy snow fell fast o'er frozen earth,
Just as they fell that winter night that saw the Saviour's birth;
Through painted casements all ablaze with saintly forms and fair
Streamed light that tinged the drifted snow with color here and there;
The mighty organ loudly pealed and mingled in accord
With holy voices chanting high the anthems of their Lord:
"*Venite Adoremus*" sang the choristers that night
Within the old cathedral church, which shone with many a light;
"*Et Verbum Caro factum est,*" thus sung the chant again,
While clouds of fragrant incense rose and floated through the fane.
Many a frocked and cowléd monk and many a hooded friar,
Many a knight of high degree and many a faithful squire,
Many a youth and many a maid and many a lady fair,
Knelt side by side, and, kneeling, prayed upon the pavement bare.
But, lo! beside a pillar's base where scarce the taper's ray
Could light the gloom that hung around or pierce the shadows gray;
There knelt a son of Israel's creed, whose dark and swarthy face,
Black raven hair, and liquid eyes bespoke his Jewish race.
What did he there, that Hebrew boy, that scion of the East?
Why knelt he there 'mid Christian souls to keep a Christian feast?
Why were his eyes devoutly fixed upon an image fair?
Why prayed that unbaptizéd child, why sang, why knelt he there?

. . . . . .

Of wealthy Jewish parents born, young David oft had heard
The boys of that old city tell of Jesus Christ the Word,
Who, of a Jewish Virgin born, came down on earth to dwell,
To save mankind from sin and death; and oft had heard as well
How Mary, God's dear Mother, loved all Christians great and small,
And how she never failed to hear a contrite sinner's call.
So he, too, learned to love her well, and each and every day
That Jewish lad would clasp his hands and most devoutly say
"O Mary of the Christians, who wast born of Israel's race!
Take pity on a Hebrew boy who longs to see thy face."

Thus day by day and month by month young David ever cried,
And more to learn of Christian truth with fondest ardor sighed.
On Christmas Eve he heard the bells ring sweetly from the spire,
And of one Mark, a chorister, did earnestly inquire:
"Dear Mark, why chime thy church's bells so joyously to-night,
While all the painted windows shine with such unwonted light?"
"O David!" quick his friend rejoined, "the bells are ringing clear
In greeting to the holiest feast throughout the Christian year;
For on this night, long years agone, was born our Blessed Lord,
By Mary in a manger laid, by angel hosts adored.
But see, dear friend, I cannot now to speak with you delay;
For swiftly to the sacristy I needs must haste away.
I am a chorister, you know," he said with honest pride;
Then added, as he turned to leave his young companion's side:
"My voice to-night in holy song to faithful souls shall tell
How Jesus Christ, the Son of God, came down on earth to dwell.
Good-night, good-night," at last he said, and then away he ran.
Poor David's eyes were filled with tears, his cheeks were pale and wan;
But as he listened to the chimes that quivered on the air,
From out his inmost heart the boy sent up his simple prayer:
"O Mary of the Christians, who wast born of Israel's race!
Take pity on a Hebrew boy who longs to see thy face."
While thus he prayed he turned his steps towards the sacred fane,
Nor paused until he gained the porch, where such a wondrous strain
Of holy music greeted him that, trembling, half with fear
And half with joy, he hid himself, and there saw passing near
A noble rank of men and boys in wonderful array,
With flambeaux in their hands which made the church as light as day.
First came a fair-haired Christian boy, of figure tall and slight,
A smoking censer in his hand, and clad in robe of white.
Then came two acolytes, who bore two candlesticks of gold,
With tapers tall of perfumed wax of costliness untold.
A young subdeacon slowly marched these acolytes between;
A massive silver cross he bore aloft with reverent mien.
Then, two and two, came choristers in linen fair and white;
The younger first, in order due, each holding to the light
His psalter, silver-clasped, and all in vellum richly bound.
Here David gazed intently, and, so gazing, quickly found
His little friend, the chorister, who walked with steady pace,
Whose silvery voice in ringing tones filled all the holy place.
The bishop then with lordly train walked last of all the band,
A golden mitre on his head, a crosier in his hand.
His vestments 'broidered were with pearls, and rays of green and red
From emeralds fair and rubies bright on every side were shed.
When all had passed, poor David crept from out his hiding-place,
And slowly followed up the throng with soft and stealthy pace.
Then, fearing lest his Jewish dress might some attention draw,
He sank down at the pillar's base where first his form we saw.
Then, as the holy service rose to God, and voice of prayer,
And hymns and canticles of praise filled all the listening air,

The Hebrew lad fell prone upon his face, and there adored,
Whilst once again to Mary he the oft-said prayer outpoured:
"O Mary of the Christians, who wast born of Israel's race!
Take pity on a Hebrew boy who longs to see thy face."
"Thou seest it!" cried at David's side a clear and heavenly voice,
Whose very tones, though soft and low, made David's heart rejoice.
He raised his face, and forthwith saw a vision standing nigh,
Around whose head there brightly shone the glory of the sky.
'Twas Mary's self, and thus she spoke in accents sweet and mild:
"Fear not. Arise and come with me, my well-belovéd child."
The lad arose; Our Lady dear then grasped his trembling hand,
And led him to the chancel gates unseen by all the band.
Just as they stood beneath the Rood loud rang the sacring-bell,
Which did to all the holy time of Consecration tell.
This when she heard, our Mother knelt upon the marble floor;
For Mary's Son is Mary's God and Lord for evermore.
She then arose and stood unseen till Holy Mass was o'er,
Then forward stepped, and, with the lad, the prelate stood before.
"Behold," she said, and as she spoke the church was filled with light,
And all fell down upon their knees in wonder at the sight.
"Behold, I bring you here a soul who, though he knew me not,
Has ever called upon my name, and aye bewailed his lot
Because he knew not as he wished the true, the Christian creed:
I bring him that he may become an Israelite indeed."
She spoke, and bright the radiance gleamed around her saintly head,
And odors most celestial were throughout the building shed.
Then, as the whole assembly gazed on all with mute surprise,
She vanished in a silver cloud from 'fore their wondering eyes.
The holy bishop first found voice, and thus devoutly said:
"Mother of God, thy blest command shall be at once obeyed.
Divine behests brook no delay; so here, before the night
Doth older grow, let me bestow the laver's saving rite."
The water brought, redemption's stream o'er David flowed that hour,
And sparkled on his forehead white like dewdrops on a flower.
"*Te Deum laudamus*" chanted then the choristers with joy,
And rushed to give a kiss of peace unto the happy boy.
But what is this? He does not stir nor lift his bended head!
David, his white robe yet unstained, was kneeling calm and dead.
On that *Te Deum's* outstretched wings his soul had upward soared
To keep in heaven its Christmas morn with Mary and his Lord.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

A HISTORICAL ROMANCE

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE PRINCESSE DE CRAON.

XVII.

When the great city lay buried in that obscurity which the mantle of night had thrown over all, and while she seemed to sleep, resting on her bed of earth, by the banks of the river that flowed for ever with a measured sound—when she seemed to sleep at last, although neither the scholar, nor the afflicted, nor the criminal whom she enclosed in her bosom could have extinguished in the depths of their being the fire of intelligence which consumed them—there was to be seen a silent and fugitive figure gliding along by the walls of the Tower, upon which a noble and slender form was reflected. The light footfall made no sound, the sighs of her heart were stifled, and the folds of her veil hung motionless. She seated herself on the stone threshold of the awful gate, and for a long time wept in silence.

"Naught!" she said. "Not a sound to be heard. These walls are like the hearts of the judges. Children weep," she said again. "What are tears but weakness and water? Not a gleam! It seems they have here neither fire nor life. What is this that consumes my heart? Weep, women! weep in your silken robes, under your downy coverings! As for me, it is the night wind dries my tears, and the damp earth drinks them up! When wilt thou cease to weep, and when will the heart of Margaret feel revived? . . But why be astonished to feel it tremble? Has it not been broken like a precious vase which can never more be mended?

"'Come, Margaret, white Margaret!' they used to say when you trod on the grass of the fields, Come, death, or yet a moment of life."

And the young girl, standing on tiptoe, with strong arm and powerful effort, raised the heavy bronze griffin, which fell resounding upon the brass of the doors, and then she started, for at times she was a woman.

But there was no response; and when the sound of the iron had ceased to vibrate, and, it seemed to her, had exhausted itself in the air, nothing was heard but the monotonous dashing of the waves which came to die at the foot of the wall; and nothing more disturbed the silence of the night.

"Deaf as the pity in their souls!" she said after some moments.

And this time she knocked without flinching; for already Margaret had recovered from her fears. But a long and mournful silence continued to reign.

Whilst she was trying so ineffectually to reach her father, Sir Thomas re-entered the Tower, exhausted by fatigue. He had been confined in a still more gloomy and narrow cell. A miserable lamp, high placed, dimly lighted the obscurity. He was seated in a corner, and, alone at least, he went over in his mind the agonies he had en-

dured in that fatal journey. "Where is my daughter now?" he said to himself. "Alas! I saw her but an instant going out from before the judges. She will have seen that axe turned toward me. She will have said to herself there is no more hope; that I was branded with the seal of the condemned; that what she had heard was indeed true. If only she had returned to Chelsea! For they will not permit me to linger: Cromwell's eyes gleamed with a ferocious light. Yet what have I done to this man to make him hate me so intensely? My God, permit me not to be betrayed into an emotion of hatred against" (Sir Thomas hesitated)—"against my brother," he continued with courage; "for, after all, he is a man like myself, formed in the same mould, animated by the same intelligence; and it is better to be persecuted than to be the persecutor. Pardon him, then, O my God! Let your mercy be extended toward him, surround him on all sides, and never remember against him the evil he has wrought on me."

While reflecting thus Sir Thomas suddenly heard a slight noise. He paused, and, seized with inexpressible anxiety, listened almost without breathing.

"It was in such manner he walked! It is he! It is Rochester!" he cried. "But no, I am mistaken; that cannot be," he said, casting his eyes around him. "They have changed my cell; alas! I could not hear him even should he be there. It is an error of my troubled imagination."

But the noise increased, and Sir Thomas soon heard them opening the doors which led to his cell. Some one was approaching.

"Again!" he said. "They will not, then, allow me a moment of repose." And he saw Sir Thomas Pope coming in, bearing a roll of paper in his right hand.

Pope approached More and presented the paper.

Sir Thomas calmly took it from his hands, and, looking at Pope, said: "What! Master Pope, the king has already signed the death-warrant?" Glancing over the paper, he saw that his execution was set down for the next morning at nine o'clock.

"The king, in his ineffable clemency," said Pope with an air of constraint, "commutes your punishment to that of decapitation."

"I am much beholden to his majesty," said Sir Thomas. "Still, good Master Pope, I hope that my children and my friends may never have need of any such favor."

More smiled at first; then he regarded Pope with an expression of indefinable melancholy, and was silent.

"It is true—it is too true," stammered Pope, "that this is not a great favor. But permit me, Sir Thomas, to avow to you that your conduct appears to me so strangely obstinate that I cannot explain it, and that you yourself seem to have had the wish to irritate the king against you to the last degree. Thus, you abandon your family, you leave your home, you lose your head, and all rather than take an oath to which our bishops have readily consented."

"Yes, consented, and not wished to take," replied Sir Thomas, "partly through fear, partly through surprise. They have taken it, you say; but I fear that they may be already repenting it. Good Master Pope, if you live you will surely see many strange events taking place in our unhappy country. In separating herself, in spite of the law of God,

from the Church of Rome, you will see England change her face; intestine wars will rend her; the blood of her children will flow in every direction for centuries, perchance. Who can foretell whither the path of error will lead us when once we have taken the first step? Doubtless we are still Christians; but Christians who, separated from the mother that gave them birth, will soon have lost the revivifying spirit they have received from her. The Catholic faith, I know, cannot perish from the earth; but it can depart from one country into another. If, in three hundred years from now, we were permitted to return, you and I, to this world, we should find the faith, as to-day, pure from all error, one, and resting upon the indivisible truth, yet submitting to that supreme Head, to this key of St. Peter, which indeed some mortal men shall have carried a moment in their hands, and which is so violently attacked to-day. But my country, this land that I love—for it holds the ashes of my father—what is it destined to undergo? The incoherence and diversity of human opinions; the violence, the absurdities of the passions which shall have dictated them. Divided into a thousand sects, a thousand clashing opinions, you will not find a single family, perhaps, where they are united in one common faith, in the same hope and the same charity! And this divine Word, the Sacred Scriptures, which we have received from our fathers, abandoned to the ignorance and the pride of a pretended liberty, will have, perhaps, become only the source of horrible crimes and frightful cruelties, in place of being the foundation of all good and of every virtue!"

"Verily, Sir Thomas," said Pope, "you frighten me! How can it hap that the ruin and disasters you have described should be in store for us? No, no, I do not believe it; because it is then you would see us all bound up around the centre of unity which they think to destroy to-day by a word!—expressions of a spiritual power which the prince may not, in fact, exercise."

"He may not, as you say," replied Sir Thomas; "but he will exercise it nevertheless, and at least I shall not have to reproach myself with having contributed to it. Oh! no," he continued, "no; and I am happy to shed my blood in testimony of this truth. For listen, Master Pope: I have not sacrificed twenty years of my life in the service of the state without having studied what were her true interests, and consequently those of society, which is at the same time her foundation and support; and I declare to you that I have recognized and am thoroughly convinced that the Catholic religion, the realization of the figurative and prophetic law given to the Jews, the development and complete perfection of the natural law, can alone be the foundation of a prosperous and happy society, because it alone possesses the highest degree of morals possible to attain; it alone bears fruit in the heart; it alone can restrain, and is able even to destroy, that selfishness, natural to man, which leads him to sacrifice everything to his desires and gratifications—a selfishness which, abandoned to itself and carried to its greatest length, renders all social order impossible, and transforms men into a crowd of enraged enemies bent on mutual destruction.

"All that tends to disrupt, then, all that would alter or attack, this excellent religion, is a mortal blow

aimed at the country and its citizens, and necessarily tends to deprive them of that which ensures their dignity, their safety, their happiness, their hopes, and their future. Look around you at the universe, and behold on its surface the people of those unhappy countries where the light of the Catholic faith has been extinguished or has not yet been kindled. Study their governments, and behold in them the most monstrous despotisms, where blood flows like water, and the life of man is considered of less value than that of the frivolous animal which amuses him. Read the cruel laws their ferocity has dictated; learn the still more crying acts of injustice they commit, and how they pursue, as with a tearing lash, those whose weakness and stupidity have delivered them up as slaves; tremble at the recital of the tortures and barbarities they inflict before death, to which they condemn their victims without appeal as without investigation; behold the arts, spiritual affection, sublime poesy, perish there; ignorance, instability, misery, and terror succeed them, and reign without interruption and without restraint. Ah! these noble ideas of right, of justice, of order and humanity, which govern us, and ensure among us the triumph of the incredulous and proud philosopher, which makes him say and think that they alone are sufficient for society—he perceives not, blind as he is, that these are prizes in the hand of religion, who extends them to him, and that, if he speaks like her, she speaks still better than he. I do not say—no, I do not say—that we will fall as low as the Turk, the Indian, or the American savage. So long as one glimmer of the Gospel, one souvenir of its maxims, shall remain standing in the midst of us, we will not lose all that we have received since our ancestors came out of the forests where they wandered, subsisting on the flesh of wild animals; but we will begin to recede from the truth, we will cover it with clouds; they will become darker and darker, and soon, if we still go on, it will be no longer with a firm and resolute step, but rather like gloomy travellers wandering in a vast desert without a breath of air or a drop of water."

Pope listened to Sir Thomas without daring to interrupt him, and felt his heart touched by what he said. For this admirable man possessed the faculty of attracting all who saw him immediately toward him; and when they heard him speak, the strength, the justness of his thoughts and his arguments penetrated little by little into their minds, until, almost without perceiving it, they found themselves entirely changed, and astonished to feel that they were of the same opinion as himself.

Pope leaned against a stool which was there, and remained very thoughtful; for he had taken the oath himself, without dreaming that it could result in such serious consequences. Neither his convictions, however, nor his courage were such as would make him desire to give his life for the truth; but he could not refrain from admiring this devotion in the illustrious man before him. He looked at him without speaking, and seemed entirely confounded.

Mistaking the cause, and seeing him abstracted and silent, Sir Thomas supposed the conversation had wearied Pope; he therefore ceased speaking, and, taking up the death-warrant, he read it a second time. At the end his eyes filled with tears and his sight grew dim.

"It is, then, fixed for to-morrow!" he exclaimed—"to-morrow morning. One night only! Oh! how I wish they would permit me to write to Erasmus.* Pope," said he, "shall I not be permitted to see once more, for the last time, my dearly-beloved daughter? I fear that she may be still in the city. I would like her to be sent away—that Roper should take her. Ah! Master Pope, it is not the riches or honors of this world which are difficult to sacrifice, but the affections of the heart, of the soul that lives within us, which is entirely ourselves, without which the rest is nothing." And he again relapsed into silence.

"I do not think you will be able to see her," said Pope, replying to the question of Sir Thomas; "and—even—" he added with painful hesitation, "I am also charged to ask you not to make any remarks to the people on the scaffold. The king hath expressly so willed, and then he will permit your wife and children to assist at your interment."

"Ah!" replied Sir Thomas, "I thank his majesty for manifesting so much solicitude about my poor interment; but it matters little where these miserable bones be laid when I have abandoned them. God, who has made them out of nothing, will be able to find the ashes and recall them a second time into being when it shall please him to restore them to that indestructible life which he has so graciously vouchsafed to promise them."

"You wish to speak, then?" answered Pope. "Nevertheless, I believe it would be better not to anger the king more."

"No, no!" replied Sir Thomas, "my dear Master Pope, you are mistaken. Since the king desires it, I will not speak. Most certainly I intended doing so; but since he forbids it, I will forbear. If they refuse me permission to see my daughter," replied Sir Thomas, "I hope, at least, I may be able to see the Bishop of Rochester; since he has taken the oath, they will not fear."

"Taken the oath!" cried Pope. "Why, he has been executed; he died to-day!"

"He died to-day!" repeated Sir Thomas. "My friend died to-day! O Cromwell! May God, whose power is infinite, hear my voice, grant my requests: may the same dangers unite us, that, following close in thy footsteps, my last sigh may be breathed with thine!

And More, plunged in the deepest grief, slowly repeated the memorable words, the solemn words, which the holy bishop had pronounced in presence of the Lord and of his friend during the vigil of St. Thomas, when they were alone together in his home at Chelsea.

"Rochester would not take the oath, then!" continued More in a stifled voice, clasping his hands and elevating them toward heaven.

"Alas! no," replied Pope.

"Cromwell told me he had."

"He lied," answered Pope, and his eyes filled with tears.

"He would not swear?"

"Never!"

"Pope," said More, "I beg you to let me write to Erasmus. To-morrow I shall be no more! You are the last living man to whom I shall be able to speak."

"Ah! Sir Thomas," cried Pope

* The learned Erasmus was then at the height of his brilliant fame. After numerous visits to England, where he had formed an intimate friendship with Thomas More, he fixed his residence at Bâle, in Switzerland. Admired by all the princes of his time, by all his learned contemporaries and a crowd of illustrious men, he contributed by his powerful writings to restrain Germany from barbarism.

uneasily, "if that letter were seized, what would become of me?"

"Let me write a few words on this leaf," replied Sir Thomas, looking at a leaf of white paper belonging to the book which contained his condemnation—"a word on this leaf," he continued. "Pope, you can cut it off and send it later when there will be no danger for you. Nay, good Pope, grant me this favor," he added. "I have neither pen nor ink; but I have here a piece of charcoal, which I have already tried to sharpen."

"Ah! Sir Thomas," replied Pope, "I have not the heart to refuse you; however, I shall have cause, perhaps, to repent it."

"No! no!" cried Sir Thomas. "If you cannot send him this last farewell without being afraid, you can burn it."

"Write, then; I consent," said Pope; and he handed the death-warrant to Sir Thomas, who had returned it to him.

More seized it, and wrote the following words:

"Erasmus! O Erasmus! my friend, this is the last time I shall have the happiness of pronouncing your name. An entire life, O my friend! is passed; it has glided by in a moment. Behold one about to end like a day that is closed. I have loved you as long as I have had breath; as long as I have felt my heart throb in my bosom the name of Erasmus has reigned there. Alas! I have so many things to say to you. Though the words die on my lips, your heart alone will be able to comprehend mine. May it enter; may it hear in my soul all that More has wished to say to Erasmus!

"When you receive this page, I shall be no more; it is still attached to the writ which contains my sentence of death. Erasmus, I am going to leave Margaret. I abandon my children! Our friend Pierre Gilles is here. I saw him for a moment—the moment when they were pronouncing sentence on me. Without doubt, to-morrow morning, I shall see him at the foot of the scaffold. I shall be kept at a distance from him; I shall not be able to say a single word to him. My eyes will be directed toward him, my hand will be stretched out; but my heart will not be permitted to speak to him! O Erasmus! how I suffer. And Margaret—O my friend! if you had seen her, how pale she was, what anguish was painted on all her features. I could wish that she loved me less: she would not suffer so much in seeing me die. Erasmus, not one minute! Time is short; the hour approaches. Oh! when I could write those long letters so peaceably, when science alone and the good of humanity occupied us both; when I saw those letters despatched so quietly to go in search of you, and said to myself: 'In so many days I shall receive his reply!' . . . No more replies, Erasmus! If ever you come to England, you will ask in what corner they have thrown my ashes. Oh! what would become of me if I were not a Christian? What happiness to feel our faith rising up from the depths of wretchedness, to hear all our groans and lamentions, and to answer them! I die a Christian! I die for this faith so pure and beautiful! for that faith which is the happiness and glory of the human race. At this thought I feel myself reanimated; new strength inspires my heart; hope inundates my soul. I shall see you all again. Yes, one day—one day after a long absence—I shall clasp you once more to my bosom in the presence of God himself. I shall see again my daughter! We will find ourselves invested with our same bodies. 'I shall see my God,' said Job; 'for I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that I shall rise again at the last day; I will go out of this world into that which I am about to enter, and then I shall see my God. It will be I who shall see him, and not another.'

"Erasmus, to live for ever, to love for ever! Farewell.

"Your brother, your friend,

"THOMAS MORE."

The charcoal began to crumble in his hands. He was scarcely able to trace the last words. He pressed his lips on them and returned the book to Pope.

Meanwhile, Margaret, tired of

knocking, and losing all hope of reaching her father, was seated upon the stone step before the door of the prison, and, being wrapped in her veil, she remained motionless and mute, like a statue of stone whose head, bowed upon its garments, is the personification of sorrow and silence.

Thus she sat absorbed in thought, and the burning tears had bathed her hands and ran down on her knees, when the footstep of a man who was approaching from the quay aroused her from her reverie. Alarmed, she arose abruptly, and, placing her hand upon a long and sharp dagger she had attached to her side, she stood awaiting the intruder; but she recognized Roper.

"Margaret," he exclaimed, "what are you doing there?" And he spoke these few words to her in a melancholy tone of voice more expressive of pain than reproach; because he sought her, knowing well where he would find her.

"It is you, Roper," said the young girl, and she resumed her seat as before. William Roper then came and seated himself by her side; taking her cold and wet hand, he pressed it to his lips with an inexpressible oppression of heart. "O Margaret!" he said at last with a deep sigh, "why stay you here?"

"To see him again to-morrow—yes, to-morrow! But tell me, Roper, why I feel so weak; why my blood runs so cold in my veins; why I no longer have either strength or energy; why, in fact, I feel myself dying, without being able to cease to exist! O William! look at that dark river in front of us, and that black hill lifting its head beyond Well! when the sky begins to grow white on that side, that will be the light of to-morrow which will dawn; that will be the hour of the execution approaching; and then you will see the eager crowd come pressing around the boards of the scaffold, come to feast on the cruelty of the misfortune it applauds, to enjoy the death its stupidity has not ordered. You will see them decked out in their ribbons, while the bells of the city will ring for the feast—the great feast of St. Thomas; for that is to-morrow, and to-morrow they will come to see my father die. Then all that I love will be torn from me, and nothing more will remain to me on earth. Oh! how happy are the strong: they break or perish. Roper, speak to me of Rochester. I loved him also, that venerable man. No, do not speak of him. Hush! I know all; I have seen everything. They dragged him to the scaffold; he prayed for them while holding his feeble, attenuated neck upon the fatal block; and, detached from the earth, his soul continued in heaven the canticle it had commenced in this world."

"Alas! yes," said Roper. "They had to carry him to the scaffold on a chair, because he was no longer able to sustain himself."

"Ah! Roper," cried Margaret, "behold the fatal light! Here is the day!" And she fell, almost deprived of consciousness.

"No, Margaret, no; the hour strikes, but it strikes only the small hours of the night. It is not yet day, my beloved—it is not day!"

"Oh! how cold I am," said the young girl, shaking the veil which enveloped her, all humid with the dews of night. "Roper, is there no more hope, then? Do you believe it? Do you believe there is no more hope—that to-morrow I will see my father die?"

"Alas!" said Roper, "Pierre Gilles has gone to seek the queen and throw himself at her feet."

"Say not the queen!" cried Margaret. "Give not the name of queen to that woman!"

"At least, so they call her," said Roper. "She is all-powerful; if she would only ask his pardon! But they press her so much! But, no, she will not do it, Margaret; she is a hyena covered with a beautiful skin. She managed to procure the head of Rochester, and with her foul hand dealt it an infamous blow.* Ah! Margaret, I have done wrong in speaking to you thus." And Roper was silent, regretting the words that indignation had forced him to utter.

"She struck it!" cried Margaret. "She recoiled not before those white locks dripping with the blood her crimes caused to flow! William, I shudder at it! Oh! can you believe it? The only time that I have seen my father he spoke to me of her with tears in his eyes; he said that he prayed God to raise her soul from out the miserable depths into which she had fallen. Roper, look!—there is day!"

"No, Margaret, no!"

"But it will come! Ah! how the hours fly, and yet I would be willing . . . No! no! nothing. William, I feel as though I were dying! Yet I would wish to see him again—again once more!"

Roper took the hand of his affianced. It was burning; the irregular and rapid throbbing of her veins betokened the agony that her soul endured.

"Well," she continued after a moment's silence, "speak, then—speak to me of Rochester; tell me how the saints die."

"Margaret, I can talk no more; I feel so crushed by the excess of these afflictions that I have not even dared to glance at them."

"Yes, you were deaf and blind; you always will be, and for a long time I have been telling you so. It is a long time, also, since I saw all, since I felt this horrible hour coming on, since I measured the weakness of my hands and curbed the strength of my mind. It is long since I knew that I must remain alone in this world; for this life will not depart from my breast, and without crime I cannot tear it away! I must live, and live deprived of everything. Do you see this weapon, Roper?" And Margaret drew the poignard, the blade of which flashed. "Were I not the daughter of More; feared I not the Lord; if his law, like a seal of brass, had not engraven his commandments on my lips and in my heart, you should see if I would not deliver my father—if Cromwell, if Henry, struck down suddenly by the arm and the hatred of a woman, would not have already, while rolling in the dust and pronouncing my name, cried to the universe that cursed was the day when they had resolved to assassinate my father! In giving my life I became mistress of theirs! Ah! where would they be to-day—this brave king, this powerful favorite? A little infected dust, from which the drunken grave-digger would instinctively turn away! But, William, raise your eyes; look at those numberless stars that gleam so brightly above our heads! The word of Him who has suspended them thus in the immensity of the heavens humbles my spirit, enchains my will. He ordains, I am silent;

* This fact is related by an English historian, who has written the life of the Bishop of Rochester. The same author adds that Anne Boleyn, in giving the blow, cut her finger against one of the teeth which the axe had broken; that there came a sore on the finger; that they had the greatest difficulty in getting it healed, and she carried the scar until her death.

he speaks, I obey. Impotent by his prohibition alone, I can die, but not resist him."

And Margaret, pressing her lips upon the blade of the threatening weapon, cried: "Yes, I love thee because thou art able to defend or avenge me; and if thy tempered blade remains useless in my hands, say that it is God himself who has ordered it. Let them render thanks, then, to that God whom they provoke and despise; let them return thanks to him; for neither their guards nor their pride, their crimes nor their gold, could have prevented Margaret from sweeping them from the earth which they pollute, and breaking their audacious power like a wisp of straw that is given to the winds!"

She turned toward Roper, transported by courage and grief. But she saw that he was not listening, and that, entirely crushed by the misery he experienced, he had not sufficient energy in his soul to try to resist it.

"He is already resigned!" she said. An expression of scorn and disgust contracted the features of the young girl; she abruptly withdrew the hand he held in his own; moving away from him, she went and seated herself farther off, and, remaining with her eyes fixed upon the east, awaited the moment of harrowing joy which, while restoring her father to her, would tear him away from her for ever.

As the hours slowly tolled, each one awaking a dolorous echo in her heart--when at last she saw the first rays of morning stealing over the heavens, and the rosy tint which precedes the flame of Aurora—she turned again toward Roper; but, happy mortal! his heavy eyelids had lulled his afflicted soul to sleep. As a reaper reposes sweetly in a field covered with rich grain, so Roper slept peacefully with his head resting against the walls of a prison.

Margaret arose instantly, and, seized with indignation, she advanced toward him, and, with her hands clasped, stood regarding him. "He sleeps!" she said—"he sleeps! Truly, man is a noble being, full of courage, of energy, of impassibility, of strength of mind. It is thus that they accomplish such great things! Dear Roper, you belong to this mass of men which crowds us in on every side, absorbing and devouring our lives! You are their brother. their friend; like them, during the day, you love that which laughs, that which sings, and you sleep during the night. Well! I will laugh with you, with them. Are you worthy of beholding me weep? No; my father alone shall have my last tears, and carry with him the secret of my soul."

And Margaret, seizing the hand of Roper, shook it violently. He awoke, startled.

"It is day!" he said. "Ah! it is day! Margaret—eh! you are weeping."

"No, I am not weeping," replied the young girl. "I have slept also, slept very well—and I am comforted!"

"Comforted! What do you mean? Has Pierre Gilles obtained his pardon? Have they granted his freedom?"

"Yes, they have granted his freedom—from life. In a word, they will shorten it, they will drag him from the midst of you. Is that a misfortune or a benefit, an injury or a favor? This is what I cannot decide. But as for me, I remain here!"

"Margaret," cried Roper, "what is wrong with you?" And he gazed at her, astonished at the cutting

irony and the bitter despair expressed in the tone of her voice and imprinted on her features. "I no longer recognize you."

"Yes, I am changed, Roper. Henceforth you shall be my only model. Who is that young woman dressed in gauze, crowned with flowers, whom the light and rapid dance carries far from the banquet and the cups filled with fragrant cordials—who casts far away from her the memory of her father, and has forgotten the grave of her mother? That is the wife of William, Margaret Roper. No, I do not want that name. Go, keep it; give it to some one who resembles yourself, to whom you may bear presents, and who, on hearing you say it, will believe that one can be happy—yes, will believe that it is possible to be happy!"

"Margaret," said Roper, more and more surprised, "I cannot comprehend what you would say."

"Nor do I any more," replied the young girl, wiping her forehead; for she was warm. "But do you understand at least, Roper, that the city is awake, that they are preparing the scaffold down below, that the soldiers are astir within, that I hear the clanking of their arms, that we are very soon going to see my father pass? Tell me, Roper, how do you contrive to become so unfeeling, to love nothing, to regret nothing? Have you a secret for this? Give it to me—give me that which makes one neither feel nor speak; that one can sleep beside the axe and the prison, when within the prison lies a father whom they are about to immolate!"

And she fixed her piercing eyes on him.

"Ah! Margaret. Yes, I have slept, I have done wrong; but fatigue overcame me. It seemed to me I saw him; I dreamed that I had rescued him."

"Yes, your dreams are always happy; but look, Roper, here is the reality."

Margaret withdrew to one side under the walls of the Tower; for the door of the fortress was opened, and they saw a troop of soldiers, fully armed, preparing to march out.

"Tower Hill!" cried their commander; and they filed out in great numbers. Others succeeded them; they arranged themselves in two columns, which extended from the gate of the Tower to the place of execution, still dyed with the blood of Rochester.

Meanwhile, the rumor spread abroad rapidly that they had sent for the two sheriffs; that Sir Thomas More, former lord chancellor, was going to be executed; and from all directions crowds of people rushed precipitately—some remembering the lofty position the condemned had occupied; the greater number, without thinking of anything (coming to see the criminal as they would come to see any other), impelled by instinct, habit, or want of occupation, arrived without aim, as without reflection.

Who can paint the anguish of Margaret when she felt herself surrounded, jostled, elbowed, by this turbulent throng, crowding and shouting, which pushed her up against the prison walls, threatening to carry her forcibly from the inch of ground which she had held all night; and more still by this ignoble mob of malefactors, vagabonds, of adventurers of all kinds, who came in those days of murder to learn in the public square what their own end would be, and to behold the funeral couch society had destined for them on the day they should fail in audacity or skill

Who can describe, express, or feel the shame that overwhelmed her soul in spite of her reason, and suffused her pure brow with the blush of ignominy, when she heard them pronounce the name of her father, howling and clapping their hands because the criminal was slow in appearing and the tragedy they awaited did not begin? Her weary eyes sought Pierre Gilles in this tumult, and he was not there. He, at least, would have understood Margaret. She was unable to explain his absence; he had no more hope—unless the queen had detained him. But he must know that the execution was near, that the hour had arrived. And if he had obtained it, and should this pardon arrive too late! A thousand times Margaret, rendered desperate, was on the point of addressing the fickle crowd surrounding her. She wanted to say to them: "I am his daughter! Oh! save my father. He who sacrificed his life, his comforts, his happiness, to govern you wisely, to render you full justice, to reconcile your families, is going to perish unjustly!" But her anxious gaze fell only on faces coarse, stupid, indolent, impassible, or vicious. Then she felt the words die on her lips, while courage and hope expired in her heart.

The hours glide away in these mortal agonies; for they pass as rapidly in the excess of sorrow as during the intoxicating seasons of joy and happiness. Presently Margaret heard a confused noise arise. The masses moved; the soldiers drew up closer, brandishing their arms—they were afraid of being overwhelmed. The crowds climbed on everything they could find: the quay, the carts, carriages, steps—they took possession of all, made ladders of everything. Margaret is drawn into this frightful whirlpool; she struggles in vain, trying to make room and to stand firm. A loud clamor arose, re-echoed, increased, was reproduced in the distance. "He comes! he comes!" they cried on all sides. "How pale he is! That is he! that is Sir Thomas More, the old lord chancellor! Oh! how poor he looks. He walks with difficulty; he leans on a stick; he has a cross of red wood in his hand; he bows on each side of him. There are the sheriffs walking behind him. There is a tall black man who follows them. Do you see the lieutenant of the Tower? He is there also. Hush! he makes a sign with his hand. He smiles! How fast they carry him along! One has not time to see him. Are they afraid, then, that we will take him away by force? Eh! no person thinks of that. He has done something very bad, they say. We believed him so good! Ah! here is somebody stopping him. Look! look! He speaks! he speaks! Yes, he speaks!" For Margaret, reduced to despair, animated by a superhuman strength, has broken through the ranks, passed through the guards. She throws herself on the neck of More; she sees him, she embraces him, she clasps him to her throbbing, palpitating bosom.

"My daughter! my daughter!" said More, pressing her to his heart; "oh! what anguish to see you here."

And his cheeks, pale and furrowed by suffering, were wet with tears that brought no relief to his soul.

At this spectacle the guards themselves were moved. "That is his daughter, his poor daughter!" they exclaimed on all sides; and by a unanimous movement of respect and compassion they stepped aside,

forming a circle around him, while the tears flowed from all eyes.

"How beautiful she is!" said the men. "How young she is!" exclaimed the women.

"My father! my beloved father!" cried Margaret, shuddering, "beg of God that I may not survive you; that I also may soon leave this world when you abandon it! O my father! bless me again, and swear to me that you will ask God to let me die also."

She threw herself on her knees without letting go his hands, which she bathed with a torrent of tears and pressed against her face as though without power to release them.

"Dearly beloved daughter!" said More, resting his hand upon her long, dishevelled locks, "oh! yes, may the Lord bless you as I love and bless you myself. You have been a sacred charge, a treasure of joy and happiness which he has given me; I return it to him! He is your first Father—he will never abandon you; and one day—a day not far distant, for the life of man is but a breath that passes in a moment—we shall be reunited, to be no more separated, in a blessed eternity! Margaret, since I have had the happiness of seeing you before I die, take my blessing to your brothers and your sisters; tell them, and also all my good friends, to pray the Lord for me! You know them? O Margaret! let Pierre Gilles learn from you how much I have loved him; how deeply I am touched, and grateful for this voyage he made, I doubt not for me alone. Alas! if I feel a regret in dying, it is because of not being able to tell him this myself. Why is he not with you? But I perceive Roper, my beloved daughter; give him also a thousand blessings. You know that I have regarded him for a long time as my son; love him as you have loved myself, and let your tears flow not without consolation, because, since it pleases God to permit me to die to-day, I am perfectly resigned to his will, and I would wish nothing changed." And Sir Thomas, bending over her, clasped her closely to his heart.

"Let me follow you!" she gasped in a low voice; for she was no longer able to speak.

"Margaret, you give me pain."

"I would follow you," she said in still more stifled tones.

"Ah! Kingston," exclaimed More (and the perspiration poured from his forehead), "my good friend, assist me in placing her in the hands of her husband."

"I will do it," cried a bellowing voice well known to Sir Thomas.

"Master Roper, come and take your wife away." And they saw the hideous face of Cromwell pass, who surveyed those who accompanied the condemned.

In the meantime William Roper had succeeded in pushing his way through the crowd; he took the hand of More, and kissed it, weeping.

"Take her, my son," said More, entirely occupied with Margaret. "I confide her to you, I give her to you; be her support, her friend, her defender!" And he turned to resume his march.

Margaret, observing this movement, again endeavored to rush toward him; but the crowd hurried on, the guards closed around, and she found herself separated from her father.

He cast upon her a last look, which he carried to the skies. She uttered a piercing cry; but already he had moved on and far away.

She rushed forward, endeavor-

ing again to break through the crowd; but curiosity had made them form like a rampart, growing every instant around her.

She heard the commands of the military authorities; already she could not see beyond the group that surrounded her; then she almost lost the use of reason. "Save my father! save him!" she cried, extending her suppliant hands toward those who environed her, whose sympathies were diversely excited according to their different characters.

"Why have they brought this young woman to this place?" said the good ones. "His daughter, his poor daughter!" murmured the more compassionate. "She looks like a lunatic!" replied the others. "She will die from this; it will kill her. It is most cruel! If the king had only granted his pardon! He might have done it."

"Yes, pardon, pardon!" repeated Margaret, frenzied and wandering. "They have granted his pardon, I assure you. Pierre Gilles has been to Hampton Court to find that woman. Roper, is it not so? Roper, I am dying; take me away." And she grew pale and seemed ready to faint. Three or four hands were immediately advanced to sustain her; but Roper would not suffer them to touch her, and, raising her in his arms, he asked them to make way for him to lead her out of the crowd and from the place. The crowd opened with respect, and he assisted Margaret to the same place where she had passed the night awaiting, with her eyes fixed on the horizon, the terrible day which was to remove her for ever from her father.

"It is daylight, daylight," said Margaret. "Yonder, Roper! And when night comes on, he will be already cold in death! O Roper! all this in one day. William, give him back to me! What have they done with him? Oh! no, he will not die. He is going to the king!"

She kept her eyes fast closed, and poor Roper regarded her with anxiety.

"They have forced him away! You know the place where the soldiers have taken him. I have seen it—I have seen everything. But that was yesterday, Roper. I have lost my reason," she suddenly exclaimed, opening her eyes, filled with terror. "Tell me, where is he? They will let me bury his body, will they not? I will kiss his face, I will embalm him; and you will bury me beside him, will you not, Roper? They will not leave it on the bridge—that head; I will remain on my knees until they give it to me! O Heaven! dost thou hear—dost thou hear the cries of the people? All is ended; the crime is consummated! My father has left the earth! Roper, let us go to the church; I want to pray—to pray until eternity!"

Alas! Margaret spoke truly. Arriving at the scaffold, More, after having embraced the executioner and given him a gold angel in token of forgiveness, was beheaded by the same axe, upon the very block on which the head of his friend Rochester had fallen a few hours before.

Thus perished these two illustrious men, the glory and honor of England. Thus began the cruel schism which since then has torn so many children from the church, separated a great number of Christians from the common trunk, and deprived, in the course of centuries, so many souls of the knowledge of the eternal and indivisible truth.

And now, when old England unrolls before the eyes of the eager

explorer of the past the long list of her kings, she places one of her fingers upon the bloody diadem which encircles the brow of Henry VIII., and with the other she points out to the moved heart the spot where, their dust mingled together, sleep within the walls of her most ancient fortress the victims of the fury of this king. For she also, that first cause of so many woes—the young Anne Boleyn, so proud of her fatal beauty—passed from the throne to the scaffold at the very moment when Catherine was dying of misery, pain, and neglect in the depths of an obscure city. The odious Cromwell, who had guided her to that scaffold, was not long in following her, and his ignoble blood was at last brought to expiate in the same place that of the illustrious More

Such, reader, is the recital which as a faithful historian I resolved to set before you. A book is a thought. Mine has been written to emphasize a truth in our days too often forgotten—which is, that religion alone can lead men to happiness and perfection; that, being the most perfect law which it is possible to conceive of or attain, it is to her alone we should attach ourselves, and it is by her alone the state will see reared in its midst wise and just rulers or noble and generous citizens; that all, in fine, will see wisdom, science, order, and prosperity flourish.

PRINCESSE DE CRAON.

THE END.

ADVENT.

CLEAR as the silver call
Of Israel's trumpets on her holy days,
Calling her children from all walks and ways,
The church's accents fall.

With sweet and solemn sound
Where winter's ice imprisons lake and stream,
Where tropic woods with fadeless summer gleam,
They make their joyful round—

Joyful, and yet how grave;
Bidding us kneel with faces to the east,
And watch for Him, our sacrifice and priest,
Who cometh, strong to save.

As, at a mother's feet,
The children of one household sit to learn
Some sweet domestic lesson, each in turn
His portion to repeat,

So, at this holy tide,
Calling us round her for exalted talk,
From each loved haunt, from each familiar walk,
She bids us turn aside

And list while she relates
The blessed story—old, yet ever new—
Of Him, the Sun of Righteousness, the True,
Whose dawn she celebrates.

Now the rapt prophets sing
Their anthems in each bowed and listening ear;
Now the bold Baptist's clarion voice we hear
Down the glad centuries ring;

Till, fired with joy as they
Who spread their garments 'neath his precious feet,
With rapture we go forth our Lord to meet,
Our glad hosannas pay.

Yet list! Another note
Blends with the holy song our Mother sings,
And, high above the harp's exultant strings,
Clear, trumpet-like doth float.

He comes to judge the world;
To garner up his wheat, to purge his floor,
While into flames of fire for evermore
The worthless chaff is hurled.

Lord! we would put aside
The gauds and baubles of this mortal life—
Weak self-conceit, the foolish tools of strife,
The tawdry garb of pride—

And pray, in Christ's dear name,
Thy grace to deck us in the robes of light;
That at his coming we may stand aright
And fear no sudden shame.

THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1876.

THE year has been one of grave anxiety to all the world. It opened in shadow; it closes in gloom. Among nations as among individuals there prevails a feeling of uneasiness, of dread at a something impending. Here at home we are happily removed from the dangers that the European nations have for centuries invited. We have no national crimes to answer for. We have not persecuted God's church. We have not martyred his confessors. We have not sealed our Constitution with heresy. We have not betrayed a faith committed to our keeping. And these are things worth priding ourselves on, worth confirming ourselves in, in the centennial year of our Republic. They are the brightest jewels in the nation's crown, and may they shine there for ever!

Of course we have had our faults—abundance of them. We have made mistakes, and in the course of human events will probably make many more, for nations never become great without suffering and sacrifice; they can no more hope to escape these fiery proofs than individuals. But at least we have, as a nation, been guiltless of the graver sins against God, his church, and humanity. And it is on this fact above all that men who believe in a God ruling over this world found their hopes for the future.

It is not our purpose here even to glance at our history in the past hundred years. Our present business is with the year just closing. Looking at the plain, level facts before us, we confess that they wear an ugly aspect. It is painful to be compelled to acknowledge that the dawn of the hundredth year of our national existence might have been far brighter. Unhappily, the legacy of many years of mistakes, misgovernment, and—let it be confessed with pain—of malfeasance in high places, both in State and national offices, has accumulated to fall upon this year of all others. One good, at least, has come from it. The nation, in American fashion, injured as it was, has at length faced the evil, which is in itself and due to no extraneous influence at all. The year opened with investigations. Indeed, it has been pre-eminently a year of investigations; and much matter there was to inquire into. The result showed a wide-spread corruption in the national administration. This corruption was probably one of the results of the war; but it was none the less corruption on that account. The Rebellion had been crushed, heroic deeds had been done. *Væ victis!* There was an army of political heroes waiting for their reward. There are more ways than one of sacking a city. In these days we sack nations—as witness Germany and France—and arrange the terms of the sacking in peaceful convention. There are insects that thrive and grow fat on corruption. Some of these set on the carcase of the dead South. Others settled on the offices of national, State, and municipal government. They have been eating their way into the body politic for sixteen years. There is only a rotten shell left, and this year that shell fell to pieces.

In treating of the last Presidential election in our annual review of four years back, we wrote: "General Grant was re-elected. The opposition arrayed against him . . . utterly broke down. General Grant's is undoubtedly a national election; we trust, therefore, that his future term may correspond with the confidence placed in his rule by the nation; may be productive of all the good which we expect of it for the nation at large; may heal up old wounds still sore; and may lead the country wisely into a new era of prosperity and peace."

It is plain that we bore no ill-will to the President. What shall we say of his administration to-day? What need we say in face of the action of the country regarding the administration?

The heart sickens at going over the record of the year. It is only the culmination of the preceding years of ill-government which have been duly noted in this review, and which there is no special reason now to enumerate. We would not undertake to say that the government under President Grant has, *as a whole*, been a failure; but in great part it undoubtedly has been. We use a stu-

diously mild term in describing it as eminently unsatisfactory, and the verdict of the nation, as given in the recent Presidential elections, endorses our opinion. Whoever may be seated in the President's chair for the next four years, President Grant and his party have been condemned by the feeling and vote of the country, not because he was so foolish as to aspire to a third term on the strength of an administration that fell to pieces of its own rottenness and on a proposed anti-Catholic ticket, but simply because the country was sick of it. The disgrace and fall of the Secretary of War, the recall of the American Minister at the English court, the disclosures of corruption and inexcusable expenditure in the civil service, the plain traces of corruption in every department of the public service down to the most obscure, such as the peddling in post-traderships by the brother of the President—all of which came to a head within the present year; the stanch support given by the President to men whom he had appointed to office, many of whose dealings were shown to be of a most doubtful character, so much so that some of them just escaped the fate of thieves by technicalities of the law that in themselves were moral condemnation—all this was only the rotten ripeness of a growth diseased from the beginning.

But if the year, notwithstanding gloomy forebodings, to which we had grown accustomed, has been one of disgrace and disaster where pride and glory ought to have had place, it has not been without its bright side. The Presidential elections have been a series of surprises. Late in last year, as we noted at the time, President Grant made what not only we but all the world regarded as a bold and infamous bid for a third term in his speech at Des Moines. He aimed at riding into power on that favorite, and too often successful, hobby of a hard-pressed politician—an anti-Catholic ticket. This, in politics in these days, we take to be the last resource of an ignoble mind. Nevertheless, the bid was undoubtedly well timed. All the world is up in arms against the Catholic Church. No government dare hold out a hand to help her and hope to live. It is only recently that the President of Ecuador did so, and what was the result? He fell at the hand of an assassin, as De Rossi fell before him. The sentiment of English speaking peoples had been appealed to with all the force and violence of which such a man as Mr. Gladstone is capable, and his words were widely read in this country, being multiplied and confirmed by the secular and sectarian press. The President saw his opportunity, and took it at its floodtide in a speech that was as ingenious as it was malignant. A Methodist bishop, in a large and important conclave of Methodist ministers, took up the cry, and, amid the acclamations of his brethren, nominated General Grant for a third term. Then came out from the holes and corners those imps of mischief, who are always at hand to do evil work at a time when the minds of men are excited—secret societies—and tendered their services and votes to President Grant. An adroit bidder for the Presidency bade higher and went further even than the President on the same ticket. He looked the winning man, and the secret societies transferred their allegiance to him.

This was undoubtedly a clever diversion for the Republican party. Dark clouds hovered over them, but there stood the Pope. He was their old ally in difficulties, and, if only they held him up to execration, the bull they were goading would turn aside from the lancers who were drawing his life-blood, and charge only on the red rag. How miserably they misread the people of this country has been seen.

The real issue was between a corrupt and an incorrupt government. No "making of demonstrations" could conceal this fact from an outraged people. To use homely but expressive language, "the pious dodge would not work," especially in the hands of men like Grant and Blaine. The Pope was not the author of the rings, small and great, throughout the country; he had nothing to do with post-traderships; he had not stolen a penny from the civil service; Kellogg and Chamberlain were ruling in the South, and not he; Schenck was not his Minister to London, Babcock his private secretary, Belknap his Secretary of War, Robeson his Secretary of the Navy, Pierrepont and Williams his legal advisers, Shepherd his trusted confidant, and Chandler his pet minister. The time had gone by to fight with shadows when there were such glaring realities before the people. The corruption was homespun, unfor-

tunately. It was of native growth. It had aggravated and increased the financial depression, in which foreign countries had a hand to some extent. It had fostered a lavish display and gilded vulgarity which were not only unbecoming republicans but rational beings of any class or kind. It had laid the road open to constitutional dangers, and honest citizens had good reason to dread a prolongation of the term of a man who had too military a way of looking at civil affairs, and regarded lawful opposition somewhat in the light of military insubordination. These things were before the people, and they laughed at the idea of dragging the Pope in.

General Grant was thrown aside; Blaine was thrown aside. A man whose record seems to be stainless was named in his place—Mr. Hayes, the Governor of Ohio. A far abler man was set up as the Democratic candidate—Mr. Tilden, the Governor of New York. The election was probably the most stubbornly contested ever known, and the day after showed Mr. Tilden with 184 electoral votes and his opponent with 166. Three States remained doubtful—three Southern States where the negro vote predominated, and two at least of which, by the confessions of both Republicans and Democrats, had been vilely misgoverned since the war. The country had to wait, as we still wait, for the returns from those States. At the very utmost they could only give the Republican candidate a majority of one in the Electoral College, while, whatever way they went, the votes of a vast majority of the people were undoubtedly given to the Democratic candidate. The fact was undeniable: the voice of the American people was for a total change.

Then ensued a scene unexampled, perhaps, in history, certainly in the history of this country. The administration came out in all its force. State rights were invaded by the military in South Carolina—as in the opening of the year they had been invaded in Louisiana for the purpose of sustaining the Republican candidates, right or wrong—while a nation looked sullenly on.

The country has undoubtedly been on the verge of danger; but we cannot despair of the Republic while so magnificent an exhibition is given by the people of calmness, forbearance, and good sense through days and weeks fraught with every incentive to exasperation and violence. We cannot foretell who will be the next President, but the will of the people is manifest and unmistakable. Politicians high and low have received a bitter lesson, which the nation has indeed dearly bought. Let us continue to be jealous of those whom we elect, of our own wills, to carry on the business of this great country, and we will force honesty even from the dishonest.

We have not space to deal with national topics of lesser moment, though of great interest and importance. With the centennial year came our first International Exhibition. It brought the eyes of friendly nations upon us, and, while the exhibition of the products of other and older peoples was a lesson to ourselves, a still greater lesson to them was the exhibition of our own industry and productiveness. The advance in the art and industry of the United States attracted the admiration of competent critics from all civilized nations. A more significant sign even than this is the alarm in England at the rapid growth of our iron trade, while our grain floods English markets. Ten years ago forty-four per cent. of the grain sent to England came from Russia, fourteen per cent. from the United States. Now forty-four per cent. is sent from this country, and twenty-one per cent. from Russia; this, too, at a time when business generally at home was never duller—a dulness that the Presidential crisis has confirmed. Yet even at our present condition we are, as a people, more prosperous than most of the European nations. The money that people generally squandered, and that was allowed to be squandered in the national, State, and municipal governments, has at least not been spent in the forging of cannon and the mustering of dread armaments of war, in which so keen a rivalry is exhibited by the European monarchs. Such comfort, at least, as this consideration affords is fairly open to us.

THE PRESENT CONDITION OF EUROPE.

And now we turn to Europe. It would take the eye of a prophet to read the future, the pen of a Jeremias to paint the present, of the continent to which God, through his church, gave the leadership of the world. The European crisis that all men saw coming seems come at last. Four years ago we closed

our review by saying: "War looms on the European horizon, gathers in silent thunder-clouds all around. A flash is enough to kindle the combustion and make the thunder speak. Who shall say when or whence it comes? Europe is arming, and we have good authority for saying that 'the next war will rage over half a century'—Bismarck himself. For the church we foresee an increase of bitter and severe trials. . . ."

Well, the thunder-clouds have gathered and are now impending. During the greater part of the year the world has waited with bated breath to see them burst and the bolts that smite nations fall. The hand of Providence is in it. The sins of three centuries seem to be gathering to a head at last. There is no nation in Europe that can call the other friend. There is no such thing as the comity of nations. The big battalions alone take right and wrong into their hands. Treaties most solemnly and formally ratified within a quarter of a century are torn to pieces as waste paper. Such alliances as are patched up between the Powers are rather personal than national—the alliances of savage chieftains against some rival, to be broken as occasion requires when the allies may fly in turn at each other's throats. France and Germany are sworn foes; Russia and England hate each other; Austria trembles between Germany and Russia; Turkey is doomed, but seems resolved to sell its life dearly, and draw all Europe in to witness and operate at the death. Italy seems ready to follow the beck of Germany, and Spain is consumed with her own troubles. Add to this that each nation is disorganized within itself. The war, as will be shown later on, has proved a curse to Prussia, and, through Prussia, to all Germany. The empire is far from consolidated; the Catholics have been alienated from the government; the socialists, who are now in the ascendant, have been denounced by Prince Bismarck; the Protestants have lost what unity they ever possessed, and have shown an example of weak subserviency to infamous laws that has won for them the contempt of the world. In Russia the emperor himself dreads the future. The long-pent up elements of discord are bursting through at last, and even his immense power cannot restrain the nation from a war which, it is generally believed, his mind and heart condemn. Austria has its Hungary, and its persecution like to that of Germany; England its Ireland and a people that, with all its wealth, it cannot find employment for or feed. It has its India, also, with Russia for a neighbor. France has its Imperialists, its Legitimists, its Socialists of the fiercest kind; Italy its secret societies, its persecutions, its people that groan under an incompetent government and scandalous monarch. What a picture! And in the background millions of armed men, millions of starving people, bankrupt treasuries, general disaffection, a thousand conflicting passions of race, of religion, of social and moral theories, and the pale ghosts of murdered kings vainly warning the handful of monarchs who are riding over the old ruts red with so many an awful disaster! Such is Europe in the year of our Lord 1876. Why is Europe not united? why is it not at rest? why is it ever on the verge of war? why is its surface being constantly changed? why are its governments so diverse? why is it the stronghold of the foes of all government? why is it bristling with armies and weighed down by armaments? why, wherever the eye turns, is it faced by cannon?

That the Reformation divided Europe into two hostile camps is a fact acknowledged by all students of history. We do not say that previous to the Reformation there were no wars among the Catholic European nations. There were—bloody, long sustained sometimes, and bitter. But they were wars of dynasties rather than of nations, for which the feudal system, that in its essence and construction was a pagan system, was chiefly accountable. The people hated not each other. They were one in faith, one in religion, one in their worship, one in their hopes of a hereafter and the means to attain it, one in their recognition of one supreme head of the church in which all believed. While they were just as much Germans, French, Italians, English, Irish, as they are to-day, they all worshipped one God in one manner. English saints were revered in Ireland, Irish saints in England, German saints in France, French saints in Italy. While Charlemagne was battling with pagan hordes and Moslem infidels, Irish missionaries went forth and spread themselves along the borders of the Rhine, diffusing the light of faith and knowledge in their path. They were welcomed as angels, not looked upon as

aliens and foes, as are the missionaries of Protestant societies to-day in Catholic lands, who only stir up strife wherever they set their foot. Thus there existed something stronger, broader, more universal than nationalism, which destroyed not nationality, but taught all men that they were brethren, and that geographical lines were blotted out in the sight of God and in the common home of faith. Then was exemplified the sacred words of Scripture: "This is the victory which overcometh the world, your faith." It was this faith that out of barbarism drew and moulded the mighty nations of Europe. It was this faith alone that saved Europe from being overrun by the Moslem as it already had been by the pagan North. Just at the moment when the Moslem power was about to receive its last check and overthrow came the Protestant Reformation, which was not only a religious revolt, but a disruption of Christendom. To that we owe the presence of the Turk in Europe and all the fatal consequences that have flowed from it, now at their ripest, when the moribund carcase that the faithless kings and nations allowed to lie there and rot threatens, in its final dissolution, their descendants with ruin. To that movement also we owe the bitterly hostile lines that have been set up between nations that once were brethren. To it we owe the persecutions and the cruelties that have resulted on either side from the day when a man's religion assumed a political and geographical character. To it we owe something worse than all this—the substitution of doubt for faith, and the questioning of all authority, both human and divine. To the impious setting up of the monarch as the great high-priest of the nation we owe the absolutism which has crushed peoples, been overthrown and crushed in turn by them, and risen again only to repeat the old story of devastation.

Ever since that fatal outbreak Europe has been steadily drifting back into the old paganism to which such civilization as letters give is only a thin veneer; and paganism, at its highest, is only a step removed from barbarism. What is called progress would have come without Protestantism, and been estimated at its true value—as a means to a higher life for all the world; not as an end, not as the all in all in this life. Mere worshippers of progress make this world their heaven and self their god. This is the growing feeling in nations to-day, and the Reformation it was that, however unconsciously at the beginning, formulated it into a religion.

It seems to us that the present state of Europe is the logical and plain outcome of the great religious revolt in these last days. What nation to-day has a religion? Has Russia? Has England? Has Germany? Has France? They each have religions—fragments of religions or no religion—as apart from one another as the poles. At the very least this depriving men of a unity in their highest beliefs is fraught with interminable discord. And never were the minds of men more disturbed than they are to-day. Protestantism has almost run its course, and, by its own confession, disbelief in Catholicity is resolving itself more and more into disbelief in all things spiritual and necessary bowing to brute force in the material and moral order. Men look around blankly and ask, Where do we stand? And the answer is, Nowhere. Men are born and live, they eat and sleep, they sin and die in their sin, passing through life in a sort of dumb wonder that life should be. Life is a hopeless mystery to those from whose eyes heaven has been shut out. Then all those hard social problems become unanswerable. Why, they cry out in despair, should kings have our blood and sustenance? Why should we kill each other to make them great or small? Why should they live and we die? Why should our lives be spent in drill, portioned out by the corporal, and our means be dragged from us to buy cannon? These thoughts are boiling and seething in the hearts of the masses, and kings know it. They and those they favored have destroyed faith and religious unity. They have in its place what is called socialism, which means revolt against all things that be. The name of priest was made hateful by the calumnies of false teachers with the sanction of kings; and now the name of king is coupled with that of priest in the mouths of the irreligious masses. The first French Revolution was but the awful flash of a fire that smouldered and still smoulders under the thrones of Europe. It has set kings up and set them down like toys with which a child is pleased and then breaks, and then takes others to make its sport and break again. The history of Europe from the Reformation

down is a continuous conflict between despotism and revolution. The fullest liberty is the only safeguard against it; but the fullest liberty may no longer be allowed to the peoples, for the Christian spirit and the Christian guiding hand have been withdrawn; deprived of which, liberty of the masses means license and lawlessness, government either absolutism or a strong tendency thereto.

SOCIALISM.

Let it not be thought that we are drawing a fancy picture. "Socialistic journals," said Prince Bismarck in a speech delivered early in the year, "had recently done much harm, and had done so without let or hindrance. The poor people who subscribed for socialistic papers read but one journal, and were perverted by that one. They had an indistinct idea that they were badly off, which was no doubt true, and they therefore were ever ready to believe the insane promises held out by the socialistic journals. The result was that the German operative no longer worked as much and as well as did the English and French, and that German manufactories could no more compete in the great markets of the world. A nation that had been industrious and steady to a proverb had, by the incessant agitation of the socialistic press, been brought to this sad pass."

Prince Bismarck cannot well complain. The only press he could not tolerate was the Catholic. The publication of a letter of the Pope was the signal for suppression of the paper, and fine and imprisonment of the publisher. He used the socialist press to inflame the hatred of the people against the Catholics, and now finds that in the unlawful use of dangerous weapons he has only cut his own fingers. In a debate in the Prussian Parliament Count Eulenburg, the Minister of the Interior, was compelled by a Catholic deputy to admit that "the government did tolerate the excesses of the socialist papers and societies for awhile, although the existing legislation enabled them to interfere."

"I have always been *Intransigente*," said Garibaldi last February. "Brought up with republican principles, through having served the Republic in America, I could not change my opinions, only I thought in the past that it was necessary to suppress our republican sentiments, because, in order to unite Italy, the monarchy was necessary. But not for this have we renounced our republican principles. As republican principles are the principles of honest people, there cannot be an honest government which is not republican. However, we are obliged to get on by compromises, which the force of circumstances demands. *I do not tell you to-day to make a revolution. We must adapt ourselves to the times.* Nevertheless, vindicate progress to the last gap. Keep yourselves in the path of progress. Do not let yourselves be weakened to-day; the country groans under depredations, the unjust acts of the government. When we compromised with the monarchy, we might have expected from it that the country would be well governed; but it is not. The monarchy must also complete its course; but the Guizots and the Polignacs of to-day do nothing but accelerate its fall."

"In conducting the government of the world," said Mr. Disraeli in his speech at Aylesbury in August last, "there are not only sovereigns and ministers, but secret societies, to be considered, which have agents everywhere—reckless agents, who countenance assassination, and, if necessary, can produce a massacre." "I think," he said, in speaking of the negotiations for adjusting matters in the East and staving off a little longer the fatal hour, "that in the spring of the present year the negotiations might have resulted in peace on principles which would have been approved by every good man; but unexpectedly Servia—that is to say, secret societies of Europe, acting through Servia—declared war on Turkey."

On the eve of the German elections the *Provinzial Correspondenz* warns Germany against the socialists in this solemn fashion: "As for the aim of socialism, we can have no doubt whatever about it. For on all occasions the members of the party make known this aim more or less openly. It is the utter overthrow of all order established in the state and in society, the destruction of all social culture, which has found its expression in religion and morality, in the family and in property, in art and science, in industry and commerce; and all this for the erection of a chimerical workingmen's state, wherein would fall all the power of government and all the enjoyments of life to the pretended proletarians, or men who possess nothing."

The invincible opposition of the Catholic Church to secret societies of every kind, the frequent warnings of the Holy Father and of the Catholic episcopate, clergy, and press throughout the world, have generally been laughed at as a clerical bugaboo, set up to frighten women and children. Well, we have not quoted from a single Catholic so far, and certainly the threats coming from so many different quarters, and from men whose words are not idle, are sufficiently strong.

THE COURSE OF EVENTS IN EUROPE.

Leaving this, the general and gravest aspect of European affairs, we proceed to touch on more specific topics of public interest which have arisen during the year. Many must necessarily be omitted.

Not even the gravity of the Eastern complications has been able to withdraw the eyes of the world from France. The story, repeated in these columns year after year, of the country's wonderful advance in material prosperity is happily confirmed. We wish that the prospects of a satisfactory government were on a par with this material advance. There exists still a feeling of great unrest in France. The various political parties are as far apart as they ever were, and it seems impossible to bring them together so as to carry on the business of the country in that healthy constitutional fashion where opposition is a spur rather than a material hindrance to the government, where the government has not to deal constantly with a strong body of irreconcilables, and where cabinet crises need not be expected at any moment on what to outsiders often look like trivial points—as, for instance, the one of which we hear as we write: the concession by a Catholic nation of military honors at their burial to men who have lived and died unbelievers, and whose funerals, by their own expressed desire or the will of their relatives and friends, are devoid of all religious ceremony and a renunciation of the Catholic religion. Now, it seems to us that such a question as that should not be permitted to necessitate the resignation of a ministry and the consequent throwing out of gear of the chief government machinery.

For difficulties like this those who arrogate to themselves the exclusive title of republicans in France—the party that regards M. Gambetta as its leader and Victor Hugo as its prophet—is chiefly responsible. It has taken a distinctly anti-Catholic basis in what undoubtedly is a Catholic country. The name for it is "anti-clerical," which is a distinction without a difference. It palliates the excesses of the *Commune*, while it opposes freedom of education.

There seems, unfortunately, to have been too much truth in what Mgr. Dupanloup said early in the year when speaking of the university question: "To make us love the republic, the first thing done is to identify it with a war against religion." And the venerable prelate's words received strong confirmation from so decidedly un-Catholic a writer as the Paris correspondent of the London *Times*, who wrote to that journal while the Chamber was still fresh from the elections: "On observing the attitude of the Chamber it is evident that the religious controversy is the great motive of all its passions. In the last Assembly, at least in its early days, every speaker courting applause had only to attack the Empire. In the present, as yet, the most frantic plaudits are reserved for whoever attacks not only the clergy, but any creed whatever. This is a fresh discord about to be added to so many old ones."

If there is any truth in the report of Prince Bismarck's views of the French elections as given in the letter of a German diplomatist, extracts from which appeared in a Rouen newspaper, the prince-chancellor agrees with both of these views. The report in question at least smacks of the man.

"The chancellor," says the German diplomatist, "does not appear to be affected in any particular way by the result of the elections. In a conversation I had with him a few hours ago he remarked: 'I doubt if the French Radicals will get into power; but should they, I am sure they will begin eating the priests before they tackle the Germans; the task is so much easier, and I have no desire to balk their appetite in that direction.'"

On December 31, 1875, the French National Assembly was dissolved, though its actual dissolution only took place in March, 1876, at the meeting of the new Chambers. The elections followed, and the voice of the people was certainly for a republic. The question of edu-

cation immediately became a great subject of debate. In July, 1875, was passed a law allowing mixed juries, composed half of examiners appointed by the state and half of their own professors, to question the candidates for degrees, and decide whether or not to grant the degrees. Not a very monstrous concession, surely, yet on the strength of it the Catholic University of Paris was founded and inaugurated on January 10, 1876. This was too much for republicans of the Gambetta and Victor Hugo stamp. Accordingly, to M. Waddington, "an Englishman by birth and education, and moreover a stanch Protestant," as the Paris correspondent of the London *Times* triumphantly announced to that journal, was confided the Ministry of Education. It seems that M. Waddington was actually born in France, his father being an Englishman who was there naturalized, but the rest of the description is accurate enough. Of course M. Waddington's stanch Protestant conscience could not allow of this concession to Catholics, whatever his English education might have done. He moved immediately to repeal clauses 13 and 14 of the law of July, 1875, which embodied the concessions above mentioned.

Now, what is this system of state monoply of education in France against which the Catholic conscience rebelled? It owes its origin to the despotic genius of the first Napoleon, and we cannot do better than describe it in the words of a critic who will, in the eyes of non-Catholics at least, be above suspicion: "He [Napoleon I.] formed one great university," says the London *Times*, "which was only the state acting as an autocratic teacher. The chief dignitary of that university was the Minister of Public Instruction, and all the officials, from the highest to the lowest, were servants of the government. The state appointed all the professors in the Sorbonne, the College de France, the law schools, the Polytechnic School, the Military College, and the crowd of Lycées throughout the country. Indeed, the state does so still." It will be seen how open was such a system to abuse, particularly when the "state" in France has changed hands half a dozen times since Napoleon organized his system. "The state alone could grant degrees in Medicine, Law, and even Theology. The system was completed by the stipulation that no one could open even the pettiest of infant schools or the greatest of colleges without ministerial authority. Thus the state could despotically decide what books should be studied by every scholar in France, by whom and how each should be taught, what moral or political ideas should be spread through every school or college, and what amount or kind of knowledge should be exacted from every candidate for the practice of medicine or the bar. *No more rigid system of intellectual despotism was ever fashioned by the wit of man.*"

After a prolonged, fierce, and bitter debate, M. Waddington carried his motion through the Chamber of Deputies, but it was happily thrown out in the Senate; and there the matter stands.

If French republicanism is made to assume a distinctly anti-Catholic character on the part of those who look upon themselves as the only true republicans in France, then France cannot hope for a good government from it. It remains for the Catholics to show and prove themselves the veritable republicans by devoting themselves absolutely to the country and the government as they stand. They have the game in their own hands. The French nation seems to be profoundly and reasonably mistrustful of kings and emperors. Yet a republic in which Victor Hugo, Gambetta, and the apologists and leaders of the *Commune* are to be the chief actors would be worse than the Empire. France would have had revolution ere this only for the strong, wise, and just man who holds the reins of power with so firm a grasp, and swerves not an inch either to the "Right" or to the "Left." What a contrast between Marshal MacMahon and our own soldier-President! We can only continue to hope for the best from all parties. Time may teach them to coalesce and deal fairly with all. Could they only do this, the mightiest bulwark would be raised up on the continent of Europe against the threatened encroachments of absolutism on the one hand and the madness of socialism on the other, and in this France would attain to a height of power and true greatness that no king or emperor ever brought to her.

Germany goes on its way resolutely. The persecution of the Catholics, which is now an old story, has not been abated a

jot. To it is added, as has already been indicated, an attempted persecution of the socialists. But the socialists, besides being too strong, are hard to catch. The recent elections for the Prussian Chamber of Deputies show an immense gain for the party of National Liberals, who represent every wing of socialism from its highest to its lowest aspects. The Catholics remain much the same as before. The result is not favorable to Prince Bismarck, who seems to be growing more querulous than ever. An arrangement has been brought about by which the Prussian railways have been transferred to state control, and an attempt was made to extend it to all Germany, which has thus far proved unsuccessful. Still the military hand everywhere, and here is a result of it on which we have often dwelt, but which grows more sadly manifest every year. The Berlin correspondent of the London *Times*, writing of the accounts of Prussia for 1874 and the estimates for 1875, after struggling manfully but hopelessly to make the figures wear a favorable aspect, finally confesses: "These figures point a moral. Comparatively easy as it may be to balance the Budget in 1876, the present is the last year in which this can be done. Next year there will be few, if any, surpluses to draw upon. On the most favorable assumption the Prussian needs may be covered without having recourse to fresh imposts; but how about the wants of the Empire in 1877?* The Empire in the current year lives upon its usual income of custom, excise, and a modicum of state contributions, patching up its deficit by consuming the remnant of accumulated funds left. *A year hence realities both in Prussia and in the Empire will have to be faced with empty pockets.* If industry has revived by that time, the taxes will be augmented; if not, the only alternative will lie between a loan and the reduction of military expenditure. In any circumstances the situation in which Germany is placed by the military preparations all round will then be acutely felt."

Such is the cost of military glory and power in these days. What doth it profit the people? We have seen Prince Bismarck's views on the German workingmen, who, instead of becoming the strength and support of the Empire, are becoming its terror. How could it be otherwise with the means taken to educate them? No picture could be sadder than that drawn by the chancellor of the present condition of the German working classes. Industry cannot thrive on bayonets and cannon. Social order cannot prevail where the minds of men have been debauched for a purpose by the free dissemination of evil doctrines, and when they have ever before their eyes the steady persecution of the best citizens. He has outlawed the church of God. He cannot wonder at the devil stepping in and claiming his prey.

A still greater shock was given to German feeling by the report of Prof. Reuleaux, their chief commissioner at our Centennial Exhibition. His conclusions, in brief, were: 1. That the main object of the German manufacturers is to produce an article which shall be cheap and nasty. 2. That German manufacturers find it easy to succeed in this line, considering that the men they employ are deficient in skill and taste. 3. That judging by the German display at the Exhibition, the German nation seem to be steeped in utter servility, so great is the number of Bismarck statues, Red Princes, and other heroes of the war, in every conceivable material, from gilt bronze down to common soap.

"For the real cause of the decline [in prosperity] in Prussia," says the London *Times*, "we must look to the military system of Germany. That system, as we have often pointed out, is the most costly in the world. By sending to the drill-ground for years all her best and most promising youth—by taking her most accomplished young men from the university, from the learned professions, from the factory or the laboratory, to fill the ranks of her army—she causes a greater interruption of trade, and lays a heavier burden on the nation, than that which the cost of the war has imposed on France. . . . In Germany all other interests are sacrificed to the needs of the greatest army ever supported by any state. The intellect of the nation is set to do military work with such rigor that civil pursuits are sensibly suffering. Trade is sacrificed in order that the country may be covered with troops drilled to the precision of machines.

* This letter was written on January 19, 1876, consequently previous to the complications which have since arisen in Eastern Europe, and which, if war break out, would of necessity considerably add to "the wants of the Empire in 1877."

Military railways are made without regard to commercial necessities. So crushing is the blood-tax that crowds of the most stalwart peasantry and the most skilful artisans are crossing the Atlantic in spite of the depression of trade in America; and so soon as prosperity shall return to the United States the emigration from Germany may be multiplied two or three fold. Such is the price at which Germany bought the military dictatorship of Europe."

Italy seems to be going from very bad to worse. The people groan under their burdens, and the successive ministries seem utterly incapable of coping with the difficulties by which they are beset on all sides. The telegram announcing the opening of the Italian Parliament on Nov. 20 tells us that in his speech from the throne Victor Emanuel, referring to the relations between church and state, said: "The extensive liberties granted the church ought not to impair public liberties. The government would therefore propose bills for rendering efficient the reservation in the laws respecting the Papal See."

Here is an instance of the "extensive liberties" of the church. A report, dated March 14, informs us that "the fifty-sixth birthday of king Victor Emanuel, and the thirty-second of his eldest son, has been signalized in Rome by a ceremony of great interest. A new public library, which has been added to the Collegio Romano, and which has received the name of the king, was formally opened by the Minister of Public Instruction." (We wonder if in the portfolio of the present Italian Minister of Public Instruction the good old commandment, "Thou shalt not steal," is written.) "He explained that on the very site of the new building the Jesuits had striven for the triumph of principles against which King Victor Emanuel's career has been an unceasing battle." (This statement is crushingly true.) "The library is also the monument of a victory in another respect, for it contains 650,000 volumes which belonged to the suppressed monasteries."

What a victory! "The opening of such a building," said the London *Times*, with unconscious irony, "appropriately marked the birthday of a king whose name will for ever be connected with the greatest of all changes in the political fortunes of the Papacy." It notices with keen regret in the same article that there is a lamentable tendency among Italians "to forget how much they owe to this king." "Her [Italy's] people cannot speak too gratefully of the king whose rare combination of courage and political sagacity has helped to give them back their self-respect as well as their nationality."

Well, when Englishmen worship a Garibaldi and cherish a Mazzini, we may expect their leading journal to speak in this strain of a Victor Emanuel. The Mantegazza affair will be too fresh in the memory of our readers to need our using it as one of many instances showing the kind of man this model king is, and how likely the Italians are to remember "how much they owe" him. One of the things they owe him is the suppression of monasteries and convents. It must be rather bad when a journal like the London *Saturday Review* considers it as on the whole rather a useless measure in its results. A strong effort is undoubtedly being made by the Italian government to destroy the Papacy and dam up the Catholic religion at every vent. Only do this, it says to its subjects: Kill off these religious societies from the face of the earth; and, as for yourselves, join what devil's societies you please—for this is liberal Italy.

In assuming charge of the religious properties, however, the Italian government assumed also the liabilities attached, and it met with many strange mishaps. Wonderful to read are the accounts of some of those bills presented by worthy citizens to the government officials. The Dominicans for instance, are certainly not famed as being great eaters of flesh either in Italy or anywhere else. Yet here are the worthy Dominicans of Sta. Maria sopra Minerva, whose property was seized, charged by a modest butcher with a "little bill" of 20,000 fr. for butcher's meat! This is only one of many such that were presented.

The first report of the Commission of Vigilance charged with the ecclesiastical property seized was presented early in the year. It showed that, according to the schedule laid before Parliament in the spring of 1873, there were then in Rome 126 monasteries occupied by 2,375 monks, and 90 convents occupied by 2,183 nuns—in all, 216 religious houses with 4,558 inmates, exclusive of hospitals and pensions under monastic

supervision or direction, the colleges and the houses of the generals. Of these 216 houses 119 were seized and 44 others declared exempt from the operation of the law. The property that thus passed into the hands of the Commission was disposed of as property usually is—put up at auction for the most part; 250 lots were put up at 13,042,629 fr., and knocked down at 16,-142,697 fr. The total value of the property thus seized is estimated at 61,161,-300 fr. To complete the pleasing picture it only remains to add that the receipts of the Commission from July 22, 1873, when it began its operations, up to the end of 1875, were 11,116,376 fr., while the expenditure was 11.570,428 fr.

Meanwhile, the dispossessed monks were left at liberty to run about the world and seek for a living wherever they could find it, while the Commission of Vigilance manipulated their property. As for the nuns, provision was made that all of them who within three months after the publication of the law made express and individual requests to remain in the houses they occupied should be permitted to do so until the number in each house should be mercifully reduced by death to six, when the government might concentrate them elsewhere. Signor Nicotera, however, seems resolved to root them out altogether.

Such is Catholic Italy. The readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD have seen in a recent article * the tendency of the ecclesiastical policy of the Italian government. In this alone is it resolute. The country at large is as ill-governed as ever. The police are corrupt. In many districts life is still at the mercy of brigands, some of whom, as was recently shown, have their allies among those moving in the best circles of society. Scandals thicken around throne and government. As for the new government, that steadfast friend of young Italy, the London *Times*, wrote thus as long ago as May 4: "The new Italian ministry came into power just a month ago, and it has already had to declare the impossibility of its own former programme, and to adopt both the measures and the practice of the government it overthrew and supplanted. It deals with public meetings, with the press, and with the telegraphic office as conservatives, and even the Pope, had done before; and, what is more, it finds that if it is to save Italian finance from a downward career, it has no choice but to adopt the Grist-tax, which was the one particular crime of its predecessors. . . . The Left is disappointed and sullen. The populace of the country towns is furious. For some years the owners, the occupiers, and the tillers of land have found that 'unification' and representation are costly privileges. The fact is now brought home to them; and when all classes in an agricultural district are of one mind, they are apt to express themselves roughly."

Like all petty persecutors, Switzerland shows itself the most virulent in its attack on the rights of conscience. Great Powers try to devise some pretext at least for their persecutions. Switzerland is troubled by no such scruples as this. The laws are strained to the utmost to punish Catholics, and, when they will not precisely fit the case, they are made to fit as speedily as possible. Indeed, law there has become a farce. The correspondent of the *Journal des Débats*, which is noted for its solid opposition to the Catholic Church, draws a lively picture of the proceedings at the "election" of an "Old Catholic" pastor; and as it is characteristic of a thousand things that are constantly occurring in Switzerland, we give it at length. The letter is dated Sept. 20: "The confessional contest continues at Geneva. I won't trouble you with the details of the skirmishes which occur every day. That would be monotonous. As a *résumé*, here is what passes from month to month: A Catholic commune has a church, a *curé*, a parish, and one hundred electors. Fifteen or twenty of these declare themselves liberal Catholics. They demand a *curé* who shall be elected by the parishioners, as the law requires. But the party chiefs do not always find a liberal clergyman to order. Plenty present themselves, it is true, but for the most part they are more liberal than Catholic, and more libertine than liberal. The Superior Council wishes for honest men only, who shall not be too ignorant, who are good speakers, with a conscience, if possible, and capable of making a good show. But this is a combination of qualities hard to find in those who go out from the Roman fold. As soon as they have found one whose recommendations are

* "How Rome stands To-day," CATHOLIC WORLD, November, 1876.

of the best, they write to the twenty electors: 'We have found your man; vote away to-morrow.' They vote; the eighty Roman Catholics go not to the ballot-box, therein obeying the stupid order received from Rome, and the *curé* is elected. From that out the church and the parish are his. All he has to do is to take possession. The keys are demanded from the mayor. The mayor refuses to give them up. He is recalled; the gates are forced, and liberal Catholicism is duly installed in the holy place, where nothing is left but the four walls. So clean has been the picking that the new-comers cannot even find a bell. Whereupon the eighty Roman Catholics, with their wives, children, and friends, gather together in a barn around their *curé*, now become a martyr, while the official priest, installed in the church of the commune, preaches to a congregation of two—the gendarme and the rural guard. He has not even the benches to preach to, for they have all been taken away. In addition, he is pestered by the zealots of the opposite party, who insult him in the street, steal his vegetables, and eat his rabbits. To console himself he marries, which at least brings him a female parishioner.

"Behold what passes from month to month. But to be serious: It is in this way that three-fourths of the revolutions begin. The liberal electors are for the most part infidels; but they have children whom they send to catechism. There were more than nine hundred of these this year. Behold a future flock detached from Rome. Moreover, there are foreigners who second the movement. A fairly large number of young girls have already made their First Communion in the liberal churches. Many marriages have taken place there."

In Spain the Carlists were utterly defeated by overwhelming numbers and faithlessness on the part of many of their chieftains early in the year. Don Carlos escaped, and the insurrection was at an end. While Spain was shifting from hand to hand, and presenting to the world a hopeless picture of internal disorder, we supported the cause of a resolute man who had certainly a strong and brave following, not all confined to the North; whose views of government were far more liberal than they were represented to be by his foes; who knew the meaning of morality; who displayed great capacity in welding into a formidable army a set of undisciplined hordes whose personal character was above suspicion; who, as kings' claims go, had a strong claim to the Spanish crown, supported to this day by a formidable party in Spain; and who, had he once grasped the power of the throne, would not have been a likely man to relinquish it. What Spain wants to-day is a ruler, and we believe Don Carlos would have ruled the country wisely and well. We were always open, however, to just such a solution of the Spanish difficulty as has actually taken place. In our review of the year 1872, while saying that we did "not expect to find Amadeo's name at the head of the Spanish government that day twelvemonth," we added: "a good regent, not Montpensier, might bring about the restoration of Don Alfonso; but where is such a regent?" Pavia did the work, and if the young king can only be surrounded by good advisers he need dread no domestic foe. He is undoubtedly the lawful king of the nation, and, as such, all good men are bound to support him. But Spain is still so uncertain that it is open to almost any surprise. Its debt is enormous. When Queen Isabella was driven from the throne, the capital of the debt was $1,250,000,000. To-day it is about $3,500,000,000 which represents in startling fashion what a country gains by revolution and the clash of dynasties.

Space does not allow of entering more largely into the internal affairs of Europe, or even of glancing at the disturbed condition of affairs in the states of South America, which is only a reflex of European life in its general and worst phases. With a brief mention of a few of the memorable dead, we pass on to consider the question which is uppermost in men's minds to-day.

For the Catholic, during the past year, one name overshadows all—that of Cardinal Antonelli, whose official life in the service of his Holiness was a long and severe battle against overwhelming odds. The wonder is, not that he failed in the end but that he stood so long. He, together with his illustrious chief, was a true friend of liberty, but not of that liberty which means disorder. This he was to the end of his days, as is shown by his admiration for our own Republic and his rejoicing at the victory of the Union. His life was spent in storms;

and in days when physical force takes all things into its hands, his was the gigantic task to beat back the flood, as he succeeded in doing for almost a quarter of a century. His name will be memorable not only in Catholic annals but in European history, and his example for steadfast courage, unwavering faith, and unswerving devotion to the chair of Peter one of the most conspicuous in all time. Another holy and venerable man, renowned in a different way—Cardinal Patrizzi—followed him close. Another man who has graven his name on the century, and who was, perhaps, the brightest intellectual light that the New World has yet given to the faith—Dr. Brownson—went out with the year. As his career and work have been treated at length in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, we need say no more of him here. His bright and promising daughter, Sarah (Mrs. Tenney), the author of the *Life of Prince Gallitzin* and other works, followed him recently. The name of Francis Deák stands alone among the list of secular statesmen. His life teaches the value of patience against hope, and of persistent but lawful agitation for the rights and liberties of peoples. He went to his grave amid the tears of a nation and the sorrow of a world, a patriot of patriots and a Catholic of Catholics.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

Russia, Austria, and England have been almost completely wrapped up in the Eastern difficulty, which we do not pretend to be able to solve, and which we doubt if any man could solve, however read in the secrets of European cabinets. Never was a question more shifting in its character, more unexpected in its surprises, more delicate to touch, more difficult to adjust. Time was when short work might have been made of it. Here are the facts: A nation steeped in corruption, foreign in every sense to Europe, which has steadfastly refused to enter European life and thought and action, occupying one of the fairest regions only to pollute the very dust where heroes trod, and which the ashes of saints once consecrated. Christian principalities and peoples are subject and made to pay tribute to this power, which has only strength enough to be cruel, and energy enough to sin. It is needless to point out what would be the action of Europe were Europe only one in faith. Its very faith would have revolted against such a people in such a place, and beyond doubt the Turks would have had the alternative of becoming subject to Christian rule or of leaving Christian shores.

But these thoughts enter not into the calculations of governments which are themselves no longer Christian. They approach the subject like robbers before whom is spread out a rich booty, and the question is, Who shall have the biggest share? Russia is resolved to have it; Austria trembles for her frontier; England sees all that she fought for in the Crimea slipping from her grasp, and is left without courage to fight and without a friend to help her.

It would take a volume to follow out all the intricacies of this affair, and at the end we should only be left at the very starting-point. If we may hazard an opinion, we believe that there will be no war, at least this winter. As for the alarm at the anticipated occupation of Constantinople by Russia—while, if the Russian Empire be not dissolved before the close of the present century, by one of the most terrific social and political convulsions that has ever yet come to pass, that occupation seems to lie very much in the order of possibilities—we doubt much whether it will occur so soon as people think. England is not the only rival of Russia. The alliance of the emperors is nothing more than an alliance *de convenance* which would snap at any moment. Russia herself has recently given notable example of what value she sets on troublesome treaties, when she has the power to throw them aside. It would seem to us difficult for Russia to occupy Constantinople without first mastering and garrisoning Turkey; and Turkey is an empire of many millions, whom fanaticism can still rouse to something like heroic, as well as to the most cruel and repulsive, deeds. These millions, even if they would, could not well be transported to Asia at a moment's notice. But even granting all this, granting Russia the governing power—and it will have that or nothing—in what now is Turkey, how would its more immediate neighbors, Austria and Germany, regard so enormous an accession of power to an empire that already grasps the East and West in its hands, that is brave, enterprising, aggressive, daily growing in in-

telligence,* as a nation one in religion, and subject to the will of one man, whose presumptive heir is the bitter foe of Germany? The religion of Russia is opposed to that of all Europe, with the exception of Greece. Russia is greedy, strong, poor, and cruel. So cold a nation, that has not yet quite thrown off the shell of barbarism, drifting down into one of the fairest European provinces, would take a century, at least, to thaw into civilization. Indeed, the possibilities that would arise from such a movement are beyond foreshadowing. Yet people who talk so glibly of Russia seizing Constantinople never seem to regard them. We may be very sure, however, that they are regarded by powers who, in such an event, would be neighbors and necessary rivals of Russia; and that they, while they are in a position, as to-day Germany is, to forbid trespass, will be very careful how far they allow a people to advance who, given an inch, take a country. Germany, it is believed by many, wants Austria. With Austria as part of Germany, Germany might well defy Russia, and the ambition of founding a consolidated empire extending from the borders of France to the borders of Russia, from the North Sea to the confines of Italy, seems to us worthy of the mind of Prince Bismarck. And it might have been, were he safer at home; but it needs something more powerful than blood and iron to frame and consolidate such an empire. It needs peace, unity of sentiment, unity of interests, unity of faith, the assurance of liberty, none of which Germany possesses to-day. Indeed, the chancellor himself has disavowed such designs, fearing that the welding of Austria into Germany would give the Catholics the preponderance in the empire which they now lack. Certain it is that some agreement has been made between the emperors which has imparted an ominous neutrality to Germany, and under which troubled and enfeebled Austria is in the eyes of all observers restive. But under all these combinations of the great European Powers there frowns the spectre of socialism, with allies wherever men are aggrieved, and which will not down for all the artillery of empires. From it an outburst may be expected at any moment, in the quarter most unexpected, and in situations the most critical. Its power cannot be weighed, measured, or calculated upon. It works in the dark, yet universally. It is as strong in the Southern States of America as in Europe. Its excesses shock all men for a time, but it feeds on discontent; and discontent to-day possesses the world. It can only be met and conquered by the Christian conscience, but it has long been the effort of kings to destroy that conscience, to deprive it of light, and render it a passive agent in the hands of force. Thus are empires for ever digging their own graves.

And what is the outlook? Bleak indeed to the eye of the world, but bright to the eye of faith. Throughout the pontificate of our Holy Father, Pope Pius IX., the church has been treading the weary way of the Cross. The world is only to be won to Christ by suffering and sacrifice. Christ himself no longer suffers in the flesh, but in his mystical spouse, the church. "When I shall be lifted up," he said, "then will I draw all men to me." It is the same with his spouse. She has had her hour of earthly triumph; she has had her agony; she has felt the kiss of many a Judas on her cheek; Sadducee and Pharisee alike hate her; she has been betrayed by her own into the hands of her enemies; she has been led before the rulers of this world, and they have pronounced, each in his way, sentence upon her, and the sentence is death. She has been delivered up to the hands of the rabble, mocked, derided, bruised, crowned with thorns, forced to bear her own cross. She has mounted to the very height of Calvary. Her garments have been stripped from her, and, naked, she stands before the world. The consummation is at hand. Despoiled of all things, and lifted up between earth and heaven, a spectacle to God, to angels, and to men, she draws all eyes to her, while the executioners, under the very shadow of the Cross, gamble for her garments. Free from all the trappings of this world, deserted, abandoned of men,

* The Report of the Russian Education Department for 1875 showed, excluding Finland, the Caucasus, and Central Asia, 22,768 elementary schools, with 754,431 males and 185,056 females, and 1 school to 3 924 inhabitants. In the German provinces, there is 1 school to 2,044 persons, 1 scholar to 15 males and 24 females. In the Gymnasia, where the pupils have the option of learning French or German, 11,382 prefer German and 8,508 French, the preponderance for German being almost entirely furnished by the pupils who entered during the two years preceding. This latter fact we take to be a sign of the times.

it is then that the divinity within her shines forth with naught to dim its brightness. When Christ yielded up his spirit into the hands of his Heavenly Father, darkness covered the earth, the veil of the Temple was rent, the dead walked the streets of Jerusalem, and an earthquake shook the world. Nature was all confusion, and from that very hour began the victory of the Cross. Is not a like scene before us to-day? The darkest hour is on us; the future is God's.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LITTLE BOOK OF THE MARTYRS OF THE CITY OF ROME. By the Rev. Henry Formby. London: Burns & Oates. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1877.

We can do no more now than call the attention of our readers to this exceedingly beautiful little work, advance sheets of which lie before us. It is full of admirable illustrations of scenes in the lives of the early martyrs, and nothing could be better adapted as a Christmas present for Catholic children.

THE NORMAL HIGHER ARITHMETIC. Designed for advanced classes in common schools, normal schools, high schools, academies, etc. By Edward Brooks, A.M. Published by Sower, Potts & Co., Philadelphia.

This excellent text-book contains more than the average number of practical examples. This fact, considered in connection with the intelligent and exhaustive treatment of commercial arithmetic, commends the book to teachers in need of a manual for drill purposes. Besides, most of the material is new, and the author brings to his task a greater command of language than seems to have been possessed by the older authors, thus ensuring clearness and variety of statement. The treatment of exchange shows the peculiar merits of the volume to advantage.

A large portion of the first half of the volume is devoted to a scientific treatment of arithmetic. In many respects this is waste labor. No use can be made of it in the class-room. Who, for example, stops to consider the properties of the number eleven? Less science and more practice would mend the first two hundred and fifty pages. This done, and the answers carefully corrected, the book will rank first of its class.

EXCERPTA EX RITUALI ROMANO, PRO ADMINISTRATIONE SACRAMENTORUM, AD COMMODIOREM USUM MISSIONARIORUM. Baltimori: apud Kelly, Piet et Socios, 1876.

This new edition of the ritual is an improvement upon previous ones in the beauty and clearness of the print. In other respects no changes have been made, except in the paging.

We notice a misprint, "Suspice" for "Suscipe," on p. 159. There may be others, but hardly can be any of importance.

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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FREDERIC OZANAM.*

OZANAM's name and writings were made known to the portion of the English-reading world interested in the Oxford movement by the brilliant pages of the *British Critic* more than thirty years ago, while he was still in the bloom of his youthful fame and success as a professor of the Sorbonne. The preface to his biography says that he is not widely known in England, and the same is probably true of America, speaking in reference to non-Catholics. Among Catholic scholars here, and we fancy in England also, his name and works are well known and in high repute. They deserve, nevertheless, to be better known and more highly honored. There is scarcely a purer or more brilliant career to be found recorded in the annals of Catholic literature in this century than his. He was the founder of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul—a sufficient title to honor and gratitude. He was a model of moral loveliness and Christian virtue, a type of the true Catholic gentleman, adorning a high sphere in society, and at the same time heartily devoted to the welfare of the humblest, the poorest, and even the most degraded and vicious classes. He was a thoroughly learned man in his own department, a captivating writer, a master of the minds and hearts of the studious youth of France, a knightly champion of the faith without fear and without reproach, an author of classical works of peculiar and enduring value. The charm of his private, personal character, as a child, a friend, a husband and father, a member of the social circle, equals the lustre of his public career. Spotless and fascinating from the beginning to the end of his life, the bright and winning grace of the figure which he presents in the history of his life receives dignity and pathos from the suffering which overshadowed and eclipsed his light before its meridian was attained. He was born in 1813; his professorship at the Sorbonne filled the space between his twenty-seventh and thirty-ninth years of life—that is, from 1839 to 1852—and he died the next year at the age of forty, after seven years of repeated attacks of illness and a continued decline. We will

**Frederic Ozanam, Professor at the Sorbonne: His Life and Works.* By Kathleen O'Meara. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas. 1876.

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pass in rapid review the incidents of this brief but fruitful career, and endeavor to place before our readers a reduced sketch of the character and work of Frederic Ozanam, as faithfully and artistically portrayed by his accomplished biographer.

The family records of the Ozanams trace their origin to Jeremiah Hozannam, a Jew, who was prætor in Julius Cæsar's thirty-eighth legion, and received the township of Boulignieux, near Lyons, as his share in the military partition of the conquered Gallic territory. His lineal descendant, Samuel Hozannam, was converted by St. Didier in the seventh century. The name was altered to Ozanam by the grandfather of the subject of the present notice. Dr. Ozanam, Frederic's father, was a distinguished man, and both of Frederic's parents were persons of remarkable virtue and piety. He was born in Milan, but educated at Lyons, every possible care being taken of his intellectual, moral, and religious culture. In childhood and youth he was delicate, precocious, exemplary in morals and religion, extremely diligent and successful in his studies, and every way admirable and lovable in character. At one time during his boyhood he was tormented by temptations against faith, which were so rife, and to a multitude of the studious youth of France so dangerous, at that epoch. To him they were not dangerous, but salutary; for they had no other effect except to stimulate him to a study of the rational evidences of the Catholic religion, and to leave in his heart a vivid and tender sympathy for the victims of doubt and error. After a very thorough course of classical study under an eminent teacher—the Abbé Noirot—which he completed at seventeen years of age, Frederic Ozanam was placed in a lawyer's office at Lyons, where he remained one year, employing all his leisure time in linguistic and literary studies. Before completing his nineteenth year he was sent to study at the great Law-School of Paris, where he remained six years, after which, at the age of twenty-five, he was admitted to the bar and to the degree of Doctor in Letters, taking the next year his degree of Doctor of Laws. Ozanam had studied well his jurisprudence, and was perfectly competent to practise his profession, or even to hold a chair as professor in a law-school. This was not, however, his vocation, and he had little taste or inclination for such a life. His legal career was, therefore, very brief and only an episode in his life. In respect to his true vocation he had many doubts and anxieties. He was extremely averse to the thought of marriage, and, being so fervently religious, he naturally felt certain predispositions toward the sacerdotal or monastic state. He visited the *Grande Chartreuse*, corresponded with his friend Lacordaire, and held many consultations with his director. The final result was that he chose the profession of literature, and married, with the full and hearty approbation of his friend and counsellor, the Abbé Noirot. His chief end in choosing his profession was the advancement of the cause of religion and the church; and the generous aspirations, directed by the most elevated and enlightened views, which developed into so glorious and successful, albeit in time so brief a fulfilment, already preoccupied his mind and heart from the time that he was seventeen years old.

In point of fact, he had really found his vocation at that time, and,

notwithstanding his apparent divergence to the legal profession and his various waverings of purpose, he actually began to prosecute it steadily by his studies and by such active efforts as his age and condition permitted, from that early but prematurely ripe period of his life. The programme of his studies and literary labors is laid down in a letter to a friend, written when he was seventeen years old. Without neglecting his professional studies, he was able, thanks to his wonderful mental gifts, his retentive memory, and his habits of intense, continuous application, as well as to the definiteness and unity of the scope and plan which he followed, to acquire that solid and accurate erudition which furnished the material fused and moulded into such beautiful forms by the fire of his eloquence and the constructive art of his imagination.

The state of things among men of science and letters, and the youth studying at the great schools, when Frederic Ozanam went to Paris, was, in a religious aspect, most dreary. His father had feared to send him there on account of the infidelity and immorality with which the whole atmosphere was poisoned, but had at last resolved to trust to the firmness of his principles and the purity of his character. His trust was fully justified. During his student-life Ozanam began, in concert with a few other young men like-minded with himself, that counter-revolution or crusade for the restoration of the old religion of France, among the young students and also among the workingmen of Paris, which we devoutly trust will end in the fulfilment of De Maistre's prophecy that within this present century France will be once again completely Christianized.

There is nothing more melancholy in all history, after the apostasy of Juda from the standard of her Lion, than the lapse of France from her fidelity to the cross and to the vows of that national baptism in the deepest, purest waters of Catholicity, from which she derived her life, her strength, and her unparalleled glory in Christendom. It is like the fall of Solomon, so beautiful, so wise, so royal in magnanimity and splendor, so favored of God, so renowned as the builder of the Temple and the palaces of Sion, degrading those later years which ought to have been crowned with a venerable majesty by turning his heart to strange women and to the abominations of the heathen It is a grief almost without consolation, and accompanied by surprise and indignation, that a people like that of France, and especially its intelligent and educated portion, living amid the monumental glories of their Catholic history, could be insensible to their own honor, mock at all which makes their nation venerable, destroy the noble work of their ancestors, and, like the Israelites defiling themselves with the base heathen of Chanaan, turn away to the worship of the fetich of the Revolution. How much more deeply must the bosoms of those Frenchmen who are not degenerate be stirred by such emotions! There were always among the sons of Israel of old elect souls, the true children of the promise, such as Joseph, Gideon, Samuel, David, Isaias, Daniel, Judas Machabeus, who burned with zeal and holy enthusiasm for the cause of the God of their fathers; and they never ceased to rise up when they were most needed until the final apostasy of the nation. The people of France have never apostatized from Christ

as a body, although a great multitude of apostates have deserted the faith and loyalty of their ancestors, and the revolution which they stirred up under the traitorous banner of Voltaire, "the wickedest, the meanest, and the most unpatriotic Frenchman of the last century,"* has swayed to a great extent the politics and education of France for a hundred years. Paris has gone far beyond France in this road of apostasy, but even there impiety has never gained a complete and lasting conquest. On the contrary, martyrdom, heroic charity, and intellectual valor in the sacred cause have made it their most illustrious palestra, and, we trust, have expiated the guilt of that peerless city, and averted the doom which would seem to await it if the divine justice should exact the due meed of retribution.

Among the *élite* of the youth of France, the class most immediately and universally exposed to the deadly influence of impious literature and education and withdrawn from the control of the clergy, gifted and pure souls have arisen, filled with the inspiration of genius and religion, like Daniel and his companions in the captivity, who have escaped the violence of fire and stopped the mouths of lions. First among these is Chateaubriand, who in his old age honored Frederic Ozanam with his special friendship and was loved reverently by him in return. Notwithstanding a short period of defection from the faith, and considerable faults in his character and writings, Chateaubriand deserves to be called the father of the new generation of Catholic youth in France. There is no similar autobiography of more exquisite charm than the history of that childhood and youth in which this great man shows us how he was trained and formed to that peculiar type of genius which so captivated, and to a great extent re-formed in a Catholic mould, the intellectual and imaginative youth of France. Lamartine deserves a considerable meed of recognition, also, for services of the same general nature, though he was far less true and constant to his first loyalty. Victor Hugo promised in the beginning to devote a genius of a much higher order than either of these two eminent men possessed to the true welfare of his country and mankind, but unhappily was seduced by the fell spirit of the Revolution. Even he shows a reaction from the unmitigated, fanatical hatred of the Catholic past of France and Christendom which animates the worst section of the anti-Catholic sect. The moderates or liberals, the men of compromise between the revolutionary section and some kind of vague natural religion or philosophy under a spiritual or semi-Christian semblance, who have had the predominance at Paris in government, education, and the general leadership of the public affairs of France, since the time of the First Empire, have also belonged to a half-way party, in which the effect of resurging Catholicity is visible. They have been allied with the outside row of Catholics, who were either only nominally such, or, if really, inconsistent and weak in their allegiance to the church. Their position presented, therefore, a much weaker and more easily assailable front to Catholic aggression than one more extreme and openly revolutionary would have done. Nevertheless, the young world of Paris students were as effectually, and more quietly

* Lady Georgiana Fullerton.

and irresistibly, alienated from real faith in the religion of their baptism, and every principle or duty of practical Christian morals and piety, by their utterly secular and free-thinking education in the public schools, so long as no counter-influence was brought to bear upon them, as if the Catholic religion had been proscribed by penal laws. It was possible, however, to bring this influence to bear upon them. The liberty granted to indifferentism, infidelity, and atheism might be made use of to the advantage of Catholicity. In the schools where free thought and free expression were a law, the possessors might be invaded and overthrown by intellectual and moral weapons, if there were found aggressors able to wield them and bold enough to enter the arena. On such a battle-ground, where the field is in the domain of history and philosophy, where reason is umpire, and where facts and arguments, eloquence and logic, appeals to the intellect and the heart, the lessons of the past and the examples of those men to whom the verdict of time—the most impartial of judges—has decreed an apotheosis, are the arsenal of the combatants, the Catholic cause must win, if its champions are worthy of their cause.

When Frederic Ozanam came to Paris the other side had the field to themselves, like the challengers of Ashby-de-la-Zouche on the morning of the tournament, before the young Ivanhoe rode into the lists. The venerable Sorbonne, that ancient shrine of sacred learning, had become a theatre, where shallow, rationalistic philosophers like Jouffroy declaimed against revelation and the Catholic Church. Ozanam soon found a small number of resolute, high-spirited young men like himself, who had been well trained at home in their religion and were determined to adhere to it faithfully. Under his leadership they began to send in objections to the statements and arguments of their infidel professors, which necessarily commanded some attention and respect and had influence with their fellow-students. Jouffroy himself, at the hour of death abjured infidelity, received the Sacraments devoutly, and declared that one half-page of the catechism was worth more than all the philosophical systems. It was at this time that Ozanam founded the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. The Abbé Lacordaire, the Abbé Gerbet, and other eminent priests of Paris, and even the archbishop, interested themselves in the band of young Catholic students, and under their guidance the career of their leader, Frederic Ozanam, became, during his whole student-life, a truly noble and successful apostleship. Thus the way was prepared for him to carry on the same work in a much more efficacious manner as a professor at the Sorbonne.

In the year 1839 Ozanam, being then twenty-six years of age, a professorship of philosophy at Orleans and one of commercial law at Lyons were offered him, and the latter appointment accepted. He resigned it, however, after one year, in order to accept the position of assistant-professor of foreign literature at the Sorbonne. At this time an additional professorship of foreign literature at Lyons was offered to him, which would have secured to him, together with the law-professorship, an income of $3,000 a year. He was just about to be married to a young lady of Lyons. Nevertheless, he chose the position of assistant to the professor of foreign literature at the Sor-

bonne, although it was a precarious one, and brought him an income of less than $500, in order that he might be better able to carry out the one noble purpose to which he had devoted his life. Together with his professorship at the Sorbonne he held also, for a few years, another at the *Collége Stanislas*, which he was obliged to relinquish when, in 1844, on the vacancy of the chair of foreign literature at the Sorbonne, he received the appointment to fill it from the government. For all these early and brilliant successes he was in great measure indebted to the warm friendship and patronage of M. Cousin and M. Villemain, a fact most honorable to these distinguished men, who, as is well known, were leaders of the rationalist school, yet nevertheless, like the eminent Protestant, M. Guizot, really carried out in respect to Catholics their professions of liberality. M. Ozanam continued to fulfil his duties at the Sorbonne during twelve years, with some considerable interruptions caused by illness. His published works are chiefly composed of the substance of the lectures which he delivered.

The great idea which was before the mind of Ozanam from the period of his early youth was, the justification of the Catholic religion by the philosophy of universal history. Eventually, he was led to concentrate his attention principally upon the period embraced between the fifth and fourteenth centuries, with especial reference to the German empire and to the mediæval philosophy reflected in the poems of Dante, whose strong attachment to the German party in Italy is well known, though perhaps not so generally well understood. Frederic Schlegel has said: "It is pre-eminently from the study of history that all endeavors after a higher mental culture derive their fixed centre and support, viz., their common reference to man, his destinies and energies. History, if it does not stop at the mere enumeration of names, dates, and external facts; if it seizes on and sets forth the spirit of great times, of great men, and great events, is in itself a true philosophy, intelligible to all, and certain, and in its manifold applications the most instructive. Then history, if not in itself the most brilliant, is yet the most indispensable link in that beautiful chain which encompasses man's higher intellectual culture; and history it is which binds the others more closely together. It is the great merit of our age to have renovated the study of history, and to have cultivated it with extraordinary zeal. Within the last two or three decades alone so much has been achieved and produced in this department, that historical knowledge has been perhaps as much extended in that short space of time as formerly in many centuries." * The scope and solution of universal history are found in the history of Christianity viewed in connection with the Judaic and patriarchal epochs of revealed religion which preceded the advent of the Messias. The most important portion of Christian history is that which relates to Western Christendom, the European family of nations which grew up under the immediate spiritual and temporal authority of the popes. This was the true *civiltà cattolica*, the millenial kingdom of Christ on earth, whose rise, progress, and gradual decadence occupied the space between the fifth and sixteenth centuries, whose

* *Lectures on Modern History.* Bohn's Ed. pp. 1–3.

remnants are all that has any moral grandeur or value in the modern age, whose restoration and triumph under a new form are the only future hope of humanity.

The foundations of heresy and infidelity are laid in the falsification and perversion of history, and in the general ignorance of historical facts which opens the way for sophists to spin their webs of lies around the deluded minds of the multitude. To find some other source of the greatness, virtue, happiness, evolution in the line of its destiny, already actually exhibited in its history by the human race, especially its elect portion, and still possible in futurity, besides the revealed religion and Catholic church of God, is the problem of the anti-Catholic, anti-Christian, anti-theistic sophists. Germany is their principal territory, the Gath and Ascalon of the Philistines who defy the armies of the Living God with their weapons of erudition and reasoning that are like a weaver's beam. From the days of the old secular and ecclesiastical princes of Germany who revolted against the supremacy of Rome, down to Luther, his associates and successors, even to our modern German sophists, apostates and persecutors; the pretence of an autochthonous culture has been set up for Germany with a degree of pride, arrogance, and insolence which has no parallel, and is frequently so offensive and boastful as to be ridiculous not only in the eyes of the rest of the world but in those of all sensible and catholic-minded Germans. Christianity is considered by men of this school as the cause of a decline from the autocthonous civilization. War with the Christianity of the Latin races, and a return to unalloyed Teutonism, are regarded as the conditions of a magnificent future development, political, scientific, and literary, which shall create a German empire in every respect supreme mistress of the modern world.

Ozanam's chief object was to combat this claim by showing, not that Germany has nothing to be proud of and no greatness to aspire after, but that she is indebted for her past and present glory, and must be indebted for any fulfilment of a glorious destiny in time to come, to Christianity and Roman unity, without which the Germans would have remained always, and will again become, barbarians. We must refer the reader to Miss O'Meara's interesting pages for a fuller account of the way in which Ozanam prepared himself for his task, and afterwards fulfilled it by his lectures on German history.

Schlegel had given him a brilliant example of the way in which history can be brought up to that high standard of scientific, ethical, and literary excellence which is set forth in the quotation we have made above from his lectures. The value and practical utility of the ideas there presented and illustrated so nobly by the literary career of Ozanam cannot be too much insisted upon. History is emphatically the modern field most necessary and advantageous for Catholic polemics. The history of particular epochs, of special classes and orders in society, of individual men of mark, of institutions, of branches of science, art, or learning—in a word, of every kind of topic which can be made distinct and interesting by being localized, limited in respect to time, or otherwise so brought within clear and defined boundaries that it becomes vivid and real to the intellect and imagination—is that which we have spe-

cially within our intention. Moreover, the charms of style are essentially requisite. Happily, we have begun to supply the dearth of such books in the English language, partly by such as are originally written in English, partly by translations. John Henry Newman has given us a certain quantity of historical writing worthy of comparison with "Livy's pictured page," and justly meriting for him the title, so felicitously invented by an Italian critic, of "the Claude Lorraine of English literature." The accomplished authoress of *Christian Schools and Scholars* is another skilful miner in the gold-fields of Catholic history; and Mrs. Hope, also, has shown in her volumes on the conversion of the Teutons and Anglo-Saxons how specially adapted to labor successfully in this department are cultivated women. Montalembert's *Monks of the West* is an unrivalled masterpiece, as all know; and if we were to catalogue all the various pieces of historical composition on similar topics to be found in recent European literature, enough of them would be found to make a small library. All books of this kind in the English language would, however, make but a small collection, merely enough for a nucleus of a library of Catholic historical literature. The educated and reading classes in England and the United States have been, within a very recent period, shockingly ignorant of the history of all except a few nations during a few epochs, in regard to which they have received a certain amount of information from popular works, mixed up with a great amount of error and misrepresentation. There has doubtless been an improvement slowly taking place for the last thirty years, and becoming continually more rapid as it advances. Yet, rating this improvement at the highest value it can possibly be imagined to have, the amount of knowledge, especially in regard to the real, genuine history of Christendom, which is current among the readers of only English books, or even accessible to them, is lamentably small. Even the most of those who are supposed to know something of foreign literature may, without injustice, be taxed with the same lack of information. We consider, therefore, that the example of Ozanam is one which has a special fitness in it to allure and stimulate those whose vocation it is to give instruction, by lectures or writings, to a zealous imitation. There are Australian and Californian mines waiting for those who will work them, in which those who have not the ability to dig out great masses of the golden ore may find nuggets and gold-dust in abundance to increase the common treasure in general circulation. Historical works of original and thorough research are wanted. Where translations from German, French, and Italian works suffice, let them suffice, and original authors take up new topics. Would that, even by the easy method of translation from foreign languages, our English historical literature might be enriched, and that the taste for solid reading were sufficiently diffused to enable enterprising publishers to employ the hundreds of persons able and willing to undertake this work! Besides these more extensive historical works, there is a great need for others of lesser magnitude, for which the materials already exist in abundance. All that is necessary to make these rich materials available is, that they be worked up by those who possess the art of con-

veying instruction and imparting delight to inquisitive minds by the skilful use of their vernacular idiom in a way suited to the capacity and taste of their listeners or readers. Teachers in colleges and schools who are able to lecture to their pupils will, in our opinion, stimulate their minds to thought and study much more easily and efficaciously by lectures on topics of this kind than by adhering exclusively to the mere class routine. And we venture to suggest also to those who give lectures to literary associations or general audiences, that they would do well to exchange their usually trite and abstract topics of vague and general declamation for specific and individual subjects taken from the historical domain. We may say the same to those who undertake to write books, or articles for the periodicals. And here it occurs to our memory to refer to certain historical and biographical articles which have appeared in some of our magazines as specimens and illustrations. The *Civiltà Cattolica* has published a long series of brief but remarkably accurate and graphic historical sketches of the lives and reigns of the Sovereign Pontiffs, under the title of *I Destini di Roma*. *The Month* has repeatedly given short articles of the same kind, either singly or serially, which are perfect models of the popular historical style. Our children and young people, and indeed all people whatever who can be induced to hear or read anything instructive, with the exception of a small class of severely-disciplined minds, must be charmed in order to be taught. Truth must be made visible; in concrete, distinct, and brilliant pictures, images, representations of actual realities, living examples; as a splendid form in symmetrical figures. This is the reason why works of imaginative genius are so keenly relished by the multitude, and especially those fictitious narratives called novels and romances, whose particular form is most easily apprehended by the common imagination. Fiction, in so far as it is constructed according to the rules of true art, is but a shadow of real life. The reality is far more interesting. Compendiums and textbooks must indeed be dry, and they are necessary, as grammars and dictionaries are both extremely dry and extremely necessary. But, besides these dry skeletons of history, we need other books in which the epic and lyric harmony and dramatic life of man's variegated action on the earth are reproduced—works which bear the same relation to dry annals that the *Æneid* or the *Cid* sustain to Latin and French grammar. They should be composed with such a charm of style that an intelligent boy or girl would eagerly take them under a tree of a fine summer-day, and beguile delightfully a long afternoon in their perusal, if they are for juvenile readers; and if they are of a more ambitious aim, that they allure their readers to burn the midnight oil over their pages. Nor would we exclude historical romances from the category of useful and instructive literature, if they are constructed in conformity to the truth of history and inculcate wholesome moral lessons.

It is an error to consider literature as merely a means of instruction for a secular purpose or of transitory pleasure, and to confine the effort at cultivating the spiritual faculties in view of the soul's everlasting destiny, to the use of means directly religious. This is one form of the erroneous doctrine that the

temporal order ought to be separated from the spiritual order, and therefore education be secularized. If there are any who think that the clergy have no interest in any but their own technical, professional studies, and that catechisms, didactic sermons, ascetic books, and biographies of saints written in that formal method which is so inexpressibly unnatural and tedious, with virtues tied up in separate bundles and commonplace dissertations overloading the narrative, are the only and sufficient means of salvation, we might say to them: Look at the Bible, and study the method which the divine Wisdom adopted. It is a book of history, poetry, eloquence; with little of professedly abstract, didactic instruction. It is an inspired literature, and the sermons of our Lord even are thrown into a popular and concrete form which addresses the imagination more directly than the understanding. The Bible, as well as nature, reason, and experience, teaches us the practical lesson that for the young and for the multitude object-teaching is the proper and only successful method. The divine philosophy, as well as the human, must be taught by example, and history is philosophy teaching by examples. In the history of Christendom, both public and private, the sacred history of the Old and New Testament is continued. The church is the spouse of Christ. The Evangelists paint the picture of the bridegroom, and Catholic historians of the bride. To win admiration and love for her, it is enough to represent her as she is.

Frederic Ozanam was inspired with this idea, which was infused into his soul by the Holy Spirit who consecrated him to his high vocation. He devoted himself to his literary and historical labors as a professor at the Sorbonne, not for the sake of science, fame, or any earthly advantage or emolument, but as an apostle of the Catholic religion; that he might win the studious youth of Paris to love Catholic truth and return to the church of their ancestors. For fifty years no Catholic lecturer, speaking as a Catholic, had been heard in that ancient, desecrated temple of the Christian philosophy of the glorious days gone by of France. The voice of Ozanam was heard, without the slightest flattening of its Catholic tone, with no timid reticence of his Catholic principles, and it captivated that crowd of turbulent, unbelieving youth by its magic eloquence. His biographer tells us:

"No man in his position was ever so much beloved in Paris; it was almost an adoration. After hanging upon his lips at the Sorbonne, bursting out every now and then, as if in spite of themselves, into sudden gusts of applause, and then hushing one another for fear they should lose one of the master's words, his young audience would follow him out of the lecture-hall, shouting and cheering, putting questions, and elbowing their way up for a word of recognition, while a band of favored ones trooped on with him to his home across the gardens. They never suspected what an additional fatigue this affectionate demonstration was to the professor, already exhausted by the preceding hour and a half's exertion, with its laborious proximate preparation. No matter how tired he was, they were never dismissed; he welcomed their noisy company, with its eager talk, its comments and questions, as if it were the most refreshing rest. There was, indeed, only one reward that Ozanam coveted more; this was when some young soul, who had come to the lecture in doubt or unbelief, suddenly moved by the orator's exposition of the faith, as it was embodied or shadowed forth in his subject, opened his eyes to the truth, and, like the blind man in the Gospel, cried out, 'giving thanks.'

"One day, on coming home from the

Sorbonne, the following note was handed to him : 'It is impossible that any one could speak with so much fervor and heart without believing what he affirms. If it be any satisfaction—I will even say happiness—to you to know it, enjoy it to the full, and learn that before hearing you I did not believe. What a great number of sermons failed to do for me you have done in an hour: you have made me a Christian ! . . . Accept this expression of my joy and gratitude.' *You have made me a Christian !* Oh ! let those who believe and love like Ozanam tell us what he felt, what joy inundated his soul when this cry went forth to him." *

Ozanam's authority over the students was never more strikingly manifested than on the occasion of the excitement caused by the public announcement which the celebrated historian Lenormant made of his conversion to Christianity. He had been an infidel, then a waverer between scepticism and faith, for years before he declared himself on the Catholic side. The leaders of the infidel party stirred up the students who attended his course of historical lectures to violent demonstrations of hostility. Ozanam espoused his cause with the most chivalrous courage, and took his place by the side of M. Lenormant in the lecture-hall. When the storm of yells, hisses, hootings, and blasphemous outcries burst forth in a deafening tumult, he sprang to his feet beside the lecturer with an attitude and a glance of indignant defiance which evoked at once from the fickle mob of youths a counter-storm of violent applause. A scornful gesture hushed them into a sudden silence, broken only by the thunder of Ozanam's invectives and the eloquence of his appeals to their honor and the principles of liberty which they professed to respect, but had so grossly violated. He mastered them completely, and M. Lenormant then proceeded to deliver his lecture without interruption. The next day, however, through the influence of those consistent advocates of toleration, Michelet and Quinet, the course was closed by an order of the government.

The active labors of Ozanam were by no means restricted to his department of duty as a professor. He was a zealous leader in Catholic associations, a frequent contributor to the journals, an untiring workman in the cause of practical charity and all undertakings for the improvement of the class of artisans and laborers. It is impossible to make any accurate estimate of the actual results of his efforts in the cause of religion and humanity. In the words of his biographer : "The work that he accomplished in his sphere will never be known in this world. God only knows the harvest that others have reaped from his prodigal self-devotion, his knowledge, and that eloquence which so fully illustrated the ideal standard of human speech described by Fénelon as 'the strong and persuasive utterance of a soul nobly inspired.' For Ozanam was not merely a teacher in the Sorbonne—he was a teacher of the world ; and his influence shone out to the world through the minds and lives of numbers of his contemporaries who did not know that they were reflecting his light."

What is awaiting France we know not. The world, but especially all Catholics throughout the whole extent of the church's domain in the world, have watched with intensest interest the events which have occurred in France since the reign of Pius IX. began under such unwonted and marvellous auspices,

* P. 200.

and has continued so much beyond the period of human expectation. They have never ceased to pray for France, to sympathize with the heroic efforts of genuine French patriots, the true children of Charlemagne and St. Louis, and to watch anxiously for the time when the prognostic of the learned and eloquent Dr. Marshall shall be fulfilled: "*When France falls upon her knees, let the enemies of France begin to tremble.*" The blood of three martyred archbishops of Paris, the blood of Olivaint and his noble fellow-victims, the blood of Pimodan and those generous youth who fell at Castelfidardo, the chivalry of Lamoricière and La Charrette, the vows of the pilgrims of Lourdes and Paray-le-Monial, the valiant struggles of the champions of the faith, the prayers and sacrifices of that crowd of the noblest daughters of France which fills her renovated cloisters, cannot surely remain for ever powerless to lift the dark cloud which overhangs the kingdom of the *fleurs-de-lis*. There has been enough of the blood of the just poured out in France within the last century to redeem not only France but Christendom. If Christendom is to be regenerated, France must first come forth renewed out of her second baptism in blood and fire. The cry of anguish, though not of despair, which she sends up to heaven by the mouth of her eloquent spokesman, the bishop of the city of Joan of Arc, "*Où allons nous?*" must be answered: "We go to victory over traitors within and enemies without, and our triumph shall be that of the Catholic Church."

Frederic Ozanam had once said to the young men of a literary circle: "Let us be ready to prove that we too have our battle-fields, and that, if need be, we can die on them." In point of fact, he did really sacrifice his own life in the fulfilment of his task. Such a delicate physical constitution could not naturally long survive the intense, continuous strain to which it was subjected by a spirit which exercised a relentless despotism over the body. In a letter to his brother Charles he tells him, by way of encouraging him to follow his example, that in 1837, when he was preparing his examination for the higher degrees, he had, during five months, worked regularly ten hours, and during the last month fifteen, daily, without counting the time spent in classes. With much more *naïveté* than good sense, he observes that "one has to be *prudent*, so as not to injure one's health by the pressure; but little by little the constitution grows used to it. We become accustomed to a severe active life, and it benefits the temper as much as the intellect." Notwithstanding the remonstrances of friends, he continued almost the same extent of application to study, until his health gave way entirely; and even during the journeys he was obliged to take for relaxation he rather varied the kind of labor in which his restless mind engaged than exchanged it for rest and recreation. His first severe illness attacked him only four years after he began lecturing at the Sorbonne. This was followed at intervals by other attacks, and a general failure of health which obliged him to intermit his courses and take several journeys in France, Italy, England, and Spain, during which he gathered the materials of some of the most delightful of his minor works. It is a curious and characteristic incident of his visit to England, worth recording, that he was turned out of Westminster Abbey by

the pompous beadle, whom all tourists must well remember, for kneeling down to pray at the tomb of Edward the Confessor. His last lecture at the Sorbonne was given some time during the spring of 1852. It was a dying effort. He had persisted in dragging himself to the lecture-hall while a remnant of strength remained, in spite of the entreaties of friends and medical advisers. At length he had been forced to take to his bed, exhausted with weakness and consumed by fever. His cruel and unreasonable pupils clamored at the deprivation of the intellectual banquet to which they had been accustomed, and, with the inconsiderate spirit of youth, accused him of neglecting his duty through self-indulgence. Ozanam heard of this, and, in spite of all remonstrances, he rose from his bed, was dressed and taken in a carriage to the Sorbonne. Pale and haggard, unable to walk without support, but with an eye blazing with unwonted fire, and a voice clear and shrill as a silver clarion, he sang his death-song amid enthusiastic applause.

As the peroration of his last speech and of his life he exclaimed: "Gentlemen, our age is accused of being an age of egotism; we professors, it is said, are tainted with the general epidemic; and yet it is here that we use up our health; it is here that we wear ourselves out. I do not complain of it; our life belongs to you; we owe it to you to our last breath, and you shall have it. For my part, if I die it will be in your service." With ardent but foreboding congratulations and applauses, which all felt to be farewells, the students of the Sorbonne heard and saw the last of Ozanam. The finale of his career had been reached; his coursers touched the goal, and the wreath and palm were decreed by acclamation to the hero who bore them away to die. The next morning it was feared that he might not survive ten days. He lived, however, about sixteen months longer, wandering in company with his wife and little daughter, from Eaux-Bonnes to Biarritz, from Biarritz to the Pyrenees, to Spain, and at last to Italy, then to Marseilles, where he closed his earthly life on the Feast of the Nativity of Our Lady, 1853, surrounded by his relatives and friends, and by his brothers of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. His published works fill eleven volumes of considerable size, and for a just appreciation of their character and value we refer the reader to the twenty-fifth chapter of Miss O'Meara's biography.

We have endeavored to excite rather than to allay the curiosity of our readers, by merely designating the salient points of a life which is crowded with a great variety of traits and incidents such as make up a subject worthy to be handled by a skilful artist in the painting of character. We have not by any means exhausted the material furnished by the intelligent and graceful narrator of Ozanam's life, or even touched upon those personal and private details of his domestic history which lend so poetic a charm to the story of his public career. Those in whom we have awakened an interest for one who presents the living ideal of a perfect Catholic layman in an exalted sphere of action, will defraud themselves grievously if they fail to make themselves more fully acquainted with it by the perusal of his biography. The author, although she now appears for the first time under her own proper name,

is already known by her *Life of Bishop Grant*, published under the *nom de plume* of Grace Ramsay, and is a daughter of Dr. O'Meara, the author of *Napoleon in Exile; or, a Voice from St. Helena.* Her contributions to the pages of this magazine have been numerous and always considered as among the best of our literary articles. In the work we are reviewing she has done justice to the high estimate we had previously formed of her merit as a writer, and to her subject, the one most suited to call forth her power which she has thus far attempted. Besides a full knowledge of her subject; that ardent glow of admiration for the hero of her story which is so requisite, and is one of the special charms of portraits of noble men drawn by a feminine hand; and graphic power regulated by delicate and correct taste in delineation and description, the author has shown remarkable tact and good sense in respect to all those questions which have caused division and discussion between different Catholic parties in France. Without suppressing any part of the history of M. Ozanam and his period, or attempting to throw a veil over any of his opinions which involved him in the domestic controversies then existing, and not yet settled, respecting the relations of the Catholic cause and national politics, she has judiciously avoided taking the part of an advocate, and preserved the quiet, impartial attitude of a historian. We have occasionally noticed some evidences of haste, and neglect to put the last finishing touches upon the construction of sentences or the details of the narrative. We are also at a loss to understand the author's motive for using certain French words, such as *angoisse* and *découragement*, rather than the corresponding English terms. For the incorrect title on the back of the cover, *Life and Works of F. Ozanam*, we suppose the publisher is accountable; for the author has entitled her own work very properly on the title-page, *Frederic Ozanam, Professor at the Sorbonne: His Life and Works*—a phrase whose meaning is essentially changed by the inversion of its parts, and made to convey the impression that the complete works of Ozanam are contained in one small volume, together with his life. Apart from this blemish, which can be easily corrected, the mechanical execution of the work is neat and tasteful. The *Life of Ozanam* is another gem added to our small cabinet of treasures by the skill and industry of a gifted, cultivated woman. We trust the success of Miss O'Meara's first appearance under her own name will encourage her to new efforts, and stimulate other women similarly gifted to follow her example by laboring in a department of literature for which they are specially competent. The example of Frederic Ozanam, mirrored in her clear, impartial pages, presents its own native, intrinsic beauty and splendor as a model for pure, disinterested, high-souled Catholic young men who aspire towards an ideal of true intellectual and moral greatness which is elevated and at the same time attainable in the laical state and a secular profession. It is to be hoped that the publication of this *Life* will make the Catholic students of England and the United States generally acquainted both with Ozanam's beautiful character and with his thoroughly erudite, yet classically elegant and attractive, works on the history and literature of the middle ages.

AMID IRISH SCENES.

II

"I do love these ancient ruins:
We never tread upon them but we set
Our foot upon some rev'rend history;
And, questionless, here in this open court,
Which now lies naked to the injuries
Of stormy weather, some lie interred who
Loved the church so well and gave so largely to 't
They thought it should have canopied their bones
Till doomsday."

"There is a joy in every spot
Made known in days of old
New to the feet, although each tale
A hundred times be told."

WHO has not heard of the Rock of Cashel—Cashel of the Kings? "The first object," exclaimed Richard Lalor Sheil, "that in childhood I learned to admire was that noble ruin, an emblem as well as a memorial of Ireland, which ascends before us, at once a temple and a fortress, the seat of religion and nationality; where councils were held, where princes assembled; the scene of courts and of synods; and on which it is impossible to look without feeling the heart at once elevated and touched by the noblest as well as the most solemn recollections." From whatever side the traveller approaches the ancient metropolis and residence of the kings of Munster, the first object to meet his eye is the Rock, which lifts itself above the surrounding country, as proud to wear its monumental crown. From the earliest times this hill seems to have been dedicated to religion. Its Round Tower, which is still entire, would lead us to associate it with the pagan rites of the ancient Irish; and the tradition which designates the Rock as the place where the kings of Munster were proclaimed confirms this view. It is certainly associated with the early dawn of Christianity in Ireland; for St. Patrick, St. Declan, St. Ailbe, St. Kiran, and other holy men held a synod in Cashel.

St. Patrick's visit was in 448; he baptized Prince Ængus and held solemn feast in Cashel of the Kings "till all the land was clothed with Christ." Here on the Rock he gave the shamrock its immortal fame:

"From the grass
The little three-leaved herb, stooping, I plucked,
And preached the Trinity."

Without entering into the controversy concerning the origin of the Round Towers, we will take Cormac's Chapel to be the most ancient Christian ruin on the Rock.

This stone-roofed church was built, as is generally supposed, by Cormac McCullenan, the famous king-bishop, who began to reign in the year 902. But Petrie is of opinion that we owe this chapel to Cormac MacCarthy, King of Munster, and that it is the Teampul Chormaic of whose solemn consecration by the archbishops and bishops of Munster, in presence of the priests, princes, and people, the

Annals of Innisfallen make mention in 1134.

However this may be, all agree that the chapel is one of the most curious and interesting specimens of early Christian architecture in Ireland. Like all the stone-roofed chapels of the primitive Irish Church, it is divided into nave and chancel, with a tall, square tower at their northern and southern juncture. Within the southern tower, which on the outside is ornamented with six projecting bands, there is a stone staircase leading to apartments above the chapel said to have been occupied by King Cormac. These rooms receive the light through windows which are circular on the outside, but square within, and were heated by hot air, conveyed into them through flues in the wall—the first instance known to us of the use of a method of warming houses generally thought to be of very recent invention. The doorways leading into the chapel are in its northern and southern walls, and are richly adorned with columns, capitals, mouldings, and sculptured figures. On the lintel of the northern entrance there is a group in basso-relievo representing a Centaur in the act of shooting a lion which is about to devour some smaller animal that is crouching at its feet. This is supposed to represent the contest between paganism and Christianity for the possession of Ireland during the repeated invasions of the Danes.

The cathedral stands between the Round Tower and Cormac's Chapel, embracing them in such way that they all seem to be but parts of one magnificent ruin. This church, which consists of a choir, nave, and transepts, with a square tower in the centre, was built by Donald O'Brien, King of Limerick, in the year 1169. Its greatest length from east to west is two hundred and ten feet, and the breadth of the transepts is a hundred and seventy feet. It is both a fortress and a church—true symbol of the perfect union of the national and the religious spirit in Ireland. The walls, which are of great thickness, are hollow, so as to afford a safe passage from one part of the building to another in case of danger. At the western end, instead of the great doorway usually found in churches, there is a massive square guard-tower of great height, resembling the fortified castles which are common throughout the kingdom.

This formerly contained a vaulted apartment having no exterior windows, and but one small entrance. Over this vault was the great room of state, which could be reached only by stairs within the walls, barely wide enough to admit one person. The roof was surmounted by battlements and a parapet. The monuments whose ruins crown the Rock of Cashel were all built before the Saxon had set foot in Ireland, and it is impossible to look upon them without admiration for the men who called them into existence. They certainly had little to learn, in architecture at least, from the rude Norman barons who, taking advantage of the internal feuds which distracted the people, overran and subjugated the country.

It was in the year 1101 that Murtogh O'Brien, King of Munster, convened a great assembly of the clergy and people of Ireland at Cashel, "and made such an offering as king never made before him—namely, Cashel of the Kings, which he bestowed on the devout, without

the intervention of a laic or an ecclesiastic, for the use of the religious of Ireland in general." We have a letter of St. Anselm to Murtogh O'Brien, in which he praises him for his excellent administration of the kingdom. His successor, Cormac MacCarthy, by whom the chapel was built, was the intimate friend of St. Malachi.

Driven from his throne by Turlogh O'Conor, King of Connaught, he refused to take up arms to regain it, but withdrew from strife and placed himself under the direction of this great saint. In his society he led a penitential life, taking no nourishment but bread and water, and wholly absorbed in heavenly contemplation. After some years he was replaced upon the throne, and, in gratitude, built two churches at Lismore, where he had been the companion of St. Malachi, and one at Cashel of the Kings.

The most famous of the bishops of Cashel was Cormac McCullenan, who was at the same time King of Munster, and who has been considered as the founder of the chapel on the Rock which still bears his name. In his reign, which began in 902, the throne of Cashel had become almost in every respect the equal of that of Tara. No longer content with his own provincial resources, he put forth a claim to tribute from the whole southern half of Ireland. This involved him in war with the people of Leinster, who, supported by the supreme monarch, met Cormac in battle and routed his army. The king himself was slain, and his body was conveyed to Cashel for interment.

In the northern wall of the chapel there is a recess, once filled by a sarcophagus which is now in the cathedral. Upon the slab which covered this tomb the name of Cormac, King and Bishop of Munster, was inscribed in Irish characters. Within the tomb itself, when opened some years ago, there was found a bronze crosier with gilt enamel, of great beauty and exquisite finish, which from its form and style of workmanship there is good reason for believing to be as old as the chapel itself; and this has led Petrie and other Irish antiquarians to maintain that King Cormac MacCarthy was also a bishop, though the tradition is that the tomb is not his, but that of the great Cormac McCullenan.

After Murtogh O'Brien's gift of Cashel to the church in the year 1101, its bishops gained in importance and power. In the latter half of the twelfth century the see was filled by Donald O'Heney, who was of the royal family of the Dalcassians. The Four Masters declare that he was the fountain of religion in the western part of Europe, that he was second to no Irishman of his day in wisdom and piety, and that in the Roman Law he was the most learned doctor in the whole kingdom. He took part in a council held in 1097, in which Waterford was erected into a bishopric, and died in the following year.

In 1152 Pope Eugene III. sent Cardinal Paparo as legate to Ireland with authority to confer the pallium upon four of the Irish prelates. One of these was Donat O'Lonargan, Archbishop of Cashel, during the lifetime of whose immediate successor Henry II. invaded Ireland. He landed at Waterford on the 18th of October, 1171, with five hundred knights and four thousand men-at-arms, and appeared rather as a protector than as an enemy of the Irish people. From Waterford he marched with his army to Lismore, and thence

to Cashel. Early in the following year, by his order, a synod was held in Cashel for the purpose of regulating ecclesiastical matters in Ireland. The chief pretext, as is known, for the Norman invasion was the correction of abuses in the Irish Church, and it was ostensibly with a view to effect this that the council was called. Its decrees have been preserved by Giraldus Cambrensis, the eulogist of Henry and the enemy of the Irish, and, far from confirming the prevailing notion concerning the existence of grave disorders, they furnish the strongest argument in favor of the purity of the Irish Church at that time; and even had there been serious abuses, the murderer of St. Thomas of Canterbury was, one would think, hardly a fit instrument for doing away with them.

Giraldus himself, the avowed partisan of the English and the author of innumerable falsehoods relating to Irish history, was forced to admit that the clergy were faithful in the discharge of their spiritual duties, pre-eminent in chastity, and remarkable for their exceeding abstinence from food.

"The clergy," he says, "of this country are very commendable for religion, and, among the divers virtues which distinguish them, excel and are pre-eminent in the prerogative of chastity. They attend also diligently to their psalms and hours; to reading and prayer; and, remaining within the precincts of the churches, do not absent themselves from the divine offices to the celebration of which they have been appointed. They likewise pay great attention to abstinence and sparingness of food; so that the greatest part of them fast almost every day until dusk, and until they have completed all the canonical offices of the day."

As an off-set to this confession, drawn from him unwillingly, he accuses the Irish clergy of drinking at night more than is becoming (*plusquam deceret*), but does not go the length of saying that they drank to inebriation, which, indeed, would be altogether incompatible with the virtues which he is forced to admit they possessed. Felix, Bishop of Ossory, who was present when Giraldus made this statement, resented as false his allusion to the indulgence of the Irish clergy in wine. But, even taking the account of Giraldus in its full extent, we must admit that the Irish priests, at the time of the Norman invasion, had nothing to learn from the example of the ecclesiastics who had followed the conquerors from England; and we are inclined to hold with Lanigan that there was in that day no church in Christendom in which there were fewer abuses.

It was to Maurice, Archbishop of Cashel, who died in 1191, that Giraldus made the objection that Ireland had never had any martyrs. "It is true," replied the archbishop; "for, though the Irish are looked upon as barbarous and uncultivated, yet have they always paid reverence and honor to priests; nor have they ever raised their hands against the saints of God. But now there is come amongst us a people who know how and are accustomed to make martyrs. Henceforth Ireland, like other nations, shall have her martyrs."

Giraldus has himself recorded this retort as a sharp saying. His heart would have failed him could he have looked into the future and beheld the whole people weltering in their martyr-blood; the sword always uplifted ready to strike, the

land made desolate, the populous cities empty, the solemn cathedrals in ruins, the monasteries sacked and burned, until Ireland, that made no martyrs for Christ, became, for him, the great martyr-nation of all time. Cashel itself was to have its martyrs, chosen some of them from among its archbishops. Maurice Fitzgibbon, of the noble family of the earls of Desmond, filled this see when Elizabeth ascended the throne. His birth was not more eminent than his virtue. Every effort was made by the queen to induce him to prefer honors to conscience. But in vain. He spurned the royal favor which could be obtained only by the sacrifice of his faith, was arrested for refusing to take the oath of supremacy, and thrown into prison in Cork, where, after years of suffering and cruel treatment, he died on the 6th of May, 1578. His successor was Archbishop O'Hurley, who, through his mother, Honora O'Brien, was descended of the house of Thomond. A wretched informer was set to watch him, but, through the timely warning of a friend, he escaped just as he was on the point of being delivered into the hands of the officers of the government, and found an asylum in the castle of Slane. His place of refuge was soon discovered, and Lord Slane was ordered under the heaviest penalties to bring the archbishop with the least possible delay to the Castle of Dublin. On his trial he was put to torture, in the vain hope that his excruciating sufferings might bring him to renounce his faith. In the midst of his torments his only sister was sent into his prison to add her prayers to the cruelties of his tortures. He implored her to fall upon her knees and ask pardon for so great a crime. As a last resort he was offered pardon with the promise of high honors if he would yield. The heroic martyr replied that when he had health to enjoy the world, such things had not power to move him; and now that he was weak and broken, it would be folly to deny his God for pleasures which he could not enjoy. Sentence was then passed upon him, and on the 6th of May, 1583, in the sixty-fifth year of his age, he was dragged to the place of public execution in Stephen's Green, and there hanged. His head was then cut off, and his body quartered and placed upon the four gates of the city.

The first Protestant Archbishop of Cashel was the notorious Miler Magragh, who apostatized during the reign of Elizabeth, and whom Camden calls "a man of uncertain faith and credit, and a depraved life." During the fifty-two years of his occupancy of this see he squandered its revenues, alienated its lands, and, lest the memory of his misdeeds should perish, took care to erect in the cathedral a monument to himself to recall to succeeding generations the lavish manner in which he spent the ill-gotten goods of apostasy and servility. The epitaph, which he wrote himself, records among other things that for fifty years he worshipped England's sceptre and pleased her princes. When Donald O'Brien's grand cathedral passed into the hands of Protestant bishops, it began to be neglected In 1647 Lord Inchiquin, one of Cromwell's generals, laid siege to it, and, after a severe bombardment, took it by storm. Twenty priests who had taken refuge in the castle retired into the vault, and the soldiers, not being able to break in the door, brought turf and made a fire, by which they were either

roasted or suffocated. The western tower, which was directly exposed to the battery of Inchiquin, was greatly damaged, and after the capture the roof of the cathedral was blown off with cannon. When the troubled times of the Commonwealth had passed away, the choir was again fitted up and used for religious worship, until in 1749 the Protestant Archbishop Price abandoned this hallowed sanctuary altogether, leaving it to the mercy of time and the elements. The groined arch underneath the belfry was broken down, and the bells were carried off to Fethard and Clonmel. The interior of the church was filled with the fragments of the fallen roof, beneath which were buried tombstones, capitals, corbels, and pillars; and the noble Rock where for ages the heroes and saints of Ireland had dwelled and prayed, abandoned of men, was given up to the owl and the bat. In 1848, while the people were dying from hunger, the great tower, that had been battered by Cromwell's cannon, opened, and the southern half fell to the ground with a terrific crash; but so excellent was the mortar which had been used in the building that it remained firm while the stones were shattered. The walls of the cathedral still stand firm and unshaken as the Rock on which they are built. There is no nobler ruin in Great Britain. The abbeys of Melrose, Dryburgh, and Holyrood are contemptible when compared with the Rock of Cashel. Even in its fallen state it has the lofty bearing of a king.

> "They dreamed not of a perishable life
> Who thus could build."

When Cromwell beheld it he exclaimed: "Ireland is a country worth fighting for."

A fairer country, in truth, could not easily be found than that which unfolds itself beneath the eye of the traveller who ascends the pentagon tower of the ancient castle of the kings of Munster. To the west the Golden Vale expands in tracts of emerald and gold; to the east rich pastures and well-cultivated uplands gradually rise towards the distant hills of Kilkenny; and on the north and the south the glorious prospect is bounded by the Slieve Bloom and Galty Mountains. In the distance, under the hill of Knockgrenagh, is the ruin which sheltered Sarsfield the night before he fell upon and destroyed the siege-train of William of Orange, which was on its way from Cashel to Limerick. In the vale under the Rock lies the noble ruin of Hore Abbey, originally founded by Benedictine monks, but transferred in 1272, by Archbishop McCarvill, to the Cistercians. He also united with it the hospital for lepers built by David le Latimer in 1230, the ruins of which may still be seen standing in a field on the road to Cahir. In 1561 Queen Elizabeth, having expelled the monks, gave the abbey with its appurtenances to Henry Radcliffe, and to-day only the roofless walls remain. While the Penal Code was in vigor no Catholic was allowed to dwell within the limits of the town of Cashel. At present, in a population of six thousand, there are but a hundred and eighty Protestants. Nevertheless, the venerable ruins of the Rock are still in the hands of the dignitaries of the Church of England. It is certainly a short-sighted and unwise policy which thus commits the ancient sanctuaries of Ireland, so dear to the hearts of her people, to the custody of those who look upon them as relics

of a superstitious faith, and prize them only as trophies of conquest. The Irish people cling to memories and are governed more than others by their affections; and so long as the English government persists in maintaining a state of affairs which constantly places before their eyes the wrongs and outrages of which they have been the victims, so long will they be restless and dissatisfied.

To continue to allow an ecclesiastical establishment, which has never been and can never be anything else than a political contrivance for the humiliation and oppression of the Irish people, to retain possession of these shrines of religion, is a wanton insult to the double love they bear to their country and their faith. It was this twofold love, flowing in one channel, that upheld them in all the dark centuries of woe; and now that brighter days have come, England cannot fail to recognize the increasing strength of Irish patriotism and Irish faith.

Let the Rock of Cashel, with its holy ruins, its sacred tombs of kings and bishops, be given back to the people to whom it belongs. It is valueless except for its associations, and these associations are without value to the persons in whose hands it is allowed to remain. Let the glory of other days come back to these sacred walls. Millions of Catholics in the United States would consider it an honor and a privilege to be permitted to rebuild this sanctuary of God. Again on the holy mount let the lamp of Christ's real presence burn as glowed the light that for a thousand years burned before St. Bridget's shrine. Let the swelling notes of the deep-toned organ lift again the soul to God, while mitred bishops and surpliced priests, with all the believing throng, sing forth the song of thanks and praise. In the resurrection of a people, in the new rising of a faith, let this temple, given back to God and to Ireland, stand as a commemoration.

Seven miles north of Cashel, and three miles south of Thurles, on the banks of the river Suir, lie the ruins of the Abbey of Holy Cross. A convent was built on this spot at a very early period of the Christian history of Ireland. The fame of the sanctity of the monks attracted members to the community, and also pilgrims from a distance. In 1169, two years before the Norman invasion, Donald O'Brien, King of Limerick, accompanied by a brilliant retinue, visited the place, and was led by his devotion to found and endow the abbey. The charter of foundation, one of the witnesses to which was Maurice, Archbishop of Cashel, of whom we have already made mention, opens with these words: "Donald, by the grace of God, King of Limerick, to all kings, dukes, earls, barons, knights, and Christians of whatsoever degree, throughout Ireland, perpetual greeting in Christ." This charter was afterwards confirmed by the English kings John, Henry III., Edward III., and Richard II. The abbey received its name from the possession of a portion of the true cross which was given in 1110, by Pope Pascal II., to Donough O'Brien, King of all Ireland and grandson of Brian Boru. Princes and bishops were eager to enrich this monastery, and the fame of the miracles wrought by the sacred relic drew to it crowds of worshippers. With increasing wealth, the buildings grew in splendor and extent. The church is built in the form of a cross, with nave, chancel, and transept. At the intersection of the cross

there is a lofty square tower, and in the transepts two beautifully-groined chapels. In the monastery there were eight dormitories for the monks, besides numerous chambers for the entertainment of visitors attracted by devotion; for the laws of hospitality were never forgotten. The abbot, who was mitred, was a peer of Parliament and secular lord of the county of "The Cross of Tipperary." When Henry VIII. suppressed the great abbeys of Ireland, he granted Holy Cross, with its temporalities and also the spiritual jurisdiction, to James, Earl of Ormond and Ossory, whom he regarded with special favor. Elizabeth confirmed this grant to Thomas, Earl of Ormond, who, though educated in the Anglican schism, became a Catholic several years before his death, and left his estates to Earl Walter, a stanch defender of the faith.

The monks who had been expelled from the abbey still lingered in its neighborhood, in the hope that they might somehow be permitted to return and end their days in the sacred cloisters in which they had given to God the best part of life. At times they met by night within the hallowed enclosure to offer up the divine Sacrifice; and when Mary ascended the throne, they once more took possession, but were again expelled by Elizabeth, and finally dispersed. The cells, dormitories, and guest-chambers, so long consecrated to meditation and all holy exercise, were converted into stables for the housing of cattle. The church, which contained the tombs of many noble families, escaped desecration, but not the ravages of time and neglect. From the year 1580 to the close of the century no priest dared appear in public throughout the province of Munster, and even the most careful disguises were not sufficient to hide them from the fury of their enemies; but in 1600 Hugh O'Neil turned his army towards the south of Ireland, and, proceeding by slow marches, finally encamped "at the gate of the monastery of Holy Cross."

"They were not long there," say the Four Masters, "when the holy Rood was brought to them, and the Irish gave large presents, alms, and offerings to its conservators and monks in honor of Almighty God; and they protected and respected the monastery, with its buildings, the lands appropriated for its use, and its inhabitants in general."

The monks remained in possession of the abbey for several years, and for the first time since its suppression in 1536 an abbot of Holy Cross was chosen. The succession was kept up till the beginning of the eighteenth century, and expired in the first dark years of the Penal Code with Thomas Cogan, the last of the abbots of Holy Cross, who died on the 10th of August, 1700, and was buried in the choir of the old church, in the tomb where the bones of his predecessors are awaiting the day of resurrection.

O gray walls, sacred ruins of Holy Cross! ye have a spirit's feeling, and work upon the soul till it forgets all glad and pleasant scenes to blend with the gloom and desolation that have come to abide with you. The gentle river still flows by, but where is the great strong life-current of faith and love that here was fed from God's eternal fount? Cold are the burning lips of love that wore the pavement smooth; cold the great warm hearts that beat with highest impulse of divine charity. No more from their chalices mysterious monks

drink deep love of God and men; no more at early morn is heard their matin song; no more to heaven ascends their evening hymn. Gone is the dim religious light that shone through mystic windows. The tapers are quenched, the belfries mute. No more floats on the breeze

> "The heavenliest of all sounds
> That hill or vale prolongs or multiplies."

The dead only are here, and around them the silence they so loved and broken walls, which, if they mourn not, make others grieve.

> "Once ye were holy: ye are holy still;
> Your spirit let me freely drink and live."

As a monastic ruin the Abbey of Holy Cross is, in the estimation of the people, second to no other in Ireland; and it owes this celebrity less to the beauty of its architecture than to the possession of the holy Rood.

The marble shrine in which this famous relic was preserved may still be seen in the southern transept of the church. The relic itself, at the time of the suppression of the abbey, passed into the hands of the Earl of Ormond, in whose family it remained for nearly a century, when Earl Walter gave it for safe-keeping to Dr. Fennell, who left it to James, second Duke of Ormond. It was finally deposited, in the early part of the present century, in a shrine in the chapel of the Ursuline Nuns at Blackrock, near Cork, where it is to remain "until such time as the church of the Holy Cross, with the monastery of Cistercian monks attached thereto, shall be rebuilt."

Though Holy Cross is a ruin and in the hands of Protestants, the Cistercian Order still survives in Ireland in the monastery of Mount Melleray. It was, a few months ago, our privilege to pass a brief time in this sanctuary of religion, where the most unworldly life is made to subserve the highest social ends.

Mount Melleray is but a few hours' ride from Cork. The excursion is made by railway to Youghal, an ancient town, once famous in Irish history, lying near the mouth of the Blackwater. At the entrance to its splendid and picturesque harbor, now almost entirely abandoned, there stands a ruined tower, which was formerly part of a convent of nuns who at night kept torches blazing in this lighthouse to enable vessels to enter port with safety. Near the town the house which Sir Walter Raleigh owned, and in which he lived for several years, is still pointed out to the traveller. In his garden here he planted in 1586 the first potatoes grown in Ireland.

A boat leaves Youghal twice a day and ascends the Blackwater as far as Cappoquin. The trip is made in about two hours. The scenery is unsurpassed even in Ireland. There is nothing finer on the Rhine. The river winds through fertile valleys with rich meadows and fields of waving corn, until a sudden turn brings us into the presence of barren mountains, which, in their desolation, seem to mock the smiling prospect below. From almost every jutting rock ruined castles or churches look down upon us. In these mountains above Cappoquin, and overlooking the Blackwater, lies the Trappist monastery of Mount Melleray.

Forty-five years ago a few poor monks, driven from their peaceful home, settled here in the midst of a dreary wilderness. They had obtained from the Protestant landlord of the place six hundred acres of mountain peat-land on a lease

of ninety-nine years. No one but an Irish landlord would have thought of demanding rental for what had always been a desert, and, so far as he was concerned, might for ever remain a desert. The monks, however, paid him his price and set to work to make the desert bloom. On their land there was not a tree or blade of grass, and before they could begin to plough or dig they had to go over the ground and pick up the stones with which it was covered. But for them a life of solitude was to be a life of labor, and they were not discouraged. They knew that half the soil of Europe had been reclaimed and brought under cultivation by monks, whose lives were none the less consecrated to prayer and study. Half a century has not yet passed, and the barren waste is covered with rich fields of corn and green meadows. With their own hands the monks have built a large monastery and church, whose tall spire is seen from the whole surrounding country. In their gardens the finest vegetables grow, and in their dairy the best butter is made. A few years ago they opened a college, in which they give an excellent classical education to youths whose parents may not be able to pay the higher pensions of other institutions. The buildings are large and well provided with whatever is necessary to the health and comfort of the students; and the food, though plain, is of the best quality. A part of the monastery is fitted up for the accommodation of guests; and, as the hospitality of the monks is well known, they are rarely without visitors, drawn thither sometimes by curiosity, but oftener by the desire of spending a few days in solitude in communion with God. In the guests' book we found the names of persons from almost every part of Europe and America. We have visited the monasteries of the Trappists in other countries, but nowhere else have we received the impressions made upon us at Mount Melleray. It was Edmund Burke who said that to his mind the Catholic Church of Ireland bore a closer resemblance than any other to the church of the apostles; and we could not help reflecting that these monks were more like the Fathers of the Desert than any men whom we had ever seen. How terrible is this place! How this life of honest religion lays bare the shams and pretexts with which weak and soft worldlings would hide the atheism of their faith! If God is all in all, and the soul more than the body, a Trappist is greater than a king. To these men the future world is more real than the present. The veil of time and space has fallen from their eyes; the immeasurable heavens break open, and God's kingdom is revealed. Divine power of the love of Christ, which makes the desert beautiful, and solitude a perpetual feast! What heavenly privilege to forget the world and to be with God only; to turn from men, not in loathing or hate or bitterness, but with a heart as sweet as a child's, and to follow Christ into the mount where the celestial glory encircles him! With St. Peter we exclaim: It is good to be here! A single day, O Lord! spent in thy tabernacles is more precious than a thousand years.

In this life in death is found a life the world dreams not of, as

> "Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure
> Thrill the deepest notes of woe";

as in the presence of the dying we see only the blackness and the

gloom, when the soul already hears God's angels sing, and beholds the light that never fades.

The highest joy is of the soul, and the more it lifts itself from flesh and earth the greater is its delight. In these solemn walls, with their silent monks clad in white, it seemed to us that we were upon the threshold of another world, far away from the ebb and flow of men's affairs. We felt no more the feverish throb of the great world's pulse, nor heard the noisy hum of commerce or the nations' angry battle-cry. The blatant shout of Progress no longer deafened us. We were in the mood to ask ourselves: Is it not, after all has been said, progress towards death that men speak of? Do not all the lines along which they advance converge until they meet in the grave? But we crave life, not death. Is there no hope? Must we join the rabble, the common herd, that stands in wonderment in the world's great toy-shop, eagerly peering at stones and metals and skins of beasts, gazing at blank walls and rattling machinery, and shouting: Ha! this is progress? Is there no room for the soul, no hope of life? Is mechanism all in all, and is all progress mechanical? Here, at least, were men who believed in the soul; who, despising all the counsels of fear and cowardice, had turned from the world and set their faces towards the life that is and is to be. They never speak except in prayer and psalmody They rise in the night and spend hours in the thought of God and the soul. Silently they go forth to their work, and in silence return to pray. Their bed is a board, their food bread and coarse vegetables. And so from day to day and from year to year in their hearts they make the ascent to God.

It is easy for us to deride the life which we have not the courage or the strength to lead. These, at least, are men with brave hearts and great thoughts. They are not the creatures of circumstance, the slaves of routine, the self satisfied and unconscious victims of the universal tyrant. They are not held by bonds of flesh and blood. No mean ambition moves them. A king's crown is but a bauble, like the toy of a child; and whatever ceases to be has no kindred with the soul that was not born to die. They wage battle for the possession of the infinite, and in the divine struggle take on the heroic mood that makes all things possible. And we who stood for a moment on this heavenly battle-ground, a looker-on, unfit to take part in such celestial warfare, would fain have lingered on the hallowed spot, knowing full well that the world to which we turned again has no happiness even to promise like that which is found in this holy mountain where God is seen and loved.

A STORY OF THE FAR WEST.

GOLD CITY they had called it in its palmy days, though even then it was a city in name only. It was known as Gomorrah now; and its few inhabitants gloried in the title, for Edverson had struck a vein of gold there in the first flush of the mining fever, and a crowd of fortune-hunters flocked to the place, only to discover, when it was too late, that the first "lucky find" was the last. Then the tide of population ebbed away, leaving behind it the refuse—those who were too poor, too discouraged, too sunk in idleness or sin, to try for anything better. The houses were no more than shanties, which the women made no attempt to keep tidy; children lived and died there who never heard God's holy name except in curses; to most of them even the day of the week was unknown.

Three men ruled the place, one by fear, one by kindness, one because he was tavern-keeper. They were familiarly known as the Lawyer, the Doctor, and the Parson. One day, worthy to be marked with red ink joyfully in the sad annals of Gomorrah, the Lawyer—most evil soul there, and most dreaded—announced his intention of going to England, and, when the next day dawned, he had departed with no more warning and with no word of farewell. Men, women, and children drew a long breath of relief, yet spoke of him for weeks afterwards in whispers and guarded words, as if they feared at any moment to see his hated presence among them once again, and feel his heel of iron on their necks.

One afternoon, early in November, his two associates sat together in the door-way of the tavern, the only decent dwelling within sight. He who was known as the Parson was a short, stout man, who boasted a collegiate and theological education of some sort, no one knew what, and a pastoral charge of five years, no one knew where. But it was a fact undisputed, either by himself or others, that he was now the very minister of Satan. Both he and the Lawyer knew how to sin as deeply as any one, but kept a kind of control over themselves. The man who was their boon companion, and yet hated them both with an impotent hatred, had no such power.

He was far superior to them in most respects. Gentle born, with wealthy surroundings, he had received a superior education, and gave promise of superior excellence in his profession, but had never been taught to curb a single passion. From one level to another he fell, till in Gomorrah he hid himself from all who had known him or his in his brighter days. Yet no man there was so liked and did so much to help as he. The love of his profession clung to him through everything, and it was impossible for him to see disease and accident without trying to alleviate the trouble. Boys and girls playing and quarrelling in the streets would stop the maddest sport, the bitterest fight, to help the Doctor home as he came reeling from the tavern, or to cover his face from the hot sun as he lay like a log by the roadside; would do it with a grateful remembrance of the time

when "he nursed me in the fever" or "he splintered my broken leg"; and often he was saved from a midnight carousal by a call to some forlorn bedside, where he waited on filthy wretches with as quick skill and attention as once he had served the finest ladies in his great city home. No one knew how he hated the place in which he lived, and above all the man with whom he sat that autumn afternoon; but he had lost all hope of better things.

Through their gloomy silence and the clouds of tobacco-smoke the Parson and the Doctor beheld a sight which had not been seen in Gomorrah for many a day—the white cover of an emigrant wagon.

"Tom Townsend, from High Bend," exclaimed Syles, "the Lawyer's old chum there. Who's he got with him?"

The Doctor made no reply, but stepped forward to meet the strangers. Behind the driver sat a young man with a good, kindly face, but lacking in practicality and force. On his arm he supported a woman, whose broad forehead, square chin, and firm mouth bespoke strong character, if one was able to think of that in noticing the serene holiness of the eyes and expression. Her face was pale as death.

"You're wanted here, Doctor," called the driver. "Here's a case of chills and fever that's not a common one, and I've seen 'em by hundreds."

"Are you the Doctor?" the young man asked with a look of relief, as if he had heard of him before; and together they carried into the tavern and laid upon the settle the powerless form of the woman.

"Not this place!" the man exclaimed, lifting his head when he had laid his precious burden down. "Where is Mr. Dalzell's house?"

"Mr. Dalzell?" the Doctor repeated. "I do not know what you mean."

"Why, surely—yes, we must be right. He came from here, he said."

"Who? What?" his hearers asked, with a grim suspicion in their hearts. "Where are you from, sir?"

"I am Reuben Armstrong, from Suffolk, England. A Mr. Dalzell sold me his house and claim in Gold City. Where are they?"

The Doctor's eyes fell, and Syles slunk into the shadow of the door. It was long before they could make him understand the truth; and when at last he comprehended it, Syles stole out of his presence with a sense of shame such as he had never felt before, leaving the Doctor to give the almost heart-broken fellow the only reason for courage that he knew how to give him—to bear up bravely for his wife's sake.

It was but too easy to grasp the sad story. Armstrong had been a well-to-do gardener, with a pleasant little house and a snug sum of money in the bank; but, as the Doctor inferred even then, he had married a woman much his superior in character and station, whose friends looked down upon him, and thought he could never do anything worthy of her. When the Lawyer told his plausible story and showed his well-planned map—when he described his possessions, to be sold at a very low figure, because, as the evil owner dared to affirm, he must be with his aged parents in Nottinghamshire during their declining years—Reuben was only too ready to drop into the net.

They told his wife—his "poor Esther"—nothing that night. Indeed, she was too ill to notice that they moved her from the tavern to

the cabin next door, which was their home. In that tavern Reuben declared she should not stay one hour.

That night the first snows fell, shutting off Gomorrah for the winter from any intercourse with the outer world, and for weeks the Doctor strove against all odds to save Esther Armstrong's life. But for her Reuben would soon have sunk to the level of his neighbors—not in sin, but in inertia. He seemed to have no courage left to begin life over again; he was sure that Esther must die, and then there would be no use of his living. He spent his time in watching beside her, doing everything about the house for her that was possible; refusing all help save the physician's, and only accepting that because he could not avoid it.

When the Doctor came in to see Esther on the morning after her arrival, Reuben had made the room as comfortable as he could with the furniture which they had brought from home, and Esther was lying in her bed, everything white about her, and she herself looking more pure and white than even the falling snow without.

"Am I very ill?" she asked calmly; and before the grave eyes bent upon him the Doctor could return no answer but the truth.

"You are a very sick woman, Mrs. Armstrong," he said, "but I hope we may see you pull through bravely yet."

"Will you ask the priest to come to me?" she said.

The Doctor started to his feet and made a rapid stride across the room. It brought him face to face with a crucifix, a picture, and a rosary.

"Madam," he said reverently—she seemed to him like a saint as she lay there—"do you know what sort of a place you are in? We have no such beings as priests here."

"Oh!" she replied serenely, "you must mistake. Mr. Lazell certainly told us that there was one. We would never have come else.'

The Doctor bit his lip to keep back the oath which rose. "Mr. Lazell, as you call him, lied, madam."

She asked no questions, but her searching eyes drew the truth from him. Sooner or later she must know all. Before that holy calm a tempting desire came over him to try how deep her religious feeling really was.

"Madam," he said, "you call this place Gold City, but we know it as Gomorrah. There is no priest within miles of us. God isn't here at all."

She pressed her hands hard against her heart. He felt that she shrank from him inwardly.

"Is there any woman who will come to me?" she asked.

"There is not one who is fit to touch you," he replied—"not one We do not know what goodness is. You have been deceived into coming here. Now, if you love your husband, live for him; for nothing else can keep him from being like the rest of us."

"You are mistaken," she said gravely. "You do not know my husband. But, Doctor, if I must die, will you promise me to send in time for a priest?"

The Doctor bit back an oath. If "Mr. Lazell" had been there at that moment, not even Esther's presence could have saved him from the hatred of nine wretched years kindled that day into relentless fury. The Doctor had known enough of Catholics at home—God help him! but his had been Catholic

baptism in his babyhood—to fear the effect on her of what he had to say. Had it been of any use, he would have lied to her; but the next neighbor entering would have revealed all.

"There is no priest near us," he replied, "and it is impossible to get one in the winter."

She put her hand quickly to her heart again. "God's will be done," she said slowly; "God's will be done" over and over and over again. They could not stop her. Reuben begged her to hear him, to rest, to grow calm, but it was of no avail. All day long, and far into the night, she tossed in fever, delirious always, but her holy self even in her delirium. Now she sang snatches of hymns; and now an exquisite strain of some old chant, which the Doctor had heard in great cathedrals, rose upon Gomorrah's tainted air; but oftenest she called for a priest, or said: "God's will be done." Late that night the fever abated a little, and she opened her eyes calmly; but it was only to hear the clamor upon the night air of stamping feet, ringing sounds like tankards dashed on table or floor, the twang and clash of noisy instruments, scraps of vile song, brawls and oaths and blows.

"What is it?" she cried. "Where are we? Oh! I know"; and then sank into delirium again.

So for a week it lasted; then the fever died away, leaving her like a shadow. She made no complaint, never asked again for a priest, never spoke again of death; yet the Doctor knew, as well as if he had seen it, that hers was a broken heart. But another life was bound up with her life, and for its sake, as well as for Reuben's, she tried and prayed to live. It was plain that her affection for her husband was intense; no matter what his weakness and imprudence had made her suffer, no one ever knew her fail in her honor and her love, and he seldom saw her otherwise than outwardly cheerful for his dear sake. What she endured perhaps only the Doctor truly fathomed, and his sounding-line was far too short. Reuben was too engrossed in her to care much personally for what passed about them; but the Doctor judged by what the place had been and was to him, even in his degraded life. Fallen as he was, he loathed it from the very bottom of his heart; still, with every gentlemanly instinct that was left in him, he shrank from the outcasts whom he lived with daily, though knowing himself to be fallen yet lower than they. By his own suffering, from which he did not try to escape; by his own horror of the pit whose vileness sickened him while still he chose to sink even deeper in it, he knew something of what it must be to Esther's pure heart to live in Gomorrah. Something—that was all.

He and Reuben strove to keep sight and sound of evil from her; yet all their care could not banish at times strange visitors from her bedside—haggard women, flaunting women, all of them with evil tongues; no care could keep the children always from door or window, and often she saw, by frosty dawn or at high noon or in the early twilight, wild, wolfish eyes staring at her, gaunt fingers pointing, and heard children's voices speak of her in terms wherewith oaths and low epithets were mixed—not through malice, but because they knew no other way.

No one knew what hours she lay awake by day and night in one

agony of intercession; and she herself, praying often and hoping against hope for the sacraments to prepare her soul for death, never knew here into what union with her Lord that passion of prayer for souls was bringing her, as hour by hour the awful days wore on.

The Doctor saw her face, as it grew more sharp and thin, grow more holy, till he often felt unworthy to look upon it, and wondered how Reuben Armstrong had ever won a treasure of which it seemed to him no mortal man was worthy.

A poor, weak soul was Reuben's, truly, in man's sight. But God and the angels must have loved it with a special love. God knew how earnestly that sorrowful heart implored that the light of its eyes might be taken from it, if so Esther might escape from suffering and enter into peace; and when night shut him in with her alone, the angels heard how he strove to drown the riot next door by prayers and litanies beside her, till often he slept exhausted on the hard floor by her bed.

But the children most of all weighed heavily upon Esther's soul. Even when she could not see them she heard their voices; even when she could not hear them, she fancied how their lives were spent, though even her keen fancy did not reach the whole of the painful truth; and as the birthday of the Holy Child drew nearer, she felt more keenly their ignorance of all sacred things, shuddered to think of her own child being born in such an atmosphere, then came to love those little ones as if they were her very own, and to plead for them with a mother's insatiable pleading.

Eight days before Christmas they laid her baby in her arms and saw her smile a happy mother's smile. Eight days they lived in trembling hope. On Christmas morning the Doctor saw the dreaded, unmistakable sign of fever. She had wakened very bright, Reuben said, and very early, with words of Christmas joy, as if she had forgotten where they were, and fancied it was home. Then some sound from the tavern had brought back the truth; there had come the quick pain at her heart, and then delirium. All day long she talked—there was no possibility of silencing her. She, so tender of others, now with no control over herself, laid her whole heart bare; and they, who thought they had known and prized her well, knew as if for the first time what a saint of God had been among them—prayers for her husband and for her baby, but not for them alone: prayers for every soul in that place of death; people named by name of whom they would have supposed she had never heard, but for whom she pleaded as if for her own flesh and blood; eager, loving, most frequent supplication for the little children; prayers for the very man who had lured them from their happy home; intensest pleading for pity and pardon for his and all these souls.

"Didst thou not die for them, Jesus, my Jesus—for them as well as for me? Save them with me, save them with me—with me, my Jesus! By thy Sacred Heart that broke for us, save us, have mercy on us!" And then, over and over, as if with some peculiar, long-sustained intention or compact, "Remember, O most pious Virgin Mary! Remember, remember!"

And there was one frequent supplication in which no name was mentioned, as if it were borne so constantly from her heart to the Sacred Heart that she had ceased

to need to speak the name: "Gain thyself *that* soul, my Jesus. By thy Cross, thy Heart, thy Mother, gain thyself *that* soul."

They heard only one petition for herself, but that so anguished, so desperate, that the strong man broke into sobs to hear it: one hungry cry for God's holy sacraments, for God's anointed priest, to come to her before her death, yet never uttered without a more intense prayer still—"My God, my God, *thy* will be done, *thy* will be done"; and even that was entirely merged at last in her prayers for those who had made her life one long agony at its close.

Suddenly she sat straight up in her bed, her eyes blazing as if with an unearthly, reflected light, her cheeks brilliant with more than the fever flush.

"Hark, hark, hark!" she said, with a ring of ecstatic joy through every word. "Do you not hear the sacring-bell? Kneel, all of you. The priest comes—comes with my Lord at last."

Her eyes were fixed upon the door that no hand opened, yet she seemed to watch some one enter, and to see some one draw nearer, nearer to her, and she folded her hands reverently, and bent her head as if in adoration. They understood: she believed a priest was there; and they, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, of what she evidently was sure she saw and heard—they who watched her fell down upon their knees and hid their faces as in some divine presence. The next words that broke the stillness were the words of a dying penitent alone with a priest of God: "I confess to Almighty God and to you, my father."

Steadily, as if for weeks she had prepared her soul for this in faith and penance, Esther Armstrong made her dying confession, with a contrition sore as if she were the lowest sinner in Gomorrah's depths of sin, and then craved absolution humbly and in tears. When there was silence, and they dared to look at her, she was lying back among her pillows, whispering, "Forgiven, forgiven!"

They moved to give her nourishment, and the movement roused her, though not to recognition. She started up once more, lifting her hand.

"Hark, hark!" she said again. "Do you not hear him? He is saying Mass, and they sing sweetly as angels."

All round the world, that Christmas day, one song of praise was rising, one pure offering was offered up to Him who was born and given for us on that day. Grand cathedrals were ablaze with lights and rich with bloom; far down the choir the altar tapers shone like stars through clouds of incense waving upward to the fretted roof, and the full tide of chant swelled high to join the chant of angels; in lowly chapel as in great cathedral the priest of God and the people of God adored the Holy Babe upon his Mother's breast. In Gomorrah, in a decaying chapel, while oath and brawl sounded without, one soul heard seraphic music which no other ear could hear; one soul beheld a Priest whom no other eye could see—joined in his offering of the tremendous Sacrifice. For an hour, upheld by superhuman strength, she knelt upright, rapt in an ecstasy of spiritual communion that grew too deep for prayer. When the clock struck twelve, she said slowly, "*Ite missa est; Deo gratias*"; then, with a long-drawn, rapturous sigh, lay down again, but not as if

she knew or remembered husband or child or friend.

The Doctor left her then, but at the close of the day he was summoned hastily, to see now without mistake that the battle of her life was almost ended.

"Stay with her, Doctor," Reuben pleaded. "It's a sore struggle. Try something more."

"I can't stay, man," he answered. "There is no more to do. I'd give my right hand to save her; but I can't see her suffer and be unable to help her. She's the only white soul here, and now she is going."

He turned to the bedside, and stood silently looking at the face with the dread shadow on it. Suddenly opening her eyes, her gaze fell first on him, and, startled out of her usual composure, she gave an irrepressible shudder. He understood what it meant. She had treated him always with perfect courtesy and confidence as her physician and true friend; he knew—for there had not been wanting those to tell him of it—that she had silenced with dignified rebuke the evil tales that more than one had tried to tell her of him, not because they disliked him, but because they loved to talk. But he knew also, what they did not, that in her pure heart she shrank from him, that his very presence was loathsome to her; and there had been times when, in her bodily weakness, she had been unable to control her aversion to his slightest touch. He had borne it quietly, humbling as it was, but it was doubly bitter to bear at the very last

"I will bid you good-night, Mrs. Armstrong," he said, trying hard to steady his voice. "You will not want me any more this evening, I think."

"Good-by, Doctor," she said, and he saw that she knew all.

"You will not want me," he repeated mechanically.

"I want you—*there*," she answered with a great effort. "Promise me that you will be there."

He did not speak.

"Promise," she repeated, and the tone brought back the memory of her prayers that morning. "I am dying—dying; and yet I cannot die. Night and day I prayed it: 'Gain thyself *that* soul, my Jesus. By thy Cross, thy Mother, thy broken Heart, gain thyself that soul.' I prayed and prayed it; I am worn out with the praying, and yet I cannot die. Promise me to be there."

The sweat stood on his forehead in great drops. "You do not know what you ask," he cried. "There are sins enough upon me without adding that of a broken vow to you, and here. There is no saving a soul like mine."

She did not answer him. She lifted up her eyes, away from him, away from earth, to God.

"Sacred Heart of my Jesus," she prayed in agony, "win this soul, and let me die."

For weeks he had kept himself sober and decent for her sake; now he had thought to rush out from her presence, to drown his grief in viler sin than ever; and, lo! she was still holding him, was binding eternal chains upon him, to draw him away from corruption unto God. As a physician he knew that it was a case where a mighty will alone was keeping life in a body nearly dead; it would have been an awful sight to see, even had he had no interest in it. She was living only to win him unto immortal life. Angels and devils may well have stood still before that struggle, where one

dauntless soul at the point of death held Satan's power at bay.

"I promise," he said at last, as if the words were wrung from him. "But pray for me always."

"The Mother of God prays for you," she said with strange emphasis. "Call upon Jesus and Mary night and day. You will not need me."

And then he saw that she needed him no longer, thought of him no longer, and he went away.

Reuben Armstrong shut and locked the door behind him. There was no more that science or skill could do. Now, for one brief hour, Esther was his alone. The eyes which the Doctor had seen grow dim to him lit up with untired affection as Reuben drew near the bed; a look of rest came over her, and she signed to him to lay her baby on her arm.

"My baby, my little Christmas baby," she murmured tenderly. "Did the priest baptize her this morning, Reuben? Oh! how could you overlook it, dear? Then you must do it. Now—now!"

There was an excited ring in her voice, and Reuben hastened to do at once what he had felt from the first must soon be done; for the baby's life evidently hung upon a thread. A few drops of water, a few divine words, and Esther's eyes shone exultingly upon her child.

"She will never be anything but God's child," she said. "Oh! I am glad she cannot live. It is the other children, that are not his, that you must care for, Reuben."

"No, no!" he cried. "No, Esther, I cannot live without you."

"Listen, Reuben," she said. Lying there with her child upon her arm, she looked like a vision of the Holy Mother herself, and when she spoke her voice had a tone in it which seemed divinely sweet. "Listen, Reuben. This place is God's. He wants it. You must live and not die—*for him*."

"O Esther!" he sobbed, "not without you—not without you."

"Yes, Reuben, without me—all alone. My darling, my darling, save these little children's souls for God."

One greater than she spoke, on that holy night, through Esther's lips, and touched and won her husband's wounded heart.

"I will, Esther," he sobbed. "I will try hard"; and even then, upon that solemn parting, as if to stamp the promise with an awful seal, the tavern clamor broke shrill and vile upon the Christmas air.

How long it was that she spoke no word—wrapped for the last time in her passion of intercession—Reuben did not notice; he only knelt on beside her, living upon every breath she drew. But, at the turn of the night, she looked full at him, clasped both his hands in hers, spoke so that the voice and the words rang in his heart through all his after-life—spoke not to him, but for him, and her words were those of the *Memorare*. Then, like one who has laid down for ever in most safe and tender keeping a heavy burden borne long and painfully, she crossed her hands upon her heart, but not now as if in pain; a look of glad surprise came upon her face.

"Hark!" she said. "He is coming *again*. My Lord and my God!"

When the Doctor entered Reuben's cabin next morning, he found it in perfect order—the baby asleep in its cradle beside the hearth; Esther lying in a sort of funeral state, all done for her that could be done; and beside her knelt Reuben, whom the Doctor scarcely recognized at

first for the change upon him. In that night he had become an old man, and his friend believed that but for the baby's sake he would have died; yet, two days later, the baby died, and still Reuben lived.

"A poor fool!" people called him. He had lost all interest in temporal matters, seemed hardly to know the use of money, and barely supported himself by the odd bits of work which he did for the idle women from house to house. Soon, however, they discovered that he had one talent, and that was for managing children. A woman one day suggested to him that he should "bide at home, and mind some babies for 'em, to keep 'em out of harm's way; and he might teach the five-year-olds their letters, too—being fit for naught else," she added in a tone as clear as that she used for the other words; but Reuben did not mind.

The proposal met with general favor; the women promised to supply him with meals from their own poor tables, "better than he'd get hisself, anyhow," they said; and that was all he needed to keep him through the winter.

It seemed at first sight a very forlorn life. Where others less careless and simple could have lived in comfort, he lived in cold and hunger; one by one everything which he had brought from his distant home disappeared—given away to people in distress, or yielded without question to exorbitant and unfounded demands. Yet that bare, poverty-stricken room grew to be the one fair place in Gomorrah. There, for long hours of the winter days, might be seen a cluster of children gathered about a man who seemed in some respects as much a child as any of them, and who taught them to be tidy and affectionate and good. A few learned their letters, but many learned their prayers, and the babies often said for their first word the name of Jesus, and all came to gaze lovingly upon the crucifix, and touch with pitying reverence the wounded hands and feet. Often the parents heard from childish lips the story of the Infant Saviour. No home now with a child in it where Sunday was not known. Men and women, large boys and girls, swore and fought in the streets still, but it soon became a rare sight to see a little child so forget itself; it would make Master Reuben sorry, and he said that it made the Heart of Jesus bleed. No one stopped him at such work; he was too poor a fool for them to mind him.

But he had another work with which they meddled much. The promise which the Doctor had made by Esther's death-bed was not forgotten by him who made it, but it was broken again and again. His own lower nature which had ruled him all his life would have been enough, and more than enough, for such a man to struggle against; but, besides that, the fiends in human shape who peopled Gomorrah seemed leagued with invisible evil ones to work his utter ruin They scoffed at his feeble efforts to do right; they lured him or they maddened him—it was all one to them—into the old haunts of temptation; and the very efforts which he made to escape, the very memory of Esther's words and holy looks, the very thought of purity and self-control, seemed to make the evil deadlier and grosser, when, after sore struggle, he gave way.

And he did struggle, he did pray, poor soul! There were hours when he lay upon the earth in some cold

hut or in the open air, fighting, it seemed to him, with no less than Satan's self. But he had been a slave to self too long and too deliberately to be able to gain freedom easily. Scenes of the past rose before him; he knew himself in his true degradation. Sins about which a kind of lurid fascination can be thrown in books or real life for a time he saw more and more plainly in their actual shape and color, and it drove him mad with disgust and shame. Few were daring enough that winter to trust their sick folk to his skill. For days together he would join in riot and carousal, till *delirium tremens* followed, and then strong men fled in fear before him.

But when that time came, and houses were locked tight and no one else dared face him as he went raging about the town, falling on the uneven streets, bruising and wounding himself, there was one who did go out to meet him. A tottering, feeble creature went meekly forth, stood in his path, took blows and curses without resistance, and presently—no one knew by what magic spell—led him to his own poor cabin and locked himself in with him alone.

That was the reason why Master Reuben never did what his tender and lonely heart yearned to do—to make a home for the orphan children of Gomorrah. No one but himself must be allowed to see what passed in his cabin while the Doctor was there; no one else must be exposed to the dangers he had to meet. But the room where they had watched the mysterious joy of Esther's Christmas feast saw far other sights and echoed to far other sounds than angel music as the winter wore away. There were mornings when no children came to Reuben's house, when some woman more pitiful, some man more brave than the others, crept near and laid food on the threshold, then fled away to tell in trembling of the cries they had heard as of some wild beast mad with fury, or some lost soul shrieking in the torment of despair. Sometimes, too, they told of blows or noises like a heavy fall; and often, when Reuben came among them again, he bore marks that proved the stories true, but they never learned the cause from him.

And he—as the winter passed, the only truly happy faces that Gomorrah saw were Reuben Armstrong's and little children's. By and by they heard him sing sweet carols and hymns and chants; he taught the children to sing with him, and used to lead them down the streets, and into the snowy fields, and to visit Esther's grave, to the sound of holy song. People stopped in many an evil deed or word to listen; then left the word unsaid, the deed undone. It came to be a fashion in Gomorrah to stroll to Reuben's cabin of a Sunday to see how joyfully the children kept the day. Nay, it was even known that once a whole party at the tavern had left their drinking-cups, to stand for an hour at the next door, listening to the music. Truly, good and evil were in strange contrast that winter in the almost forgotten place which had no intercourse with the outer world. There was a world, unseen, in which it was remembered night and day.

At length they asked Reuben why he looked so happy, and he answered: "It is almost spring. Then the priest will come." And when they laughed and asked him how he knew, he answered simply: "God will send him."

When the snow began to melt

and the streams ran gayly down the hillside, and grass was green, one week, remembered for years after in that region, the whole place rang with the story of a carousal which even Gomorrah wondered at; the whole place waited to see whether the Doctor or Reuben would ever come forth alive from their self-imposed prison. When Reuben opened his door again, and gathered his children round him, there was a look of peculiar expectation on his face. He greeted each child with special gladness, and told one of the mothers that he was quite sure the priest was coming very soon, "for we need him a good deal now," he said.

That afternoon there came into Gomorrah a man wearing the religious habit, and asked at the tavern if a Mrs. Armstrong was living in that place.

Syles stared at him blankly. "What do you know of her?" he said.

"I met some one," the priest answered, "while on my way to the States, who begged me, if I ever came this way, to find such a woman and give her a message from him. Is she here?"

"Dead," said Syles briefly.

"She had a husband. Where is he?"

"Next door with a madman. We leave him alone such times."

"No, no, Parson," said a lounger near by. "Where've ye been that ye haven't heard? Doctor's out of his fit to-day, and Reuben's got his school again. I'll take ye there, stranger. It's a sight we're proud of in Gomorrah."

Out of the tavern into the filthy street, followed by a dozen or more wretches, the priest went sadly with a load upon his heart. The horrors he had seen already were enough to sicken him; he wondered what new evils he would meet with now of which Gomorrah was proud.

"They're used to spectators,' said his guide. "We watch 'em as we like. Door or window—'tan't no difference to them; we an't particular here."

It was a bare, small room, with a table and some benches, an empty fireplace, beside it a powerfully-built man trembling and crying by himself, like one unnerved by some long illness; on one wall was a print of the Blessed Babe and the Holy Mother, and below this was a crucifix. Facing these was a band of twenty little children in soiled and ragged garments, but with clean hands and faces, too absorbed by what was being said to them to heed what passed without. All eyes were fixed on a small man with a great fresh cut across his forehead and a bruised and very simple face.

"Yes, children," he was saying, "it was the blessed child Jesus who was born on Christmas night. He loves us all very much indeed, and of course we all want to love him. Some time he is going to send his priest here to baptize you; then what will you all be?"

"God's little children." The answer rose sweetly and with a kind of merriment from every lip, and Reuben's face shone.

"Surely, surely," he said. "Now we will sing, because we love him and want to thank him. Yes, I know the song you want—'The Three Poor Shepherds.'"

"We were but three poor shepherds,
All keeping our flocks by night,
When Monseigneur the blessed angel
Came suddenly into sight—

"Came suddenly through the darkness,
While a glory round him fell;
I wot not if it were Michael
Or the Angel Gabriel.

'But his voice was like a trumpet,
So full and glad, and true;
'Listen,' he said, 'my children:
There is good news for you—

"'Good news for men and maidens,
A great, glad gift for them;
For the faire Sire Christ, the blessed,
Is born in Bethlehem.'

Then a *Gloria in Excelsis*
They sang with glad accord;
Peace and good-will to all mankind
From the Sire Christ the Lord.

'And unto a lowly stable
Silently went we three,
And there the kine, each in its stall,
Was on a bended knee.

"And there was Messire St. Joseph;
And Mary the mother lay,
With the Holy Child in swaddling bands,
All on a cushion of hay.

"Each dumb beast looked in our faces,
But never unbent the knee;
Our sweet Ladye she raised her eyes
And smiled full tenderly.

"'Ah! faire Sire Christ,' all humbly
We cried with urgent plea,
'Anneal us now of thy great mercie,
For that we are so glad of thee.

"'For that we are glad and joyful
That good days are begun,
That the great God for a blessing
Hath sent us his faire Childe Son.'

"Then Our Ladye the Holy Mary
Took some wood in her hand,
And crossed the pieces, and gave them,
That we all might understand.

'And we kissed the token humbly,
And bowed before the Childe;
For we knew, like Monseigneurs the angels,
That God had been reconciled.

"So joyfully and with gladness
All softly we went our way,
And with many an old *Te Deum*
We tell the tale to-day."

Then once more, like a chorus which even the children just beginning to talk seemed to know in part:

"For that we are glad and joyful
That good days are begun,
That the great God for a blessing
Hath sent us his faire Childe Son."

The door opened slowly and a voice which all ears could hear said reverently, "*Pax vobiscum.*" The good days were begun.

Strange how calmly they all received him! Reuben never asked him how he came there; he had looked for him and prayed for him a long while, and he was there at last. God, of course, had sent him. One by one he brought the children to speak with him, and to have him pronounce on their fitness to be made God's children; and the tears stood in the priest's eyes as he listened to their simple, fearless answers, that witnessed to what Reuben's work of faith had been. When they were gone away to their homes, which were far less homes to them than Reuben's cabin was, Reuben came to the priest as simply as any one of them had come, and asked to be allowed to make confession.

"You'll stay here and be good, Doctor," he said soothingly. "I shall only be in the other room, and I've locked the door hard."

The Doctor made a sort of moaning assent.

"He's just had a very sad time," explained Reuben, "and he needs you very much, father. By and by please let him speak to you."

How wonderful to listen, in that place of revenge and murder, to Reuben's quiet, brief confession—no complaints, no bitterness, no anger, except that for one day he had felt hatred toward some one, against whom, however, he brought no accusation, and for this sin he felt especial contrition.

"I met Iately," the priest said slowly, when the confession was finished, and marking with care the effect his words would have, "a man known sometimes as Lazell."

Reuben gave a start as of joyful surprise, and would have spoken, but the priest continued:

"I saw him die a felon's death upon the gallows."

"No, no!" cried Reuben in distress—one might have supposed he

had been told of a brother's shameful death. "Oh! no, father."

"It was a just punishment," the priest replied.

"No, no!" cried Reuben. "You do not know this place. They do not have helps here like other people, or like me. Oh! but God saved his poor soul at the last?"

"He spoke to me," said the priest, "of a woman named Esther Armstrong, to whom he had done a great injury. Was not that true?"

"He did not understand," said Reuben with sorrowful compassion —"I am sure he did not understand what harm he did, because, you know, he *couldn't* have hurt *her*. And he did not see good women here; they have such hard times here, poor things."

"He said he could not forget her —that something always reminded him of her. He begged me to find her out and ask her to forgive him."

"She died," said Reuben softly. "She forgave him. She prayed for him a great deal, I think."

"God answered her, then," the priest said. "I trust that he repented truly."

A great light of joy woke upon Reuben's face. "Then he will save the rest," he exclaimed triumphantly.

"But you," the priest asked—"do you forgive him?"

"I?" repeated Reuben with a puzzled look. "O father! it was very wrong of me; I was angry with him at first. But it was my fault, really, though Esther never blamed me; I was a poor fool, father, or I never should have brought her here."

And so Reuben Armstrong took to himself his lifelong title humbly—so poor a fool, indeed, that he had forgotten that he had anything to forgive his fellow-men.

The next day Reuben saw his whole flock of little ones gathered into the Good Shepherd's fold; and then the Holy Sacrifice was offered up, and Reuben's soul was strengthened by the Divine Food.

The Doctor had sullenly refused to be present. Reuben found him, on his return, lying face downwards on the cabin floor, the picture of despair.

"There is no hope," he said when Reuben knelt by him, and begged him to have recourse to confession. "I want drink—nothing but drink. I must have it. I cannot save myself."

"That 's true enough," said Reuben. "You can't, and I can't, but God can. You keep saying that I don't know everything about you, and that nobody does, and that God will never forgive you. But he has sent his priest at last, and you need not be afraid to say anything to him. You must not hide anything, and he has the power to hear it and tell you what God says."

Like one driven to a last resort, the Doctor turned to the waiting priest, and Reuben in the next room gave thanks and prayed, while, in the place where a saint had made her last confession, this man, who was indeed of "the scum of sinners," made his first.

Truly, the Sacrament of Penance is a divine and awful thing. God grant that they who vilify and reject and misrepresent it know not what they do! The burden of souls which a missionary priest in the far West has to bear in the confessional is a tremendous one; this priest had been in prison-hulks of Australia, and through all the mining regions of California and Arizona, yet had never met a case so desperate as that before him now, where hope

seemed so hopeless, the power for better things so nearly overcome. But the poor penitent, as one by one without reserve he revealed the sins so long kept secret, as well as those that were known of men and noised abroad, felt keen relief through all the degradation, tasted somewhat of the sweetness hid in this sacrament of blessed bitterness, won from it that strength which is a better thing to have than joy or consolation, met there and knew there Him "at whose feet Mary Magdalene came to kneel in the house of Simon the leper."

"I am going away, Reuben," the Doctor said that night, abruptly and sadly. "Yes," seeing the other's look of surprise, "there is hope for me, perhaps, but not here."

"Away?" Reuben repeated. "Away from me? I thought I'd have you always, Doctor."

"To be the hurt and the trouble I have been to you?" said the Doctor, deeply touched. "No, no, Reuben, I cannot keep my promise here. I must leave the past entirely, and the old associates, and go where I can repent—if I ever can. There is no such thing as an easy repentance for me." And Reuben felt in his tender heart, once more to be bereaved, that the words were true.

When the priest left Gomorrah the next day, promising that it should not be forgotten, one went with him for whom no other hope remained but the total surrender of will and liberty, the total crucifixion of the flesh. Reuben heard from him once, in the course of his journey, then all tidings ceased; but he was too simple and too busy to wonder at it, too full of faith to doubt the final triumph. His character was not like Esther's; the burden of souls could never be to him what it had been to her; God led him by a different path from that she trod in pain.

But in a lonely monastery, high up among frowning rocks and perpetual snows, a man who had come to it from far across the seas lived, for a few sad years, a life of deepest penance. Never by day or night did the battle with evil cease, yet over him there seemed to be by day and night a special heavenly care. That lonely cell was haunted constantly by visions of the past, by temptations that were maddening, by thoughts and words of evil import, which an increasing approach to holiness made flesh and heart shrink to recall. No sign of the cross, no prayer, no penance, could banish them. Pursued, haunted, tempted to the very end, yet to the very end he called on Jesus, Mary, and to the very end the answer came.

None but those whose lives were one of close union with the Sacred Heart of Jesus dared minister at that death-bed, learning there, in fear and trembling, new lessons of the hideousness of sin, and of the power which an evil life can give to Satan in the hour of death. But again and again they heard the poor lips whisper, "I deserve it, I deserve it; I thank God"; they saw the weak hands cling to the crucifix, the glaring eyes gaze in their anguish upon the Word made flesh; and he who endured to hear the last confession brought to him afterward, with awed and pitying reverence, the Body of the Lord. It was no saint, no life-long, scarred, victorious warrior of the Cross, whom they laid to rest at last, his hard fight done; yet over that body—which, even in their snow-clad region, they had to hurry to its burial—they dared to give God thanks

in humble faith for another sinner ransomed.

Humbly and faithfully, in far-away Gomorrah, Reuben Armstrong lived to a good old age his poor fool's life; and men and women came to look with gentle reverence upon the feeble form which went in and out among them on errands of daily mercy, never tiring. By and by the neighbors learned to know the place by a better name than the evil one which it grew to hate rather than glory in. "It cannot be so very bad," they said, "when there are such good children in it." And as from time to time a priest came there, he always found one more soul desirous for confession, or one more child or grown person ready for holy baptism, and Reuben never again knelt alone to receive holy Communion.

When the Doctor went away, Reuben opened his heart and home to the vagrant orphans, and there, some years after, he welcomed gladly the miserable Parson, more pitiably needy than any of them. "Master Reuben's baby" they called him, and Reuben often told exultingly how good and obedient he was. No one envied him his charge—unless it was the angels, who share in such blessed work.

A railroad runs through the town now, and it is becoming a place of some importance—poor enough and bad enough, alas! but stamped outwardly and openly with the sign of the Cross. For over Esther's grave loving hands have reared a little chapel—a constant token that the offering of her broken heart has been accepted, that her dying prayer has been *remembered.*

And there, troubled by no doubts and haunted by no fears, weak in body and weaker still in intellect, but very strong in his immortal soul, Reuben waits patiently and happily till his work is done.

THREE LECTURES ON EVOLUTION.

We live in a time when scientific men seem to acquire celebrity almost in proportion as they succeed in perverting the conclusions of natural science so as to make them contradict revealed truth. At this we are not surprised; for the management of the interests of science has lately fallen, to a great extent, into the hands of an anti-Christian sect, which is either unable to understand or unwilling to recognize the testimony that nature bears to the existence, power, and wisdom of its Creator, and to the veracity of his word. To this sect Professor Huxley belongs. They call him "a great scientist" and "a great philosopher"; and people invite him to lecture; and a certain press hastens to publish his thoughts, that the world may learn how religious dogmas can be swept away by "scientific" discoveries, and especially by "scientific" reasonings. Unfortunately for Prof. Huxley, his lectures on the *Evidences of Evolution*, which are the last effort of his mind, are as deficient in logic as most of his other productions. In other words, the conclusions of the lecturer are not legitimate, and the premises themselves are not always exempt from objectionable features. We hardly need tell our readers that neither any Christian dogma

has been swept away by these lectures nor any evolution established, except in so far as the lectures themselves may be considered as an evolution of sophistry.

In the first of his three lectures Prof. Huxley begins with a false statement of facts:

"It has taken long indeed, and accumulations of often fruitless labor, to enable men to look steadily at the glaring phantasmagoria of nature, to notice her fluctuations and what is regular among her apparent irregularities; and it is only comparatively lately, within the last few centuries, that there has emerged the conception of a pervading order and definite force of things, which we term the course of nature. But out of this contemplation of nature, and out of man's thought concerning her, there has in these later times arisen that conception of the constancy of nature to which I have referred, and that at length has become the guiding conception of modern thought. It has ceased to be almost conceivable to any person who has paid attention to modern thought that chance should have any place in the universe, or that events should follow anything but the natural order of cause and effect."

The truth is that "modern thought" has had no part whatever in the discovery of the constancy of nature. This discovery is as old as mankind. All ancient philosophers, even before Aristotle, knew the constancy of the natural laws, and this knowledge has never died away, that modern thinkers should claim the honor of reviving it. The same is to be said of "the conception of a pervading order and definite force of things," as we find that old Greek and Latin books are full of this conception, which is likewise common to all our mediæval writers, and, indeed, to all reasonable men. That "chance" could have no place in the universe was so well known to the ancients that Cicero emphatically declared any man to be silly who would suspect the possibility of the contrary.* Hence no person ever needed "to pay attention to modern thought" to conceive that chance could have no place in the government of the world. Finally, that events cannot but follow "the natural order of cause and effect" is the oldest of scientific truths, and the first principle of scientific reasoning. A lecturer who pretends that we owe these truths to "modern thought" shows no respect for his audience. On the other hand, if "modern thought" is so poor and barren that it envies the scientific claims of past generations, and stakes its reputation on fiction and plagiarism, what can we say of the wisdom of the modern thinker who affords a ground for arguing that "modern thought" stands convicted of dishonesty as much as of incapacity?

The professor a little later says:

"Though we are quite clear about the constancy of nature at the present time and in the present order of things, it by no means follows necessarily that we are justified in expanding this generalization into the past, and in denying absolutely that there may have been a time when evidence did not follow a first order, when the relations of cause and effect were not fixed and definite, and when external agencies did not intervene in the general course of nature. Cautious men will admit that such a change in the order of nature may have been possible, just as every candid thinker will admit that there may be a world in which two and two do not make four, and in which two straight lines do not enclose a space."

This sentence shows that we are dealing rather with an empiricist than with a natural philosopher. Why should not the constancy of

* *Quis est tam vecors, qui ea quæ tanta mente fiunt, casu putet posse fieri?*—Who is so silly as to believe that things so wisely ruled can be the effect of chance?

nature at the present time justify our conviction that nature has been no less constant in the past? Surely, if we proceed only empirically, the facts of the present will teach us nothing certain as to the facts of a remote and unknown past. But it is remarkable that this purely empirical method would leave us equally uncertain as to the facts of the future, though modern scientists assure us that "the future must be similar to the past." The truth is that no valid induction can be made from mere facts without the aid of a rational principle as the ground of our generalization. If such a principle is certain, our inference is certain; and if the principle is only plausible, our inference will be plausible in the same degree. Now, have we not a certain principle from which the constancy of nature can be demonstrated with no reference to particular time? We have such a principle. We infer the constancy of nature from the constancy of the agencies by which the physical order is ruled. All elementary substances are permanent; their matter and their active power are never impaired; the law of their activity is as fixed and definite as their permanent constitution; and therefore they do not, and they cannot, act at present in a different manner from that in which they have acted from the beginning, or from that in which they will act as long as they last. This is the principle by which we are fully justified in extending the constancy of nature to all antiquity and to all futurity, and in averring that such a constancy is not an accidental result of circumstances, but a necessary consequence of the principle of causality.

But Mr. Huxley seems not to understand this principle. He imagines a time when the relations of cause and effect may not have been fixed and definite, and even conceives the possibility of a world in which two and two do not make four. This is modern thought indeed; for we do not believe that any indication can be found of a similar thought having ever been entertained in past ages. But we would ask: If in a certain world two and two did not make four, how could Mr. Huxley know that they make four in this world? And if the relations of cause and effect had at any given time remained vague and indefinite, how could he account for the fact that they are now definite and fixed? For the relation of cause and effect consists in this: that the impression produced by the cause is the exact equivalent of the exertion made in its production; and he who imagines a time when such a relation was not fixed and definite must assume that an effect can be greater than the exertion in which it originates, or that the exertion can be greater than the impression it produces. But if so, on what ground can the professor affirm that the relation of cause and effect has now become fixed and definite? We see the effect, but we cannot see the exertion; we see the fall of a body, but we cannot see the action of gravity. How, then, can Mr. Huxley ascertain that the action of gravity is neither greater nor less than the momentum impressed on the body? Thus the relation of cause and effect, in his theory, cannot be known; and mechanical science becomes impossible. In the same manner, if, in another world, two and two do not make four, mathematics are an imposition.

The lecturer says also that there may have been a time "when exter-

nal agencies did not intervene in the general course of nature"; but we believe that this must be a *lapsus linguæ;* for, as he does not admit that external agencies do now intervene in the general course of nature, to say that the case may have been exactly the same in all remote times is not to adduce a reason of the supposed disturbance of the relations of cause and effect, of which he is speaking, nor would it serve to limit, as he wishes, our "generalization." The context, therefore, shows that what the lecturer intended to say was that there may have been a time when external agencies *did* intervene in the general course of nature. In fact, however, he said the contrary. Perhaps the professor, considering that he was speaking to an American audience with whose religious opinions he was little acquainted, thought it wise to give such a turn to his phrases as to avoid all profession of belief or disbelief in the existence of a Creator. But, however this may be, the idea that God's intervention in the course of nature would disturb the relation of cause and effect is quite preposterous; for if God intervenes, his action carries with itself its proportionate effect, while the actions of other causes maintain their natural relations to their ordinary effects. When a man raises a stone from the ground, does he disturb the relation of cause and effect? or does he abolish gravitation? Certainly not. Gravity continues to urge down the body, while it is raised; but the effect corresponds to the combined actions of the two distinct causes. Now, the same must be said of God's intervention with natural causes. The effect will always correspond to the combined causalities; and therefore the relation of the effect to its adequate cause remains undisturbed.

To assume, as the lecturer does, that at the present time God has ceased to intervene in the course of nature, is to assume something for which there is not the least warrant. God's intervention in the course of nature is continuous; for without it nature can neither act nor exist for a single moment, as every one knows who is not absolutely ignorant of philosophy. But this is not all. God, seeing that men try to blind themselves to the fact of his intervention in the ordinary course of nature, gives us in his mercy not unfrequent proofs of his intervention by works so far above nature that no effort of scientific infidels can evade their testimony. These works are *miracles.* "Modern thought" denies miracles, as irreconcilable with the "constancy of nature"; but the history of the church is full of well-authenticated miracles, and there are to-day living in different countries thousands of unexceptionable witnesses who can testify that miracles are, even now, an almost daily occurrence among the Christian people. We, too, admit "the constancy of nature," but we are not so dull as to interpret this constancy as modern thought strives to interpret it. It is the *laws* of nature that are constant, not the *course* of nature; the former alone are connected with the essence of things and are immutable; the latter depends on accidental conditions, and can be interfered with not only by God, but even by man, as daily experience shows. Hence the intervention of external agencies does not impair the constancy of nature, and the argument of modern thinkers against the possibility of miracles falls to the ground.

Mr. Huxley, after stating that the question with which he has to deal is essentially historical, affirms that "there are only three views—three hypotheses—respecting the past history of nature." The first hypothesis is that

"The order of nature which now obtains has always obtained; in other words, that the present course of nature, the present order of things, has existed from all eternity. The second hypothesis is that the present state of things, the present order of nature, has had only a limited duration, and that at some period in the past the state of things which we now know—substantially, though not, of course, in all its details, the state of things which we now know—arose and came into existence without any precedent similar condition from which it could have proceeded. The third hypothesis also assumes that the present order of nature has had but a limited duration, but it supposes that the present order of things proceeded by a natural process from an antecedent order, and that from another antecedent order, and so on; and that on this hypothesis the attempt to fix any limit at which we could assign the commencement of this series of changes is given up."

Of these three hypotheses, the first is discarded by the lecturer as untenable, because "circumstantial evidence absolutely negatives the conception of the eternity of the present condition of things." In this we agree with him, not only on account of geological evidence, but also, and principally, because the world is mutable, and therefore contingent; which proves that it must have had a beginning. It is remarkable that he denies the eternity of the present condition of things, but does not deny the eternity of matter. Modern thought could not admit of such a denial; because, if matter is not eternal, the admission of a Creator becomes unavoidable.

The second hypothesis the professor calls the "Miltonic" hypothesis, and he proceeds to explain why he calls it so:

"I doubt not that it may have excited some surprise in your minds that I should have spoken of this as Milton's hypothesis rather than I should choose the terms which are much more familiar to you, such as 'the doctrine of creation,' or 'the Biblical doctrine,' or 'the doctrine of Moses,' all of which terms, as applied to the hypothesis to which I have just referred, are certainly much more familiar to you than the title of the Miltonic hypothesis. But I have had what I cannot but think are very weighty reasons for taking the course which I have pursued. For example, I have discarded the title of the hypothesis of creation, because my present business is not with the question as to how nature has originated, as to the causes which have led to her origination, but as to the manner and order of her origination. Our present inquiry is not why the objects which constitute nature came into existence, but when they came into existence, and in what order. This is a strictly historical question, as that about the date at which the Angles and Jutes invaded England. But the other question about creation is a philosophical question, and one which cannot be solved or approached or touched by the historical method."

Then he gives his reasons why he avoids the title of Biblical hypothesis:

"In the first place, it is not my business to say what the Hebrew text contains, and what it does not; and, in the second place, were I to say that this was the Biblical hypothesis, I should be met by the authority of many eminent scholars, to say nothing of men of science, who, in recent times, have absolutely denied that this doctrine is to be found in Genesis at all. If we are to listen to them, we must believe that what seem so clearly defined as days of creation—as if very great pains had been taken that there should be no mistake—that these are not days at all, but periods that we may make just as long as convenience requires. We are also to understand that it is con-

sistent with that phraseology to believe that plants and animals may have been evolved by natural processes, lasting for millions of years, out of similar rudiments. A person who is not a Hebrew scholar can only stand by and admire the marvellous flexibility of a language which admits of such diverse interpretations." (At these last words the audience is said to have laughed and applauded.) "In the third place, I have carefully abstained from speaking of this as a Mosaic doctrine, because we are now assured upon the authority of the highest critics, and even of dignitaries of the church, that there is no evidence whatever that Moses ever wrote this chapter or knew anything about it. I don't say —I give no opinion—it would be an impertinence upon my part to volunteer an opinion on such a subject; but that being the state of opinion among the scholars and the clergy, it is well for us, the laity, who stand outside, to avoid entangling ourselves in such a vexed question."

Then the lecturer makes a short refutation of Milton's hypothesis, and concludes his first lecture by promising to give in the following lectures the evidences in favor of the hypothesis of evolution.

It seems to us that the whole of the preceding reasoning is nothing but plausible talk, and that the explanations of the lecturer lack sincerity. First, he pretends that the "doctrine of creation" is a philosophical question, which cannot be solved by the historical method. Why can it not? Creation is no less a historical than a philosophical fact. The book in which we read it is a historical book, more than three thousand years old, whose high authority has been recognized by the wisest men of all past generations, and whose truthfulness has been confirmed by monuments of antiquity and by the study of profane histories. If, then, Prof. Huxley was truly anxious to follow the historical method, why did he not compare the details given in Genesis about the manner and order of the origination of nature with the manner and order suggested by geological discoveries? On the other hand, if the question was to be treated by the historical method, was it wise to appeal to a poet as the best interpreter of history?

As to the philosophical treatment of the doctrine of creation, we are glad to see that the professor has had the good sense of abstaining from it. This forbearance on his part was imperative for many reasons, and especially because, as appears from some expressions of his, he was quite incompetent to judge of the doctrine on its philosophical side. He says that it is not his present business to investigate "the causes which have led to the origination of nature," nor to inquire "why the objects which constitute nature came into existence"; as if there were any other *why* besides the will of the Creator, or any other *causes* besides his omnipotence. But Mr. Huxley seems afraid of a Creator; hence he does not speak of a God, but of "causes" and "external agencies"; nor does he mention creation, but only "origination." Vain efforts! For, if nature has had an origination, it either originated in something or in nothing: if in nothing, then such an origination is a real creation; if in something, then such an origination was only a modification of something pre-existing contingently (for nothing but the contingent is modifiable), whose existence must again be traced to creation. Had the lecturer honestly followed the historical method, he would have boldly started with those profound words of Genesis: "In the beginning God created heaven and earth," and he would have found a

solution, no less philosophical than historical, of his question.

These remarks go far to show that the professor's reasons for ignoring the Biblical history (which he, of course, calls the "Biblical *hypothesis*") are mere pretexts. Surely it was not his business to explain the Hebrew text; but this is no excuse. The only point which had a real importance in connection with the question at issue was whether the so-called *days* of creation were natural days of twenty-four hours or periods of a much greater length. Now, this point could have been investigated with the Latin or the English text as well as with the Hebrew. Moreover, since "many eminent scholars," and even "men of science," as he states, have absolutely denied that the doctrine of the six natural days is found in Genesis at all, was it not plain that the geological epochs, wholly unknown to Milton, could not be considered as contradicting the Biblical record, but might rather coincide with that narrative, and help us to clear up some obscure phrases which we read in it? Prof. Huxley pretends that, if we listen to these eminent scholars and men of science, "we must believe that what seem so clearly defined as days of creation are not days at all, but periods that we may make just as long as convenience requires." This is, indeed, the conclusion we draw from a full discussion of the subject; but we should like to know on what ground the professor assumes that the Genesis speaks *so clearly* of natural days. It is the contrary that is *clearly* implied in the language of the sacred writer; for it is evident that the three days which preceded the creation of the sun could not be natural days of twenty-four hours; and since their length has not been determined by the sacred writer, we are free "to make them just as long as convenience requires." This reason, which may be strengthened by other expressions in the context, and by many other passages of the Bible where the word *day* is used indefinitely for long periods of time, led many old interpreters, St. Augustine among others, to deny what Prof. Huxley so confidently asserts about the *clearness* of the Scriptural testimony in favor of natural days. The professor evidently speaks of a subject which he has never studied, with the mischievous purpose of creating a conflict between science and faith.

What shall we say of his amusing hint at the "marvellous flexibility" of the Biblical language? Though greeted with *applause and laughter* (by an audience that knew nothing about the Hebrew language), such a hint was a blunder. It is not the flexibility of the language that has ever been appealed to as the ground of different interpretations; it is the extreme conciseness of the narration, and the omission of numerous details, which might have proved interesting to the man of science, but which had nothing to do with the object pursued by the sacred writer. For the aim of the writer was to instruct men, not on science, but on the unity of God and his universal dominion. On the other hand, all languages have numbers of terms which can receive different interpretations; and the very word *day*, which the lecturer takes to mean *so clearly* twenty-four hours, is used even by us in the sense of an indefinite length of time. We say, for instance, that *to-day* anti-Christianity is rampant, just as well as that *to-day* it has rained; and we hope that Professor Huxley will not on

this account find fault with the English language, or sneer at its "marvellous flexibility."

Finally, the professor says that he spoke of the Miltonic theory rather than of the "Mosaic doctrine," because "we are now assured upon the authority of the highest critics, and even of dignitaries of the church, that there is no evidence whatever that Moses ever wrote this chapter or knew anything about it." This allegation is not creditable to the judgment of the lecturer.

The Genesis is the undoubted work of Moses, as all ancient and modern scholars, both Jew and Christian, testify. If, however, Professor Huxley, upon the authority of his perverse or ignorant critics and of the rationalistic dignitaries of a false church, believes the contrary, it does not follow that the historical method obliged him to substitute the Miltonic theory for the Biblical history under pain of "entangling himself in a vexed question." If there was a vexed question, he could discard it with a word. Nothing prevented him from speaking of "*what is styled* the Mosaic doctrine." The truth is that the professor labored all along to demolish the Mosaic doctrine under the name of Miltonic hypothesis, thinking, no doubt, that by this artifice he might just say enough to satisfy his friends the free-thinkers, without shocking too violently the public mind. The artifice, however, proved unsuccessful; and if the professor has seen the criticism passed on his lectures by the American press, he must now have acquired the conviction that the Miltonic hypothesis did not deserve the honor of a scientific refutation.

In his second lecture Mr. Huxley begins to deal with the evidences of evolution. He points out that such evidences are of three kinds—viz., *indifferent*, *favorable*, and *demonstrative*. The first two kinds he is prepared to examine at once, whilst the third he keeps in reserve for his last lecture. One might ask what an "indifferent evidence" is likely to mean. For, if any fact has no greater tendency to prove than to disprove a theory, such a fact does not constitute "evidence" on either side. This, of course, is true; but, in the language of the professor, "indifferent evidence" designates those facts which are brought against his theory, and which he believes to admit of a satisfactory explanation without abandoning the theory. Thus he relates how

> "Cuvier endeavored to ascertain by a very just and proper method what foundation there was for the belief in a gradual and progressive change of animals, by comparing the skeletons of all accessible parts of these animals (old Egyptian remains)—such as crocodiles, birds, dogs, cats, and the like—with those which are now found in Egypt; and he came to the conclusion—a conclusion which has been verified by all subsequent research—that no appreciable change has taken place in the animals which inhabited Egypt, and he drew thence the conclusion, *and a hasty one*, that the evidence of such fact was altogether against the doctrine of evolution."

Again, the professor states that the animal remains deposited in the beds of stone lining the Niagara "belong to exactly the same forms as now inhabit the still waters of Lake Erie"; and these remains, according to his calculation, are more than thirty thousand years old. Again:

> "When we examine the rocks of the cretaceous epoch itself, we find the remains of some animals which the closest scrutiny cannot show to be in any respect different from those which live at the present time." "More than that:

At the very bottom of the Silurian series, in what is by some authorities termed the Cambrian formation, where all signs appear to be dying out, even there, among the few and scanty animal remains which exist, we find species of molluscous animals which are so closely allied to existing forms that at one time they were grouped under the same generic name. . . . Facts of this kind are undoubtedly fatal to any form of evolution which necessitates the supposition that there is an intrinsic necessity on the part of animal forms which once come into existence to undergo modifications; and they are still more distinctly opposed to any view which should lead to the belief that the modification in different types of animal or vegetable life goes on equally and evenly. The facts, as I have placed them before you, would obviously contradict directly any such form of the hypothesis of evolution as laid down in these two postulates."

Here, then, we have facts which "contradict directly" any form of *necessary* evolution. Now let us see how the professor strives to turn them into *indifferent evidences* of *spontaneous* evolution. He says:

"Now, the service that has been rendered by Mr. Darwin to the doctrine of evolution in general is this: that he has shown that there are two great factors in the process of evolution, and one of them is the tendency to vary, the existence of which may be proved by observation in all living forms; the other is the influence of surrounding conditions upon what I may call the parent form and the variations which are thus evolved from it. The cause of that production of variations is a matter not at all properly understood at present. Whether it depends upon some intricate machinery —if I may use the phrase—of the animal form itself, or whether it arises through the influence of conditions upon that form, is not certain, and the question may for the present be left open. But the important point is the tendency to the production of variations. Then whether those variations shall survive and supplant the parent, or whether the parent form shall survive and supplant the variations, is a matter which depends entirely on surrounding conditions."

From this theory the lecturer concludes that the facts above mentioned as contradicting the doctrine of evolution are "no objection at all," but belong to that class of evidence which he has called indifferent. "That is to say," as he explains, "they may be no direct support to the doctrine of evolution but they are perfectly capable of being interpreted in consistency with it." This is to tell us that Darwin, in order to evade the testimony of numerous facts which contradict evolution, had to resort to a very bold but gratuitous assumption. In fact, on what ground can he pretend that all living forms have a tendency to vary from one species to another, and that such a tendency may be proved by observation, when we have so many facts which prove that such a tendency has not shown itself for thousands and tens of thousands of years? As yet, no case of evolution from one species to another has been ascertained; and it surely requires a peculiar evolution of logic to affirm, in the presence of such a known fact, that the tendency to vary may be proved by observation. That there may be varieties within the range of one and the same species is a well-known truth; this is what observation has abundantly proved. But Mr. Darwin pretends that the tendency to vary is not confined within the range of the species, but extends from one species to another, so as to produce not only individual and accidental modifications, but also essential changes and differentiations; and this is what observation has hitherto been unable to prove. Thus the professor's appeal to the Darwinian hypothesis is quite illogical, as it is nothing but a begging of the question.

It is singular that Professor Huxley himself, after telling us that the tendency to vary is proved by observation, immediately refutes his own assertion by showing that the whole theory of evolution rests on no actual observation, but on the mere hope of some possible observations which the future may keep in reserve for its triumph. Here is what he says:

"The great group of *lizards*, which abound so much at the present day, extends through the whole series of formations as far back as what is called the Permian epoch, which is represented by the strata lying just above the coal. These Permian lizards differ astonishingly little—in some respects—from the lizards which exist at the present day. Comparing the amount of difference between these Permian lizards and the lizards of the present day with the prodigious lapse of time between the Permian epoch and the present age, it may be said that there has been no appreciable change. But the moment you carry the researches further back in time you find no trace whatever of lizards, nor any true reptile whatever, in the whole mass of formations beneath the Permian. Now, it is perfectly clear that if our existing palæontological collections, our existing specimens from stratified rock, exhaust the whole series of events which have ever taken place upon the surface of the globe, such a fact as this directly contravenes the whole theory of evolution, because that postulates that the existence of every form must have been preceded by that of some form comparatively little different from it."

So far, then, as existing specimens of palæontology are concerned, everything "directly contravenes the whole theory of evolution"; that is to say that observation, far from proving the theory, tends to disprove it. The lecturer, however, not dismayed by this crushing evidence, appeals to "the whole series of events" which must have preceded the epoch of the oldest existing specimens; and he invites us to take into consideration "that important fact so well insisted upon by Lyell and Darwin—the imperfection of the geological record." No doubt the geological record is imperfect; but this imperfection cannot be made the ground of an argument in favor of evolution. To make it such would be like interpreting the silence of a witness for positive information. Prof. Huxley saw this, and, anticipating the objection which was sure to rise in the minds of his hearers, made an effort to evade it by saying: "Those who have not attended to these matters are apt to say to themselves, 'It is all very well; but when you get into difficulty with your theory of evolution, you appeal to the incompleteness and the imperfection of the geological record'; and I want to make it perfectly clear to you that that imperfection is a vast fact which must be taken into account with all our speculations, or we shall constantly be going wrong." The reader will notice how bluntly the lecturer ignores the drift of the objection. The objection is: "When you appeal to the remotest epochs, about which geology gives us so very scanty information, you appeal to *the unknown*; and this is a very singular method of answering that series of *known* facts which directly contravene the theory of evolution." The answer of the professor is: "You have not attended to these matters. Do you think that the geological record is perfect? I tell you that it is most imperfect and incomplete, and I am going to show that such is the case." This answer confirms the objection, and shows that the theory of evolution is illogical.

The professor then mentions "the tracks of some gigantic animal which

walked on its hind legs," and remarks that, although untold thousands of such tracks are found upon our shores, yet "up to this present time not a bone, not a fragment, of any one of the great creatures which certainly made these impressions has been found." And he concludes: "I know of no more striking evidence than this fact affords from which it may be concluded, in the absence of organic remains, that such animals did exist." Of course they did exist; but their existence is no argument against those innumerable facts which bear positive witness against the theory of evolution. And yet the lecturer ventures to say:

"I believe that having the right understanding of the doctrine of evolution on the one hand, and having a just estimation of the importance of the imperfection of the geological record on the other, would remove all difficulty from the kind of evidence to which I have thus adverted; and this appreciation allows us to believe that all such cases are examples of what I may here call, and have hitherto designated, negative or indifferent evidence—that is to say, they in no way directly advance the theory of evolution, but they are no obstacle in the way of our belief in the doctrine." That a long series of positive facts establishing the fixity of species during a great many thousand years are no obstacle in the way of our belief in an opposite theory, owing to the mistiness of all older geological records, which allows us to dream of facts contrary to the course of things ascertained by constant observation, is an idea which "modern thought" may consider brilliant, but which common sense absolutely rejects.

In the remaining part of this second lecture Mr. Huxley deals with the evidence of intermediate forms: "If the doctrine of evolution be true, it follows that animals and plants, however diverse they may be, must have all been connected together by gradational forms, so that from the highest animals, whatever they may be, down to the lowest speck of gelatinous matter in which life can be manifested, there must be a sure and progressive body of evidence—a series of gradations by which you could pass from one end of the series to the other." Let us remark, by the way, that the phrase "the highest animals, *whatever they may be*," comprises rational animals—that is, all mankind; which would imply that our rational soul should be traced "to the lowest speck of gelatinous matter" as its first origin. We need not dwell here on this absurdity. The professor confesses that "we have crocodiles, lizards, snakes, turtles, and tortoises, and yet there is nothing—no connecting link—between the crocodile and lizard, or between the lizard and snake, or between the snake and the crocodile, or between any two of these groups. They are separated by absolute breaks." Such being the case, it would seem that the professor had a sufficient ground for denying the theory of evolution altogether. But, no; whilst confessing that there is "no connecting link," he pretends that we must show that no connecting link has *ever* existed. His words are:

"If, then, it could be shown that this state of things was from the beginning—had always existed—it would be fatal to the doctrine of evolution. If the intermediate gradations which the doctrine of evolution postulates must have existed between these groups—if they are not to be found anywhere in the records

of the past history of the globe—all that is so much a strong and weighty argument against evolution. While, on the other hand, if such intermediate forms are to be found, that is so much to the good of evolution, although . . . we must be cautious in assuming such facts as proofs of the theory."

The wisdom of this last caution is undeniable; but is there not a contradiction in the phrases "there is no connecting link" and "the intermediate forms may be found"?

He then proceeds to show some osteologic relations by which birds and reptiles seem to be connected, but from which, as he concedes, no proof of the theory of evolution can be formed, and he concludes in the following words: "In my next lecture I will take up what I venture to call the *demonstrative evidence* of evolution." Let us, then, give up all further examination of the second lecture, and proceed to a short inquiry upon the kind of evidence condensed in the third.

We must say at once that the evidence contained in the whole of this third lecture neither directly nor indirectly demonstrates that one species of animals has been evolved out of another species. Granting that the animal remains described by the professor correspond entirely to his description of them, and waiving all question about the correct interpretation of the same, we shall merely pass in review the logical process by which such remains are made to give testimony to the Darwinian view.

In the exordium Mr. Huxley assumes, as a point already established in his second lecture, that the evidence derived from fossil remains "is perfectly consistent with the doctrine of evolution." We have seen that this is not true. The professor, entirely forgetful of all the facts which he himself had acknowledged to "directly contravene the whole theory of evolution," insists on the relations between birds and reptiles and their intermediate forms. "We find," he says, "in the mesozoic rocks animals which, if ranged in series, would so completely bridge over the interval between the reptile and the bird that it would be very hard to say where the reptile ends and where the bird begins." And he adds that "evidence so distinctly favorable as this of evolution is far weightier than that upon which men undertake to say that they believe many important propositions; but it is not the highest kind of evidence attained." If we ask the professor why this evidence is not the highest, he will give us this reason:

"That, as it happens, the intermediate forms to which I have referred do not occur in the exact order in which they ought to occur if they really had formed steps in the progression from the reptile to the bird; that is to say, we find these forms in contemporaneous deposits, whereas the requirements of the demonstrative evidence of evolution demand that we should find the series of gradations between one group of animals and another in such order as they must have followed if they had constituted a succession of stages in time of the development of the form at which they ultimately arrive. That is to say, the complete evidence of the evolution of the bird from the reptile should be of this character, that in some ancient formation reptiles alone should be found, in some later formation birds should first be met with, and in the intermediate formations we should discover in regular succession forms which I pointed out to you, which are intermediate between the reptile and the birds."

This answer proves not only that the evidence alleged is not the highest kind of evidence in favor of evolution, but also that the evidence conflicts with the hypothesis of evo-

lution in such a manner as to cut the ground from under the feet of the lecturer. For if the intermediate forms between the reptile and the bird are contemporaneous with the reptile and the bird, it follows that the bird has not been evolved from the reptile through those intermediate forms. It is therefore in vain that Mr. Huxley appeals to this evidence as "so distinctly favorable to evolution."

The body of the lecture consists of an attempt to show, from the osteology of the genus *Equus*, that our modern horse proceeds from the *Orohippus*. The lecturer first describes the characteristics of the horse, using the term "horse" in a general sense as equivalent to the technical term *Equus*, and meaning not only what we now call the horse, but also asses and their modifications—zebras, etc. He invites us to pay a special attention to the foot and the teeth of the horse; and then he reasons as follows:

"If the hypothesis of evolution is true, what ought to happen when we investigate the history of this animal? We know that the mammalian type, as a whole, that mammalian animals are characterized by the possession of a perfectly distinct radius and ulna—two separate and distinct movable bones. We know, further, that mammals in general possess five toes, often unequal, but still as completely developed as the five digits of my hand. We know, further, that the general type of mammals possesses in the leg not only a complete tibia, but a complete fibula. The small bone of the leg is, as a general rule, a perfectly complete, distinct, movable bone. Moreover, in the hind-foot we find in animals in general five distinct toes, just as we do in the fore-foot. Hence it follows that we have a differentiated animal like the horse, which has proceeded by way of evolution or gradual modification from a similar form possessing all the characteristics we find in mammals in general. If that be true, it follows that, if there be anywhere preserved in the series of rocks a complete history of the horse—that is to say, of the various stages through which he has passed—those stages ought gradually to lead us back to some sort of animal which possessed a radius, and an ulna, and distinct complete tibia and fibula, and in which there were five toes upon the fore limb no less than upon the hind limb. Moreover, in the average general mammalian type, the higher mammalian, we find as a constant rule an approximation to the number of forty-four complete teeth, of which six are cutting teeth, two are canine, and the others of which are grinders. In unmodified mammals we find the incisors have no pit, and that the grinding teeth as a rule increase in size from that which lies in front towards those which lie in the middle or at the hinder part of the series. Consequently, if the theory of evolution be correct, if that hypothesis of the origin of living things have a foundation, we ought to find in the series the forms which have preceded the horse, animals in which the mark upon the incisor gradually more and more disappears, animals in which the canine teeth are present in both sexes, and animals in which the teeth gradually lose the complication of their crowns, and have a simpler and shorter crown, while at the same time they gradually increase in size from the anterior end of the series towards the posterior."

The professor then proceeds to show that all these conditions are fulfilled:

"In the middle and earlier parts of the pliocene epoch, in deposits which belong to that age, and which occur in Germany and in Greece, to some extent in Britain and in France, there we find animals which are like horses in all the essential particulars which I have just described, . . . but they differ in some important particulars. There is a difference in the structure of the fore and hind limb, . . . but nevertheless we have here a horse in which the lateral toes, almost abortive in the existing horse, are fully developed."

This horse is the *Hipparion*.

In the miocene formations "you find equine animals which differ essentially from the modern horse . . . in the character of their fore

and hind limbs, and present important features of difference in the teeth. The forms to which I now refer are what are known to constitute the genus *Anchitherium*. We have here three toes, and the middle toe is smaller in proportion, the lower toes are larger . . . and in the fore arm you find the ulna, a very distinct bone," etc., etc.

Lastly, in the oldest part of the eocene formation we find the *Orohippus*, which is the oldest specimen of equine animals:

"Here we have the four toes on the front limb complete, three toes on the hind limb complete, a well-developed ulna, a well-developed fibula, and the teeth of simple pattern. So you are able, thanks to these great researches, to show that, so far as present knowledge extends, the history of the horse type is exactly and precisely that which could have been predicted from a knowledge of the principles of evolution. And the knowledge we now possess justifies us completely in the anticipation that when the still lower eocene deposits and those which belong to the cretaceous epoch have yielded up their remains of equine animals, we shall find first an equine creature with four toes in front and a rudiment of the thumb. Then probably a rudiment of the fifth toe will be gradually supplied, until we come to the five-toed animals, in which most assuredly the whole series took its origin."

To say plainly what we think of this long argumentation, we believe that it demonstrates nothing but the eminent talkative faculty of the lecturer. It all comes to this: Unmodified mammals have five fingers and five toes, whereas the modern horse has only one. Therefore the modern horse is but a modification of a pre-existing form, and is to be traced to the *hipparion*, the *anchitherium*, the *orohippus*, and other more ancient forms which we have not yet discovered, but which we hope to discover hereafter. Now, this style of reasoning is simply ridiculous.

First, even granting all the premises of the professor, the conclusion that one species is derived from another by evolution would still remain unproved. For who told Prof. Huxley that the animal remains on which he bases his argument belong to different species, and not to different varieties of one and the same species? Surely, a greater or less development of one or two bones cannot be considered a sufficient evidence of specific difference; for we know that even in the same variety there may be a different development; as in the hound, which sometimes possesses a spurious hind toe, and in the mastiff, which occasionally shows the same peculiarity. Hence the professor has no right to assume that the horse, the hipparion, the anchitherium, etc., are animals of different species; and therefore his argument has nothing to do with the evolution of one species from another.

Secondly, to assume without proof that "unmodified mammalia" have five fingers and five toes is to assume without proof the very conclusion which was to be demonstrated; for it is to assume that the modern horse, which has neither five fingers nor five toes, is not an unmodified mammal, but a product evolved by some more ancient form. Now, this is what logicians call *petitio principii*.

Thirdly, what does Prof. Huxley mean by *unmodified* mammalia? What are they? For, in his theory of evolution, every animal is a *modification* of a preceding form, and the whole series of living beings contains nothing but *modified* organisms. To find, therefore, an unmodified mammal, it would be

necessary to find the *first* of all mammals from which all other mammals of the same class have proceeded. This first mammal is still to be discovered, as the professor concedes. How, then, could he know that the unmodified mammal has five fingers and five toes? And if he did not know this, how did he assume it as the very ground of his pretended demonstration?

Fourthly, how does Prof. Huxley know that the horse proceeds from the hipparion, the hipparion from the anchitherium, and the anchitherium from the orohippus? Of this he knows nothing whatever. He has no other ground for his assertion, except the different ages to which those deposits belong: but a difference of age does not prove that the older is the parent of the younger. Alexander the Great existed before Annibal, Annibal before Cæsar, Cæsar before Napoleon. Will our professor infer from this that Napoleon was the lineal descendant of Alexander the Great?

Fifthly, it is not true that "the history corresponds exactly with what one could construct *à priori* from the principles of evolution." The principles of the theory of evolution demand that the more complex organisms be considered as evolved from the less complex, and the more developed as evolved from the less developed; for, according to the theory, the further we go back towards the origin of life, the nearer we approach the "protoplasm" or the "gelatinous matter." It would therefore be more in accordance with the theory of evolution to say that the five-toed animals must have proceeded from animals possessing a simpler and less developed organism, and that the horse is the parent of the hipparion, and of the anchitherium and of the orohippus, which is quite contrary to geological evidence. Hence geological evidence flatly contradicts the principles of evolution. In other terms, if mammalia of different species have been evolved from one another, those animals whose organism is more developed must be more modern. Now, the orohippus has an organism more developed than that of the horse. Therefore the orohippus, by the principles of the theory, is more modern than the existing horse. But geological evidence shows the contrary. Therefore geological evidence directly conflicts with the principles of evolution.

Sixthly, the whole argument of the professor may be condensed in the following syllogism: If the theory of evolution is true, then we must find such and such fossils. But we find such and such fossils. Therefore the theory of evolution is true. By this form of reasoning one would prove anything he likes. Thus, for example, we might say, if Professor Huxley has graduated at Yale College, New Haven, he must know the English language. But he knows the English language. Therefore he has graduated at Yale College, New Haven. The fallacy consists in supposing that such and such fossils could not be found, except in the hypothesis that evolution is true. Hence, to avoid the fallacy, the conditionate proposition should have been inverted—that is, it should have been: If we find such and such fossils in such and such deposits, then the theory of evolution is true. But this proposition could not be assumed without proofs.

But, says the lecturer.

"An inductive hypothesis is said to be

demonstrated when the facts are shown to be in entire accordance with it. If that is not scientific proof, there are no inductive conclusions which can be said to be scientific. And the doctrine of evolution at the present time rests upon exactly as secure a foundation as the Copernican theory of the motion of the heavenly bodies. Its basis is precisely of the same character—the coincidence of the observed facts with theoretical requirements. As I mentioned just now, the only way of escape, if it be a way of escape, from the conclusions which I have just indicated, is the supposition that all these different forms have been created separately at separate epochs of time ; and I repeat, as I said before, that of such a hypothesis as this there neither is nor can be any scientific evidence ; and assuredly, so far as I know, there is none which is supported, or pretends to be supported, by evidence or authority of any other kind."

These sweeping assertions are all founded on the assumption that the facts have been shown to be in entire accordance with the hypothesis. But we have shown that the facts contradict the hypothesis. It is therefore a scientific necessity to deny the hypothesis. Moreover, scientific hypotheses are not proved by the mere coincidence of the observed facts with theoretical requirements; it is necessary to show, further, that the observed facts cannot be reconciled with a different theory. Hence, even if the professor had shown the agreement of the facts with his hypothesis, he would still have had no right to conclude in favor of his hypothesis on that ground alone; for he would have been obliged to show also that the Mosaic theory does not agree with those facts. What he says about "the only way of escape" is a vain boast, which has no real importance except in as much as it may serve for rhetorical effect. We have no need of seeking a way of escape; for we still follow our own old way, which remains unobstructed. We need not "make the supposition that all different forms have been created at separate epochs of time," though they may have been so created ; nor do we require "scientific evidence" of the truth of creation, for we have sufficient Biblical and philosophical evidence of it ; nor do we want evidence of certain distinct or "separate" creations, for we have this evidence in the Book of Genesis. If any one needs "a way of escape," it is the professor himself, who has ventured to defend a theory equally condemned by the Mosaic history of the origin of things and by the characteristic peculiarities of the geological remains which he has produced. As for us, even if it were proved that the horse, the hipparion, the anchitherium, and the orohippus are animals of different species, nothing would oblige us to admit that these animals have been created "at separate epochs of time"—that is to say, in different Scriptural days ; for these days, or epochs, are each sufficiently long to encompass the events to which the geological record bears testimony. On the other hand, were we to assume that such animals have been created at separate epochs of time, we do not see on what ground the professor could refute such a conjecture. He might say, of course, that there is no "scientific evidence" for the supposition ; but we might reply that there are many facts which science must accept on other than scientific evidence ; and we might even maintain that those fossil remains on which the lecturer has founded his pretended demonstration are themselves a *primâ facie* evidence in favor of said supposition. But the supposition is not needed, as we have remarked.

The professor concludes his lecture thus : "I shall consider I have

done you the greatest service which it was in my power in such a way to do, if I have thus convinced you that this great question which we are discussing is not one to be discussed, dealt with, by rhetorical flourishes or by loose and superficial talk, but that it requires the keenest attention of the trained intellect, and the patience of the most accurate observer."

These words were applauded by the audience, and we too are glad to applaud. But we may be allowed to doubt if the lecturer, in dealing with the question of evolution, has shown much respect for the maxim which he proclaims. We do not mean, of course, that Professor Huxley's intellect is untrained, or that his scientific observations are inaccurate, but we think we can safely say that his logic is not as accurate as his scientific observations, and that his trained intellect is apt to relish sham arguments and superficial talk. When a man can gravely express the opinion that "there may be a world where two and two do not make four," the intellect of that man makes a poor show indeed; nor does it make a better show by assuming that "there may have been a time when the relation of cause and effect was still indefinite." In like manner, when a man in the discussion of a historical question ignores all historical documents except those which he thinks favorable to his views; when he strives to evade the evidence of certain facts which cannot be reconciled with his theory; or when he brings as a proof of the theory what under examination is found to clash with the principles of the same theory, we must be excused if we cannot admire his logic.

The lecturer's misfortune is that he is a victim of that proud and absurd system of knowledge which is named "modern thought." The apostles of this system strive to suppress God. The universe, according to them, is not necessarily the work of an intelligent Being. Give them only a few specks of "gelatinous matter," and they will tell you that nothing else is required to account for the origin of life, intellect, and reason. If you say that this is impossible, because the effect cannot be more perfect than its causality, they will inform you that the words *cause* and *effect*, though still tolerated, are becoming obsolete, just as the ideas which they express. If you ask, How did the "gelatinous matter" itself originate? they will let you understand that their science cannot go so far as to attempt a clear answer; because, as Prof. Huxley adroitly puts it, "the attempt to fix any limit at which we should assign the commencement of the series of changes is given up." This suffices to form a just estimate of the scientific hypotheses concocted by the leaders of "modern thought." We are apt to boast of our superior knowledge: but it is one of the disasters of our time that the absurd theories of such a perverted science find ready acceptance among educated men.

UP THE NILE.

I.

When Philip's son, on his way to the temple of Jupiter Ammon in the African desert, selected the abode of the fabulous Proteus for his future city, the gods encouraged their much-loved child with a favorable omen. For whilst Dinocrates, the architect, was marking out the lines upon the ground, the chalk he used was exhausted; whereupon the king, who was present, ordered the flour destined for the workmen's food to be employed in its stead, thereby enabling him to complete the outline of many of the streets. An infinite number of birds, says Plutarch, of several kinds, rising suddenly like a black cloud out of the river and lake, devoured the flour. Alexander, troubled in mind—as the workmen, no doubt, were both in mind and body, although the historian does not so relate—consulted the augurs. These discreet men, who read the divine Mind in their own fashion, advised him to proceed, by observing that the occurrence was a sign the city he was about to build would enjoy such abundance of all things that it would contribute to the nourishment of many nations. The workmen having swallowed their indignation in place of their food, the work proceeded, and Alexander, before continuing his journey, witnessed the commencement of his flourishing city, B.C. 323. Thus rose up Alexandria, the gate of the Orient. Centuries are as naught in its calendar; nay, thousands of years give but a feeble idea of the length of its civilized existence. Enter the portals of the Alexandria of to-day. What a new world spreads out before you! Is it not all a masquerade? These strange boatmen with their bright-colored robes, their magpie chattering—are they real? Color—color everywhere: the cloudless blue sky above, the green waters beneath, the dark complexions, the red, green, yellow of their garments, the endless confusion of colors in, around, and about. Close the eyes, or they will be dazzled. Struggle now, or see, those fellows will tear you apart and carry you in pieces to the shore, head in one boat, legs in another—happy you if even both legs are in the same boat. Fight hard now to retain your entire individuality. Well done! Now follow this handsome Arab; he is a dragoman and will protect you. Take his olive-green suit and bright red fez for a guide. See how he strikes right and left; and, by Allah! down go a score of boatmen. Are they hurt? No matter; they are only Arabs, and menials at that. He has you in his own boat now—sound, too, nothing wanting; feel, if you are in doubt—yes, head, arms, legs, body, all here; and he stands in the stern and smiles complacently. He will talk to you in any language, unintelligibly perhaps, but then with such grace and dignity; you must pretend to understand him. He will give you any information, from the cost of building the pyramids to the price of

donkey-hire; will take you anywhere—to Pompey's Pillar, Assouan, the Mountains of the Moon. And when you timidly inquire where the mountains are, thinking you might like to make a short visit, he smiles patronizingly, and waves his hand gracefully to the south. Up there!—three thousand miles or more. But what is that to him? You are surprised that he should have creditors, a man of his appearance; but you are relieved, for he pays his debts, and the custom-house officials smile, place their hands on their hearts, and bow your luggage out of the custom-house. You are already beginning to feel proud at being the friend of so great a man. That famous flirt Cleopatra lived here, and toyed with the hearts of men—some of them real men, too; not the Egyptian fops of the day, the Greek society men, or the Roman swells, but such men as Antony, who lost half the world for her at Actium. She it was who amused herself by swallowing pearls, and finally left this world to avoid the honor of adorning the triumph of Octavius. The augurs were right. Alexander's city did contribute to the nourishment of many nations, physically and intellectually. Its sails whitened every sea, bearing to the capital and provinces of the empire the treasures of Egypt, Arabia, and India. Students flocked to its schools; its great library contained over seven hundred thousand volumes. Even as late as A.D. 641, when Amru captured the city after a siege of fourteen months, in his letter to Omar he tells him that he found there four thousand palaces, as many baths, four hundred places of amusement, and twelve thousand gardens. Amru was inclined to spare the library, being urged to do so by John Philopanus; but Omar sent orders: "If the books contain the same matter as the Koran, they are useless; if not the same, they are worse than useless. Therefore, in either case, they are to be burnt." Even in their destruction they were made useful; for Abdollatiff says there were so many books that the baths of Alexandria were heated by them for the space of six months. Those mystical enigmas of Western childhood—Cleopatra's Needles—turn out to be but obelisks after all, and not of the best. They stood originally at Heliopolis, but Tiberius set them up in front of the Cæsarium in honor of himself. Those old emperors were fond of raising monuments to themselves, that future generations might wonder at their exploits, which many times were performed in imagination only. One has fallen, and is a white elephant on the hands of England. The English do not know what to do with it. Mohammed Ali gave it to them, and even offered to transport it free of expense to the shore and put it on any vessel sent to remove it. Possibly he thought it reminded the people too much of Tiberius, and wanted to set up one for his own glorification. No vessel was sent, and here it remains, half covered with *débris*. Pompey's Pillar is a column of highly-polished red granite ninety-eight feet nine inches in height, twenty-nine feet eight inches in circumference, erected by another of those modest Roman emperors—Diocletian by name—for the same purpose that Tiberius set up the old obelisk. It is a wonder that some of these unpretentious rulers, with their characteristic modesty, did not carry out the idea proposed to Alexander by Dinocrates, and have Mount Athos cut into a statue of themselves,

holding in one hand a city of ten thousand inhabitants, and from the other pouring a copious river into the sea. Perhaps they thought this city would be deserted, the inhabitants fearing that natural instinct would cause the hand to close and grab up everything, people and all. What a motley mass of humanity throng its narrow streets—Greeks, Jews, Turks, and people of almost every nation in Europe, but few Copts, the descendants of the old Egyptians. When Cambyses made his trip to Egypt, 524 B.C., he persuaded most of them to leave the Delta and retire to the Thebaid, where their descendants are found to this day. It is hard to understand the Copt. In other parts of the world a man who can trace his pedigree a few centuries back carries that fact in his face, and considers himself, and is considered, above other men. Here we talk in an off-hand, familiar way with Copts living in the same place where their ancestors have lived for six thousand years or more—men who can trace their ancestry through a long roll of illustrious names to the world's conquerors, the Rameses and Ositarsens; and they were not proud of it—in fact, they did not seem to know anything about it. Perhaps it was such an old, old story that it had been forgotten ages before.

A well-managed railway leads to Cairo. Strange!—a railway in the land where the grandson of Noe settled, where Joseph outwitted the king's cunning ministers: Mash el Káheral, the victorious city, called Cairo by the Western barbarians, with donkeys and camels, eunuchs and harems, palm-trees and dahabeeáhs, all within sight of the station, and yet to be pushed into an omnibus! O Western civilization! will you never let this picturesque world alone? To travel five thousand miles, thinking all the way of riding on donkeys like Ali Baba, or perched high on a camel like Mohammed, and then be conveyed to the hotel in an omnibus, as though in London or New York! I thought I could detect a frown on the Sphinx's usually impassible face, as one passed it the other day. You can easily imagine the pyramids holding serious debate as to the advisability of ruining themselves as objects of interest by tumbling over and crushing out these new-fangled contrivances. We are going up the Nile, so we steal a hasty glance at the pyramids, nod to the Sphinx as though we had been on speaking terms for three or four thousand years, visit the citadel at sunset, get bewildered at the strange sights, do and see everything in the orthodox style, and are off. Going up the Nile, I determined to write a book, so voluminous notes were taken—measurements and statistics enough to puzzle the brain of an antiquarian; such meteorological observations, too!—Probabilities would have found it hard to digest them. All travellers do this. Coming down the Nile, I concluded that I would not write a book. Most travellers do this. Before going to the East I had no idea of the vast amount of literature existing touching Egypt, the Egyptians, and the Nile trip. Returning, I was conversant with it. I had seen the people through the richly-tinted glasses of euphonious Curtis, had studied them through the sombre spectacles of erudite Wilkinson and Lane. I had watched them through the soft lens of a woman's tender mind, and been startled at their wondrous doings under the magnifying-glasses of highly marvellous Prime. I intended telling why I

went to the East. Most writers think an apology due their readers for leaving home, or, at least, that they should give their reasons, the difficulties of engaging a dahabeeáh, to report what the reis said, and how our dragoman answered him—all in broken English, of course. But I will simply tell a short story—how certain pale-faced howadjii from the West sailed up to the second cataract of the Nile and back again, and what befell them.

The wind blew from the north, and we started. Now, it is a peculiarity of the Nile trip that the wind always blows from the north before the dahabeeáhs start, although it generally takes four or five pages to tell it, after "everything is on board and all impatient for the start," and the reader is left in some doubt as to whether the boat is going at all. But as the course is to the south, and these boats cannot tack, the reader may now understand why he is kept so long waiting until "the breeze blows fresh from the north, the great sail drops down like the graceful plumage of some giant bird, and the shores glide past like the land of the poet's dream." We commenced the voyage by running aground, and we continued it somewhat in the same way. We did not travel on land; for I said something above about the direction of the wind and its connection with our starting, so that one might infer we were on a boat. But scarce a day passed that we did not run aground at least once, and often three or four times. Finally we became so used to it that, seated in the cabin, we could tell by the shouting what means were being employed to shove the boat off. The invocations were always the same. Would a good Moslem, think you, call upon any but the two sacred names, Allah, Mohammed—the God and the Prophet? But the intonations of the voice told the story. Grunting out these sacred names, starting from the extremity of the toes, struggling and fighting with each nerve and muscle as they came up, told us unmistakably that they were pushing with long poles. Now a fearful colic seizes the crew; they groan and cry, and in the deepest misery implore God and the Prophet to free them from their sufferings; and we are well aware that they are in the water, making pretended strenuous efforts to raise the boat with their backs. A bright, lively chorus tells us that they are setting sail. A dead silence informs us to a moral certainty that they are eating their meals. Let me tell you something about the dahabeeáh; for it is to be our home for many weeks. The *Sitta Mariam*, as we called it, was ninety-seven feet long, sixteen in width, and drew three feet of water. The forward part was reserved for the use of the crew. In the hold they kept food and clothes. On the deck they slept—the more fastidious ones on sheepskins, the others upon the bare boards. In the Orient everything is just the reverse of the Occident. We cover our feet and expose the head while sleeping. They wrap up the head with care, and expose the feet to the sometimes chilly air of the night. A box placed near the bow, six feet high, the same width, and two feet deep, served for a kitchen. Aft of the forecastle were nine state-rooms, and a dining-saloon fifteen feet square. A flight of steps led to the upper deck, which extended to the stern of the boat. Handsome Turkey rugs, divans, and easy-chairs made this a most comfortable loung-

ing place for the howadjii; and, in sooth, when not eating or sleeping, we spent all our time here. Near the stern we had a poultry-yard, several coops filled with turkeys, chickens, and squabs. We always had one or two live sheep with us, carried in the rowboat—called felluka—which floated astern. The foremast was placed near the bow, and from its summit, forty-two feet from the deck, swung the large yard or trinkeet, one hundred and fifteen feet long. From this was suspended the triangular sail called "lateen." When furled, the rope was so bound around it that, although securely held, yet, by a strong pull directly downwards, it was immediately let loose. In the rear, aft the rudder, we carried a smaller sail of the same description, called a "balakoom." The boat was of three hundred and eighty ardebs—about forty tons—burden. I have said that we called it the *Sitta Mariam*, or "Lady Mary." Originally it was named *The Swallow*, and the year before a native artist had been engaged to paint this name upon it. Thinking the word should be written as an Arabic one, he commenced at the wrong end. To add to this, by some mischance he omitted a letter; the result was the name on the side of the boat in large, bold letters, "Wallow."

A few words concerning the ship's company. The howadjii were four Americans. The next most important personage is Ahmud Abdallah—*i.e.*, servant of God—our dragoman, he of the olive-green suit and red fez. Has any one ever determined the precise etymology of the word dragoman? Often I am constrained to think that it is an abbreviation of the words "dragger-of-man." On one point I am clear: this will give a more accurate idea of the position of the individual than any other yet suggested. From the time you come in contact with one of this species until you run away from him—for he will never leave you, unless your money should become exhausted—he is continually dragging you around. Do not think the howadji is bullied by his dragoman. On the contrary, the meekness, suavity, and urbanity of that individual are beyond description. He receives his master's orders in silence and with bowed head, but a keen observer might often detect a sneering smile, showing how little he thinks of obeying them. Ahmud was a handsome Arab, thirty-six years of age and an Oriental Brummel. What a wardrobe of bright-colored trousers and richly-embroidered vests he had! Each afternoon he would squat cross-legged upon his bed, and ponder for an hour or more over the sacred mysteries of the Koran. An hour scarce sufficed to dress, and then he would appear on deck in his suit of bright Algerine cloth, the little jacket relieved by a white vest set off with red or blue, his feet encased in red slippers beautifully contrasting with his stockings of immaculate whiteness, on his head the jaunty fez. When the sweet breezes were wafting us softly up the stream, and a stillness and repose unknown in other lands seemed to pervade all nature, Ahmud, in his gorgeous attire, would appear on the quarter-deck, seat himself in the most complacent manner, light his cigarette, and appear the ideal of self-satisfaction and contentment. We had contracted to pay him a certain sum *per diem*; in return he was to supply boat, sailors, food, and everything requisite for the voyage—as he expressed it: "You pay me so much every day; no put hand in

pocket at all." When reproved, he would become sulky like a spoilt child, and remain in that state for several days, replying as concisely to our questions as politeness would permit, and otherwise having nothing whatsoever to say to us. Ali Abdakadra, his brother-in-law, was a fine-looking young Arab of twenty-three. He was supposed to be the assistant dragoman. My private opinion—of course not communicated to him—is that he was solely interested in supplying those materials with which the highways of another and still warmer clime are thought to be paved. This is not a very lucrative occupation, nor one conducive to man's advancement in this world; but, notwithstanding our advice, he persisted in it. I do not think there ever issued from the lips of any man so many resolutions of doing so much, so many good intentions; and I am morally certain that so many resolutions and intentions never before were so utterly fruitless. Shortly after we started he came to me full of excitement, and informed me that he was going to write a guide-book for the Nile. "Now," said he, "there is Ibrahim, our waiter; he has made this trip several times, and yet knows nothing about the temples or tombs—I doubt whether he has even seen them. This is my first trip. I will take notes and write a book. Will you lend me your Murray to assist me?" I consented. The book remained unopen in his room for two months. I then called the loan. He took not a note, but left many, on temples, obelisks, and tombs. When visiting temples, Ali was the first to arrive, and when we came up we were informed by enormous letters, written with a burnt stick, that Ali Abdakadra had visited that temple on the current day. When sent upon an errand he did not wish to perform, he would proceed at a pace which could be easily excelled by a not overfed crab. One of our party, at Ali's earnest request, spent some time instructing him in taxidermy. He would take back to Cairo any number of birds and sell them; had even counted his profits, and told us how he would expend them. Result: He half-skinned a hawk in the most bungling manner, and then left it hanging up until the offensive odor caused us to order it to be cast overboard. Ibrahim Saleem is our waiter—not a talker, but a worker, a model of neatness and propriety, performing his duties with perfect regularity and order. Reis Mohammed Suleyman, a short, well-built man, is the most laborious of them all. The responsibility of the boat is upon him, and he is fully equal to it. He is a very quiet man, except when angered, and then through his set teeth swears by Allah and the Prophet to wreak the direst vengeance upon the offender. He is pious, however, and prays frequently. When a sheep is to be killed, he is the butcher; and never was sheep more skilfully killed and prepared for the table. Any sewing of sails, clothes, or of anything else that is to be done is brought to him and, squatted cross-legged on the deck, he is transformed into a tailor. In the evenings, when the rest of the sailors amuse themselves with song and dance, Reis Mohammed will sit for hours in perfect silence, holding the line in his hand, and, after thus patiently waiting, will draw up a catfish weighing from twenty to thirty pounds. He is devotedly attached to his merkeb (boat), and woe betide the unfortunate sailor who injures it in the slightest manner! It is customary, when we reach the

towns wherein any of the sailors reside, for them to leave the boat for a few hours—or for the night, if we remain so long—and visit their homes. Reis Mohammed lived at Minieh; when we reached it he would not leave, preferring to stay with his boat to the pleasure of seeing his wife or wives. I can see Reis Ahmud, the second captain, before me now, leaning like a statue upon the broad handle of the rudder, the only evidence of life being the thin clouds of smoke issuing from his lips. Hour after hour he would maintain that position, moving only when it was necessary to shift the helm, and then not using his hands, but moving it by the weight of his body resting against it. His eyes were most singular in appearance, and for a long while I was puzzled to account for their strange effect. Coming on the quarter very early one morning, I found him kneeling before a small glass and staining around his eyes with a black substance called kohl. He is the drummer of the crew, and in the evenings, seated with the sailors, he plays the darbooka, or native drum. This instrument is of the same shape and material as those used at the festive gatherings of the Egyptians ere Moses was—nay, even before the wrath of God had showered the deluge of waters upon the iniquitous world. It is made of earthenware in the shape of a hollow cylinder surmounted by a truncated cone; this is covered with sheepskin. It is played with the fingers. Ali Aboo Abdallah, our cook, is to be noticed principally on account of his name, which illustrates the system of nomenclature in vogue among certain Mohammedans. Before he was married his name was Ali something or other. His first boy was named Abdallah, and the father then became Ali Aboo—*i.e.*, the father of Abdallah—the son giving the name to the father, to show the world that the latter was the proud possessor of an heir. A seeming bundle of old clothes lying on the deck, but showing, by faint signs of animation at meal-time, that animal life existed within it, represented Ali el Delhamawi, Reis Mohammed's uncle, the oldest man of the crew. The duty of this animated rag-bag was to hold the tail of the sail during the upward voyage, and to go through the movements of rowing on the home-trip. Next in order come Haleel en Negaddeh, a surly, well-built Arab, appointed by the owner to look after the welfare of the boat; Mahsood el Genawi, a slim, cross-eyed fellow; Ahmud Said el Genawi, a fine specimen of a man, the most powerful and the hardest worker among them all; Hassein Sethawi, a tough, wiry little fellow, the barber of the crew; Ashmawi Ashman, the baby of the party, the best-dressed man, petted by the others, and, as a natural consequence, doing but little work; Gad Abdallah, another servant of the Deity; Ahmud es Soeffle and Hassein es Soeffle, known to us by their most striking non-Arabic peculiarity—silence—and Haleel el Deny, the queer-looking old man who cooks for the crew. Last, but not least, comes Mohammed el Abiad, or Mohammed the White, the blackest man of all. He was the funny man, the court-jester. He was always saying funny things, so we were told, and whenever he opened his lips the others burst out laughing, including sober old Reis Mohammed. He was useful to us by keeping the crew in good-humor. All his physical strength was exhausted in expelling the sallies

of wit from his mouth. He had his own ideas concerning manual labor, which, summed up into a maxim, were about as follows: Make it appear to others that you do more work than any one else; do as little as you possibly can. For squatting and doing nothing he was unsurpassed. In grunting, singing, and contorting every lineament of his visage when at work he excelled all the others taken together. Here is a specimen of his funny sayings: On asking him, through Ahmud, why he was called "the white" when he was so black, he said it was because his father was called Mohammed the Green, and he was the blacker of the two. At this the crew laughed immoderately. Oriental wit or humor is doubtless unappreciable by the dull minds of the Western Christian dogs.

Now that you know us all—boat, crew, and howadjii—come, sail with us, see the strange scenes, watch the moving panorama, and witness the daily comedies enacted around us.

We are about to stop under the cliffs of Gebel Aboo Layda, the Arabian chain, which here borders immediately on the river—not a very safe place, either; for Ali requests me to fire some pistol-shots to frighten away the thieves. There is no village near, and we have no guard. When we stop near a village, two or three miserable-looking creatures crouch around a fire on the bank. They are our guard. I feel morally certain that as soon as we leave the quarter-deck the guard goes to sleep. I have come to this determination from a study of these Arabs. Their idea of worldly happiness is eating, smoking, and sleeping; of heavenly bliss, the same, with the beautiful houri added. The next day we reach Manfaloot. It is market-day, and the sailors are going ashore to buy provisions. The strange sights and scenes so confused me that I was not quite sure of being awake. Sometimes it seemed like a play; I was nervous, and hurried for fear the curtain should fall before everything could be seen. How I wished my ears changed into eyes, and a pair set in the back of my head! Now I begin to comprehend the scenes about me. Perhaps this is real life after all. That tall, handsome woman carrying herself so erect, with the jar balanced on her head, is perhaps not doing this for our amusement merely. I can sleep now without laughing. I am becoming part of this strange world. Let us look around Manfaloot while the sailors are laying in our stock of provisions. Here is the shopping street. Nature has kindly spared these people the need of a committee on highways. Each individual has resolved himself into a pavier. No taxes for these streets—two rows of houses built of sun-dried bricks, running parallel, with a space of seventy feet between. Sidewalks and gutters are trodden hard by the passers-by—a cheap, primitive mode of paving; a little dusty at times, 'tis true, but then Allah sends the dust: it can do no great harm, and there is no need of repairs. Look at this house. The owner has visited Mecca. How do we know it? See that railway train painted over the door, with a bright blue engine; two engineers, each three times as tall as the engine, smoke-stack and all; the cars red, green, yellow, running up and down hill at the same time. Six of them are filled with giants painted green—apt color, too, for men who would travel on such a train. It looks like the slate-drawing of a school-boy. Yes; but

these are modern Egyptian hieroglyphics. The train tells us that the owner has travelled; and where should a good Moslem go but to Mecca? So the owner is a hadji and wears a green turban. All the children suffer with ophthalmia. This ophthalmia must be something like lumps of sugar; the flies seem to think so, at least. What a crowd is following us! But they are respectful; seem amused at the pale faces and curious garments of the howadjii. How their eyes dilate at the sight of Madam's gloves! "The Sitta has a white face and black hands. Allah preserve us! she is actually taking off her hands. No, it is the outer skin; and now they are pale like her face. By the Prophet! this is strange." They crowd around her, touch her hands, then her gloves, timidly and respectfully; no, they cannot understand it. Abiad is going to ask for a sheep; the crew have selected him, for they feel confident we cannot refuse him when he asks in his humorous way. Followed by the grinning crew, he appears before us, and, putting up his hands to the sides of his head to represent long ears, ejaculates, "Ba-a! ba-a!" We were not convulsed with laughter, but the good-hearted "Sitta" promised them a sheep for Christmas-time, which was near at hand.

This fertile country contains about five millions of inhabitants. Above Cairo the valley of the Nile and Egypt are synonymous. For, where neither artificial irrigation nor the magic waters of the Nile give life to the parched soil, the sand of the desert renders the country as utterly unproductive as the bitter waters of the Dead Sea. The river varies in width from three hundred and sixty-five yards at Hagar Silseleh to a mile or more in other parts. The narrow strip of productive soil is in no part more than ten miles in width, save where the quasi-oasis of the Fyoom joins the west bank near Benisoeef. In many places the banks of the river mark the boundaries of the available soil. The cultivation of the land follows the receding waters. The rising of the Nile commences in July, and the greatest height is reached about the end of September, from which time the waters gradually recede. In December we grounded upon a certain sandbank covered with two feet of water. I noted the spot, and when we passed it on our return voyage, about the 6th of March following, the natives were planting melons upon it in a layer of the richest and most productive soil, left there by the receding waters, borne upon their bosom from the far-distant sources of the Blue Nile. From its far-off Abyssinian home the fertilizing Blue Nile flows on to Khartoom, where it meets the White Nile coming from still more distant parts, and from there the single river rushes on in its long, uninterrupted voyage to the sea. Until quite recently the cause of the annual overflow of the Nile was unknown. The priests, the most learned men of ancient Egypt, were unable to give Herodotus any reason for it. Some of the Greeks, wishing, says he, to be distinguished for their wisdom, attempted to account for these inundations in three different ways. But the careful historian, placing no confidence in them, repeats them, as he says, merely to show what they are: The Etesian winds, preventing the Nile from discharging itself into the sea, cause the river to swell. The ocean flowing all around the world, and the Nile flowing from it, produce this effect—an opinion, he observes,

showing more ignorance than the former, but more marvellous. The third way of resolving this difficulty is by far the most specious, but most untrue : the Nile flowing from melted snow. For how, he asks in his quaint way, since it runs from a very hot, from Libya through the middle of Ethiopia to a colder region —Egypt—can it flow from snow? And he then goes on, with seeming modesty, to venture his own opinion: " During the winter season the sun being driven from his former course by storms, retires to the upper part of Libya. This, in a few words, comprehends the whole matter ; for it is natural that the country which the god is nearest to, and over which he is, should be most in want of water, and that the native river streams (*i.e.*, the sources of the Nile) should be dried up. He attracts the water to himself, and, having so attracted it, throws it back upon the higher regions. I do not think, however, that the sun on each occasion discharges the annual supply of water from the Nile, but that some remains about him. When the winter grows mild, the sun returns again to the middle of the heavens, and from that time attracts water equally from all rivers. Up to this time those other rivers, having much rain-water mixed with them, flow with full streams; but when the showers fail them, and they are attracted in summer by the sun, they become weak, and the Nile alone, being destitute of rain, is hard pressed by the sun's attraction in winter. In summer it is equally attracted with all other waters, but in winter it alone is attracted. Thus I consider the sun is the cause of these things " (Herodotus, *Euterpe*). From that time many able minds have given to the world vain conjectures upon this most interesting subject. The extensive discoveries of modern African explorers have furnished a much clearer idea of the cause of this beneficent overflow than the ingenious theory of Herodotus or the opinions of his wise Grecian friends. During the first few days of the inundation the water has a green tint, which is supposed to be caused by the first rush of the descending torrents, carrying off the stagnant waters from the interior of Darfour. This is thought to be unwholesome, and the natives store up beforehand what water they may need for these few days. A red tint follows this, caused by the surface-washing of red-soiled districts. When the inundation subsides, the water is of a muddy color, pleasant to drink, and quite innocuous. The paintings of the old Egyptians represent these three conditions of the river by waters colored green, red, and blue.

SIX SUNNY MONTHS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF YORKE," "GRAPES AND THORNS," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

A BRIGHT EVENING.

EVERYBODY knows the great sights of Rome by repute, if not by sight, and it may safely be said that no one cares to hear more of them in the way of description. Indeed, seeing them first, we almost regret having heard so much, and find it difficult to free the real object from the *débris* of our preconceptions. There is, however, an endless number of less notable objects, little bits here and there—a stair, a street, a door-way, or garden, half rough, or almost altogether rough, but with some beautiful point, like a gem that has had one facet only cut. These, besides their own beauty, have the charm of freshness. The stale, useful guide-book, and the weary tribe of tourists, know them not.

One of these unspoilt places is to be found almost next door to *casa Ottant'Otto*. It is a chapel attached to an Augustinian convent in which the changed times have left only one *frate* with his attendant lay brother. The chapel has a rough brick floor, and large piers of stone and mortar supporting, most unnecessarily, the white-washed roof, and the walls at either side are painted with a few large frescos of saints. There are two chapels only, one at each side of the principal altar, adorned with such poor little bravery as the *frati* and the frequenters of their church —nearly all beggars, or very poor— could afford. The chapel has, however, one beauty—a Madonna and Child over the high altar. The Mother, of an angelic and flower-like beauty, holds the Infant forward toward the spectator, and the Infant, radiant with a sacred sweetness, extends his right hand, the two fingers open in benediction.

Mass is said here early in the morning, and a Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament given every Tuesday evening an hour before *Ave Maria*, the bells ringing always three times for each service.

The Signora had spoken at home of this little church of Sant' Antonino, and had laughingly called the attention of the family to the slip-shod ringing of the Angelus, where the different divisions of strokes, the bell being swung from below, "spilled over," as she expressed it, in a number of fainter strokes before and after the regular ones. "But it is a dear little place to go to," she said. "There one finds the Lord as one might have found him when on earth visibly—in the midst of the poor, with but few followers, and no splendor of circumstance to take one's eyes away from him. And sometimes, if one's disposition be fortunate, his presence overflows the place."

Coming homeward alone, one evening, just as the bell rang, Mr. Vane stepped into the chapel, and, after hesitating a moment inside the door, went up the side aisle and seated himself in a corner. He

had been there more than once early in the morning, but this was his first evening visit, and he did not care, for several reasons, to encounter any of his family, should they come.

The congregation was, as the Signora had said, poor enough. There were a few old women, with kerchiefs on their heads; a sober, decent man, who hid himself in a retired corner, and knelt with his hands covering his face during the whole service; a lame old man, with a worn and sorrowful face; and a young mother, with an infant in her arms and two little ones clinging to her skirts.

Not one of these paid the slightest attention to the others, or showed any consciousness of being, or expecting to be, observed. All looked toward the altar, on which the Host was now exposed, and all prayed with a fervor which could not but communicate itself to the spectator; for it was the quiet fervor of faith and habit, and was not excited by beautiful sights, or music, or the presence of a crowd. They beheld the mysterious token of the Holy Presence, and the Madonna—the Lady of Health, they called her—and worshipped, as untroubled by vanity as by doubt.

The two little ones whispered and played behind their mother's back, but no one was disturbed by them. No one ever hushes the play of children in a Roman church. The infant crowed and prattled at first, and pulled the kerchief from its mother's head; but espying presently the candles, and hearing the organ and voices, it fell into a trance, divided between staring and listening, which held it motionless till the service was over. Rather late came a young woman dressed in an absurd travesty of the prevailing fashion, with a cheap soiled skirt trailing behind her, a hideous tunic pulled in about her and tied behind in that style that gives a woman the appearance of one trying to walk in a sack, and a bonnet made up of odds and ends of ribbon and flowers and feathers pitiable to see. But the poor thing had donned this miserable finery with no worse intention than that any lady has when assuming Worth's last costume, and, hearing the voice of prayer as she passed, had done what the lady of fashion would not, perhaps, have done—obeyed its summons, and entered modestly and humbly the presence of God. Perhaps it was the one pleasure in a hard life, that occasional promenade in what she conceived to be a fine dress; perhaps she had been pleased, and was thankful for it, as we sometimes are for pleasures no more harmless; it may be she was disappointed and had come to find comfort. Who knows?

Mr. Vane looked intently at this girl a few minutes in a way he had, something penetrating in his scrutiny, yet nothing offensive; for it was as far removed from impertinent curiosity as from a too familiar sympathy. Then the Litany recalled him. As he listened to it, he thought that he had never heard music at once so good and so bad. The organ was like a sweet, courageous soul in an infirm body. All the wheezing and creaking of the bellows could not prevent the tones from being melodious. How many there were in the choir he could not tell. The absurd little organ-loft over the door, reached by a ladder in full view at the side, had so high a screen that the singers were quite hidden. They sounded like a host, however, for their voices

echoed and reverberated from arch to arch and from end to end of the chapel, so that, without the aid of sight, it was hard to know where the sound had its origin; and when, at every fourth verse, the priest and congregation took up the song, the air literally trembled with the force of it. Mr. Vane fancied he felt his hair stir.

His heart stirred, most certainly; for the power and earnestness of the singing, which made a mere cultivated vocalism trivial and tame, and perhaps the sustained high pitch of it—all contained within four notes—touched the chord of the sublime. They sang the titles of the Virgin-Mother, calling on her, by every tender and every glorious privilege of hers, to pray for them; and their prayer was no more the part of an oft-repeated ceremony, but the cry of souls that might each or all, in an instant, be struggling in the waves of death. Life itself grew suddenly awful while he listened, and he remembered that salvation is to be "worked out in fear and trembling."

He lifted his eyes to the picture over the altar, and it was no longer a picture. The figures floated before him in the misty golden light of many candles, as if there were blood in their veins and meaning in their faces. The Mother extended her Child, and the Child blessed them, and both listened. She was the Mystical Rose, the Morning Star; she was the Help of the weak, the Mother of divine Grace. They sang her glories, and this listener from a far land forgot the narrow walls that hemmed him in, and saw only those faces, and felt, as it were, the universe rock with acclamations. She was a queen, and under her feet, and about her, bearing her up, were angels, prophets, martyrs, confessors, and patriarchs. Their wings, wide-spread and waving; their garments of light, as varied in hue as the rainbow; their radiant faces were like the crowding clouds of sunset; and over them all, buoyant, glowing with celestial sweetness and joy, floated the woman crowned with stars, the only human being whom sin had never dared to touch. The stars swam about her head like golden bees about a flower; and as a flower curls its petals down, half hiding, half revealing, the shining heart which is its source and life, so the Mother bent above and clasped the Infant. In the centre of this vision was the Blessed Sacrament exposed, more marvellous than any vision, more real than any other tangible thing; so that Imagination was bound to Faith as wings to the shoulders of an angel.

There was a little stir in one corner of the chapel; for the strange gentleman had nearly fallen from his chair, and a lay brother, passing at the moment, supported him, and asked what he would have and what ailed him.

The gentleman replied that nothing ailed him, that he needed nothing but fresher air, and he immediately recovered so far as to go out without assistance. He had, indeed, been more self-forgetting and entranced than fainting, and even when he stood on the sidewalk, with familiar sights and sounds all about, could hardly remember where he was. He walked a little way up the hill opposite, and stood looking absently along a cross-street at the other end of which a new Gothic church was in progress.

A man who had been standing near approached him with an insinuating smile. "Our church is get-

ting along rapidly," he said in English, appearing to know whom he addressed. "We shall soon have divine service in it, I hope."

"Divine service!" repeated Mr. Vane rather absently, not having looked at the meeting-house, and scarcely knowing what was being said to him. "What divine service?"

"Oh! the Protestant, of course," the stranger answered with great suavity. "I am a minister of the Gospel."

"What Gospel?" inquired Mr. Vane, looking at the speaker with the air of one who listens patiently to nonsense.

The man stared. "The Gospel of Christ. There is no other." He knew who Mr. Vane was, and had expected to be himself recognized. "It is time the Gospel should be preached in this wicked and idolatrous city."

"Is it worse than other cities?" Mr. Vane asked calmly. "Most cities are wicked, but few cities have saints in them, as this has. We are told that the wheat and the tares shall grow together till the final harvest. As for your religion" —he stretched his hand to a load of straw that was passing, and drew a handful out—"it has no more Gospel in it than there is wheat in that straw."

The rattling bells of Sant' Antonino were ringing for the *Tantum Ergo*. He turned, without another word, and went back, kneeling just within the door till the Benediction was over.

When he went into the house the Signora was singing the "He was despised and rejected of men," from the *Messiah*. Before her on the piano stood a picture that had just been sent her—her favorite devotional picture, which she had long been trying to get. Outside a door, overgrown with vines and weeds, and fastened by a bolt, stood the Lord, waiting sorrowfully and patiently, listening if his knock would be answered. Solitude and the damp shades of night were all about him, the stars looked cold and far away, and the lantern he held at his side, faintly lighting his face, showed through what rough, dark ways he had come to that inhospitable heart. Underneath was written: "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock."

The Signora was singing, "And we hid, as it were, our faces from him: he was despised, and we esteemed him not," tears rolling down her face, her eyes fixed on the picture. Finishing, scarcely uttering, indeed, the last word, she started up and kissed the picture in a passion, then, hurrying across the room, flung the door wide.

"Open every door in the house!" she cried out.

Bianca, surprised but sympathizing, simply obeyed, and pushed open the door near her; Isabel exclaimed, "Dear Signora!" and seemed half frightened. Mr. Vane stood silent and looked at the picture.

"Oh! I know it is figurative and means the heart!" the Signora went on, as if some one had reproved her. "But when we do something material, we know that we have done it. When we think we have done a spiritual good, how can we know that it is worth anything for us—that the motive was not selfish? If, for example, the Lord should come here now, poor and hungry, and knock at my door, I would serve him on my knees; but if I should say I love him, who knows if it would be true?"

"*Signora mia!*" It was a thin

and feeble voice, but she heard it through the passion of her talk, and, turning, saw on the threshold an old man, who stood trembling, hat in hand, and leaning against the side of the door for support. He had followed Mr. Vane home from the chapel to beg for alms, but had not been able to reach or make him hear or understand before the door was shut. He was going painfully away again, when it was flung open by the Signora.

She went to him with her hands outstretched. "Enter, in the name of the Lord," she said joyfully, and led him to a chair. Kind as she was invariably to the poor, this one she looked on as almost a miraculous guest. He had come at the very moment when her heart was breaking to do some active good, as if her wish had called him, or as if the Lord she compassionated had taken his form to prove her.

Never was a beggar more welcomed, more tenderly questioned as to his needs. He was fed as, probably, he had never been fed before; for the Signora gave him of what had been prepared for her own table, and served him like an honored guest.

He was pleased, but did not seem to be either surprised or embarrassed. He ate and drank rather lightly, and, without being bidden, put in a leathern pocket he wore what was left of the food. There was no air of greediness in the act, but rather an intimation that no one would think of eating what he had left, and that what had been offered him must not be wasted. When Mr. Vane gave him some decent clothing in place of his faded rags, he was grateful, but by no means elated. How he looked was to him a matter of the smallest possible consequence. He could feel hunger, thirst, and cold, but pride or vanity he knew not. His body, ugly, emaciated, and diseased, obtained from him no attention, except when it could obscure and torment his mind with its own torments. He never thought for it, but waited till it called. When the sisters gave him money, he looked at them earnestly, with his dim and watery eyes, and wished that the Madonna might ever accompany them. He did not predict for them riches or happiness, but only that gracious company. When the Signora bade him come to her every day for a loaf of bread and a glass of wine, he thanked her in the same way. Evidently he understood that what he was receiving was a heavenly charity, of which God was the motive and reward, and that he had, personally, nothing to do with it, except as he profited by it. But he had, indeed, more to do with it than he believed; for it was impossible that kind hearts should remain unmoved by the sight of such forlorn poverty and suffering.

They questioned him about his life and circumstances. He was quite alone. One son he had had, who went to some foreign country years before, and had never been heard of since. He supposed that he must have died on the passage or immediately on arriving; for Filippo had promised to write and send for him, or send him money, and nothing but death would have made him break his promise to his father. His wife had died more than ten years before; and he had no one left to care for him. Where was his home? they asked. Well, he slept in the lodgings provided by the city, because they did not allow people to sleep in the street. He used to sleep on one of the steps of the church of *Ara Cœli*, and he

liked it better, for he could go off by himself. Still, the government gave them straw to sleep on, and that was something. It was rather cold on the steps, even in summer.

"But where do you go in the daytime?" they pursued, finding the idea of no house or home of any description a hard one to take in.

He went into churches sometimes; at others he sat on a house-step, and stood under the eaves if it rained. He was indeed able to say, "The birds of the air have their nests, and the foxes their holes," but he had not where to lay his head.

"I cannot listen to any more," the Signora said. "Do you know, my friends, what seems my duty to do? Well, I will tell you. At this moment it seems to me that I should send you all to a hotel, or to any place you can find, and fill half my rooms with little beds for poor men, and the other half with beds for poor women, and spend all my time and money in taking care of them. Gloves, and a bonnet, and all sorts of luxuries look to me like sins, in the light of this man's story; and as to having more than one room for myself, it is monstrous. Either pack your trunks at once, or send this fascinating wretch off to sleep on the municipal straw."

"You can't send us off; for you have promised to keep us as long as we stay in Rome," Isabel said triumphantly. "If you should turn your house into a refuge, you would be doing evil that good may come, by breaking a promise."

When their guest had gone and they were sitting at supper, the conversation still turned on the Roman poor and their manner of receiving charity, and Mr. Vane expressed his astonishment that so little of servility should be mingled with this constant begging.

"You must remember," the Signora said, "that the mendicant religious orders have given a sort of dignity to poverty, and, though theirs is of a different kind, the people do not distinguish. Then among the many voluntary poor there are two who are particularly cherished in Rome—Santa Francesca Romana and Blessed Labré. The women sitting at the church-door could tell you, if you should try to shame them, that Santa Francesca once sat at a church-door and begged from early morning till *Ave Maria;* and the poor who ask you for a *centessimo* in the street know that Labré went about begging, and in clothes as filthy and ragged as any of theirs. Of course they do not distinguish the motives, and have, many of them, made a Christian virtue an excuse for a miserable vice; but, *come si fa?* as they would say. We cannot spend our time in arguing with them; and, if we should, it would be time thrown away. They have no comprehension of what we call independence; and they think that the blessings they bestow, and the merit we acquire in giving to them, are worth far more than the paltry copper coin they receive from us, and that we are, in reality, their debtors.

They hurried their supper a little; for they were going out, and it was already nine o'clock. Before they had risen from the table Marion came in to accompany them, and the carriages were at the door.

This matter of the carriages, and the division of her party in them, simple as it seemed, had given the Signora some thought. She was afraid that some new complication might arise between Marion and Bianca, and wished earnestly that they should come to an understand-

ing immediately. Nothing appeared to be easier, yet every day was a succession of little obstacles to their speaking together in that accidental privacy which they would naturally prefer. Still, she could not well put them in a carriage together. It would look too pointed. There seemed no other way, then, than to take him in the cab with her, and give the *calèche* to Mr. Vane and his daughter. That any one should suppose that an attraction was growing up between her and this new friend had never occurred to her mind; yet both Mr. Vane and Bianca saw in every word and act of hers a new proof of it. Any one with eyes could see that Marion and Bianca liked each other particularly, the Signora believed. One had but to watch a few minutes, and it became evident that in company each was always so placed as to see and, if possible, to hear the other; and though one might not detect them looking directly, yet sometimes a glance, passing from one part of the room to another, swooped like a bird, and caught the one object it wished to seize within its ken. Yet Bianca provoked her somewhat. The girl was too serious and gentle, too discouragingly friendly. Why, thought the Signora, with that admirable good sense which we sometimes have when we think for others—why, when two persons are admirably fitted for each other, and everybody is willing, and neither of them can quite set about anything till the matter is decided; and when the gentleman, not to be too abrupt in his proposal, or expose himself to an unnecessary mortification, gives the lady that gentle, questioning glance which says so plainly, "May I speak?"—why, in the name of common sense, should she not drop her pretty head in token of assent, and allow at least a hint of a smile to encourage him? Echo answered, Why?

The upper air was silver with a late moonrise when they went out, while below the lamps burned goldenly through a velvety darkness. Their own street was quiet; but there was a crowd on Monte Cavallo. The glimpse they caught of the piazza of the Trevi fountain in passing showed it full and bright, and the Corso, when they reached it, was swarming with people and brilliant with lighted shops.

"What contrasts there are in Roman life, even in its most quiet times!" Marion said. "I wonder if any one ever was bored here? I doubt it. How well I remember one day of my last visit, three years ago now! It was a bright February afternoon, and I went out for a walk in the Campagna, and saw the ground covered with flowers, and myriads of birds flying about and singing. Coming back to town out of that verdant quiet, I went to the Corso. It was roaring with the height of the last day of Carnival. It looked as if all the world had gone mad with reckless mirth, and, by a common consent, were pressing to that one spot. It was with difficulty I got across the street, shaking a monkey from one arm, and escaping from the lasso of a huge devil on the other side. A few minutes brought me to the Gesù. There what a scene! The church all in darkness, except the tribune, where the Blessed Sacrament was exposed in the midst of a blaze of candles that shone on a crowd of faces all silent and turned toward the altar. Now and then the organ played softly; now and then a quiet figure stole in and found room to kneel where it seemed there

was no room for more. It was so still that every time the heavy curtain lifted there could be heard through the whole church the rattling of the tin boxes of the beggars outside. Half an hour later I reached the Corso again, just in time to see the horses rush by like meteors between two solid walls of men and women. And, lastly, just as the stars were coming out, burst the fairy spectacle of the *moccoletti*, when the narrow street became like a strip cut out of the live sky, thick with dancing stars, and palpitating with the soft pulses of the Northern Lights, blue, green, rosy, and white. I could have said it was not ten minutes before it was all over and I was walking home through a silent, star-lit night. The next morning at six I went to a church and received the Lenten ashes on my forehead. I do not wonder that Romans are lazy, for their imaginations are so kept on the *qui vive* that muscular action must necessarily be distasteful. They cannot help regarding life as a *festa*."

They reached their destination, a palace close to St. Peter's. Two servants stood bowing in the *portone*, and a little girl, the daughter of one, presented each of the ladies with a bunch of orange-blossoms. They passed into the court, where a fountain tossed its sparkling arch of water, sprinkling the greensward, which here replaced the usual pavement, and went up the grand stairs. The groined arches over their heads were glowing with color, trees, flowers, vines, birds, and butterflies—not an inch of wall was unpainted. Pots of flowering plants stood at the ends of the stairs and at the landings, and statues showed whitely through their fragrant screens. Here and there a lamp dropped from a gilt chain, and softly illumined this superb entrance. At the end of the first entry two servants held back the crimson velvet curtains of an open door, receiving the visitors into a chamber furnished in crimson, the walls of crimson and gold, the ceiling painted with sunset clouds, and a crescent of candles burning in front of crystal lustres. Reaching the next door, they looked down a vista composed of twelve or fourteen rooms, all softly lighted except the last, which was brilliant. The light struck along on door after door, all gilded, and set with mirrors at one side and paintings at the other, the curtains of silk or velvet drawn back on gilt spears or arrows. The floors were mostly uncovered, some of them of rare marbles or mosaics; a few were partially covered with thick Persian mats or carpets. One room was furnished in gold-colored satin, and profusely ornamented with the most delicate porcelain; a second was of a rich sea-green, sparkling all through with crystal ornaments, the chandelier of Venetian glass, the cornice made of large shells, and the ceiling painted in coral branches, tangled full of long grasses. Another chamber, of deep blue, was rich in old porcelain; another, hung with tapestry, bristled with old armor, and every sort of sword and knife arranged in figures, daisies of radiating daggers, and swords and shields made into mimic suns. Everywhere that gold could be it was lavished—on doors and windows and cornices; and one room had the whole panelling breast-high, and the large fireplace, heavily gilded.

In the last room they found the people they had come to see—a young couple as bright and pretty as a pair of canaries in their gilded cage.

There was no other company ex-

cept a white-haired old *canonico*, who had an apartment in the palace, and who was in some way related to the family. To this clergyman Bianca, at first a little shy among strangers, took immediately, and, seated by his side, became at once on the most friendly terms with him. His sweet and dignified manner, and the pleasure he showed in her evident confidence, were very pleasant to see. She told him all her story that could be told to any one, what she had seen and what she wished to see, and answered his questions with a childlike frankness; and, in return, he showed his interest in her by the number of his questions, and promised her all sorts of favors.

There was something peculiarly attractive and beautiful in this man, in whom were united the sacredness of a holy vocation, the venerableness of age and of a pure and unstained character, and the graciousness of an accomplished gentleman.

"I think you will all like to hear of something which I saw at the Vatican this morning," he said when the conversation became more general. "I was presenting two French ladies. The audience was small, and among the persons present were the superior of the nuns of the Trinità dei Monti, and a younger nun of her community who had come with her as companion. This young nun had for several years been afflicted with a stiffening of the right hand and arm which drew them close to the breast, rendering them of course perfectly useless as well as painful. Before starting, the superior had told her to put a black glove on this right hand, so that it should not show so much, as her black habit and veil would render it less prominent than if it were bare; but when they had gone a part of the way the nun begged permission to take the glove off. The superior objected, saying that it might be unpleasant to the Holy Father to see her hand in that position, the fingers stiffened as they were. The nun said nothing for a while, but, when they had nearly reached the Vatican, begged again, still more earnestly, to be permitted to remove the glove. This time the superior consented. Well, they went in, and the audience was about over, when, in giving his benediction, the Pope observed that the young nun blessed herself with her left hand.

"'*Filuola mia*, why do you not bless yourself with your right hand?' he asked.

"'*Beato padre*,' she replied, 'I cannot move my right hand; but if you would do me the grace—' She said no more, but looked at him with imploring eyes.

"He was silent a moment, then he said, 'Pray!' and covered his face with his hands, as if praying or recollecting himself. Looking at her again then, he told her to bless herself with her right hand.

"'But, *santo padre*, I cannot move my right hand,' she said.

"He persisted: 'Nevertheless, do as I bid you.'

"The superior took the nun's right hand, and, lifting it for her, made a sort of cross with it.

"'Pray again,' said the Holy Father, and hid his face a second time, and seemed to pray.

"'Now bless yourself with your right hand, and do it without help,' he said.

"She immediately lifted her hand and made the sign of the cross on her forehead and breast as freely as if nothing had ever ailed her. She was cured."

The prelate told his story with

simplicity and in a soft and slightly tremulous voice, affected by the sacred and tender scene he had so lately witnessed, and his audience exclaimed with delight. None of them, except the two American gentlemen and Isabel, were at all surprised. Too many such tales are known in Rome of Pius IX. to excite astonishment.

"I have seen the good nun this afternoon," he continued, "and she is perfectly happy. She can play on the piano again, and do everything just as before."

Finishing, he nodded toward the door, where a servant was standing, and presently rose to take leave. His evening visits never exceeded an hour, and, since he did not like to disturb the pleasure of social intercourse with the thought of going, a servant was always instructed to intimate to him when the hour was past.

"The only parting which I wish to foresee and prepare for is the final one," he said smilingly.

"What a terrible sound that expression 'final parting' has!" Bianca exclaimed, seeming to be already pained at the thought of losing this new friend.

"That is because you interpret it wrongly," he replied, with a kind glance at her. "You know it does not mean everlasting separation, but that there are to be no more partings, because after the next meeting we need never part again. It is simply the end of a long pain."

He gave her his hand, which she kissed as naturally as an Italian would have done, though it was the first time she had rendered that homage to any one.

When he had gone, the company went up to the *loggia*, which was one of the attractions of the house.

"You see we have a private stairway," the Contessa M—— said, opening a narrow door hidden in the panelling of the room they had been sitting in. "But it is so very narrow, enclosed in the thickness of the wall, that I will not ask you to go by it."

"I do wish she would let us go this way, though," Isabel whispered to the Signora. "How romantic it is! Who knows who may have slipped up or down that stair in the wall, who may have stood listening behind the panel while people were talking in the *sala*, and what may have been revealed or hidden there? It is like a chapter out of a tragical story—one of Mrs. Radcliffe's, for example. Do you think we might not go up?"

Their hostess had, however, already led the way to a more commodious stair, and they could but follow. Besides, it is only in very romantic stories that ladies in beautiful silk and gauze dresses can go through secret and narrow stairways, cobwebbed attics, and dusty, haunted chambers, without detriment to their toilets, and the young *contessa* wore that evening a lace flounce which she might not care to injure even for the sake of hospitality.

They passed through room after room, each worthy of a palace, mounted stair after stair, one servant preceding them with a lamp, and another following, walked over the roof of a part of the palace, climbed another stair, and came out on the *loggia*, or highest housetop.

The scene was enchanting; for the whole city was visible, and, by one of those kaleidoscopic changes constantly seen in a town built on hills, the city looked from here to be situated in a round basin rising evenly on all sides to the tree-

fringed horizon. The grand front of St. Peter's was scarcely a stone's throw from them, apparently, and the two fountains of the moonlighted piazza stood wavering and white. It was not difficult to imagine them two angels standing there with garments softly waving in the night air.

Mr. Vane paused a moment at the Signora's side. "I perceive more clearly every day why you may well be unwilling to leave Rome," he said. "I wonder I could ever have expected it."

"And yet it never appeared to me easier," she replied very gently. "I have had all the happiness that can be had here, and 'enough is as good as a feast,' you know."

She meant to please him, yet she fancied that he frowned slightly. He said no more, however, but stood looking about, and, after a moment, joined Isabel, with whom the young couple were having a lively conversation.

The Signora felt hurt. It seemed that Mr. Vane was losing confidence in her and becoming every day more distant. For a week or more she had felt that he was withdrawing his friendship from her, and changing in many ways. When had she heard a jest from him, or seen in him that quiet and deep contentment which he had shown at first? She had half a mind to ask him what the matter was. Perhaps she would some time, if opportunity favored. Meantime, it would be wiser not to distress herself. And just as she came to this conclusion an interpretation of his remark suggested itself to her that made the blood rush to her face painfully. Had he remembered with annoyance that half-proposal of his, and, either to remove any lingering pity she might feel for him or to save his own pride, wished her to understand that it had been the impulse of the moment, and that he no longer entertained the wish to be more than a friend to her? In such a case her reply, with its hint of a possible change in her, had been most unfortunate.

There was one moment of cruel doubt and mortification, then she put the subject resolutely away. "I have been neither unkind nor bold nor dishonorable, and I have therefore nothing to be ashamed of," she said to herself.

Meantime, Marion had stopped near Bianca, who stood looking at her father and the Signora. "How beautiful the Signora is!" he said. "Do you see that the golden tinge in her hair is visible even in the moonlight? And her eyes are the color of the Borghese violets she loves so much. I sometimes think that a rather tall and noble-looking woman like her should always be *blonde*, and that dark eyes belong to the slight and graceful ones."

"We have always thought her beautiful," she replied. "But we are so fond of her that we should admire her if no one else did. You must remember how we always praised her to you."

He had been wondering how she would like having the Signora for a step-mother, and if she saw the likelihood of it. Perceiving a slight reserve in her speech, he did not pursue the subject, but stood looking at her a moment. Since he was silent, she glanced up in his face to see what it meant—if he were dissatisfied, perhaps, with her reply, or if he had taken any notice of it. He was certainly taking notice of her, and so close a notice that her eyes dropped again under it.

A quick glance showed him that he should have another minute un-

interrupted with her, and he spoke: "Dear Bianca, I came to Europe to seek you. When I found in Rome that you had gone into the country for a visit, I could not wait, but followed you. I went to your lodgings in Frascati, and learned that you had all gone up to Tusculum. I meant to watch, and meet you as you came down, and know by your first glance at me if I was as welcome as I could wish to be. I had with me the spy-glass that I always take into the country, and, as I swept the country with it, I espied a little party standing under the wall of the Cappucini villa on the Tusculan hill. One of their number had climbed the steps of the shrine there to decorate it, and, just as I recognized her, she turned and stepped down toward me. The glass was so clear and strong that she seemed stepping within my reach, and to me. I accepted it as a good omen, and returned to Rome content. I think you know me well enough to be sure that this is no trifling fancy, and that, if you can put your hand in mine, with the help of God, I will never allow you to regret it. Was my omen false?"

She listened with her lovely face lifted and lighted, and, when he ended, uttered a soft little exclamation, "O Marion!" and gave him her hand.

"How beautiful St. Peter's is by this light!" Mr. Vane said, glancing round at them from the other side of the *loggia*, whither he had gone.

His glance became a gaze as he saw them coming toward him; for Marion held openly the hand that Bianca had given him, and led her to her father. "Are you willing, sir?" he asked in a low voice.

The others were about joining them, and Mr. Vane could only press their two hands together. He glanced sharply at the Signora as she approached, and saw her face flash out in a swift smile when she caught sight of their position.

"I have been a fool," he muttered.

"Everything is beautiful by this light," Marion said, with a smile that gave a double meaning to his rather tardy answer.

When they started for home, they found that, by some happy mistake, the cab had been sent away, and there was no other in sight, so that the simplest way was for them all to return in the *caléche*, crowding a little. The crowding was effected by Bianca sitting on the front seat between her father and lover. Leaning back there, she gave herself up to a delicious silence, only half-listening, except when Marion spoke, then drinking in every word. What a wonderful thing it was that here, by her side, sat her future husband, the man to whom she was to be united for ever and ever! Her life, as she thought, swung round into a harmony unknown to it for a long time, never known in its perfection till now. Looking forward, she had no fear. Nothing but death could separate them, and death must come to all. Let it come sooner or later, when God should appoint; she could bear it for him or for herself. She was full of courage and thankfulness, and ready now to live a full life, and begin to do some good in the world.

Mr. Vane spoke of the young woman he had seen that afternoon in the little church of Sant' Antonino. "She made an impression on me," he said. "She set me thinking; or, rather, the sight of her condensed some floating impressions in my mind into thoughts. She was a figure that almost any well-dressed lady or gentleman

would smile at involuntarily, if they did not pity her. But looking into her face, when she was serious and thought herself unobserved, I found it an uncommon one. I fancied there was something enthusiastic and aspiring in her, and that her ridiculous dress was an abortive expression of a fine impulse. She wanted to do or be something more and better than she had yet done or been; and having, perhaps, no sympathy from any one, and no education to assist her, knew not how to act, and thought more of getting out of the position she was in than of choosing properly what change she should make. Fancy how easily a girl of uneducated mind and tastes, and of an enthusiastic disposition, might make such an absurd attempt. She is, perhaps, disgusted with the sordidness and vulgarity of her life, and believes that the ideal life is that which appears beautiful to the eyes. She has heard, maybe has read, a little of great deeds and heroic adventures, and she associates them always with the well-dressed and the high-living. She thinks, very likely, that the noble have always noble thoughts, and that beautiful sentiments go with beautiful dresses. And so the poor thing cuts her dowdy petticoat into a train, and puts a cheap feather in her hat, and fancies that she is nearer the sublime. I don't believe she really sees the trumpery things when she puts them on. She is looking at them through a thousand visions, and sees the velvet train of some heroine, and the jewelled cap and feather she wore. Poor thing! These visions of hers cannot, however, hide the sneering laugh from her, nor make her deaf to the scornful word; and I have an impression that to-night she took off her stage-robes with a bitter heart—unless, indeed, the Benediction consoled her."

Isabel looked at her father with a steady and serious gaze while he was speaking, and, the moment he ended, said to him with an air of conviction: "Papa, you have the best heart in the world."

He laughed a little, but seemed to be touched by this tribute. "I am glad you think so, my daughter," he said. "Indeed, I am particularly glad just now, for a reason I will tell you, if you come here a moment."

She leaned forward instantly on to his knees, and put her cheek close to his face.

"Because," he whispered, "my other daughter thinks that there's a certain heart worth more than mine."

"Whose?" she demanded in an indignant whisper.

"Marion's."

"You don't mean—" she exclaimed, and glanced round at her sister.

"You're the only one of the family who didn't know it, and I don't want you slighted," he replied. "It's a settled affair."

Isabel threw her arms around her sister's neck and kissed her. "I never dreamed of such a thing," she said; "but I am delighted all the same. You're a million times welcome into the family, Marion. But I want you to understand that you are not better than papa."

By this they had reached home, just as the soft bells of their basilica were striking midnight.

When they had said good-night to Marion and gone up-stairs, all turned with smiling faces to Bianca, and gathered about her, waiting one moment to see who should speak first, or if the congratulation was to be silent. By some slight

motion or look she imposed silence, at the same time that her face expressed the sweetest happiness and gratitude.

"That dear *canonico* has given me an invitation for us all to go next week and hear his Mass in the crypt of St. Peter's," she said. "Our number is just right; for only five can go at a time. We are to be there at eight o'clock."

"Am I included?" Mr. Vane asked.

"O papa!" Bianca turned to him, and, putting her hand in his arm, leaned against his shoulder. No plan of hers could be perfect that did not include him; yet the cruel thought flashed through her mind, in spite of her love for him, that in the crypt of St. Peter, next to Calvary the most regally sacred spot on earth, a Protestant was singularly out of place, and that no one should enter there who did not bow to St. Peter as the Prince of the Apostles and the holder of the awful keys.

The question produced a momentary painful embarrassment in the others, too, by reminding them strongly of that difference of faith which they sometimes were able to quite forget.

"My little girl must not have a cloud on her sky to-night," the father said tenderly. "What is wanting to your happiness, Bianca?"

"That you should be a Catholic," she replied, trembling; for, with all their affection and confidence, she had never presumed to speak to him on the subject.

"You have your wish," he answered.

She looked at him doubtfully, but did not dare to say a word.

"I am in earnest, children," he said, feeling a hand clinging to his other arm. "I was baptized this morning at the American College."

Not a word was said, but on either side his daughters surrounded him with their arms, and pressed their faces to his breast.

When at length they remembered to look for the Signora, she had disappeared.

TO BE CONTINUED.

DR. KNOX ON THE UNITY OF THE CHURCH.*

THE disjointed state of Christendom, resulting from the divisions existing among those who profess the Christian religion, whether we regard it in the light of reason or of faith, is both grievous and deplorable. Much labor has been expended on the removal of the causes which have produced these divisions, at different periods in the history of the Christian Church. In recent times—not to speak of the long past, for the evil is of remote date—several efforts have been made to bring about the return of those who, three centuries ago, went out from the sacred fold of the Catholic Church. Men of genius, learning, and virtue took a leading part in some of these movements; nevertheless, they did not meet with any notable success. The best known of these, perhaps, was the one made in the latter part of the seventeenth century, in which the celebrated Leibnitz and the great Bossuet were the principal actors engaged. If this effort was not otherwise fruitful, it at least was the occasion of their contributing two of the most valuable works on the subject—*The System of Theology*, by the German philosopher, and *The Exposition of the Catholic Faith*, by the Bishop of Meaux. In the Established Church of England, in our own day, a number of its members, especially among the clergy, profess to seek and to labor for what they call "a corporate union" with the Catholic Church. So far as one can see up to this moment, though no one can tell what may happen, there has been in this direction no promise of great results. In this country the efforts for unity have taken a more limited sphere for their activity, and ever and anon there is a stir made in public about a union among Protestants, confined, however, to those who are called "evangelicals."

The unperverted religious sentiment naturally yearns after an all-embracing and real unity. Man's heart has sympathies which cannot be confined to himself, or to a family, or to a nation, or to a race. Only when man is so devoted to purposes which embrace the whole human race as to raise him above all lower instincts of his nature, does he become conscious of his true dignity and of the greatness of his destiny. Humanity is a word that has a real meaning, conveying a great truth, and it is fraught with mysterious power. These aspirations of the soul are the workmanship of God, and Christianity, as a universal religion, must aim at directing them to their proper objects. For Christianity is the universal religion, or it is nothing.

The symptoms of unrest which manifest themselves among those Christians who are divided up into hostile sects are a sign of a noble life stirring within their souls—a life which cannot contemplate with joy the wranglings of hostile creeds. These aspirations after that unity which will bind all men, without distinction of race, nationality, or

* "The Organic Unity of the Church. By Wm. E. Knox, D.D., Elmira, N. Y." *The Presbyterian Quarterly and Princeton Review*, Oct., 1876.

color, into one common brotherhood of love—these cravings of the heart to act for universal ends, for the realization of God's kingdom upon earth—are the evidences of a Christian spirit which seeks for a clearer vision and a closer communion with the true church of Christ.

With these views and in this spirit, which are in harmony with his own, we purpose to consider the interesting and important article of Dr. Knox on "The Organic Unity of the Church."

WHAT IS THE UNITY OF THE CHURCH, ACCORDING TO DR. KNOX?

Here is his answer to this question in his own words:

"First, as to the nature of the expected church unity and the elements that compose it. We assert, in the general, that it is the highest possible unity. Christ prayed that his disciples might be made *perfect* in one. The adjective τέλειος is defined by Robinson as something 'complete, full, perfect, deficient in nothing.' The word used by the Saviour is τελειωμένοι, and had an adverbial sense, so that Robinson would have us read: 'That they may be perfected so as to be one—*i.e.*, that they may be perfectly united in one.' Tholuck says the idea of unity is expressed in a stronger way here than elsewhere—'it is a perfect unity.' Other authorities might be cited as showing that the unity in the divine thought, and which ought to be in our own, is a complete unity, in distinction from one that is partial, unsymmetrical, ineffective."

That the unity which makes the church of Christ one "is the highest possible unity" there can be no manner of doubt, since its animating principle is that unity which springs from the relation subsisting between Christ and his Father. This relation which unites Christ to the Father, and the church to Christ, and the members of the church to the Father through Christ in most perfect unity, is a unity than which a higher and more perfect cannot be conceived, for it springs immediately from the divine Essence. The language of Christ's prayer for unity makes this evident beyond all dispute. "That they," he says, "all may be one, as thou, Father, in me, and I in thee." Again: "That they may be one, as we also are one." Once more: "I in them, and thou in me: that they may be made perfect in one." Finally: "That the love wherewith thou hast loved me, may be in them, and I in them."* Once would have been doubtless sufficient to have rendered this petition of Christ effective, yet he repeats the same in almost every sentence in this memorable and most solemn prayer. What else could have been Christ's purpose, in the reiteration of his petition for unity, than to explain clearly his meaning, to make manifest the earnestness of his desire for it, and to impress upon his disciples its transcendent importance?

But this relation subsisting between Christ and his Father, and which is the type of the essence of the church, is an essential, indivisible, and indestructible relation. The relation, therefore, existing between Christ and his church and her members, from which her unity springs, is also essential. That is, aside from this unity, the church cannot be a subject even of thought—is unthinkable. Were it possible that it should be lost for a moment, the church, at the instant her unity was lost, would no longer exist. For the unity of the church is not derived from her organism, but, on the contrary, the organism of the

* St. John xvii.

church is derived from her unity, which has its rise in that essential, indwelling, and abiding presence of the invisible relation which exists between Christ and his Father: "I in them, and thou in me: that they may be made perfect in one." Just as the life of the soul springs from the presence of the divine Essence, and this life pervades and sustains the whole body and its members, so, in like manner, the unity of the church, which springs from the presence of this divine relation, pervades and sustains the whole church and her members. The unity of the church is also indivisible. Multitudes may leave the church, but their absence does not break her unity. Many may lose the unity of the church, but it never can be lost from the church. Thousands may deny the unity of the church, but it will continue to exist in spite of their denial. In the nature of perfect unity, one and indivisible are correlative; for each of its parts contains and acts with the force of the whole. As God is everywhere present in the world, and the soul everywhere present in the body, so the unity of the church is everywhere present and pervades the whole body of the church. It is also an indestructible unity. For whatsoever may be the action of the lapse of time or the deeds of men, they can neither disorganize, reduce, nor overthrow it. Being divine in its nature, the hand of man may menace, but it is powerless to destroy the unity of the church. It will remain, after men have done their utmost and worst against it, as it was before.

This unity in which the Divinity dwells is the primal source of the life of the church, and, through her, of each and all of her members; is the type and exemplar of the perfect organism in which each and all of her acts proceed from one formal principle and one central point of active force. The church, therefore, may be defined, in the sense of Christ's prayer, as that visible, organized body, in which the members are made one with God and with each other in Christ, by a participation of the invisible communion existing between Christ and his Father in the unity of the divine Essence.

In all this we have added nothing to the above passage from our author explanatory of "the expected church unity." What we have done was to render its meaning more explicit, and this will be readily acknowledged in reading his own explanation, as follows:

"The starting-point, of course, is unity of faith, especially faith in Christ. The union of believers to one another results from their union to a common Lord and Saviour: 'I in them, and thou in me: that they may be made perfect in one.' The second element of a true unity is love. We need not dwell here, for it is a point conceded. The third element is oneness of aim and effort. The conversations and prayer of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth of John show that faith and love in Christian hearts are with a view to definite results. In the fifteenth chapter it is said: 'He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without me ye can do nothing.' And in the seventeenth chapter this fruit and this doing are declared to be the glorifying of Christ, and, as contributing to that, the bringing the world to believe in him. All highest glory to God and good to man are contained in believing and loving the Lord Jesus. All the fruits of the Spirit enumerated by Paul in Galatians depend from the branch that abideth in Christ the vine. No man can be in Christ by faith without wishing all others to be—without praying the prayer of Jesus, and working the work of Jesus, that they may be. And this being the effect on all real disciples, it is clear that

a union of faith and love is also a union of aim and effort.

"We are prepared to say, in the fourth place, that the one thing remaining to render this union complete—a perfect unity, such as Christ prayed for—is oneness of organization. By organization is meant, as the word imports, everything pertaining to the outward structure and furniture of the church—its government, methods of operation, ordinances, worship, etc."

DR. KNOX ON THE NECESSITY OF THE UNITY OF THE CHURCH.

"We can but observe," he says, "in the first place, that most of the good we know in this world is connected with organization, and is nothing without it. It is the nature of all life to organize, and the most perfect of organisms is that which we have in the human form—Scriptural type, by the way, of the organization belonging to the spiritual life that is in Christ's body, the church. No one thinks it necessary to depreciate the organic part of man in order to exalt that which is intellectual and moral. . . . It is not enough to say of human life in the general: 'What we want is good-will, right understanding between man and man—no matter about society and government. That is merely exterior and organic; we wish to do with essentials.' For all the ends of social welfare it has ever been found that organized society *is* one of the essentials, and without it the public weal cannot be promoted."

"It is the nature of all life to organize." Precisely so. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that the nature of all life is organic; for life and organism are related to each other as cause and effect, and hence are inseparable. Christianity unorganized would be a pure nonentity. Christianity is a life—specific life; it is therefore by its very nature specific, visible, organic.

"For all the ends of social welfare it has ever been found that organized society is one of the essentials, and without it the public weal cannot be promoted." Organized society is essential to all life, and no less essential to its own defence and preservation; for what would have become of Christianity without organization when the colossal power of the Roman Empire was set to work to exterminate it? Christianity would have been strangled in its cradle. What would have become of Christianity unorganized when the barbarians from the North overthrew the Roman Empire? Christianity would have been swept from the face of the earth. What would have been the issue if Christianity had been left to individual effort when the Moslems attacked Europe and threatened to feed their horses from the altars of Christian churches? Why, Europe would be to-day Mohammedan, and, if any Christians were left, they would be at the mercy, as the Servians were, of the Grand Turk. Christianity unorganized, facing an organized, hostile, powerful force, would have been as chaff before the wind.

THE SECOND REASON FOR CHURCH UNITY.

"Especially," says Dr. Knox, "ought we to note how this fact of exterior organization has been recognized in the provision for the general *spiritual* well-being. If you say the elements of that well-being are primarily interior and spiritual, such as love, faith, fellowship, yet as positively are they never dispersed from the exterior and physical—that is, from the organism through which they obtain their manifestation. The church is that organism. Hence whenever, under apostolic preaching, there was in any community the beginning of Christian knowledge, faith, obedience, there was the immediate beginning of a Christian church. . . . In all their epistles and prayers it was the *visible* as well as vital thing—the church at Rome, Ephesus, Corinth—which they have in their eye as an object of beauty and blessed-

ness: 'Now ye are the body of Christ and members in particular, ye are all baptized into one body.' . . . Their virtual unity must become visible; their essential unity, organic unity."

In this passage there is laid down a most important principle: "The interior and spiritual are never dispersed from the interior and physical." That is, an invisible church is an absurdity, and a simple interior piety a dream. On this principle we would change the last sentence, and make it read thus: "Their virtual unity is always visible; their essential unity, organic unity."

THE THIRD REASON FOR UNITY IS EXPRESSED AS FOLLOWS:

"Just in ratio that effort for a common end becomes earnest and efficient does it tend to a common organized method." Grant it, we say, and it follows that just in ratio as the common end is important, so will the effort become earnest and efficient in producing a common organized method for its realization. But no greater or more important end than the one that Christ came upon earth to realize, which was the salvation of the world, can be imagined. Hence Christ established his church as a common organized method for the realization of his divine mission; and it follows that, so far as his power extends, he would be with it, watch over it, and protect it until it accomplished the purpose for which he had called it into existence. And those who would subvert the church established by Christ, judged by this principle, really attempt, whatever may be their profession, to overthrow Christianity.

DR. KNOX'S FOURTH REASON FOR THE UNITY OF THE CHURCH.

"Oneness of organization is indispensable to oneness of manifestation. The union for which Christ prayed is apparent as well as actual—'perfect in one, that the world may know that thou hast sent me.' Now, it is certain that the numerous church organizations are in apparent conflict with unity. They are regarded by multitudes as diverse, and even adverse, corporations. Allow that this, to a great extent, is only in appearance; yet just to that extent it is an evil. The impression is not the one Christ seeks of an impressive unity. And ecclesiastical history reveals how often the evil appearance has been identical with the actual evil. The setting up of separate church establishments tends inevitably to jealousy, strife, ambition, alienation, as the universal experiment proves."

Every sentence almost of the above passage is a death-blow to the entire movement of Protestantism from its origin as a system of religion. As its very name signifies, it began in denial, and its fertility is not in the direction of unity and oneness of organization, but in that of breeding strifes, sowing discords, and exciting enmities. New sects are ever on the increase in its bosom, new church organizations are set up in the same sect against each other, and its main drift is plainly in the direction of mere individualism, ending in entire negation. "O Protestantism!" exclaims one of its adherents, "has it, then, at last come to this with thee, that thy disciples protest against all religion? Facts which are before the eyes of the whole world declare aloud that this signification of thy name is no idle play upon words, though I know that this confession will excite a flame of indignation against myself." *

* Dr. Jenisckuber, *Gottesverehrung und Kirche* § 210.

There is one point in the above extract on which we must differ from the learned doctor, and that is where he maintains that "the conflict with unity" among Protestants is "apparent" and not "adverse"; and here are some of our grounds:

This apparent unity among Protestants has its centre and source elsewhere. For every one of the revealed truths of Christianity which they maintain as fundamental, conceding for the moment that they are even agreed upon these, will be found in the last analysis to depend upon the authority of the Catholic Church. For example, the Bible is to Protestants the sole source of all revealed truth, and the only rule of faith. Now, that the Protestants received from the Catholic Church the Bible is a simple historical fact. Again, how do they know that the book called the Bible contains the whole of the inspired written word of God, and nothing else? Only from the unimpeachable witness and guardian of the Bible—the Catholic Church. Take from under the truths of Christianity, which Protestants still retain, the logical support of the Catholic Church, and Protestantism, as a system of religion, in ratio as men begin to feel the necessity of rendering to themselves a rational account of their religious convictions, will be abandoned and fall into utter ruin. And whatever fruits of Christian virtue or flowers of piety grow on the tree of Protestantism, they are parasitic; for the sap which gives life to the tree is derived from its roots, which are nourished in the soil of the garden, to their sight concealed, of the Catholic Church. In this virtual relation to the Catholic Church lies the hope of the salvation of those Protestants who are really in good faith. The unity among Protestants, therefore, is only "apparent," while its conflicts with unity are real and "adverse."

For the moment you enter on an examination of those doctrines in detail, regarding which, to use the language of this author, "there is throughout evangelical Christendom a substantial unity," that instant innumerable and irreconcilable differences and contradictions arise. There exists among what are called evangelical Protestants a vague and affective desire for unity, but it is only strong enough to bring them together occasionally to display before the public their complete lack of real unity. They may even be led by it to recite the Apostles' Creed, as though they were of accord in their belief as to the meaning of its contents; but let no further strain be put upon their bond of unity, lest it should snap into a thousand pieces, revealing, in the words of our author, "different organic bodies with features facing all ways, hands striking one against another, feet moving off in independent directions, and lips uttering the whole alphabet of shibboleths." Grapes are not gathered of thorns.

DR. KNOX'S FIFTH REASON FOR UNITY.

"Organic unity," he says, "is a required element in the *moral power* the church is yet to wield. The Romish Church has borrowed untold strength from this source—one in name and form the world over."

Dr. Knox's evidently reluctant compliment to the Catholic Church ought not to be passed by without due recognition. It is a very high compliment: the highest possible

compliment, according to his own showing. For he has laid down the principle that "the interior and spiritual are never dispersed from the exterior and physical." Now, as the Catholic Church is "the world over one in name and form"—that is, in "the exterior and physical"—it follows she must be one in "the interior and spiritual," as the former are never "dispersed from" the latter. The Catholic Church, therefore, is truly the church of Christ, as she alone is "perfect in one." She alone possesses the inward and outward notes of that unity which Dr. Knox and those who agree with him are expecting to come as the ideal Christian Church. They have only to work out their premise to its logical conclusion to be landed in the bosom of the Catholic Church, which is the realization upon earth, so far as human nature will allow, of the ideal Christian Church.

"If her [the Catholic Church's] actual unity," he proceeds to say, "had answered to her organic, Protestantism must needs have been still heavier armed to make head against her." This is not a reasonable supposition. Prior to the sixteenth century the actual unity of the Catholic Church did answer to her organic, and she was in a fair way to Christianize and civilize the whole world. But the religious secession started by Luther and his followers stopped the church in her course, and set Christians against Christians, broke up the fraternity of Christian nations, and sowed everywhere the seeds of dispute, enmities, and wars in the bosom of Christendom. Millions of her children, backed up by political powers, turned against the church, and concentrated their attacks chiefly in the direction of the overthrow of the Roman See, and the destruction of the centre and guardian of the unity of her organization, the Roman Pontiff. If her vital energies and vast resources were turned towards where the attacks were the fiercest, in order to meet and repel their effects, this was, in the nature of the situation, a necessity, and furnishes no ground for an accusation. But God in his providence turns the enemies of his church into instruments of her glory; for, as in repelling the errors of Arius and his adherents, the church was necessitated to define, and for ever establish beyond all dispute, her belief in the divinity of Christ, so in like manner, in her defence against the errors of Luther and his followers, she was compelled to settle beyond dispute all doubt of the authority, the rights, and prerogatives communicated by Christ to his Apostle Peter and to the successors of his see, the Roman Pontiffs. The bark of Peter has had to battle through a threatening storm which has lasted three centuries, but she has come out of the danger in perfect safety, with increased strength and renewed splendor. For her "organic unity," thanks to the action of Protestantism, being greatly perfected, her "actual unity" now can display itself with a correspondingly-increased vigor and vitality. Her interior, spiritual beauty will be brought out more clearly to the sight of the world, attracting all souls; for whatever may be said of the power and majesty of her "name and form the world over," the real beauty and glory of the church, like that of the king's daughter, "is all within." The glory of this new phase of the church, of which it seems Dr. Knox has had a glimpse, though he does not appear to recognize her features,

he expresses in the following manner: "But when the day dawns that shall give us a visible springing from an interior unity, that will be a spectacle like the sign of the Son of Man in the heavens."

After the compliment which we have already noticed, it would be unusual if the holy Church did not receive some bitter words of abuse. Here they are in the concluding lines of the paragraph under notice:

"Though Satan, in the person of Rome and Rationalism, 'dilated stood,' as Milton describes him in his attitude towards Gabriel,

"'Like Teneriffe or Atlas unremoved,'

he would know that sign, as when Gabriel showed him the golden scales aloft, and he

"'Fled
Murmuring, and with him fled the shades of night.'"

This language belongs to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when the sectaries of that period universally held that the pope was Antichrist, and the Catholic Church his kingdom. It might be heard from the mouth of a ranter in Exeter Hall, or, in days gone by, in the Broadway Tabernacle, or come from the pen of the vaticinating Dr. Cummings, and not excite surprise; but we submit that such language is unworthy of the cause which Dr. Knox so ably advocates, and is in discord with the whole tenor of his article, which, we gladly acknowledge, breathes throughout a more candid and a better spirit.

THE SIXTH REASON FOR UNITY.

"This is found," he says, "in that element of efficiency that lies in economy." This is an important element, but we have already encroached beyond our limits, and must hasten to our close. The article proceeds to show that there is a "rapidly-increasing unity of faith, affection, and aim" among evangelical Christians, and details the grounds for the hope of a "prospective unity of organization," explaining "the causes at work to produce it."

ACCORDING TO DR. KNOX, THE UNITY OF THE CHURCH ONCE EXISTED.

"Furthermore," he continues, "the church has once been in the perfect unity we are advocating. The members 'continued steadfast in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, in breaking of bread, and in prayers' (Acts. ii. 42). The unity, according to this record, began in theological doctrine, but extended to outward organization (fellowship), to visible sacraments (breaking of bread), and forms of worship (prayers). This was what Christ had just before prayed for—a making perfect in one; a unity, interior and exterior, spiritual and organic."

In another passage he describes the discordant elements of Protestantism, and draws, without knowing it, the portrait of the actual Catholic Church, and contrasts her perfect unity with the divisions of the Protestant sects. Here it is:

"In the primitive church, when Christ would have the body constituted with diversity—not all head, or hands, or feet; not all hearing, seeing, or smelling, but a body with many members, and each member its own function—he yet did not think it necessary this diversity should be sectarian in order to be Christian. He did not give some to be Episcopalians—high, and low, and ritualistic; some to be Congregationalists—associated, and consociated, and independent; some to be Methodists—Protestant, Primitive, and Episcopal; some to be Baptists—open and close; some to be Presbyterians—old and new, Cumberland and Covenanter, Associate Reformed and Presbyterian Reformed, and others perhaps unreformed, to say nothing of Burgher and anti-Burgher, Secession, and Relief. Here was variety—a very

millennium of it, such as it was. It was a variety, however, that finds no place in the New Testament, and no mention in Christ's catalogue of particulars. This was his list of bestowments that Paul enumerates, when he 'gave some to be apostles, and some prophets, and some evangelists, and some pastors and teachers, for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ.' Having these, the body was thought to be well furnished without the modern inventions above specified. Here was variety and here was efficiency. 'Many members, but one body.' 'Diversities of gifts, but one spirit.' 'Differences of administration, but the same Lord.' 'Diversities of operations, but the same God, which worketh all in all.' Read the whole twelfth chapter of 1st Corinthians, and the fourth of Ephesians, and see how amply diversified is the church of God: all the more beautiful and useful for the reason Paul here declares, that God has so constructed it that there should be 'no schism in the body.' The variety and beauty lie in the varied members and their varied functions; not, as our sectarian conservatives would have it, in there being different organic bodies with features facing all ways, hands striking one against another, feet moving off in independent directions, and lips uttering the whole alphabet of shibboleths."

This description is not very complimentary to that movement which started with the profession of renewing the religion of the Gospel and of primitive Christianity. Judged by Dr. Knox's standard, it is clear that Protestantism, whatever it may be, is not primitive Christianity.

THE UNITY OF THE CHURCH IS LOST.

The entire article under consideration is based on the supposition that the visible organic unity of the church that once existed, no longer exists, but is lost. "It is also," says Dr. Knox, "universally admitted and expected that this lost unity will at some time be regained" (p. 666). Now, that scandals would come, and tares would grow with the wheat, heresies, schisms, and sects would arise—all this we are told in the New Testament; but that the unity which Christ communicated to his church should be "lost," and, therefore, his church fail—this we read nowhere in the pages of the inspired Word. On the contrary, we read in the Gospels that Christ promised to "build his church," and that he predicted that "the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." And we also read: "Behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." How one who believes in the divinity of Christ, the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, and that Christ built his church, and can admit, nay, assert, that she has "lost" her unity, the very essence of her being—that, consequently, the church of Christ has failed—we are at a loss to know, and look for further explanation and instruction on this subject from Dr. Knox.

But it must be remembered also, and taken into account, that when Christ offered up his prayer for unity, he not only petitioned that his disciples might be one, but he also said: "And not for them only do I pray, but for them also who through their word shall believe in me." This covers all time, and leaves no room for the supposition that the unity which was the object of his prayer should ever be "lost."

How to meet this difficulty is the question of questions among those who, under one pretext or another, have separated themselves from the unity of the Catholic Church. Their ingenuity has been exercised not a little on this point, and the world has listened to the Greek patriarchal theory, and to the Anglican branch theory, and the invisible church

theory of some of the so-called reformers, but all these theories are like clouds without rain and broken cisterns that can hold no water. For once admit that the unity of the church for which Christ prayed has ever existed, and concede that it has been lost, no matter what theory or hypothesis you may devise, at that moment, the conclusion is inevitable, Christianity is a failure.

The unity of the church of Christ was divine, and the human cannot create or give birth to the divine. This truth has been recognized and acted upon even among Protestants. The Irvingites and Mormons teach on this point their fellow-Protestants a lesson in sound logic. "We start," they say, "as all Protestants do, in admitting that the Catholic Church was in the beginning the church of Christ, and that at some period of time afterwards she became corrupt and failed. This is our common premise. Now, to establish the church, which is a divine institution, requires a special divine mission and authority; hence our claim to this special divine inspiration and authority for the reinauguration of the church of Christ upon earth." This reasoning on the part of the Irvingites and Mormons, as against other Protestants, is unanswerable and leaves them nowhere.

If the Christian Church ever existed, it exists now in all its vitality and force; for the divine creative act which called it into existence was as real, continuous, and immutable as the creative act which called into existence the universe. The same Almighty who said, "*Fiat Lux*," said, "*Edificabo ecclesiam meam*"; and, considering the place she holds in the hierarchy of creation, there is less reason to suppose that the church should fail than that the whole universe should go to utter wreck and ruin.

The learned doctor has an inkling of this insurmountable difficulty, and hence he looks forward to one scarcely knows what kind of supernatural action which is to "compose" out of the existing different evangelical sects a visible organic unity. The idea of composing the unity of the church is a contradiction in terms. If lost, only a new divine creative act can restore it. To expect this after the Incarnation and the Day of Pentecost is a chimera. The only escape from this, and the only perfectly consistent one, is that this unity is still existing, clothed with "a divinely-appointed organism *jure divino*," and open to all who really and sincerely believe in Christ. He does not deny that the church of Christ does still exist; he admits its possibility, and says:

"We do not base our argument for ultimate unity of organization on the assumption that there is a divinely-appointed organism defined in the New Testament. We may believe the Scriptures contain nothing explicit on this point—no *jure divino* model of church polity. If, however, there is such an appointed form—which is here neither affirmed nor denied—we insist that it is the best form, and our point holds good—viz., in the coming development of an earnest faith and fellowship, that form will ultimately be apprehended and accepted. In that mental condition into which the church is soon to come, it will be recognized that the end is the main thing, and the agency of no account except as it is adapted to the end. And as in the arts of ordinary life, as in politics and public education, it is at length discovered what the best way to the desired result is; and as the earnest effort for the valued result lays hold at last of the best method, which thus becomes the common one, so must it be in the great earnest religious movement of these latter days, looking to the millennial age. Mark

well the process. The faith and love of the church, quickening into new life in these pre-millennial efforts, will emerge into a spiritual earnestness little short of a new experience; this earnestness will content itself with nothing short of the most effective method; the effective method will be accepted as the best, and the best method is the one method which shall complete the spiritual unity of God's people in an organic unity."

Agreeing with Dr. Knox in "the nature of the unity of the church," and that the principle of "life is organic," and also that the church with this unity and organic life has existed, the conclusion is evident: either he must yield up his premises, or enter into the fold of the Catholic Church as the only claimant to this unity and organization whose title is unimpeachable. May that day "of earnest faith and fellowship" of which he speaks be hastened, when will be apprehended and accepted "that church polity" "defined in the New Testament,"* and which "completes the spiritual unity of God's people in an organic unity!" "May the generation now coming upon the stage . . . not pass away until these things are fulfilled!"

* To those of our readers who are desirous of seeing the argument drawn from the New Testament on this point, and at the same time the whole question as between the Catholic Church and the Presbyterians or evangelicals fully treated and placed in a clear light and in a masterly manner on the basis of the Holy Scriptures, we recommend the volume entitled *The King's Highway*, by the Rev. Augustine F. Hewit. The Catholic Publication House, New York.

MONSIEUR GOMBARD'S MISTAKE.

CONCLUDED.

About a month after this memorable expedition of M. Gombard's the town of Loisel was in a state of extraordinary commotion; the elections were going on, which meant that all men had gone mad, that the seven devils were let loose, and that no man could be sure of sleeping in his own bed from one night to another. The decree had gone forth that General Blagueur was the government candidate, which signified that every man was to vote for him, and that every man who didn't was a dead man—every man, that is, who had anything to lose or anything to hope for from the powers that were. No one knew who this General Blagueur was, or where he came from, or anything about him, except that he was the right man whom it was their business to put into the right place. This was all it concerned them to know or to care as dutiful subjects of Napoleon III. But though there were many such at Loisel, there were many of another sort, who set their backs stiffly against the right man, and were perversely bent on having a wrong man of their own. It does not matter to our story whether this rebellious outburst was justifiable or successful. It may be mentioned, however, for the comfort of the many who are born sympathizers with rebels in every class and country, that the rebellion of Loisel did succeed, and that General Blagueur was ignominiously beaten. But what a price Loisel paid for this wicked victory! A detachment of troops was at once sent down to prey upon its vitals

and hold a cocked pistol at its head. The state subsidy promised to the local municipality for rebuilding the tumble-down hospital was refused; the concession for a railway to connect it with the main line, after having been distinctly promised to an enterprising company, was withdrawn; the prefect was "promoted" to a post in a dismal, out-of-the-way town in an eastern department. It was said at one moment that the mayor was going to be dismissed, or in some way visited by the imperial displeasure. But this was one of those unreasoning panics that are common to every period of social terror; men lose their heads, and see monstrous and impossible events impending. The government, powerful as it was, never dreamed of laying a finger on M. Gombard.

The worthy mayor forbore, with his usual prudence, from taking any prominent part in the war that was raging at Loisel, and ostensibly left the prefect all the honors and perils of leadership; but it was perfectly well known, as he admitted to friends in confidence, that if M. le Préfet reigned, M. le Maire governed; and M. le Maire's power arose in great measure from the consummate tact with which he managed to hide this fact from everybody, above all from M. le Préfet. Now, it happened that, just when the excitement of the contest was at its greatest, when the wildest stories were afloat about the sinister machinations of the government, the base and cruel means it employed to compass its ends —setting brother against brother, and wife against husband, carrying bribery and discord and all manner of corruption into the very marrow of the bones of Loisel—it happened that, when things were in this state, a young man arrived at the principal inn of the place. He did nothing to provoke the anger or suspicions of the population: he was silent, unobtrusive, speaking to no one at the *table-d'hôte* where he took his meals; but before he had been two days at Loisel the entire town was infuriated against him. He had been seen standing before a dismantled old round tower that guarded the entrance to the town, and once had boasted of battlements and a cannon; this report had gone abroad the first day of his arrival, and the next morning it was positively stated that he had been seen by an applewoman and a milkman walking *round* the tower, and scrambling upon a broken wall close by to get a view *into* it. It was at an early hour, before anybody was likely to be abroad. Such facts, resting on such clear and forcible evidence, admitted only of one interpretation—the stranger was a paid miscreant sent down to examine the tower with a view to fortifying it as of yore, and so terrifying the refractory towns-people into surrendering their independence to the government. A council was called by the outraged citizens, and in ten minutes the fate of the engineer was decided. A rush was made on the inn where he lodged; he was seized, dragged forth amidst the yells of the enraged mob, and would have rendered up his mercenary soul to judgment there and then, if the prefect had not chanced to ride up at the moment to the scene of popular justice.

"What is this? Call out the soldiers! I will have every man of you shot, if you don't release your prisoner!" he cried, charging boldly into the fray.

"He's a spy, a traitor! We won't have him here! He wants to murder us; to butcher our wives and children," etc. Fifty people shouted out these and similar cries to-

gether; but they had ceased maltreating the unfortunate stranger, and were now only clutching him and threatening him with clenched fists.

"If he is guilty of any misdemeanor or crime, or intent to commit crime, he shall be made to answer for it; but it is the business of the law to see justice done, not yours. Let go your prisoner!" said the prefect in a tone of high command.

Courage and the prestige of lawful authority seldom fail to impress and subdue an excited mass of men. The mob fell back, and two *gendarmes*, at a sign from the prefect, stepped forward; the crowd made way for them. "That man is under arrest. Conduct him to the *mairie* and lock him up," said the prefect.

The *gendarmes* marched off the rescued man, a crowd trooping on with them, hooting and yelling with an energy that sounded far from reassuring, though it was so in reality, being a kind of safety-valve to the excited mob. It was a great relief, nevertheless, to the object of this manifestation to find himself locked up and safe out of its reach. He was not a coward, but the bravest may be permitted to shrink from such inglorious danger as this from which he had just escaped.

He had not been many hours in captivity when a sound of steps and voices approaching the door announced that some one was about to appear—probably the magistrate. The key turned in the lock, and M. Gombard entered, accompanied by two other persons: one was a clerk who was to take down in writing the interrogatory of the mayor and the prisoner's replies; the other was a witness who was to sign it. The moment M. Gombard beheld the prisoner his countenance changed; he felt it did, though no one present noticed it. In the hatless, muddy, battered-looking man who rose painfully to salute him the mayor recognized the lover of Mlle. Bobert. Was he still only her lover? In all probability he was her husband by this time. When M. Gombard had mastered his surprise and recovered from the shock of the discovery, he proceeded to examine the prisoner. The latter made no attempt at self-defence; he admitted, with a frankness which the reporter set down as "cynical," that he had visited the round tower on the two occasions alleged; that he would gladly do so again, if the citizens of Loisel gave him the opportunity. He had a natural love for old monuments of every description, and was professionally interested in them—especially ancient fortifications and fortresses of every kind; this old tower was a curious specimen of the fifteenth-century style, he was anxious to take a sketch of it, and so on, with more in the same tone. The clerk wrote on with great gusto, interlarding the prisoner's remarks with commentaries intended to complete them, and explain more fully the depth of malice every word revealed: "The accused looked boldly at M. le Maire"; "the accused here smiled with a fiendish expression"; "the accused assumed here a tone of insolent defiance"; "the countenance of the accused wore an air of cool contempt," and so on. Meantime, the mayor was wondering at the calm, dignified manner of the prisoner, and admiring his well-bred tone and perfect self-possession; he was evidently no common kind of person, this lover, or husband, of Mlle. Bobert. At the close of the interrogato-

ry, when the clerk had wiped his pen and was folding up his document, the mayor, with a vaguely apologetical remark, inquired whether the prisoner was a married man. The answer came with the same quiet distinctness as the preceding ones: "No, monsieur, I am not." He bowed to M. Gombard, and M. Gombard bowed to him. The interview was at an end. "The case looks bad," observed the reporting clerk, as the door closed behind them, M. Gombard himself locking it, and pocketing the key unnoticed by the others, who hurried on, loudly discussing the matter in hand.

"Do you not think it looks badly, M. le Maire?" inquired the reporter.

"Very badly. We shall be the laughing-stock of the whole country, if the prisoner is brought to trial; we shall pass for a community of cowardly idiots. We must do our utmost to prevent the affair getting into the local paper, at any rate. You are a friend of the editor's; have you influence enough with him, think you, to make him sacrifice his interest for once from a patriotic motive? It would be a fine example, and you will have done the town a service which I shall take care they hear of in due time."

The reporter held his head high and looked important. "I was thinking of this very thing, M. la Maire, while I was taking down the prisoner's answers," he said. "I did my best to swell the silly business into something like a charge, feeling, as you say, that we should be disgraced if the case were trumpeted over the country as it really stands; but the best way to hinder the mischief will be to keep it out of the paper. I think I can promise you that this shall be done."

"Then my mind is at rest. The honor of Loisel will be saved!" said M. Gombard.

"It shall, it shall, M. le Maire!" said his companion. He was excited and big with a sense of patriotic responsibility.

The next day was the grand crisis in the electioneering fever—the opening of the ballot-box. All Loisel was abroad and on tiptoe with expectation; there was no buying or selling that day. No wonder the unlucky inmate of the lock-up was forgotten. M. Gombard, however, had not forgotten him.

Late on the previous night, when the town had gone to bed and the streets were silent, nobody being abroad but the night watch and a few stragglers whose business and state of life made them avoid public notice and daylight, M. Gombard might have been seen stealing out by the back door to his own stable, and thence to the corner of a neighboring street, where he fastened his horse to a lamp-post, and stole back to the *mairie* with the quick, furtive air of a thief. He stepped softly down the stone passage that led to the lock-up room, laid his dark-lantern on the floor outside, and then turned the key slowly and with as little noise as possible. The dead silence that reigned in the place made the slight grating of the key sound like a shriek. When the mayor entered the room, the prisoner was walking up and down, trying to keep his blood in circulation; for the cold was intense, and he was famished with hunger. "I have come to release you," M. Gombard said. "There is no time to lose. I have left a horse ready saddled at the corner of the street that leads straight to the ruined tower; you will mount him and ride for your life."

The prisoner could hardly believe his ears.

"What does this mean?" he said. "You are a perfect stranger to me, and whoever you are, you must run a great risk in rendering me this service. May I ask why you take this interest in me?"

"I am glad to pay back a service that one whom . . . that was rendered to me not long since when passing through Cabicol. I will not say more; but you will learn all from the person in question most likely some day. Meantime, have no hesitation in accepting this service at my hands. It is a debt of gratitude that I am happy to be able to pay. Come, every minute is precious."

The prisoner was not inclined to shut the door on his deliverer; whatever his motive might be, mysterious or romantic, it was a merciful chance for him. The two men left the house, stepping softly, stealthily like a couple of thieves. When they reached the entrance of a street, M. Gombard stopped, and pointed silently to where the gaslight fell upon the horse, giving him the appearance of a phantom beast amidst the surrounding gloom. The traveller held out his hand, and grasped the mayor's in a long, strong pressure. M. Gombard returned it, and noticed now that his companion was bareheaded.

"You forgot your hat!" he said in a low voice.

"I lost it in the fray this morning."

"Then the town of Loisel owes you another. Take this; it will serve you on the road as well as a new one."

M. Gombard pulled off his hat and handed it to the fugitive, turned brusquely from him, and hurried home.

No one remembered the stranger who had provoked the popular fury, until two days after his arrest, when the agitation of the electioneering crisis had subsided, and the authorities had leisure to attend to ordinary business. Then it was discovered that the bird had flown, no one knew when, no one knew how. There was great consternation amongst the subordinate officials at the *mairie* whose duty it was to have looked after him; but each declared he was not responsible, that the prisoner had not been given into his charge, that the prisoner was only put there temporarily, and ought to have been conveyed at once to the jail, etc. This did not prevent them shaking in their shoes in mortal dread of being turned out of their places. The reporter was one of the first to hear of the escape. He flew at once with the intelligence to M. Gombard. M. Gombard looked him straight in the face and burst out into an uncontrollable fit of laughter; he shook, he held his sides, he laughed till he cried again. The reporter did not at first know what to make of it; but at last the contagion of M. le Maire's mirth was irresistible. He began to laugh also, and then M. Gombard roared, and the two kept it up until they nearly died of it. At last M. Gombard, who was the first to recover himself, took out his red cotton handkerchief and wiped his eyes, and blew his nose, and, after sundry gasps and subsiding chuckles, said: "It is the cleverest joke I ever saw performed in *my* life, and you are the cleverest rogue I ever met with! It was bad enough to play it off unknown to me, to keep the fun of the thing to yourself; but then to walk in here with such cool impudence, and never move a muscle of your face while you announced it as the

latest intelligence! Ha! ha! ha!" And off he went again, falling back in his chair, and laughing till the tears rolled down his cheeks.

The reporter was in a terrible state. He had not the faintest notion what the fun was about, and he had really joined in it till he could laugh no more. One thing was clear: somebody had done something which M. le Maire thought extremely clever and was highly diverted at, and that he—the reporter—had the credit of.

"Tell me, how did you do it?" said M. Gombard, again recovering himself and mopping his face, that was now as red as the handkerchief.

"Really, M. le Maire, I—I don't quite understand," said the reporter, smiling and trying to look at once confused and knowing.

"Come, come, no more of this! Tell it out like a good fellow; let me have the fag-end of the fun at any rate. How did you manage to give them all the slip?"

"Positively, monsieur, there is some mistake. I don't see—I don't understand—" stammered out the reporter.

M. Gombard gave a tremendous gasp, as if the laughter were still in him and it required a huge effort to keep it down.

"Well, well," he said, "I won't press you, but I think you *might* have trusted me; we are old friends now. However, keep your secret and accept my best compliments. You missed your vocation, though; you ought to have been a diplomatist. I see no reason after this—after this"— here he began to shake again and brought out the cotton handkerchief—"why you should not be minister some day. *Vous irez loin, mon cher—vous irez loin!*"

There was a knock at the door. The two men stood up.

"M. le Maire, I am to understand that you are rather glad than otherwise of this—this mysterious disappearance?" said the reporter, with some hesitation.

"Glad! You deserve the Cross for it!" exclaimed the mayor. "It is the greatest service you could have rendered to the town. Some day or other they shall hear of it."

"I really must disabuse you of a false impression," began the reporter. "Anxious as I was to be of use, my share in this matter—"

"Tut, tut!" said M. Gombard, "none of this nonsense with me, my dear fellow. Keep your own counsel—quite right; but don't be such an idiot as to deny your services to those who can reward them. Mark my words: *Vous irez loin!*" He tugged gently at the reporter's ear, and, shaking hands with him, sent him away happy and elated, but utterly mystified.

The affair made some noise; a *procès verbal* was drawn up, there was an interrogatory of the clerks, and before a week the escape of the spy was forgotten.

Just before Easter—that is, three months after this little electioneering incident—M. Gombard had occasion to go to Cabicol again. This time, however, he was not alone; he was accompanied by M. le Préfet, the new one, who was making a *tournée* in his kingdom, and took the mayor with him by way of a moral support. He was a timid man; he knew that his appointment was unpopular, and that M. Gombard's influence might help to reconcile people to it.

They alighted at the *Jacques Bonhomme* to change horses and take some refreshment before officially inspecting the town of Cabicol. M. Gombard was anxious to get some news of Mlle. Bobert,

when the marriage had taken place, and how it was supposed to prosper so far; but there was no opportunity of saying a word to the landlord, for the prefect was there, and M. Gombard had no plausible excuse for leaving him. He could not help remarking the strange expression of the landlord's countenance on first beholding him; the scared, incredulous glance he cast upon him, and the mysterious manner in which, on assisting him from the chaise, he pressed his arm and whispered: "I congratulate you, monsieur; I congratulate you."

What could the fellow mean by this extraordinary behavior! But the mayor remembered how oddly he had behaved on the occasion of his former visit, and set him down as an original, a harmless monomaniac of some sort.

Just as they were starting, and the prefect was receiving the compliments of M. le Curé at the door of the *Jacques Bonhomme*, M. Gombard seized the opportunity of a word with the landlord. Pointing his cane towards the old house opposite, he observed in a careless manner:

"Your pretty heiress is married by this, of course? What is her name now?"

"Married! Alas! no," replied the landlord mournfully. "Monsieur has not, then, heard?"

"Good heavens! she is not dead?" cried M. Gombard, dropping his feigned indifference in an instant.

"She is blind, monsieur—stone blind! It was a terrible accident; she was thrown from a carriage, and the shock and injuries she sustained destroyed her sight. They say she may recover it after a while; but I doubt it, monsieur, I doubt it."

"And her *fiancé*—has he given up—"

The mayor was here cut short by the prefect, who called out from the post-chaise, where he had already seated himself.

"Come, M. Gombard, we had better be starting."

M. Gombard left Cabicol with a sad heart. He looked wistfully up at the latticed window under the grand old escutcheon where he had last caught a glimpse of the beautiful young creature, now so heavily stricken. It made his heart ache to think of her in that lonely house, her bright eyes sightless, dwelling in perpetual night. Why had not his rival insisted on marrying her in spite, nay, because, of this catastrophe? He could fancy how her brave and generous nature would refuse to accept what she considered a sacrifice; but what sort of a love was his that could not overcome such reluctance? Poor child! How gladly *he* would have devoted himself to soothing and cheering her darkened life! But perhaps he was wronging his rival; it might be that she had merely postponed their marriage, that they both believed in her ultimate recovery, and that she preferred waiting until it had taken place, until her brown eyes had been restored, until the spirit which once animated them should awake and vivify them as of old.

M. Gombard did not return to Cabicol for many a long year after this. He left Loisel, and went to live in Normandy, where an uncle had died and left him some property—a rambling old house, surrounded by some wooded fields and a fruit-garden; the house was called the Château, and the fields were called "the Park." M. Gombard had not been long in possession of

this ancestral estate before he was elected mayor of the village. He was the kind of man to be elected mayor wherever he resided. Some men, we hear said, are born actors, doctors, ambassadors, etc.; M. Gombard was born a mayor.

Life went smoothly with him amongst his fields and fruit-trees for nearly ten years. Then friends took it into their heads, and put it into his, that he ought to become a deputy; the elections were at hand, and they put up his name as opposition candidate for the department of X——, whose *chef-lieu* was Loisel. The proposal took M. Gombard's fancy mightily. To go back to the place where he had left such a good name and exercised such undisputed influence; to go back as representative of the department—this was a triumph that even in perspective made him purr like a stroked cat. He started off one morning in high spirits for Loisel. His most direct road lay through Cabicol. The railroad landed him within a mile of the quaint old town at eight o'clock in the morning. He was in the mood for a walk, so he set out on foot. It was within a few days of Christmas; the weather was intensely cold, but the sky was as blue as a field of sapphire, and the sun shone out as brightly as in spring. He remembered the first time he had been to Cabicol; it was about this season of the year, but what miserable weather it was! Snow deep on the ground, and then the heavy rains coming before it melted, and turning the roads and streets into canals of mud and slush. This bracing cold, with the sun cheering up the landscape, was delightful. M. Gombard walked on with a brisk step, whistling snatches of one tune or another, till he came within sight of the church. The first glimpse of the strong, graceful spire, pricking the blue sky, so high, so high it rose, brought a flood of soft and tender memories to the hard-headed, embryo legislator; he smiled, and yet he heaved a little sigh as the recollection of his first and his last visit to that fine old church came back upon him. He wondered how life had gone with the fair enchantress who had spirited away his heart from him in the brown twi light of the Gothic temple; whether she had ever cast a thought on him from that day to the present. And her sight—had she recovered it? M. Gombard had often thought of this, and breathed a hearty wish that it might be so. And was she married? In all probability, yes. The chances were that she was now the happy mother of a blooming little family, of which the man he had for a moment so vigorously detested was the proud protector. If so, M. Gombard would call upon him and pay his respects to madame. This was the proper thing for an opposition candidate to do, and it would be an opportunity for Mlle. Bobert's husband to show his gratitude for former services.

He entered the town, now a busy, thriving place, and, crossing the market-place, made straight for the *Jacques Bonhomme*. There it was, not a whit changed, just as dingy-looking, with its stunted laurels before the door, that stood wide open as in the midst of summer. There, too, was the picturesque old manor-house opposite, just as he had first seen it, only that the roof was not covered with snow nor fringed with icicles. The ivy was thicker; it had grown quite over the front wall, but had been roughly clipped away from a space over the balcony, leaving the escutcheon visible—a gray patch amidst the glistening

green of the ruin-loving parasite. Two persons were coming out of the house as M. Gombard drew near. A group of poor people stood at the lodge, evidently awaiting them, with eager, questioning faces. One of these persons was the doctor, the other was the *curé*. The doctor walked on in silence. The *curé* spoke: "Alas! my friends, she is gone from us. We must be resigned; for the loss is all ours, the gain all hers."

M. Gombard felt a great pang go through him. He stood near the group, and heard the tearful cries that answered the *curé's* words: "Ah, *la bonne demoiselle!* Yes, it is a happy deliverance for her; but what a loss for us, for the sick, for all Cabicol!" And they dispersed, lamenting, and repeating through their tears: "*Pauvre Mlle. Bobert!* Our good friend! She is gone! The funeral is to be to-morrow!"

So she had died, as she had lived, "Mlle. Bobert." M. Gombard lingered a moment, looking up at the deep, latticed window where the slight figure would never be seen looking forth again. She was to be buried to-morrow, they had said. He resolved to wait and attend the funeral. He remained gazing up at the picturesque old edifice, which had arrested his curiosity and admiration for its own sake before he had become interested in its mistress. Whom would it go to now? he wondered.

A step on the pathway outside made him turn and look in that direction. He was startled, but not much astonished to see the *fiancé* of Mlle. Bobert approaching. Poor man! He looked much older than M. Gombard had expected to find him. Evidently he had suffered during these eleven years; his life had been blighted as well as hers. The manly heart of the mayor went out to him in sympathy. He was preparing to hold out his hand, when, to his consternation, the gentleman raised his hat with the old courtly bow that M. Gombard so well remembered. How was this? The unhappy man was ignorant of his sorrow! He was saluting the dead, and he knew it not.

"Monsieur, pardon me," said M. Gombard, meeting him with an outstretched hand and a face full of genuine compassion. "You have evidently not heard the sad news?"

"Concerning whom?" inquired the gentleman, giving his hand, but looking very blank.

"Who? Why . . . Mlle. Bobert!"

"What has happened to Mlle. Bobert, monsieur?" asked the gentleman.

"What has happened? Good heavens! Can it be possible . . . The worst has happened: she is dead!"

"Ah!" exclaimed the gentleman. Was this man some near relation of hers, or did he mistake *him* for one?

"I tell you she is dead!" repeated M. Gombard, his surprise rising rapidly to indignation. "She died only a few minutes ago, and she is to be buried to-morrow!"

"Naturally; that is the law. A person who dies this morning *must* be buried to-morrow, unless," the speaker continued, fancying he had here a clue to M. Gombard's excitement—"unless good reason can be shown for obtaining a delay, in which case, as a resident, I may be of some use to you; you seem to be a stranger here."

M. Gombard could not credit his senses. Was he dreaming, or was this man gone mad? He stared at

him for a moment in dumb amazement. At last he said:

"Perhaps I am under a mistake. . . . I may be taking you for a person who resembles you strongly. Who are you, monsieur?"

"I am an archæologist by profession; my name is De Valbranchart." He drew out his pocket-book and handed a card to M. Gombard.

"*Henri, Comte de Valbranchart,*" repeated M. Gombard absently. He had heard the name before; but where? "The name is not unknown to me," he added.

"It can hardly be unknown to any one who has read history," replied the count, with quiet *hauteur*. "The De Valbrancharts played a stirring part in the history of France as early as the twelfth century. But their day is over; they have no existence in the present. I am the last of the name."

"Where have I heard it before?" said M. Gombard musingly.

"Perhaps at Cabicol," returned the count. "This old house was the home of my family for three hundred years. Those are our arms carved upon its front; for twenty years I have saluted them daily as I pass. It is foolish, perhaps; but I feel as if the spirit of my ancestors haunted the old roof-tree, and that they are not insensible to the filial homage."

As he said this he looked up at the stone shield, where a lion passant, on gule, was still visible, surmounted by a fleur-de-lis argent, en chef. Raising his hat deferentially to the worn and partly-obliterated symbols of a glory that lived only in his faithful memory, the Comte de Valbranchart bowed to M. Gombard and passed on.

"And so this was the lady-love he worshipped," said M. Gombard to himself, as the tall, pensive man disappeared down the street. "He never loved *her*, perhaps he never knew her; and if I had only known, I might have . . . But it is no use regretting the irreparable. I should have been a more miserable man at this hour, if I had won her and loved her all these years."

THE HOME-LIFE OF SOME EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY POETS.

"THE happiest lives," says Southey, speaking of his own, "are those which have the least variety." There never was a truer saying. All the knowledge of the world involved in a stormy life, whether of vice, adventure, poverty, or political prominence, is not worth the half of the quiet happiness of a home-life and of what people lightly and mistakenly call monotony. And not only in such a life does the soul grow and the higher part of man gradually and calmly ripen, but his mind grows, his art grows, his genius widens and deepens. There are no shocks to arrest the creations of his mind; no periods of untrue, feverish, excited joy, followed by a ghastly reaction and a sad blank, to disturb the rest that alone produces lasting works. Not all poets and artists understood this, because very few were perfect men; not all common men understand it, because if their inborn propensities do not (and they do in only exceptional cases) lead them to this quiet haven, it requires severe experiences and much repentance before they can enter such a state. It is true that the works universally reckoned the greatest have been accomplished by men whose lives were spent among storms; but since the men who wrote them could so heroically overcome this inner obstacle, what magnificent things might they not have done if their lives had been differently ordained! The *Divina Commedia*, *Paradise Lost*, *King Lear* were the offspring of volcanic natures and volcanic circumstances: Dante and Milton were both lone men, soured and discontented, unfortunate in their domestic, and uneasy in their political, life; Shakspere was poor and despised, long a wanderer and an adventurer, and not too well mated either. And this brings us to the consideration of the more accessible and human side of their nature, one which is intensely interesting to us; for the more we read, the more we think, the more do we see how alike mankind is at all stages of its career, how little difference there is in human relations between us and our forefathers—nay, our remotest ancestors, whether in other climes or in a totally different civilization. Modes of thought have grown antiquated, systems of philosophy have crumbled, faiths have disappeared, customs have changed, but man and his passions remain the same as when he was first made. And the men who are but names to us, whose record is in forgotten tablets and antique parchments, even those whose works and sayings are known to us in part, all lived the same common life to the eye of their contemporaries, shared the same lowly necessities and the same agitating feelings, and went through the same kind of outward, prescribed life as the rind of their inner and individual one, as our modern poets, artists, *savants*, discoverers, and even our single selves. For ourselves, we almost invariably care more for the life of a man than for his works; and as this century has

developed a peculiar turn for biography, even that of ordinary and obscure persons—which is often none the less interesting—it has been a liking easy to satisfy. If, however, readers of poets prefer to see their ideal with their own eyes and look upon him as a demigod, biography is not a thing likely to be pleasant to them. It is often disenchanting, and many people shrink from the true if it be not likewise in accordance with their preconceived notions. The English poets of the last century were emphatically *men*, good specimens of their time and surroundings, by no means souls stranded on a foreign world and accidentally fitted with clogging bodies whose necessities were a vexation to the spirit.

The earliest of the rising generation of that time who came prominently before the public, and has never since lost his place, is Dean Swift. He was "of the earth, earthy," yet not a type of very common humanity. His life was full of strange incidents and extraordinary contradictions. He was, like Milton, by inclination rather a politician than a writer, and yet his poems have outlived his pamphlets. Sometimes he was coarse in language and brutal in manner—a fashion of his age, itself a contrast to the other extreme affected by society, that of a finical and artificial delicacy. Yet he won the almost unsolicited affection of pure-minded, sensitive, well-educated women. Now he was a miser, now a prodigal; now he entered a state which so many other poets conscientiously eschewed, himself worse fitted for it than they were; and now he showed a tenderness of feeling and a nobleness of soul which seemed inconsistent with this one life-act of defiant recklessness. For it was not hypocrisy; to that lowest of depths he, at least, did not sink. His education was desultory and his early circumstances narrow. His first situation was a poor one, though in a refined home and with a great statesman—Sir William Temple, whose reader and secretary he was. He got only twenty pounds a year, but had the chance of a troop of horse which King William offered him when he came to visit the youth's patron at Moor Park. His mind was inflamed by the stirring scenes during which his poor mother had fled from Ireland—the times following the Revolution and the Boyne—and he vindicated and abused his native country by turns, like an indignant lover, always ready fiercely to defend her if attacked by others, yet conscious of the unhappy state into which civilization and literature had fallen, consequent on the civil troubles since Elizabeth's Reformation. At Richmond he owed an illness to his gluttony, as he boldly if exaggeratedly confesses: "About two hours before you were born," he writes to a lady, "I got my giddiness by eating a hundred golden pippins at a time; and when you were four years and a quarter old, bating two days, having made a fine seat about twenty miles further in Surrey, where I used to read, there I got my deafness; and these two friends have visited me, one or other, every year since, and, being old acquaintance, have now thought fit to come together." Dryden did not recognize the young poet as a brother, and wrote him his opinion most bluntly, which Swift never forgave or forgot, and for which once or twice he revenged himself on other hapless and obscure poets who better deserved the same criticism. One of the good deeds of his youth was his giving up an appointment in the National Church, worth £100

a year, in favor of a poor struggling curate with less than half that income and eight children to support; but some of his friends thought that the loss of congenial society which this small preferment involved somewhat moved him to this renunciation. Going back to Moor Park, he made acquaintance with "Stella"—Esther Johnson—a ward of his patron, a girl of fifteen, who loved him devotedly, and whose heart he broke. He became her tutor, and his genius, his appearance, and his manner captivated the child-woman. Engaged at the time to a Miss Waryng, whom he fancifully styled "Varina," he broke his promise to her, and in the details of their quarrel showed himself as insolent as dishonorable. At this time of his life he was, if not a handsome, at least a very striking man. He was tall and well made, with deep-blue eyes and black hair and eyebrows, the last very bushy, and his expression stern and haughty—the very hero of a young girl's dreams. After Sir William's death he removed Stella to the neighborhood of his own parsonage, where she lived in a little cottage with an elderly companion, and never saw Swift except in the presence of a third person. Sir Walter Scott charitably attributes his avoidance of marriage with her to prudential reasons, and in this anomalous relation to the woman he loved he sees an attempt "in the pride of talent and of wisdom . . . to frame a new path to happiness"; and the consequences, he continues, were such as to render him "a warning, where the various virtues with which he was endowed ought to have made him a pattern." In one of his visits to London he met "Vanessa"—Esther Vanhomrigh—to whom he offered the same Platonic friendship, with nearly the same results. The girl died of grief and "hope deferred." Another version of his luckless love-affairs asserts that he ultimately married Stella, but refused to live with her, and visited her formally the same as before.

Swift's fits of avarice were great sources of amusement to his visitors. It is said that he occasionally allowed some guests of his, ladies of high rank, a shilling each to provide for themselves when asked to dine with him. Another such droll tale, but rather illustrating the contrary disposition, is told of him by Pope: "One evening Gay and I went to see him. On our coming in, 'Heyday, gentlemen,' says the doctor, 'what's the meaning of this visit? How came you to leave all the great lords you are so fond of, to come hither and see a poor dean?' 'Because we would rather see you than any of them!' 'Ay, any one that did not know so well might believe you. But since you are come, I must get some supper for you, I suppose?' 'No, doctor, we have supped already.' 'Supped already? That's impossible! Why, it is not eight o'clock yet. That's very strange; but if you had not supped, I must have got something for you. Let me see; what should I have had? A couple of lobsters; ay, that would have done very well—two shillings; tarts, a shilling. But you will drink a glass of wine with me, though you supped so much before your usual time only to spare my pocket.' 'No; we had rather talk with you than drink with you.' 'But if you had supped with me, as, in all reason, you ought to have done, you must then have drunk with me. A bottle of wine, two shillings. Two and two is four, and one is five—just two and six-

pence apiece. There, Pope, there's half a crown for you, and there's another for you sir; for I won't save by you, I am determined.' In spite of everything we could say to the contrary, he actually obliged us to take the money."

Among the literary practical jokes he sometimes played was a book of prophecies he published in ridicule of a yearly almanac of predictions by one Partridge. The chief event foretold was the astrologer's own death on the 29th of March, 1708. As soon as the date was past an elaborate account of Partridge's last moments and sayings came out in "a letter to a person of honor." Partridge found it hard to persuade people of his continued existence, and, having once complained to a Doctor Yalden, was repaid by the latter by an additional account of his sufferings and end by his supposed attendant physician. The poor man was driven frantic; he says the undertaker and the sexton came to him "on business"; people taunted him in the streets with not having paid his funeral expenses; his wife was distracted by being persistently addressed as Widow Partridge, and was "cited once a term into court to take out letters of administration"; while "the very reader of our parish, a good, sober, discreet person, has two or three times sent for me to come and be buried decently, or, if I have been interred in any other parish, to produce my certificate, as the act requires." Sir Walter Scott remarks, as an odd coincidence, that in 1709 the Company of Stationers obtained an injunction against any almanac published under the name of John Partridge, as if the poor man had been dead in sad earnest.

Unsatisfactory as was the home-life of Dean Swift, Alexander Pope's is scarcely more pleasant to look back upon. He was never married, and his best associations with home were through his mother, whom he loved dearly. But his continual ill-health and misshapen body made him miserable, and he himself calls his life "one long disease." Fame he won early, but it did not sweeten his spirit. His early life was spent near Windsor Forest, at the village of Binfield, where his father, a prosperous tradesman, retired with his fortune of £20,000 when the boy was twelve years old. Instead of putting this money in the bank, he kept it in the house in a strong chest, and drew upon the sum for all he wanted for many years, by which method it was considerably lessened before his son inherited it. Many of the despicable traits or foolish weaknesses of Pope's character were due to his sufferings. He was deformed in person, and so feeble that he had to be dressed and tended like a child. He was laced in stays to keep him erect, and was so small that at table it was necessary to place him in a high chair. Dr. Johnson says that "his legs were so slender that he enlarged their bulk with three pair of stockings, which were drawn on and off by the maid; for he was not able to dress or undress himself, and neither went to bed nor rose without help." He wanted help even in the night, and would often call up a servant for coffee or for pen and paper; but he was lavish of money to compensate for the trouble he gave, and a servant in Lord Oxford's house once declared that so long as it was her business to answer the poet's bell she would not ask for wages. In other respects, however, Pope was absurdly miserly, and one of his habits—that

of writing his verses on the backs of letters and other loose leaves and scraps—got him the nickname of "paper-sparing Pope." It was his friend Swift who originated this saying. He was hardly thirty when his *Homer* had gained him an independence, and he set up his own house at Twickenham, though he still passed half his time at his parents' home at Binfield. Twickenham had the charm of society, which to Pope was a great solace. Here he gathered a circle of admiring friends; for the place was a kind of centre of literature and fashion. Lady Mary Montagu, with whom he fell in love and then quarrelled, was his neighbor; Bolingbroke lived at Dawley, and Lord Burlington at Chiswick. Fine court people and "elegant company," as he writes, flocked to visit him, and, though he enjoyed it, he seems to have been partly discontented with it. It was the weak protest of the higher nature, dwarfed but not crushed by the lower. His filial piety shines out as a redeeming point in his selfish, narrow, loveless life, and it never wearied of its prolonged task; for his mother died at ninety-three (in 1733), at his house, and he mourned her deeply and tenderly. Another good and innocent trait was his love of gardening, though it was but the formal, lifeless gardening of his day, when the taste prevailed for grottoes and masonry and clipped trees. He writes to Swift: "The gardens extend and flourish. . . . I have more fruit-trees and kitchen-garden than you have any thought of; nay, I have melons and pineapples of my own growth." To another friend he writes: "I am now as busy planting for myself as I was lately in planting for another [his mother], and I thank God for every wet day and for every fog that gives me the headache, but prospers my works. They will, indeed, outlive me, but I am pleased to think my trees will afford fruit and shade to others when I shall want them no more." It is said that Pope introduced the weeping willow into England. The story runs that he discovered some twigs wrapped round an article sent from abroad, and planted one of them in his garden. A willow sprang up, from which numberless slips were taken, some to be planted in England, others to be sent abroad. The old tree died in 1801. Its life seems to have been but a short one. Pope's grotto still remains, but the rest of the garden has been sadly changed and disfigured by partition and building. He also made a tunnel under the public road, on each side of which his property lay. This reminds us of a peculiar tunnel diving under the Parade at Ramsgate, on the Channel, and leading to a grotto or series of catacomb-like passages in the chalk cliff overlooking the sea. This is on the Pugin property, and there are like galleries, we believe, a little further, leading from the gardens of Sir Moses Montefiore.

Richmond, adjoining Twickenham, is as classic ground in its literary associations. Here Thomson, the author of *The Seasons*, lived for the twelve last years of his life, at a pretty cottage called Rosedale House, now much altered and enlarged. But the summer-house in the garden remains the same as it was in the poet's time. "It is," says Mr. Howitt, "a simple wooden construction, with a plain back and two outward-sloping sides, a bench running round it within, a roof and boarded floor, so as to be readily removable all together. It is kept well painted of a dark green, and

in it stands an old, small walnut table, with a drawer, which belonged to Thomson." A tablet let into the front of the alcove above bears the following inaccurate inscription:

HERE
THOMSON SANG
"THE SEASONS"
AND THEIR CHANGE.

His famous poem was composed several years before, and begun when he had scarcely a roof over his head. The first part, "Winter," was written in a lodging over a bookseller's shop, to whose master he sold the poem for three guineas. It was neglected until a clergyman, "happening to turn his eye upon it, was so delighted that he ran from place to place celebrating its excellence." Would such simple means be enough now to herald a new author, although literature is supposed nowadays to be so much more respected and lucrative a calling than in the last century? Before this stroke of luck Thomson had been drudging as a tutor, teaching his patron's little boy of five years old his alphabet, and wasting his Scotch university education in such dreary pursuits. He had been brought up for the Presbyterian ministry, being himself a Scotch minister's son; but he found himself unfit for that calling, and set out from Edinburgh for London "to seek his fortune," with a little money and some letters of recommendation tied up in his pocket-handkerchief. He had no sooner reached London than both were stolen, and this misfortune was soon followed by a worse—the death of his widowed mother. After the happy hit of his "Winter," however, he had no more trouble; the patrons of literature took him up, his poems sold fast, and he completed his *Seasons*, while also throwing off minor works, all equally admired by his contemporaries, though not equally deserving. His writings were always moral and just; he never flatters or plays with vice, and it has been said of him with truth that he never wrote a line which, dying, he would wish to blot. We think the same could be said of Wordsworth. But if private morality did not suffer through him, public laxity in the sphere of politics did; that is, he was innocently part and parcel of a corrupt system of place-giving, irrespective of fitness for the office. It was the vice of the age, alike in church and state. He held at different times two sinecureships in the gift of government—one the Secretaryship of Briefs in the Court of Chancery, the other the general surveyorship of the Leeward Islands. In his private life he was fortunate; he travelled abroad with Sir Charles Talbot's eldest son, he visited all the people worth knowing, and was flatteringly received by all, his means were ample, yet he was not altogether happy. He was crossed in love by a Miss Young, whom he addresses in his poems as Amanda, and who cast him off for an admiral. His love, to judge by his letters, was earnest and true; writing to her during their short engagement, he says: "If I am so happy as to have your heart, I know you have spirit to maintain your choice; and it shall be the most earnest study and pursuit of my life not only to justify but to do you credit by it . . . Without you there is a blank in my happiness which nothing can fill up." His disappointment increased his melancholy, and, indeed, made his faults come into worse relief; but he lived only five years after it. Like many whose struggles have not been very hard or lengthened, he be-

lieved too much in luck and grew careless and indolent; his ambition was to live in peace, in luxurious dreams, in easy, social fellowship. He was kind but apathetic, and as careless of himself as of others, so that, though he had money enough to live more than comfortably, he was once arrested for a debt of seventy pounds. The actor Quin, as was often the case with friends of those detained in a "sponging-house" in those rollicking days when such confinement was not supposed to entail any disgrace, went to see him and ordered supper from a tavern close by. When they had done, Quin said seriously: "It is time now, Jemmy Thomson, we should balance our accounts." The poet, with the instinct of a debtor, supposed that here was some further demand he had forgotten; but Quin went on to say "that he owed Thomson at least £100—the lowest estimate he could put upon the pleasure he had derived from reading his works; and that, instead of leaving it to him in his will, he insisted on taking *this* opportunity of discharging his debt. Then, putting the money on the table, he hastily left the room."

A ludicrous anecdote is told of Thomson, which, if not true, is typical of his undoubted indolence—namely, that he would wander about his garden with his hands in his pockets, biting off the sunny side of the peaches that grew upon the wall. He was fond of walking, however. Laziness often brings dirt in its train, and Johnson, himself no Rhadamanthus on this score, calls Thomson slovenly in his dress, while other biographers aver that he took care only of his wig. His barber at Richmond said he was very extravagant about it, and had as many as a dozen wigs. One other fault is hinted at: his love of drink, so that the moral poet was not so exemplary in his life as in his works; but he was honest, truth-telling, a good friend and master, as well as a clever, imaginative, and cultivated writer.

It is curious to note how many poets have been bachelors. Gray, too, was one. The son of a well-to-do London citizen, he was sent to Eton and Cambridge, and at the latter place spent many years of his later life. He was emphatically a student, rather cold and fastidious in manner, but a devoted son and a true friend. His mother "cheerfully maintained him [at college] on the scanty produce of her separate industry." He travelled with Horace Walpole, and learned modern languages in his wanderings, and was one of the first English sight-seers at Herculaneum. On his return to England his father died, and he and his mother lived at West Stoke, near Windsor, where he wrote his famous *Elegy*. One of his early friends, Richard West, son of the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, a kindred spirit, learned, young, and poetical, but indolent, writes affectionately to Gray: "Next to seeing you is the pleasure of seeing your handwriting; next to hearing you is the pleasure of hearing from you." Soon after the premature death of his young friend Gray went to live at Cambridge, and ten years later his happy, quiet life was disturbed by the death of his mother—a blow he never recovered. Towards the close of his life, thirteen years later, he writes to a friend: "I had written to you to inform you that I had discovered a thing very little known, which is that in one's whole life one can never have more than a single mother. You may think this obvious,

and what you call a trite observation. You are a green gosling! I was, at the same age, very near as wise as you; and yet I never discovered this with full evidence and conviction—I mean till it was too late. It is thirteen years ago, and seems but as yesterday, and every day I live it sinks deeper into my heart."

His favorite study at Cambridge—first at Peter-house College, then at Pembroke Hall, between which places he spent nearly forty years of his life—was Greek, taking, as he said, "verse and prose together, like bread and cheese"; but his only public office was the professorship of modern history, the duties of which he was, through ill-health, unable to fulfil. The stiffness of his bearing and fastidiousness of his dress made him a favorite butt of the undergraduates, and his real attainments, intellectual as well as moral, were wholly powerless to restrain within due bounds that spirit of mischief which the gravest "dons" themselves confess to in their own far-off youth and heyday. One of these jokes was the reason of his leaving Peter-house in indignation and removing to Pembroke Hall. Gray had a nervous dread of fire, and always kept a rope-ladder by him in case of danger. One night the "boys" "placed exactly under his bedroom window a large tub full of water, and some who were in the plot raised a cry of 'fire' at his door. Gray, terrified by the report of the calamity he most dreaded, rushed from his bed, threw himself hastily out of the window with his rope-ladder, and descended exactly into the tub." The two bars to which he fastened his ladder are still to be seen at the window of the chambers he used. But in later years, when the fame of his scholarship was greater, the men crowded to see him when he walked out. "Intelligence ran from college to college, and the tables in the different halls, if it happened to be the hour of dinner, were thinned by the desertion of young men thronging to behold him." He is said to have been thoroughly versed in almost every branch of knowledge then cultivated. Besides the classics, European modern history and languages, painting, architecture, and gardening occupied his thoughts, and the more modern studies of criticism, political economy, and archæology were not forgotten. Metaphysics also were familiar to him. His taste in natural scenery was of a noble kind; mountains and heaths were his favorites. When in the Scottish Highlands, he writes to a friend: "A fig for your poets, painters, gardeners, and clergymen that have not been among them; their imagination can be made up of nothing but bowling-greens, flowering shrubs, horse-ponds, Fleet-ditches, shell grottoes, and Chinese rails."

In that age of artificiality this was a great step forward. Men affected to be appalled by the savageness of life away from the capital; they magnified the fleeting, ignoble gossip of their taverns and coffee-houses into affairs of sublime importance. A country-house to them was a doll's house, a toy near London, tricked out with fantastic imitations of foreign curiosities; a full, healthy, natural life was their horror. But Gray, though of this age, was not of this clique; he lived outside the world of fashion and coffee-houses; his travels, and especially his studies, gave his mind a wider range. This cannot be said of poor, jovial, unlucky Goldsmith, the jest of Fortune, the Micawber among

poets. There is a wonderful disparity between his miserable, shiftless life and the fame of his works, both prose and poetry. He is one of the most popular of poets and novelists, and his life was one of the most checkered, though uniformly unlucky, that ever were. Before he was twenty he wrote street ballads to earn bread, but was ready to share his pittance with any one poorer than himself. One winter night he gave the blankets off his bed to a shivering creature, and "crept into the ticking to shelter himself from the cold." Never did avarice come near his heart; indeed, his indiscriminate charity often brought him into sore straits. He was for two or three years a sizar at Dublin University—a sad position since the old generous days when the church protected and encouraged poor students, and foundations that still remain were made for their support. *They* indeed remain, but the spirit of charity and Christian brotherhood that inspired them has gone, and poor scholars find the universities as worldly a place as any other, and have to go through a fiery ordeal to gain knowledge. At last Goldsmith, goaded by the contempt and insults he met with, even from his tutor, who once knocked him down, ran away to Cork with one shilling in his pocket. He once told Sir Joshua Reynolds "that of all the exquisite meals he had ever tasted, the most delicious was a handful of gray peas given him by a girl, after twenty-four hours' fasting." Refusing to become a clergyman, for which career he felt unfitted, he studied medicine with small success, though he managed to get a degree after such a tour through Europe as reminds one of the mediæval students' doings. He started with a guinea in his pocket, one shirt to his back, and a flute in his hand. He led village dances on the green, and beguiled the evening hours of the gossips at the village inn, a barn being often his sleeping-place. But he had also another resource—the mediæval one of supporting theses before the learned faculties of foreign universities. Having thus, as it was laughingly said by his friends, "disputed" his way through Europe, he came back to London, still a beggar, and found a wretched home among beggars in Axe Lane. How often must that tragedy of disenchantment have been played out before the eyes of those human moths who come to London and other great centres "to seek their fortune"! For one that swims a thousand sink, and each success is built upon the accumulated failures of others perhaps no less intellectually endowed. The weary tramp after situations, the timid offer of services that no one wants, the despairing hint that the lowest wages will be more than welcome, the cold dissympathy that need and shabby clothes almost always involve, and all this repeated two, three, four times a year, is enough to break the spirit of any man not endowed with the eagle's courage. There is hardly much to choose between the miserable avocations which poor Goldsmith was driven to take up to keep himself from starving. Once he was a chemist's assistant in Monument Yard; then a poor doctor on his own account, in the still poorer neighborhood of Southwark; then, worse than all, an usher (or under-master) in a small school. "I was up early and late; I was browbeat by the master, hated for my ugly face by the mistress, worried by the boys within, and never permitted to stir out to

meet civility abroad." Then he turned to that most uncertain yet fascinating pursuit—letters, his old love. It barely kept him alive; he was dunned and worried; lived in a wretched attic, and wore clothes too shabby to go out in, except after nightfall. In these days of brilliant gas-lit shops and streets even that comfort would have been denied him. He was a bookseller's hack, and wrote to order, and was naturally delighted at the chance of an appointment as surgeon on the coast of Coromandel; but this fell through, unluckily for himself, though not for posterity. Goldsmith had a dog, to whom he taught simple tricks, which were as great a vexation to the poor animal as his own troubles were to the master (selfish human beings, how little we follow the lesson, 'Put yourself in his place'!), and this faithful companion was a great solace to him.

The way in which the *Vicar of Wakefield* was given to the world is too well known to be more than glanced at. Version and counterversion of the scene have been given by Johnson and others; it is pitiful to think that such a book should have depended upon the chance of his being able to get out to offer it to a publisher. While Goldsmith sat a prisoner in his own room (it is still shown at Islington, London) Johnson took the treasure and sold it for sixty pounds. It is to be hoped the author changed his landlady after her behavior to him in arresting him for his rent; but perhaps she had some provocation, for when he *had* money he did not always put it to the wisest purposes. Others, too, must have been either foolishly trusting or deliberately kind; for he owed £2,000 at his death, one of the bills being the famous one at his tailor's for the plum-colored coat made in elaborate fashion. "Was ever poet so trusted before?" exclaimed his friend Johnson. Among the friends who mourned his premature death (he was only forty-five) were some poor wretches whom out of his own poverty he had helped and befriended.

The year Goldsmith died, 1774, Robert Southey was born, a man whose life was in all respects different—shielded, domestic, happy, and uneventful. "I have lived in the sunshine," he says of himself. He worked hard and was thoroughly happy, singularly unambitious, but imaginative and enthusiastic. He was born at Bristol, and his early school-life and holidays with an eccentric aunt were among his most cheerful reminiscences. This old lady, Miss Tyler, was one of those excruciatingly neat housekeepers who make every one about them uncomfortable. "I have seen her," writes her nephew, "order the teakettle to be emptied and refilled because some one had passed across the hearth while it was on the fire preparing for her breakfast. She had a cup once buried for six weeks to purify it from the lips of one she accounted unclean. All who were not her favorites were included in that class. A chair in which an unclean person had sat was put out in the garden to be aired; and I never saw her more annoyed than on one occasion when a man who called on business seated himself in her own chair; how the cushion was ever again to be rendered fit for her use she knew not." Dust was of course her pet aversion, and she took more precautions against it "than would have been needful against the plague in an infected city." Southey was adoringly fond of his mother, from

whom he inherited "that alertness of mind and quickness of apprehension without which it would have been impossible for me to have undertaken half of what I have performed. God never blessed a human creature with a more cheerful disposition, a more generous spirit, a sweeter temper, or a tenderer heart." In all this the happy poet was her counterpart. He went to Westminster School, then to Balliol College, Oxford, but distinguished himself rather by feats of physical prowess than by hard study. He learned to row and swim, and lived a healthy out-door life, as he had done in his childhood when he roamed the country round Bristol with Shad, his aunt's servant-boy. Vice and dissipation had no attractions for him, though there were but too many opportunities for self-indulgence at the university. At nineteen he wrote his first epic poem, "Joan of Arc." He was an enthusiastic republican, and one of the most eager supporters of the Pantisocracy scheme—a social Utopia, to be realized by a handful of young emigrants, who were to choose some tract of virgin soil in America, and support themselves by manual labor, while their wives would undertake all domestic duties. Their earnings were to go to a common fund, and their leisure hours be spent in intellectual exercises. Of course the pleasant dream faded away, and the group of destined companions dispersed; but three of the enthusiasts married three sisters at Bath, and some bond of the old time was kept up for many years by this connection. Southey's marriage was not made public till the return of the bridegroom from Portugal, where he had promised to accompany his uncle, on the very day his marriage took place. His bride kept her maiden name and wore her wedding-ring hung by a ribbon round her neck until her husband came back, when she went with him to London, where they bravely lived and struggled on a narrow and uncertain income. He too, like many other poets, had refused, from conscientious motives, the prospect of a comfortable provision in the National Church, and preferred to live by his own exertions. The consequence was that he too often lived from hand to mouth; yet his home circumstances were so bright that he never seems to have been in the same gloomy "circle" of the literary "Inferno" as most of his brothers. When he was thirty he settled at Greta Hall, Keswick, in the Lake country, among the mountains, and there, incessantly at work with his pen, he refused many a lucrative offer which would have drawn him from nature to the distractions of London life. He was as fond a father as he had been a son, romped and played with his children, wrote nonsense verses for them, like poor Thackeray, and yet never neglected their more serious education. "Every house," he used to say, "should have in it a baby of six months and a kitten rising six weeks." Once, when invited to London by some great man, he writes: "Oh! dear, oh! dear, there's such a comfort in one's old coat and old shoes, one's own chair and own fireside, one's own writing-desk and own library; with a little girl climbing up to my neck and saying, 'Don't go to London, papa; you must stay with Edith'; and a little boy whom I have taught to speak the language of cats, dogs, cuckoos, jackasses, etc., before he can articulate a word of his own—there is such a comfort in all these things that *transportation* to London seems a heavier punishment than

any sins of mine deserve." During an absence in Edinburgh he writes to his wife: "What I have now to say to you is that, having been eight days from home, with as little discomfort as a man can reasonably expect, I have yet felt so little comfortable, so great a sense of solitariness, and so many homeward yearnings, that certainly I will not go to Lisbon without you—a resolution which, if your feelings be at all like mine, will not displease you." His happy life was as regular as clockwork: drudging, money-making work, reading, *siesta*, poetry, meals, long rambles, each had its appointed time, and his days were as full as they were happy. The domestic propensities which worldly men called his ruin and the marrers of his prospects of rank and wealth, were in reality what inspired his poetry, and thus made him immortal. His poetry belongs to our century, yet such a stride have we made—we will not say forward in the sense of greater excellence, but in that of utter difference—since his time that we venture to include him in this sketch, reckoning by his birth and early struggles, which after all made the *man*, and thus moulded the poet.

Melancholy, unhappy, restless Cowper was, with all the love and care he elicited from good and devoted women, a great contrast to Southey. He was terribly sensitive, clinging, loving, but somewhat weak. The picture of the boy of six years old playing with his young mother's dress, pricking the pattern of her gown into paper with a pin, as he describes himself in the pathetic poem on the receipt of his mother's picture, is a touching and suggestive one; for his mother died when he was a child, and he never forgot her for the fifty remaining years of his lonely life. This portrait was sent to him by a cousin in his old age, and he writes thus in answer to the gift: "Every creature that bears any affinity to my mother is dear to me, and you, the daughter of her brother, are but one remove distant from her. . . . I kissed it [the picture] and hung it where it is the last object that I see at night, and of course the first on which I open my eyes in the morning. . . . I remember a multitude of the maternal tendernesses which I received from her, and which have endeared her memory to me beyond expression." Cowper's house at Olney was not a cheerful one, and his frequent fits of madness, or monomania, lasted sometimes for months, and even years. They took the shape of religious despondency about his soul; he was "only in despair," he said, and often attempted to kill himself. His second mother, who devoted her life to him, the widow of a clergyman, Mrs. Unwin, saved his life many times over; he could not bear any other companion, yet it was part of his delusion that she disliked him. Every one has heard of his fondness for his hares, the first of which came to him as a chance gift, to save the creature from being killed by a negligent little boy; so at one time he had a large "happy family" gathered around him, whose hutches, cages, and boxes he amused himself by making. Some of these contrivances were novel and ingenious. Three hares, five rabbits, two guinea-pigs, a magpie, a starling, a jay, two goldfinches, two canaries, two dogs, a squirrel, and a number of pigeons gave him plenty to do, besides his garden, of which he was equally fond. When he had succeeded in himself making two glass frames for his pines, he playfully wrote:

"A Chinese of ten times my fortune would avail himself of such an opportunity without scruple; and why should not I, who want money as much as any mandarin in China?" Cowper's friends all had something to do with his poetry. His poem "To Mary," in which he notes the constant clicking of her knitting-needles, was a tribute to Mrs. Unwin, and many of his early verses were suggested by her; the "Task" and "John Gilpin's Ride" (written, he says, in the saddest mood, and as a forced antidote to that sadness) were subjects given him by Lady Austen, a warm-hearted, impulsive woman; and his cousin, Lady Hesketh, and her sister Theodora, his only love, from whom he was parted in his first youth, and who remained single for his sake, inspired some of his tenderest and most delicate verses.

Lady Hesketh, writing to Theodora from Olney, gives the following sketch of their friend's life in its more tranquil and happy aspect: "Our friend delights in a large table and a large chair. There are two of the latter comforts in the parlor. I am sorry to say that he and I always spread ourselves out on them, leaving poor Mrs. Unwin to find all the comfort she can in a small one, half as high again as ours and considerably harder than marble. . . . Her constant employment is knitting stockings, which she does with the finest needles I ever saw, and very nice they are—the stockings, I mean. Our cousin has not for many years worn any others than those of her manufacture. She knits silk, cotton, and worsted. She sits knitting on one side of the table, in her spectacles, and he on the other side reading to her (when he is not employed in writing), in his. In winter his morning studies are always carried on in a room by himself; but as his evenings are spent in winter in transcribing, he usually, I find, does it *vis-à-vis* Mrs. Unwin. At this time of the year he always writes in the garden, in what he calls his *boudoir*. This is in the garden. It has a door and a window, just holds a small table with a desk and two chairs, but, though there are two chairs, and two persons might be contained therein, it would be with a degree of difficulty. For this cause, as I make a point of not disturbing a poet in his retreat, I go not there."

So the dreamy, strange, yet often too realistic life of Cowper passed away toward the last decade of the eighteenth century, and, like most poets, he has left behind him the immortalized memory of the pure and noble women who loved him with the love of a guardian angel. No man ever needed it more, and in this case indeed God tempered the wind to the shorn lamb

LETTERS OF A YOUNG IRISHWOMAN TO HER SISTER

FROM THE FRENCH.

DECEMBER 12, 1868.

WITH the fall of the leaves of autumn the cemeteries become populous. The year 1868, as formerly 183–, will have been fatal to great men. Berryer is dead! A great voice silenced. "I shall not, then, see the happiness of France!" he said a little time before his death —this holy death which has worthily crowned the good and noble life of a man exceptionally great both as regards the intellect and the heart. How all things pass and fade away! Oh! how sad is this world, in which so many separations and farewells are the prelude to the last great separation at death. Violeau, the sweet Breton poet, in writing to his friend Pierre Javouhey, said:

Adieu, toujours adieu! C'est le cri de la terre.
L'homme n'est que regrets en son cœur solitaire:
Le bâton voyageur, le voile et le linceul
Dans l'ennui de ses jours l'ont bientôt laissé seul!

Adieu, always adieu! It is the cry of earth.
Man in his lonely heart is all regrets:
The traveller's staff, the veil, and [last] the shroud,
In the weariness of his days, have left him soon alone.

Alone! It is one of the sadnesses of earth. On high is the great meeting again, and the great and eternal happiness!

It is not only the death of the great orator lamented by France which makes me write to you so sadly, dear; it is that Isa has taken the veil, and we are going away. I cannot be so selfish as to consent that my mother should spend a second 1st of January far away from her Brittany, which she loves with the same fondness that I love Ireland, and I have myself fixed our departure for the 20th—only a week hence! I should like to hold back the sun. We all go to-morrow to Gartan.

Isa is already in heaven; her mother reproaches herself for not having divined her daughter's longing, and resigns herself to this separation better than I could have believed possible. It is true that Lizzy is all that is delightful, and gives up to her the sweet little Isa almost entirely.

Sarah, the radiant Sarah, came to me yesterday in trouble; her sister writes to her distressing letters. Neither the enchantment of Spain, the brilliant position of her husband, nor the princely state in which she lives are able to satisfy this poor heart, to whom the first condition of human felicity—*visible affection*—is wanting. This was Sarah's expression. "I understood her at once," she said. Another disappointed life, unless, indeed, the dear young wife should courageously accept her trial. Will this ardent, simple, and perhaps too-confiding nature be altogether downcast at finding her hopes deceived, or will she cast herself on God, and serve him in his poor? We must help her to do this, must we not? The Père Charles Perraud, the Lent preacher of two years ago, is preaching the Advent at Sainte-Croix. The *Annales* quote the following words of Père Gratry: "It was this same Charles Perraud, this being so entirely of the same nature,

his equal in goodness, greatness, and intellect, who during the whole of his short life was his brother and companion-in-arms."

Read an article by Alfred Nettement on the three La Rochejacquelein. More mourning! Mgr. Pie has presided over the last obsequies of the Comte Auguste, and Mgr. Dupanloup over those of Berryer. The Comte de Chambord thus sees those who have remained faithful to him disappear one by one. This great family of the Bourbons appears to have been predestined for the deepest sorrows. Don Carlos is at Paris; he was to have gone to hunt at Chambord, but the death of the Comte de la Rochejacquelein has made him give up his intention. Spain has had her '93. The despoiled and exiled Jesuits are come into France. Queen Isabella is at Paris. How poor are the times we live in! It seems as if every noble enthusiasm were extinct, and the whole world eaten up with the frightful leprosy of selfishness. *Sursum corda!* Would that I could raise them all!

Shall I tell you of the immortal festival of the Immaculate Conception, this glory of our age and of Pius IX.—become to us an *unforgetable* day since the sacrifice of Isa?

What memories! The Mass, the hymns, the crowd that filled the chapel, the betrothed of Christ so beautiful beneath her veil, the sermon, the last kiss, the last embrace, the tears—all these things cannot be narrated.

Dear Kate, let us pray for Ireland.

DECEMBER 18, 1868.

I want to write to you once more from this room, where I have so loved you, dear Kate.

Rorate cœli desuper et nubes pluant Justum.

Threw a rapid glance over an article in the *Union*—a sort of contrast between Berryer and Lamennais. From the first few lines I recognized the lion's paw; it is only Alfred Nettement who can write thus. What a grievous difference between these two grand figures, and what an abyss of sadness in these lines: "'The grave-digger asks, 'Is there to be a cross?' M. Bocher answers, 'No; Lamennais said, 'Nothing shall be put over my tomb.'" In the Christian world nothing is talked of but an admirable letter of Mgr. Dupanloup upon the Council. I have read the letter of thanks of the Holy Father.

Kate dearest, I am going away full of serenity and hope, since this departure is the will of God. We have seen almost everybody; these two last days are reserved for intimate friends. All our preparations are made. Most of the drawing-rooms are already closed, and this gives me an impression of mourning. Jack's desire has been granted: he died peacefully yesterday evening while René was finishing the prayers for the dying. Thus there is nothing more to keep us. I could not bear the idea of leaving this good old man.

Margaret promises me to come from time to time to give a little life to this isolated spot and visit Edith, so sorrowful at our departure. Nothing would be easier, my dear, than to take her to Brittany, or even to Orleans; but the doctor is utterly averse to this project, and only undertakes to cure her on condition that she does not quit Ireland.

Edward at first manifested a sombre despair, but we have succeeded in calming him. The two *Australiennes*, whom we have tamed with so much difficulty, have their

eyes full of tears when they look at us.

Adieu dear Kate.

DECEMBER 31, 1868.

No more of balmy Ireland! but still the family, kind hearts, pleasant society, walks and drives, concerts among ourselves, study, the poor, and that which is worth all else—prayer. Ah! my God, on the threshold of this new year I render thee thanks for the so many and great benefits with which thou hast overwhelmed me. How sweet, O Lord! is thy love. Bless the church, France, my country, my family. "When will eternity come, in which endless centuries will pass as one day?"

René wrote to you the morning of our arrival, and told you of the Christian calm of our adieux, so full of hope. Is it not a delightful and wholly unmerited happiness to have had this long sojourn in Ireland, when I had not expected to be able to remain there more than a month at the most?

Three happy things to-day. Kate, Margaret, and Isa are come to me in three letters, which I have just read over again to enjoy their charm. Margaret announces a *resurrection*. Lady R——, the recluse, whom no one remembered ever to have met *anywhere*, has been going out for a month past. I am rejoiced to hear it. I have so much desired it, and so often asked it of God. But side by side with this unexpected news is a shade—death; but death smiling, heaven opened, and an angel taking flight from earth to return to God, and to pray for those who remain in this vale of tears, where the love of God has spared her from a lengthened sojourn: our dear little Victoria G——, the interesting orphan, is gone to heaven. What would she have done in this world without guide or parents?

Quand on est pur comme à son âge,
Le dernier jour est le plus beau!*

Emmanuel grows, "and is determined to live." Margaret is admirable in her goodness. It is this which I find so attractive in her; there is nothing in the world preferable to goodness. Lizzy has been in great distress for some days, her little Isa being threatened with the croup. Poor mothers!—always anxious and tormented while on earth. O the sorrows of mothers! Nothing touches me more; all my sympathy is for them. They have here below the most immense joys and the most heartrending anguish. What happiness must it be to have a child of one's own, to pray by his cradle, to consecrate him to God from the dawn of his existence, and to see one's self live again in him!

Kate, Kate, I do not tell you how greatly your pages touched me. What wishes shall I offer you this evening that I have not offered a hundred times before?—wishes for holiness, happiness in God, and of a blessed union in eternity. May every one of your days add a flower to your crown, my beloved!

JANUARY 3, 1869

The year is begun; shall we see it close? Marcella was most particularly kind and sweet on the 1st of January. I sent to the nearest station an enormous package addressed to you, for your chapel and poor; have you received it? The *three graces* put into it some bunches of violets. Our Brittany is charming, notwithstanding the win-

* When one is pure as at her age
The last day is the fairest.

ter. Edith has written a long and kind letter; she is regaining her strength. Mistress Annah, whom I asked to send me full details, tells me of the amiability of the two children, who are making real progress, and are scarcely to be recognized since the *terrible* brother is no longer there. Adrien takes him to-morrow to a friend who has some business at Paris. You cannot imagine what this child is. René assures me that there is in him the making of a saint. God grant it! He frightens me.

Picciola grows and grows—not only in height, but also in virtue. Thérèse and Anna follow her; but, in any case, my darling advances with wonderful rapidity. I have taken up Homer again, whom I am translating from the open book. How much I prefer reading Bossuet or Joseph de Maistre!

Lizzy sends me four pages of news—many particulars respecting Isa the saint and Isa the angel, about the mothers, friends, etc.; but the flower of the basket is that Mary Wells has entered a convent. Again another who chooses the better part!

To-morrow the *Saint of the Seacoast* is coming here; we shall try to keep her. What an enjoyable life it is in this Brittany, the sister of Ireland! We have installed with the keeper a blind old man, to whom René reads every day, and who is a model of patience. If his eyes are closed to earth, they are truly open to heaven, of which he speaks luminously.

I speak to you but seldom of Hélène. She lives but for sacrifice, and has entirely broken with the outer world since the day of which René told you. Every three months a sign of life to her mother. O Gertrude! *her* life is a martyrdom!

God guard you, dear Kate!

JANUARY 12, 1869.

Visit to *M. le Curé* with Picciola. This poor presbytery, close to the church and the resting-place of the dead, reminds me of Lamartine:

> "Là jamais ne s'élève
> Bruit qui fasse penser;
> Jusqu'à ce qu'il s'achève
> On peut mener son rêve
> Et le recommencer.
> Paix et Mélancolie
> Restent là près des morts,
> Et l'âme recueillie
> Des vagues de la vie
> Croit y toucher les bords.' *

We are reading the Chronicles of Brittany for the instruction of the children. What quantities of warm knitted articles are made during our evenings! The good aunt of *M. le Curé* often comes to our manufactory. She is a very amiable woman, most charitably indulgent, something of an artist, and enjoys an opportunity for conversation; my mother is always pleased to see her. The good *curé* is scarcely ever in his presbytery; he is a Breton: and what need I say more?

René is unwell. He has a superb indifference about his health, and this makes me uneasy. Tell him to suffer himself to be taken care of, and to forget the outside world a little. He has a truly apostolic soul—always seeking out some good to do, and utilizing even his moments of leisure. How far I am behind him!

Our life is become an encampment; and, as Raoul says, we only want turbans and bournous to be Arabs altogether. Already there are sounds of departure, and yet it is so pleasant here! The *Saint of the Seashore* remained with us two days. "Adieu until

* *There* never stirs a sound which inspires thought. One can carry on a reverie to its end, and over again. *There*, near the dead, Peace and Melancholy make their abode, and the meditative soul, amid the waves of life, believes itself close upon the shore."

eternity!" These words made me start: has she had any warning of death? I have made her promise to write to me on the slightest symptom of illness. Picciola offered her some violets. "Thanks, dear child; I shall guard them carefully and lovingly. I am passionately fond of flowers, because I see in them an emblem, and because all the hearts of men are the flowers of the garden of God."

Letter from Margaret, who is sighing after our next meeting, and complains of my silence and, what is a more serious matter, of that also of Kate. Marcella writes to you; she is perfection.

Dear Kate, here is Isa's photograph. Is it not herself, with her gentle look, full of deep melancholy, and her graceful and dignified attitude? Every one here says that she is made to look older than she does; but to my eyes she is always charming. Her little hands, the prettiest that an artist could dream of, can only be guessed at under the well-represented folds of her wide sleeves. Lizzy has just lost her father-in-law—dead from a sudden attack. Would that I could turn aside all the sadness of a soul so worthy of happiness as hers! I have read to Picciola the *Evening Prayer on board Ship*, and feel a sort of envy at such emotions. To behold the ocean, and find one's self a small and feeble creature between sea and sky, a mere speck in immensity; to see other skies, other shores; to contemplate the wonders of the New World, the virgin forests and unknown regions, nature in her primitive and magnificent beauty—all this must enlarge the soul. Distant voyages would indeed be enjoyable, were it not for the departures and farewells.

I salute your good angel, my very dear Kate.

JANUARY 22, 1869.

Listen to what *my brother* is reading to me: "Learn to dwell in the Wound of the Heart of Jesus. Would you develop your desires, and bring forth good works? It is the nest of the dove. Do you love meditation? It is the retreat of the solitary sparrow. Do you love tears and sighs? It is there that the turtle-dove makes her moan. Are you hungry? You will there find the heavenly manna which fell in the desert. Are you athirst? There you will find the fountain of living water which flows out of Paradise, and sheds itself abundantly in the heart of the faithful."

Kate dearest, my heart is always with you. We shall be at Orleans on the 1st of February. It is a great pity to leave the country, where everything is green and flourishing. My brothers wish to go to Paris, and I wished very much also to go thither with them; but René has asked me to employ the money that this journey would have cost in clothing a whole family from the South, just arrived here in a pitiable condition. To refuse would have been to show myself unworthy of him or of you. Thus our meeting again is indefinitely postponed. A saint once said: "Not to do good enough is to do a great harm."

Anna, the attractive Anna, is feverish again, and it is partly on her account that my mother presses us to go to Orleans, where we shall consult several physicians. May not our temperature disagree with this southern flower? What a poor thing is life, in which anxiety is always at the side of happiness!

Would you like to have the fol-

lowing from Gertrude's journal? It was written at the time when she was beginning to divine Hélène's desire: "Grant, O my God! that this sacrifice may be possible to us; place my child at a distance from her cup of sorrow, take her in the morning of her life, all white, young, fair, loving, and beloved, my God—so ardently and piously beloved!"

Read *Alix*, a beautiful book by Mlle. Fleuriot. It is a book which gives one repose—a story of our Brittany: Paula, Mme. de Guenharic, two strong-minded women, the Beatitudes, so attractive, the grave Raymond, the fiery Tugdual, interested me intensely. Then this beautiful and poetic Alix, the lily of Goasgarello, too early plucked; this sweet young girl who was too well loved to die—how much her story touched me! And this book is fact. Alix personifies the lily of St. Brieuc, the beloved pupil of Mlle. Fleuriot, the chosen one of her heart. Ah! how death is everywhere snapping the purest affections.

Picciola spends part of her recreation-time with *The Children of Captain Grant*. She praised the book so much that it made me wish to read it, and truly I find it full of interest from beginning to end. What a talent for description and contrasts!

Dear Kate, pray for us and for Anna, that there may not be another violent separation. My mother is writing to you. I have news of Margaret from Lord William, who is like another brother to us.

I have made Marcella, who did not know any of Lady Georgiana Fullerton's works, read *Ladybird*. This book has astonished our dear Italian, because she did not expect to find in it so much powerful emotion, but she considers it admirably written and only too painfully probable. The beautiful Gertrude—a noble intellect, but entirely without direction—who through so many storms preserves her purity; the father devoid of affection; the Spanish mother, consumed by suffering, but whose mind would have exercised so powerful an influence over that of her daughter; M. d'Arberg, a hero and martyr of Christian self-devotion; the angelic Mary, whose gentle character beams throughout all the narrative like a reflection of heaven—all this is interesting, perhaps far too much so. René, to whom I mentioned Marcella's impressions, said in answer: "I do not like these exciting dramas, but rather such readings as give rest to the mind, and I can understand what St. Augustine meant by saying that he could not enjoy any book in which there was not to be found the name of Jesus. 'The name of Jesus is a name of delight,' says St. Bonaventure; 'because, meditated upon, it is nourishment; uttered, it is sweetness; invoked, it is an unction; written, a reparation of our powers, and in all that we do it is a guide and support.' St. Philip Neri also says: 'The name of Jesus pronounced with reverence and love has a particular power of softening the heart.'" Dear and beloved sister, *pax vobis et nobis!*

JANUARY 29, 1869.

The corridors encumbered with packages, the windows without curtains—everything shows that we are going away. Anna constantly has this fever, and the poor mother a sword in her heart. The twins pray earnestly, our poor make novenas. How impatient I am to be at Orleans! The good doctor from Hyères, the devoted friend of Marcella, will be there also on the 3d, to give

his opinion respecting the dear child's state. May God be with us!

Have been out with René. Marcella never leaves her daughter. My sisters are busy with their children. Gertrude helps my mother in her correspondence. Visits to our dear neighbors who do not move about. The *Southerns* are installed in a tolerably comfortable cottage, the father has found some work, the young daughters will be employed as needle-women by our kind neighbors and in the village; all is satisfactory with regard to them. Edward writes heartrending letters to his good friend René. He declares that he will run away, and other things of the same sort. Pray for this little volcano, dear Kate.

A letter from Karl, whose first steps in the priesthood are rewarded by joys truly celestial. Oh! what grandeur is in the sacerdotal life; but also what sacrifices. I forgot at the time to tell you of a visit we paid the old English *Homer*, whose daughter was the involuntary cause of Margaret's trouble. Oh! how beautiful she is. Tall, *very* tall, with black eyes full of mental vigor, luxuriant hair, remarkable purity of diction. Another flower for the cloister. Will not so many excellent souls obtain the redemption of England?

Kate dearest, with you I ask of God: *Trahe me post te;* or rather I would say. *Trahe nos.* A thousand kisses.

FEBRUARY 10, 1869.

"My son, let not thy soul give way beneath the labors which thou hast undertaken for me, neither suffer thyself to be discouraged by affliction, but at all times let my promise strengthen and comfort thee." René has just read me these words, by way of consolation for Marcella's departure. Alas! yes; she left us yesterday, very tearfully, with the doctor. She will again inhabit her châlet. I would willingly have offered her the one consecrated by the death of Ellen, but this association! Anna is so pale and weak, apparently undermined by the fever which never quits her. The doctor shook his head in a manner which did not augur hopefully. I questioned him apart. "You have carried away this pretty little one from us too soon, madam," he said. "She needs the sun, the Mediterranean, the orange-trees, and the perfumes of the South. I do not conceal from you that I greatly dread for her the isolation in which she will shortly find herself." I was dreading it also. René had an inspiration: "If Madeleine were to go as well?" "The graceful young girl who always looks at me with tears in her eyes?" "The same." "If you will believe the testimony of my medical experience, monsieur, this child is also threatened." I could not restrain a cry of pain: "O my God! my God!" "Pardon me, madam," said the good doctor; "on no account whatever would I afflict the family of Mme. de Clissey, but if you love this pretty creature, do not keep her here."

I was obliged to make a strong effort over myself to conceal the terrible impression these words had made upon me. I obtained from the doctor, who wanted to start immediately, a few days' delay. God aided me, dear Kate. Lucy, who is just now very much indisposed, suggested that Edward should accompany Marcella, and, as Anna was inconsolable at leaving us, Berthe confided her daughter to the care of Lucy. The *four* set out to-

morrow; see how our home-party is lessened. You will perhaps wonder that we are not all going to Hyères. My generous mother had thought of it; but, besides the fatigue she feels, notwithstanding her green old age, from these frequent changes of place, her sons have important reasons for passing the winter here, and I cannot leave her, even for Marcella. Moreover, my purse is quite exhausted, and I shall find it necessary to be rigorously economical in order to provide for the needs of my poor. I have been considering what retrenchments I could make in my own expenses. What do you advise me, dear Kate? I am afraid of mistaking superfluities for necessaries.

You can understand the grief of my heart. Marcella and I were as one single soul, and this morning, in my meditation, I was considering whether I had not loved her too much, and sacrificed more useful occupations to the pleasure of being with her. I spoke about it to René, my other conscience. "I do not think so," was his answer.

Let us pray for the travellers, dear and excellent Kate.

FEBRUARY 20, 1869.

Comme un agneau cherchant le serpolet qu'il broute
Laisse un peu de sa laine aux buissons de la route,
Sur le chemin des jours est-il un voyageur
Qui ne laisse en passant un débris de son cœur?*

Margaret writes to me, regretting Marcella for my sake, and promising to spend the summer with us. Marcella sends me beautifully long letters every day, so that I am, as it were, present with her in her daily life. In order that Anna may not be fatigued, the party makes lengthened halts; the doctor is like a father to the poor little one. Lucy is installed, charmed to have Picciola. You understand that the dear and devoted Lucy is in our secret, and is going to attend carefully to this other beloved invalid. But Lucy is so lively; she has no experience, none of that sorrowful experience which gives one the habit of taking care of others, and therefore, in order to be quite at ease, I am sending Marianne, whom I have temporarily replaced by a young Bretonne. Will it not be better thus? And, then, I can count upon the doctor. Pray and get prayers for us, dear Kate! Picciola has been growing too fast. Berthe has not the shadow of a suspicion; she has seen in this an opportunity of doing good, and also of preparing the twins for the sacrifice which circumstances may demand of them later on. Teresa occupies her thoughts by study; the good *abbé* is alarmed at her progress. Alix and Marguérite are charming; but where are the absent? I do not like empty places.

The *Annals* publish some letters on the Catechism by Mgr. Dupanloup. They are the most delicate and beautiful revelations, and show in all its excellence this apostolic soul. He depicts in his unique style his emotions as catechist at Saint-Sulpice, and we find here that love of souls, and especially of the souls of children, which has produced his finest pages upon education. There is an admirable passage upon Albert de la Ferronays, speaking of his fervor. And then the great bishop returns to the subject of this child grown into a young man, and assisted by him in his last moments: "He had been always faithful. Possessing a mind

*"Even as a lamb, seeking the wild-thyme on which he browses, leaves a little of his wool on the bushes along his way, so, on the pathway of life, is there a wayfarer who leaves not as he passes some fragment of his heart?"—Violeau.

full of vivacity, and the most tender of hearts, he kept them both in subordination, giving them only to God and to a creature angelic as himself whom he met with on his way and married in Italy. She did not then belong to the Catholic Church, but, being led onward and persuaded by the virtues and example of her husband, and perhaps also by sorrow, she made her first communion by the death-bed of Albert, who thus had the ineffable and supreme consolation of making his last communion together with her whom he had loved best upon earth." He adds that "these two souls were like two angels, and an apparition in this world of the beauty of heaven." The Père Meillier, Superior of the Lazarists of Angers, is preaching the station at Sainte-Croix, and the Père de Chazournes, author of the admirable life of the Père Barrelle, preaches at St. Paterne.

Benoni is charmingly beautiful. I make him pray for our invalids, and go myself daily to Notre Dame des Miracles. Oh! surely no more death, dear Kate.

FEBRUARY 27, 1869.

Our Italians have again found their beautiful sunshine, and for two days past Anna has had no fever, and Picciola is less pale. Marianne has been charged to send me every three days an exact bulletin of every hour and every minute. The devoted attention of the doctor is unequalled; he regulates everything, meals, sleep, and the times of going out. Marcella says, "This man is to me, as it were, an apparition of Providence." Think how she must suffer, especially when she reflects that so long a sojourn in the North has been injurious to the delicate chest of her child. Oh! I cannot believe it, when she has so much loving care. Alas! what can affection do. Just now I was told about Madame de C——, left a widow a year ago, whose husband was insane, and who has now lost her child, the only happiness of her life. The angels who take flight are not those who are to be pitied.

MARCH 5, 1869.

Tolerably good news of the *exiles*. But I have painful forebodings. René gently scolds me for my sadness. Pray for our sick ones, dear Kate.

The great poet Lamartine is just dead. Doubtless at his last hour his mother's God, the God of his earliest years, consoled and softened his dying moments. Oh! these great minds misled, these sublime dreamers who wander out of the right way, what sorrowful pity they inspire. How everything passes away and dies! I was reading this evening that M. Guizot, writing to one of his friends, and telling him that he is teaching his little children to read, adds: "I know of only three lives here below: family life, political life, and Christian life; I am leading the first, with the memories of the second, and the hopes of the third."

Read *Anne Séverin*, by Mrs. Craven, author of the *Récit d'une Sœur*. The style is perfect. The angelic women who appear in it, the Catholic youth of Guy, the fragrance of Christian sentiment which pervades the impassioned descriptions of these pages, combine to make them present a beautiful whole. Mme. Bourdon has reproached this work with having shown us three generations living by love alone; she recalls the answer made by Alexandrine when reminded of the happy days she had spent with

Albert: "I no longer think of those days." Alexandrine was, as it were, transfigured by the love of God, and such sacrifices as hers are not required of every soul.

Did I tell you of my happiness at again seeing Sainte-Croix? I prefer our cathedrals of stone to the most beautiful churches of Italy, always excepting Saint Peter's at Rome. It is so calm, so solemn, so Catholic! I cannot resist the pleasure of transcribing for you a fine passage by the eloquent Abbé Bougaud, in one of his discourses, I do not now remember which: "There is in the grandeur of Christianity at Orleans, in the touching beauty of its influence, in its permanent union with the destinies of the city, a monument which speaks more than any words. Whether Orleans was reached, as formerly, by ascending the Loire by steamboat, or whether, as now, by descending upon it on the railway, the first objects which attract observation are the spires and towers of Sainte-Croix. They have changed in form and aspect, and have been by turns ogival, romanesque, perhaps Byzantine—splendid always. In the full Middle Ages they were called by a historian 'the eighth wonder of the world,' and still, at the present time, whoever has seen them once loves to see them again, and whithersoever our studies, our reveries, or business take us, we never fail to return to them with pleasure or to salute them with emotion. Place near to this grand basilica, like two satellites, St. Euverte on the one side, with the tombs of its ancient bishops and its triple cemetery, Gallo-Roman and Christian, and on the other St. Aignan, with its precious relics, borne at times on the shoulders of kings, and its crypt, visited by all Christendom, and you will have some idea of what Christianity has been at Orleans, or, if you like it better, what would have been wanting to this city had not Christianity been there with its mysterious beauty and its touching influence. Throughout the whole of this edifice, constructed at a period when men no longer knew how to build anything similar, in this cathedral, which must have cost efforts so prodigious, and which has been so justly called 'the last of the Gothic cathedrals,' appear engraven in indelible characters the two qualities which make the glory of Orleans, *Fidelity and Courage*."

I do not talk to you about the sermons, not having been able to go and hear any at present. We have all had severe colds on the chest. My life is quite changed since I no longer have Marcella and Picciola. Perhaps I have been wrong to give up my heart in this manner. Oh! but then it is because the heart is so vast. Happy they who have asked God alone to fill it! This is what I say in my sadness, and it is wrong, since God's goodness and mercy to me have indeed been marvellous. O dear Kate! if separation from a friend is so painful to me, what, then, would it be if Heaven were to deprive me of the sweet and strong support which it has bestowed? How much I hold to this world! Scold me, dearest, but love me.

March 10, 1869.

You have *wound me up* again, dear sister; a thousand thanks. Oh! how cowardly I was; I was afraid of suffering—that friend of the Christian, that visitor from God, that messenger from eternity!

Four letters: first, Marcella, who blesses Providence for the improve-

ment of her child—the fever has disappeared; second, Picciola, my delicious flower, who says to me the prettiest things in the world; third, Margaret, who is counting the days by the side of Emmanuel's cradle; fourth, Edith, who feels herself stronger. By the way, the fiery Edward is becoming reasonable; his professors entertain the best hopes in his regard. Marianne wrote to me yesterday. She is not yet reassured respecting our sick child. You may imagine what precautions are taken to be careful about her without her knowledge. Dear, sweet little soul! she spends all that her purse contains for the benefit of the indigent. The amiable colony writes to us *en masse*. Nothing can be prettier than these *gazettes*. I had thought of sending them to you, but my mother makes them her daily reading. Edouard herborizes, composes music, sings, occupies himself with history, *rocks the babies*—that is to say, he amuses and plays with the children. Marcella organizes parties of poor people, gives lessons to two young girls without fortune who have been recommended to her by the doctor. Lucy is at the head of the household affairs; arranges and regulates everything with her graceful vivacity, and heartily enjoys this pleasant life. Anna and Picciola (according to the same chronicle) study a little and amuse themselves much. Gaston is becoming a man. Then we have details, incidents, stories about birds, flowers, lambs, children. Edouard, the *editor*, assures us that our presence alone is wanting to complete the charms of the South.

Gertrude has entered the Third Order of St. Francis. The days are not long enough for the duties she has created for herself; there is not a single pious work with which she is not in some way connected; she writes and receives innumerable letters, and spends, without reckoning, her gold, her time, and her heart. With all this, she is always serene; never is there a shadow on her beautiful brow, never a sorrowful glance towards the past. Adrien is even more ardent than she, if that could be possible; there is no kind of sacrifice which they do not both make for the good of souls. A few days ago, on entering Gertrude's room, I observed that her time-piece, which is a valuable work of art, had disappeared, and remarked upon it to her. She blushed, and turned my attention to other things. I have since learnt from René that this time-piece has been sold to a rich Englishman, and its price sent to the missions. No more expensive toilets, no more amusements, no more frivolous expenses. Gertrude does not even see any more the things of which she once was fond. I suspect that Adrien also has joined the Third Order.

The name of Johanna does not often occur in my letters, nor yet that of Paul. This is unjust, for both of them love my Kate. You will be so good as to pray especially for this sister of your sister on the 15th and the 20th. Marguérite, Alix, and Thérèse, the tall and serious Thérèse, scarcely ever leave me. And how pretty also is Jeanne when she sends kisses to Madame Kate! O youth! how sweet a thing thou art, with one's family and country.

I wept with you for the Prince Royal of Belgium. The thought of Picciola makes me forgetful of many subjects when I write to you. "By as many languages as a person knows," said Charles V., "so many times he is a man." "By so many

times as any one is a father," adds some one else, "so many times over does he live." In reading the account of this death, I thought of all the hearts who are weeping or who have wept by a cradle from whence a life has fled.

The beatification of Madame Elizabeth is under consideration. The Cathedral of Orleans possesses a treasure which may soon become a precious relic, an alb in *guipure* which was formerly a *robe-de-fête* worn by the pious princess. At Notre Dame des Doms at Avignon is preserved a chasuble made out of the last dress worn at the Conciergerie by Marie Antoinette. Paul and Johanna have seen this chasuble.

Could you have fifty Masses asked for at Notre Dame des Victoires, dear Kate, on behalf of my mother? We are getting some said almost everywhere.

May the blessings of Jesus and Mary be with you!

March 15, 1869.

René is writing to you, and, quick! here I am, dearest. Good news from everywhere. My correspondence is inexhaustible. I attended yesterday upon a worthy man, somewhat peevish, who declared to me that I was *clumsy*. I begged his pardon for it. The fact is he suffers fearfully from a cancer in the leg. And he is poor, with a family! It was my good angel who led me thither; no one visits them, and they are so embittered by misfortune that pity is, to them, insupportable. I took Marguérite and Alix with me this morning, and they were so sweet and amiable that I obtained permission from the peevish man to do whatever I like. And plenty there is to be done! The most indispensable things have been sold. Pray for these unfortunates, dear Kate, and receive my tenderest affection.

March 19, 1869.

Communion at St. Paterne, where there was a multitude. Beautiful singing. The organ, and a little exhortation by the Père de Chazournes for the closing of the Paschal retreat. On returning, great joy; a little child is born to us, and to us a son is given. Johanna is doing well. Paul is in transports. The house is upside down.

Jeanne is asking to see the angel who brought her brother. At eleven o'clock, to do honor to Saint Joseph, I took the young ones to Sainte-Croix, then to the Calvaire and Recouvrance. There was in the two latter churches exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. A profusion of flowers and lights, and an unwonted splendor, which delighted me, I had so much to ask, so much to pray for. Pray with us, dear Kate, for this pretty innocent who is just arrived, that he too may become a saint!

Gertrude's forgetfulness of self is admirable. Berthe and Johanna wonder unceasingly at her disinterestedness and detachment from this world. Little by little she despoils herself of all worldly superfluities; sells her jewels one after another, her collections also, of which, some time ago, she was *fanatically* fond. Kate, in her place I think I should be dead. I should never console myself, if I were a mother without children. And what a mother she is! If you could only see her by the cradle of the little new-born babe, or when she is teaching anything to the other children! What sweetness of language! What tenderness of expression! Ah! poor broken heart which has twice giv

en up its universe. God is with her!

My cross man has consented to change his lodging; and now they are installed, eight in number, in a healthy and airy street, where I have furnished three small rooms. The new abode is bright in its cleanliness; the mother wept for joy on entering it. The poor man, who still shows some repugnance to my attentions, was carried thither. His wound is frightful. I have found work for the young daughters, and the little ones go to the Christian Brothers. The mother, worn down by grief and privations, with her sight weakened by weeping, is incapable of any employment. Thérèse helped me to install them, and we shall go and see them frequently. That which I am most anxious about is to draw them nearer to God.

Picciola is no better; Anna is very well. Let us continue to pray! All that I do, thoughts, prayers, actions, go to one end—these two cures. Shall I be heard?

Found in the *Annals* a good article on "Eugénie de Guérin." The flower of it is this: "There is an interior and private literature; this is as superior to the other as the soul is to the body; it is that of Eugénie de Guérin. This literature of the heart has pages which no other can ever equal. It [the *Journal*] is an attractive book, and one of the best which could be offered to the human soul. It bears a double character of mystery and of intimacy which centuples its value. What pleasure the reader finds in believing himself also regarded in the light of a confidant! To have this intimate secret is to live alone with the writer; it is to have a species of love which is charmed with what is whispered into the ear, and with what it confidentially answers itself. The soul of Eugénie de Guérin truly resembled the first created by God, a *living soul*, taking from and giving to all things around her that life whose divine fire she possessed in the highest degree. It was a soul open to heaven, a *winged soul*, which rested a moment upon all things in succession, but always to rise again towards heaven, singing like the lark, or else moaning like the dove.

"The faith which penetrated all the faculties of Eugénie de Guérin," says M. Nicolas, "had in it nothing romantic, nothing dreamy, nor even ideal; it was a clearly defined and positive faith, the faith of a good woman in a nature of the highest distinction; it was the nature of a child and of a bird, springing and warbling, gathering all the happiness it met with, and carrying it home to be enjoyed in its nest. The sorrow in which she was plunged by the death of Maurice was extreme. This sorrow arose, as it were, from its bed and beat upon her faith as the sea beats upon its shores. But her *Journal* was eminently secret: she there freely poured out, in the bosom of God alone, the grief which she restrained within herself before men. This *Journal* was to her a Garden of Olives, where she went apart to faint."

Kate dearest, I will no longer disturb your solitude but with a joyful *Alleluia*. All here love you dearly, beloved sister of my life.

TO BE CONTINUED.

MODERN MELODISTS.

SCHUBERT.

In the present day, when all musicians, from the purveyor of the *opéra bouffe* to the composer of sacred music, rival each other in attempting the style which has immortalized Schubert, the time appears opportune for studying the works of the principal melodists. In default of other merit, we may at least lay claim to that of novelty —if, indeed, novelty can have any value when every one is making it his boast. Even Scudo,* the only writer who has devoted a few pages to Romance music, has contrived not to say a word about Schubert and the German masters, although, on the other hand, he has thought well to enumerate productions that have fallen into permanent oblivion.

Every people has its popular songs, its religious hymns and canticles, its ballads and romances; but of all these, three principal streams are easily distinguishable—three great melodic currents, from which flow all the rest. These are, firstly, the German *Lied*, to which belong all the Scandinavian, Hungarian, and Sclavonic ballads; then the Italian *canzona*, the primitive type of the music of Southern Europe, and which has apparently some affinity with the *seguidilla*, the *bolero*, the *jota*, and *malagueña* of Spain—picturesque romances, on which is perceptible, in some indescribable manner, an Arabic impress; and, lastly, as the centre of the intermediate current, the French *chanson*, which, though less profound than the German *Lied*, is nevertheless more true and more emotional than the brilliant vocalizations of Italy and Spain.

How different have the destinies of these three currents proved! Whilst the German stream has flowed on from age to age, enriched in its course by genius and learning, in Italy and France the melodic current, being isolated, has been gradually dwindling to a mere thread, at last disappearing altogether. Not that the French *chanson* was by any means without its characteristic merit; a charming simplicity, a gentle melancholy, marked its earliest beginnings, and it preserved these characters from the old melodies of Thibaut de Champagne and the *noëls* of the middle ages to the *chansons* of the eighteenth century. But after this development of a too prolonged infancy it found an inglorious end at the hands of the vulgar song-makers of the nineteenth century. The simplicity of the past now became insipidity, and the *Amédée* of Beauplan and the productions of Loïsa Puget obtained a success at which future times will stand amazed.

The destiny of the Italian *canzona* was the same. Its palmy days were those of its infancy, and the innumerable romances which are now to be heard, from the Gulf of Genoa to the Lido, and from the Alps to the Bay of Naples, weary the ear of the wondering traveller. Fertile in its barcarolles of *Viva la Francia*, *Viva Garibaldi*, *Santa Lucia*, Italy has no need to envy

* *Critique et Littérature Musicales*, vol. i. p. 322.

France her Beauplan and Mlle. L. Puget.

But whilst the *romance* and the *canzona* were thus dwindling away, the *Lied* was mounting to a marvellous height. "The combined work of the greatest poets—of Klopstock, Schiller, and Goethe—and of the greatest musicians—Haydn, Mozart, Gluck, Beethoven, Weber, etc."*—it followed, step by step, the progress of the art, and, assimilating to itself each fresh conquest of musical science, it acquired, as years went on, increasing richness of harmony and power of rhythm.

It is this style only which merits a careful study. Leaving, therefore, to the learned the care of drawing from oblivion those rare French and Italian songs which are worthy to be rescued, we proceed at once to the consideration of the German *Lied*, and, without seeking into its beginnings or following its development, we will take it at its apogee —namely, when it attained, with Schubert, that perfection of beauty which cannot be surpassed.

Schubert is essentially a lyric genius. Great developments are foreign to his nature; with a few touches he traces the ideal which has appeared to him, but these few strokes suffice to produce a work of imperishable beauty.

Venturing little into public, Schubert, whose timidity was equal to his extreme sensibility, led a quiet and uneventful existence; but, like the Æolian harp, the soul of the lyric poet vibrates to the slightest breath. Needing no inspiration from outward events, it is moved from within by every variety of feeling. It was in the heart of Schubert that the tempests raged which make us tremble; there breathed the sighs of love, and thence arose the wailings of despair. There also he found the sweet sunbeams, the fresh wind, and all the fragrance of the spring. Accustomed to live within himself, he took pleasure in analyzing his own impressions, which he confided to a journal, the greater part of which is unfortunately lost, but the few fragments that remain abound in deep thoughts.

We will quote a few of these confidential lines, which will form the best introduction to the immortal songs which he has left us, as well as the best commentary upon them:

"Sorrow," he writes, "quickens the understanding and strengthens the soul; joy, on the contrary, renders it frivolous and selfish."

"My works," he says elsewhere, "are the offspring of my intellect and my grief. The world appears to prefer those which my grief alone has created."

If we would know what were his thoughts upon faith, we find him writing as follows: "Man comes into the world with faith. It precedes by a long distance either reason or knowledge. *To understand, we must first believe.* Faith is the ground into which we must drive our first stake —the base for every other foundation."

He one day wrote to his father: "My 'Hymn to the Blessed Virgin' has moved the hearts of all: every one seemed to think my piety something wonderful. This, I think, is because I never force my devotion, nor ever write hymns and prayers unless I feel a real inspiration to do so; for then only is it true devotion."

On another occasion he comes home greatly impressed by a magnificent quintette of Mozart's he had just been hearing, and on a

* *Franz Schubert: sa Vie et les Œuvres.* Par Mme. Audley. Paris: Didier.

stray piece of paper writes these words: "The enchanting notes of Mozart's music are still resounding in me. Thus do those beautiful productions, which time cannot efface, remain engraven in the depth of our souls. They show us, on beyond the darkness of this life, the certainty of a future full of glory and of love. O immortal Mozart! what imperishable instincts of a better life dost thou implant within us."

O immortal Schubert! we in our turn may ask, Who shall express the emotions evoked by thee in our hearts?

That which chiefly characterizes the melodies of Schubert, taken as a whole, is their depth of feeling. He is never at a loss to find accents which go at once to our hearts. He makes us weep with Rosemonde and love with Marguérite; "The Erl King" (*Le Roi des Aulnes*) freezes us with terror, and hurries us on, in spite of ourselves, towards the mysterious abyss of the legend; in "The Young Nun" (*La Jeune Religieuse*) we are made in turn to experience the sufferings of the struggle and the final transports of the soul's victory over sense.

To know Schubert well, we must see how he has expressed the different sentiments of the human heart—not love and terror simply, but infinite varieties of intermediate and moderate feeling; and in these we shall find, as his common characteristics, grace and brilliancy.

"Haud ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco."

Who shall sing of love unless he knows its pains? Schubert has felt it all—its timid tenderness, its ardent passion, and it may be its despair. In his "Pensées d'Amour" are not these six bars the unfolding, as it were, of a heart which is opening for the first time, like a bud in the sunshine of a spring morning?—when

"Eden revives in the first kiss of love"

(thus sings Byron). A happy dream; a tenderness as shy as it is deep—were these ever rendered with a more delicate charm?

After this sweet and tranquil reverie follows impassioned devotion. The "Serenade" is too well known to require that we should linger over it. Who does not recall the appeals of that supplicating voice, and the plaintive answers of the accompaniment?

How immensely inferior for the most part are the serenades to which public favor has given a celebrity! All the masters of the modern Italian school have sung under a balcony; and without going so far back as Stradella, whose lovely romance in D minor has nothing in common with the modern *Lied*, we will say a few words on the serenades of *Le Barbier* and *Don Pasquale*, which appear to be the most extensively known.

The one addressed by Almaviva to Rosina—or, to speak more accurately, to the public—seems to us unworthy of Rossini's reputation. A phrase, rather wanting in fulness, some passages for the voice, a few organ touches—this is all; the whole, however, very well written for giving relief to the fine notes of a tenor. But this is not enough to constitute a *chef d'œuvre;* and probably Rossini was thinking of this kind of music when he boasted before Bellini that he wrote from his mind rather than from his heart, at the same time assuring the young man's simplicity that this was "*quite sufficient for the worthy public.*"

The serenade in *Don Pasquale* is graceful and coquettish. If Doni-

zetti intended this declaration of love to be taken merely as a jest, he has perfectly succeeded.

M. Gounod has written several serenades, without including his "Aubades." To speak of the former only, the serenade of Mephistopheles "Vous qui faites l'endormie," * in *Faust*, is not wanting in charm, though something more incisive would be better suited to an infernal singer. The famous serenade, "*Quand tu dors*," † has less originality than the foregoing, although agreeably written for the voice. It is an excellent vocalization, which, more than once, Bordogni must have regarded with a jealous eye. It is not until the *andante amoroso* that it expresses anything like passion. As to the serenade of the page in *Romeo and Juliet*, it is inferior again to its two elders.

To find a serenade comparable to those of Schubert, we must address ourselves to Mozart. Who that has heard *Don Juan* does not remember the marvellous contrast, long since remarked by critics, between the melodious phrase, full of character and tenderness, and the light accompaniment which falsifies every word uttered by Don Juan? Love is on his lips, while mocking indifference is in his heart.

In the expression of suffering, desolation, and despair we shall find that Schubert is greater still; and mention as examples "Rosemonde," "Marguérite," and "Les Plaintes de la Jeune Fille." The artist, following his inspiration, renders the same thought under very different forms; he finds in his soul deep and varying shades which escape the vulgar and are the marks of true genius. In all these three works Schubert has to express the grief of a forsaken maiden, but with what consummate art, and yet what truth, he has known how to vary his accents! In reading these melodies in the order already named the emotion goes on increasing up to the end.

In "Rosemonde" we hear the complaint of a soul which knows the sufferings of abandonment, but not the pangs of despair. After an introduction in F major full of sweetness and tenderness, the opening of the melody in F minor impresses us painfully; but about the middle of each of these strophes the young girl, recovering, with the A natural, the original key, lets us plainly see that she still has hope.

Marguérite hopes no more. From the very opening we feel troubled by the agitated movement of the accompaniment: it is like the sorrowful murmur of the soul preceding sobs of anguish, and is prolonged still for a moment after the unhappy girl has said for the last time, "*C'en est fait; il m'oublie—l'ingrat que j'aimais!*" * What accents of abandonment have we here! On the words, *Mes jours sont flétris*,† grief swells almost to madness. But Marguérite, presently recovering herself, retraces the past, and seems to see again her lover. Again she cries:

> "Pour moi tout va finir.
> Un seul moment reviens encore,
> Un seul moment te revoir et mourir!" ‡

Her suffering has become almost insupportable. She stops, and the

* Thou who seemest to be sleeping.
‡ When thou sleepest.

* All is over; he forgets me—the ungrateful one whom I have loved.
† My days are withered.
‡ "All soon will end for me. Return again, return one moment more, that I once more may see thy face and die." In the *Faust* of M. Gounod we have Marguérite at the wheel. The French composer has treated this scene in a very touching and striking manner, especially on the words, "*Il ne revient pas.*" It is a beautiful page, but not so deep as Schubert.

agitation continues only in her heart. After a few bars she resumes in a low voice: "*C'en est fait, il m'oublie*," etc., and the melody ends on the fifth, then a very new effect, though now frequently employed.

If, after a short pause, we read the "Plaintes de la Jeune Fille," we are soon under the influence of an entirely different emotion. The agitation of the preceding melody is changed for a more self-contained but even more poignant pain. The maiden, ripened by long suffering, confides to the tossing waves the woe which consumes her. A solemn and lugubrious phrase escapes her; her words are slow, her sorrow fearfully calm. Ten years of tears and contemplation were needed to change Marguérite to this.

To find repose from violent emotions we need not have recourse to any other than Schubert, among whose eminent characteristics are those of sweetness, gracefulness, and contrasting brilliancy and splendor. From among a multitude of admirable melodies we will mention only "La Truite," "Le Nautonnier," and "Le Départ" ("The Trout," "The Sailor," and "The Departure").

In "La Truite" Schubert unexpectedly finds himself met by a great difficulty. If it be true that people are soon tired of descriptive poetry, it is still more incontestable that the descriptive style is ill suited to music.

We must make an exception for certain powerful physical effects, such as tempest under all its forms; and yet here again what we are most sensible of in the storms of Gluck, Beethoven, and Weber is the troubled state of the human mind in presence of the disturbance of nature.

One day, when the genius of the great and good Haydn was taking a nap, it came into his head to attempt to express in his *Creation* the roaring of lions and tigers, the swiftness of the stag, together with other equally unmusical ideas; he consequently fell into the grotesque. Schubert had to describe the joyous sportings of the trout "in its limped crystal." He had the good taste to trouble himself very little about it. To find a melodic phrase full of charm and feeling was his first care; and need we say that he succeeded? The light and graceful design of the accompaniment may perhaps remind us of the trout—"His graceful dartings and his rapid course" ("*Ses élans gracieux, sa course volage*")—but it is nothing more than a detail of the description which comes merely as an addition to the dominant sentiment.

"Le Nautonnier" is the triumphal song of the mariner who, after braving the violence of the tempest, returns safely into port. Rapid as the wind which fills the sails of his bark, agitated as the waves which threaten to engulf him—such is the rhythm of the two first phrases; but soon, with the major and the E flat of the treble, the song of victory bursts forth: man has conquered the force of the elements. This is undeniably one of the most vigorous melodies ever written by Schubert.

"Le Départ" is a no less powerful production. It is not a little surprising to read, as the title of a song by the melancholy Schubert: "Le Départ: Chant de Joie." It is, in fact, the song of one carried away by a love of change and a thirst for new pleasures—one who can say with Byron that

> "I, who am of lighter mood,
> Will laugh to flee away." *

* *Childe Harold.*

This song is remarkable for the proud loftiness of its melodious march, and for the ardor which impregnates its rhythm. It is a wonderful intermingling of carelessness and eagerness, the more observable because it was so rarely that Schubert was called upon to express feelings too exterior and noisy for his timid and concentrated nature.

Beethoven, who had made deep acquaintance with human suffering, and in whose wondrous pages it is expressed with so much power, would nevertheless at times sing also his notes of gladness. He built the immensely grand finale of the "Symphony and Chorus" upon Schiller's "Hymn of Joy."

It is a wondrous hymn! After a splendid opening by the orchestra alone follows the phrase in D major, of antique nobleness and simplicity; but, alas! this moment of interior calm is cruelly expiated. The grand phrase is made to undergo successive tortures; after changing into a plaint of sorrow, it becomes a cry of despair, almost of madness.

Elsewhere again, in the incomparable finale of the Symphony in A, Beethoven has sung of joy—joy carried to its utmost limits of enthusiasm and ecstasy. To follow Beethoven in his impetuous course produces an indescribable emotion, less akin to pleasure than to pain, since violent feeling, from whatever cause it may arise, is invariably attended by suffering. Excess, whether of joy or love, is pain, very pure but very penetrating; for it is one of the conditions of our human nature to be unable to rise on high without suffering here below.

"Jamais entière allégresse:
L'âme y souffre de ses plaisirs,
Les cris de joie ont leur tristesse,
Et les voluptés leurs soupirs." *

Besides, after the mysterious nuptial march of the Symphony in A, can we be surprised that the joy of Beethoven is only a delusion of the heart, and beneath this feverish ardor must not some great moral suffering be hidden?

But we must return from the digression into which we have been led by the consideration of the "Chant de Joie," whose great author, however, would not reproach us for it, being himself a profound admirer of Beethoven. We have now to see how Schubert has rendered the sentiment of terror.

Only to name "The Erl King" and "The Young Nun" is a sufficient reminder of the greatness of this composer in the expression of dramatic feeling. These two *Lieder* are known all over the world; "The Erl King," more especially, popularized by Mme. Viardot, is one of those few melodies of Schubert which have crossed the Alps and become favorites in Italy.

Criticism has for so long past awarded its admiration to the strangely fascinating song of the black spectre and the terrified cries of the child that it would be superfluous to do more than allude to them; but it will be well to devote a few lines to the consideration of "The Young Nun," which has been very little studied.

In the first part what an intermingling there is of terror and wild love! Listen to this fragment of two bars, thrice interrupted, more by the storm within the heart than the outward fury of the elements,

* Reboul. Not here is perfect joy:
Suffering attends the soul's delights,
Our notes of gladness have their sadness,
And every pleasure has its sighs.

and thrice resumed with a chromatic scale.* After the triple reiteration of ascendants, three new fragments descend, also chromatically, with a bass accompaniment of a lugubrious character, and a harmonic sequence expressive of acute distress :

" Partout l'ombre,
Et la nuit sombre ;
—Deuil et terreur." †

From the depths of this abyss, with the words *souvenir de douleur* (remembered pain), which evoke a whole past, there springs up a new thought of exquisite tenderness ; and here we have a glimpse of the key of F major, but only for a moment, the melody falling back into F minor.

" *L'orage grondait ainsi en mon cœur* " (Thus rolled the storm within my heart). Here, for the moment, passion carries the day ; the three cries of terror, interrupted at the opening, are uttered again, more hurriedly, at the remembrance of this distracting love " which agitated her by day and night," then a fresh burst of despair recurs in the chromatic descent which takes us back to F minor.

" Ainsi flétrie, ma triste vie se consumait." ‡

In this line we hear once more, but for the last time and very softly, the gloomy burden of the bass, immediately after which reappears the A natural, which victoriously restores the key of F major. Light has banished darkness, and life has vanquished death.

" *La paix est rentrée à jamais dans mon cœur* " (Peace has returned to dwell for ever in my heart), sings the young nun in an inspired voice. This time the triumph is complete. At the words, " Descend, my Saviour, from the eternal home," the musical phrase mounts like a thanksgiving hymn. The effect is marvellous, and what is not less so is the fact that Schubert has recourse only to the most natural means to produce it. A simple change of key, the passage in the major—a form so frequently insipid—is, in his hands, invested with a surprising power.

Among the other *Lieder* of the sombre kind is one deserving especial attention—namely, " The Young Girl and Death " (*La Jeune Fille et la Mort*). In this we are attracted not so much by the beauty of the melody as by the musical problem which it may help us to solve. How ought music to speak of supernatural beings ? How is it to be made suitable to the utterances of the Divinity, of demons, or of Death ? We have here a serious difficulty. Is it fitting that the musician should put a melody into the mouths of abstract beings ? Whatever may be the beauty of the phrase that is *sung*, the effect does not meet the requirements of the case or answer our expectations. Is it, then, needful to have recourse to recitative ? But recitative has not the depth demanded by the subject. What, then, must be done ? Let us refer to Gluck ; this great master has more than one secret to reveal to those who thoroughly study him.

Gluck was the first to discover the most suitable form in which to

* M. Gounod, in the duo of the first act of *Romeo and Juliet*, has found a chromatic ascendant which has some analogy with that of Schubert, but which, in the hands of the French composer, takes quite a different coloring. Sombre in *La Jeune Religieuse*, it is in *Roméo et Juliette* sparkling with light. In the line " *Vois ces rayons jaloux dont l'orient se dore* " (" Behold these envious beams which gild the east ") the brilliant ground-work added by M. Gounod contributes not a little to render the effect of light.

† Gloom over all
And the dark night ;
—Terror and woe.

‡ Thus withered, my sad life consumed away.

represent spiritual voices, and so well has he succeeded that no one has been able to ignore his influence. At the risk of being otherwise either cold or ridiculous, it has been necessary for all to adopt, in this particular, his manner.

"*Tremble, ton supplice s'apprête*" (Thy doom is even now prepared), says a mysterious voice to Thoas (*Iphigenia in Tauris*). The phrase, given slowly and softly by voices and trombones in unison, on *re* penetrates us with a mysterious fear.

In *Alcestis*, listen to the lugubrious effect of the voice of the oracle, saying on a sustained note: "The king to-day must die, if in his stead none other offers up his life."* It is full of a sombre beauty, and the terrible persistency of the rhythm is very expressive of the antique fatalism.

Must it be added that Gluck has proved by his own example the inevitable absurdity of a melodic phrase in the mouth of a divinity who is made to intervene in human events?

Diana appears in order to save Iphigenia and her brother; the goddess sings her *aria*, and we see with pain one of the most admirable *chefs-d'œuvre* of dramatic music finish as miserably as the utterly forgotten *Iphigenia* of Piccini.

Again, Mozart wishes to evoke the shade of the Commander; the statue becomes animated and speaks:

"Before the dawning thou wilt cease to smile." †

This phrase, by its harmonies and rhythm, reminds us of the voice of the oracle:

"Le roi doit mourir aujourd'hui."

* Le roi doit mourir aujourd'hui,
Si quelqu'autre au trépas ne se livre pour lui.
† *Tu cesseras de rire avant l'aurore.*

Here an objection will probably be made that the statue lays aside this uniform tone, and that Mozart ventures to entrust it with a more melodic phrase. The answer is simple: the form created by Gluck is necessary when the supernatural being preserves its mysterious character, and issues not from the cloud that conceals it from our eyes. But if the statue descends from its pedestal and again becomes the Commander, if the oracle or the god takes a body, if you allow him human feelings, there can be no reason against his expressing them. It is no longer the hidden divinity who dictates an inevitable decree, but one who, having taken the form of a man, speaks in man's language.

In the same way Wagner, when making gods and genii the personages of his dramas, gives them the accents of the human voice. Mingling among men, they too may well love and suffer, weep and sing.

After Gluck and Mozart,* Schubert also makes Death speak; he also accepts as necessary the form given by Gluck. To the young girl's supplication Death answers by a phrase the rhythm and harmonies of which perhaps too much recall the voice of the oracle in *Alcestis*.

If we may venture to say so, Schubert seems to have found himself in one of those exceptional cases in which the Gluckist form was not suitable. Why this sombre coloring, when Death was doing his utmost to *charm* the young girl?

"Give me thy hand, nor tremble thus,
Enfolded in my arms, thou'lt sink
Into a sleep more sweet than life."†

* Not having space to multiply examples, we say nothing of the Oracle of Spontini, which, moreover, has the form of Gluck.

† "*Donne ta main. Ne tremble pas.*
Tu vas dormir entre mes bras,
D'un sommeil plus doux que la vie."

Here a more melodic phrase would appear to us more suitable.

Having no intention of giving a catalogue of the works of Schubert,* we will not group together his *Lieder*, but merely observe that all his melodies belong to one of three divisions, which express either love, or splendor, joy, and triumph, or, lastly, terror. Many combine two of these divisions. In "Marguérite" the principal idea is that of love, and the secondary one the drama; on the contrary, in "La Jeune Religieuse" the drama occupies the first place, and the earthly love is subordinate.

Our notice would be too incomplete without at least a rapid survey of the other works of Schubert besides the *Lied*, in which he is unequalled, but he has also tried symphonies, operas, and oratorios. Of his operas, which are numerous, two only have obtained some reputation—namely, *Alfonso and Estrella*, chiefly famous for its reverses, and *La Guerre Domestique* (The Domestic War), known in France by the name of *La Croisade des Dames*. This charming opera in one act was played with success a few years ago at the Théâtre des Fantaisies in Paris, and in every page could be recognized with pleasure the author of the *Lieder*. Its distinguishing qualities are the touching tenderness of the melody, the brilliancy and delicacy of the organ accompaniment, and the perfection in the manner of writing for the voices.

Schubert undertook also some more extensive works, many of which, unfortunately, were never completed, while the rest are lost in consequence of that absence of care and order which has probably cost us the loss of more than one valuable composition. Ought we to regret that Schubert has not left one great opera in which he might have displayed all his faculties? We think so, although we do not say that he would have proved himself to be a musician like Mozart, a master of tragedy like Gluck or gifted with Weber's power of fantastic coloring, capable of the sustained passion of Meyerbeer or the powerful developments of Wagner. But tenderness and sweetness would have flowed in streams from his heart, and the work would have been so full of poetry and so rich in characteristic beauties that his place would still have been a glorious one. Who can deny that M. Gounod is a great composer? And yet it would be difficult to name a really powerful page, unless it be the church scene in *Faust*, and the finale in *Sappho*. Posterity will say of him that he was deficient in force, but that Marguérite is very enchanting, *Romeo and Juliet* full of tenderness, and *Mireille* of poetry; and doubtless as much as this would have been said of Schubert.

In his symphonies and drawing-room music Schubert, no longer carried on by feeling, frequently fails. The subscribers to the popular concerts of the *Cirque d'hiver* in Paris have not forgotten the fragments of his symphonies which were at various times executed under the able direction of M. Pasdeloup. These selections were taken from the best, and there was certainly here and there a page which breathed inspiration. But praise like this is no small blame, and it is a severe criticism on a symphony to detach merely an isolated portion from it, and condemn the remainder to oblivion.

* Schubert is known to have composed more than five hundred melodies, most of which are admirable. Those we mention are merely taken as examples from among numerous others of equal beauty.

What was the reason of this inferiority in Schubert's symphonic music? One of the most serious appears to be the fact that he had not made a very deep or advanced study of music. He was preparing to study the fugue when carried off by death. Now, it is precisely symphonic composition that demands the most extensive and thorough knowledge of the science of music. Grétry and Montigny, who were but ordinary contrapuntists, have written admirable operas, but we might seek in vain for a great symphonist who had not at the same time a deep knowledge of music as a science.

Besides, Schubert, whose inspirations, as we have already remarked, were essentially lyric, was not in the habit of working out his thoughts, and lacked the capacity for giving them the powerful developments required by the symphony. Spoiled also by his extraordinary facility, he wrote too fast. In a lyric composition like the *Lied* the facility of the hand is no hindrance to the inspiration, which should be ardent and rapid, but the formation and unfolding, as it were, of a symphony require a powerful inspiration joined to the patient reflection and incessant labor which twenty times over modifies its work before giving its definitive form.

The symphonic music of Schubert will pass away, but he will find a place in the hearts of posterity as the inspired singer of the *Lieder*, the beautiful completeness of which, as a whole, is the result of his having known how to enshrine in these short poems rapid and living dramas, full by turns of joy and sorrow, love and triumph, or despair He was one of those men whose greatness is rather of the heart than the intellect; and if to others great conceptions are due, few like him have given expression to the deepest feelings of the heart, and the most refined and elevated accents of the soul.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

THEOLOGIA MORALIS NOVISSIMI ECCLESIÆ DOCTORIS S. ALPHONSI. Auctore A. Konings, C.SS.R. Editio Altera, Aucta et Emendata. Benziger Fratres, 1876.

We have already noticed the first edition of this work, which is certainly a valuable and excellent one in many respects. It has received the approbation of his Eminence the Cardinal, and of many others of the prelates of this country, has apparently been well received by the clergy in general, and it will not be at all surprising if it becomes the standard text-book of moral theology in the seminaries of the United States. This success it goes far to deserve. It supplies a great want in the treatises previously used, by bringing in many points relating to the laws and customs existing among us; and this alone might seem a sufficient reason for its adoption. It has also many other advantages, partly due to the ability of the author, partly to the works which he has taken (as all writers on this subject must at the present day) for his basis. Among these he has principally followed Gury, adhering more, perhaps, to his language than to that of St. Alphonsus.

But, in spite of the many advantages and excellences of the book, we must enter a protest against its use, at least as the sole authority on which the minds of theological students are to be formed. And this protest is on account of the system of equi-probabilism taught in it, which we should be very sorry to have prevail, both on the ground of its unreasonableness, and on that of its bad practical effects.

We should have no space in a notice of this kind to discuss fully this very important and much-vexed question. But the point of our criticism can be sufficiently made by simply referring to the author's definitions of the grades of probability in opinions (p. 27).

The obvious objection to these definitions, which are made the basis of his system, and which must, indeed, be made the basis of any system of equi-probabilism, is that, according to them, an opinion cannot be notably or decidedly more probable than its contradictory without making that contradictory "not solidly probable," to use the author's words, which are the usual technical ones.

Now, we venture to think that such a statement as this with regard to probability would hardly be made in treating of any other subject than that at present in hand. Suppose, for instance, the question to be one of physical science, —that, for example, of the solar parallax. Now, we think we are not wrong in saying that it is decidedly more probable that this parallax is greater than $8\frac{8}{10}$ seconds of arc than that it is less than this amount. Be that as it may, it is certain that there is some value, perfectly ascertainable by methods of computation on which astronomers would agree, for which, in the present state of science, we could say that the probability of the parallax exceeding this value is once and a half times as great as that of its falling short of it. Certainly in this case it would be decidedly more probable that it does exceed this value than that it does not. Yet who would say that the probability of its not exceeding that value was destitute of any solidity?

We may take a case in which probability is susceptible of exact numerical computation. Suppose two balls, one white and one black, to be together in a box, and that we draw twice from this box, putting back the ball drawn the first time. The probability that we shall not draw the white ball twice is three times as great as that we shall; yet would any one say that there was no solid probability of so drawing it? If it was a question of drawing it five times, then the probability of this, being only $\frac{1}{31}$ of that of the contradictory, might, indeed, not be "solid."

The whole case can, as it would seem, be put in the following form: It is agreed, by equi-probabilists, as well as by probabilists, that a solidly probable opinion against the law can be followed. If the former choose to call an opinion only slightly less probable than its contradictory, till its probability becomes so small

that it really, in the common judgment of men, ceases to be solid, they depart from the common use of language, but the controversy between them and the latter is merely one of the use of words.

But if the equi-probabilists refuse to call an opinion solidly probable as soon as its probability becomes what men would generally call decidedly less than that of its contradictory (two-thirds of it, for instance), they depart, as seems evident from the above cases, again from the common use of words, and the statement —the complement of the former one, and on which also both parties agree—that an opinion against the law not solidly probable cannot be followed, has, in their mouths, a new meaning, which the judgment of mankind will, it seems to us, hardly accept, and which will lead to perpetual and most embarrassing changes of doctrine and practice. The author undoubtedly believes that he is following St. Alphonsus in his system; it seems to us that he has, with other equi-probabilists, not rightly apprehended the meaning of certain passages in the works of that illustrious Doctor, which seem certainly at first sight to have such a sense. But to discuss this matter would lead us too far

THE FAITH OF OUR FATHERS: Being a Plain Exposition and Vindication of the Church founded by Our Lord Jesus Christ. By Rt. Rev. James Gibbons, D.D., Bishop of Richmond and Administrator-Apostolic of North Carolina. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.; London: Washbourne. 1877.

We have rarely met with a book which pleased us so thoroughly as this little volume of the Bishop of Richmond. It is popular, and is therefore not addressed to the few who are interested in the philosophical and scientific controversies of the age, but to the people, to the multitude, as were the words of Christ. It is a thoroughly honest book, written by a man who loves the church and his country and who is deeply interested in whatever concerns the welfare of mankind. From the start we are convinced of his perfect sincerity. Not to make a book has he written; but he believes, and therefore speaks. It is this that gives value to literature—the human life, the human experience, which it contains. Bishop Gibbons has labored for several years with great zeal in North Carolina and Virginia, where there are few Catholics, where the opportunities of dispelling Protestant prejudice are rare, but where the people are generally not unwilling to be enlightened. Learned arguments are less needed than clear and accurate statements of the doctrines, practices, and aims of the church. Catholic truth is its own best evidence: is more persuasive than any logic with which the human mind is able to reinforce it.

To the right mind and pure heart it appeals with irresistible force; and therefore the great work of those who labor for God is to put away the mental and moral obstructions which shut out the view of the truth as it is in Christ. In setting forth in clear and simple style "the faith of our fathers" Bishop Gibbons is careful to meet all the objections which are likely to be made to the church. He is thoroughly acquainted with the American people; is himself an American; and his book is another proof that the purest devotion to the church is compatible with the deepest love for the freest and most democratic of governments. Sympathy gives him insight, reveals the matter and the manner that suit his purpose best. The skill with which he has compressed into a small volume such a variety of topics, giving to each satisfactory treatment, is truly admirable. He seems to have forgotten nothing, and has consequently produced a complete popular explanation and vindication of Catholic doctrine. We cannot praise too highly the tone and temper of this book.

The author is not aggressive; is never bitter, never sneers nor deals in sarcasm or ridicule; does not treat his reader as a foe to be beaten, but as a brother to be persuaded. His sense of religion is too deep to allow him to make light of any honest faith. We perceive on every page the reverend and Christian bishop who knows that charity and not hate is the divine power of the church; the fire that sets the world ablaze. It is not necessary that we should say more in commendation of this treatise. It will most certainly have a wide circulation, and its merits will be advertised by every reader. Bishop Gibbons has written chiefly for Protestants, but we hope his book will find entrance into every Catholic family in the land.

DEIRDRE. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1876.

The poet who ventures on an epic in these days deserves well of literature. To turn from the puling, weak, or nauseous themes which form the subjects of most of the contemporary English poetry is in itself a sign of a strong and healthy temperament. Nevertheless, the venture is a bold one. Pretty and graceful lyric verse may pass easily enough and win a transient popularity without challenging any strong comparison, lost as it is in the crowd of its fellows. But when an epic is mentioned, Homer towers up with Virgil in his train; Dante sweeps along; the shade of Milton oppresses us; we are in the company of giants and breathe reverently. The men who grasp epochs of history and human life, and string them into numbers that resound through all the ages, are few indeed. So we say he is a bold man who would follow in their track; but, at least, his ambition is great, whatever be its execution.

The author of *Deirdrè* is not a Homer or a Virgil; he is not even equal to those fine English echoes of the great masters —Dryden and Pope; and although we do not know him, and are not sure as to who he is, we have little doubt that no man would be readier to concede what we here state than the author of *Deirdrè* himself. At least, he will consider it no dishonor that his song should wake the memory of those great singers in our mind.

Deirdrè is an Irish story of pre-Christian times. Like the *Iliad*, it has its Helen, who gives her name to the poem, and around her the story centres. The beauty of Deirdrè, like that of Helen, is her curse. Wherever she goes she is a brand of discord. Heroes fight for her, wars are waged for possession of her, great deeds are done in her name, and the end is disaster for all. She is unlike her Greek prototype only in her Irish chastity, pagan though she was. There have been Irish Helens, and the disaster of her race is to be traced to one of them; but they are only remembered to be cursed. Still, the author was at liberty, if he chose, to follow the prevailing taste of the day, and add a spurious interest to his poem by making its heroine unfaithful to her spouse. He has done the contrary. It is the very fidelity of Deirdrè that adds its chief interest to the poem. From the day when first the squirrel cried to her from the tree in the garden where she had been enclosed by the king:

> "Come up! come up! Come up, and see the world!"

and she obeyed the promptings of her nature and went up, and for the first time looked over the garden wall and saw "the great world spread out," she lost her heart, for here is what she saw:

> "Three youthful knights in all their martial pride,
> With red cloaks fluttering in the summer breeze,
> And gay gems flashing on their harnesses,
> And on the helm that guarded each proud head,
> And on each shield where shone the Branch of Red.
> And, as they passed, the eldest of the three,
> With great black, wistful eyes looked up at me;
> For he did mark this yellow head of mine
> Amid the green tree's branches glint and shine.
> And oh! the look—the fond, bright look—he gave! . . . "

These were the three heroic sons of Usna, and the eldest of the three is Naisi, who finds his way into the charmed forest where Deirdrè is kept by the king until she should grow to an age ripe enough to fit her to be made his queen. The young lady objects—as young ladies will do sometimes—to be disposed of in this manner, and Naisi, having first stolen her heart, completes his theft by stealing herself. They fly from Eman, and Clan Usna accompanies them. The rest of the poem is made up of their wanderings and final luring back to Eman, when the king wreaks his vengeance upon them. With the fate of the sons of Usna and Deirdrè the poem closes.

There is much that is admirable in the whole work. The scenes are wonderfully well localized. One never strays into to-day. The author has completely mastered the difficult geographical terminology, and makes it sweet and pleasant to the ear. The men are cast in heroic mould, and a tinge of chivalry added to them that beautifies and ennobles them. Deirdrè is a sweet, pure, and loving woman; her early youth in the garden of the king is in itself an idyllic gem. The battle scenes are strong and vigorous, and not too long drawn out; a sea-fight in particular is wonderfully well described. The glimpses of natural scenery given here and there are varied and picturesque. Indeed, there is everything that is good in the poem, but nothing that can be called *great;* and great-

ness is the standard and measure of an epic.

We think the author, too, has been careless in the construction of his verse. It is unequal. Half-rhymes abound: "bird" and "stirred," "house" and "carouse," "restored" and "board," "hum" and "room," "jollity" and "company," "heath" and "breath," cannot be considered good rhymes, yet they are all found within the first three pages. They are to too great an extent characteristic of the whole. Then there is an abundance of weak and commonplace couplets, such as the following:

"The earth's dark places, felt himself full sad,
He knew not why, and sent, to make him glad."
. . . . . .
"From the bright palace straightway to his house,
That they might hold therein a gay carouse."
. . . . . .
"Yet higher rose the joy and jollity
Of the Great King and all that company."
. . . . . .
"Till morn's gay star rose o'er the golden sea,
And sent to slumber all that company."
. . . . . .

Now, such lines should never have passed the censorship of one who can give such other lines as these:

"Whose fierce eye o'er the margin of his shield
Had gazed from war's first ridge on many a field."

"Many a field" is weak, but the picture is very good. Strange to say, the two lines immediately following are these:

"Unblinking at the foe that on him glared,
And might be ten to one for all he cared."

The epic spirit contained in the last line needs no comment.

Again, here is a strong picture:

"Since Mananan, the Sea-God, first upturew
The wild isle's stony ribs unto the blue."

And here a sweet one:

". . . Then from her forehead fair
She brushed a silken ripple of bright hair
That from the flood of her rich tresses stole,
And looked with wordless love into his soul."

Sometimes we fall upon lines that we fancy we have heard before—as these, for instance, which anybody might claim and not be proud of:

"The merry village with its sheltering trees,
The peaceful cattle browsing o'er the leas,
The hardy shepherd whistling on the plain
With his white flock, by fields of ripened grain,"
etc., etc.

And here are lines which we fancy Mr. Tennyson might with justice claim:

". . . And velvet catkins on the willow shone
By lowland streams, *and on the hills the larch
Scented with odorous buds the winds of March.*"

One more objection we must make, and that is to the tiresomely frequent use of the word "full." It occurs everywhere, sometimes twice or thrice in one page. Feilimid feels himself "full sad" (p. 1). In p. 46 Caffa shakes his head "full dolefully." In p. 49 "The east and north a strong wind blew *full keen*." In p. 55 Deirdrè grows "full pale"; in p. 58 she goes "to and fro" "full secretly"; in p. 59 she has thoughts "full sad"; while Naisi (p. 62) laughs to himself "full low," his heart with love's ardor grows "full warm" (p. 65). Maini watches Naisi "full treacherously" (p. 69), and three lines lower on the same page he is still watching him "full warily." The loyal wife grasps her babe "full firm" (p. 164)—an expression that, allowing even for poetic license, is very doubtful grammar; "full soon" adorns p. 165; "full stern" shall be the fight (p. 166); "full many" a mile (p. 166); "full many" a festal fire (p. 167); even the very babe crows "full lustily" (p. 131).

Of course repetition is allowable and, if rightly used, a beauty. In Homer Juno is always "white-armed," Venus "ox-eyed," Apollo "far-darting," Agamemnon a "king of men," Achilles "swift-footed," the dawn "rosy-fingered," the sea hoarse-resounding, and so on. But we need not dwell on the point that this is a very different kind of repetition from that in *Deirdrè*, which is faulty and tiresome in the extreme.

The defects we have pointed out are such as might have been easily avoided by care in the supervision. As it is, they seriously mar a work of real power, much promise, and undeniable beauty.

RELIGION AND EDUCATION. By the very Rev. Thomas S. Preston, V.G. New York: Robert Coddington. 1876.

There is much matter for thought and reflection in this pamphlet of forty-six pages. It treats of what is now an old subject, yet a subject about which new issues are constantly being raised, not only in this country but all the world over. And as the subject is far from being settled, and is likely so to remain for some time to come, one cannot but welcome the observations and pronounced

expression of such a mind as that of the distinguished author regarding a vital question of this and all countries and of all time. The question of education has been treated time and again in these pages. Indeed, many of the articles which have appeared in THE CATHOLIC WORLD have been collected and published in book-form (*Catholics and Education*), and combined make an excellent treatise in defence of Catholic education as opposed to the popular objections of non-Catholics. Father Preston necessarily travels over old ground here, but with a freshness, vigor, and clearness of statement and exposition that will amply repay the reader. His lecture—for such it was—bears all the marks of a strong and trained mind, fully alive to the difficulties that beset the vexed question of which he treats, yet of one who knows exactly where strength ends and extravagance begins. There is, perhaps, no question to-day more open to extravagant demands and declamation on both sides than this of education. The tendency of the times regarding it is in a radically wrong direction. Hot words will not mend matters, but calm reason, such as this pamphlet affords, will in the long run tell. To sincere and rightly-instructed Catholics there is no question at all in the matter. Education is as much a subject of religious discipline as is the guiding of a man's life, and to banish God from the school is no more justifiable than to banish him from the church or the home. No Catholic dare say to God: We will admit you here, but not there. At the same time we must take into serious account the opinions of men who, having practically lost faith, cannot be expected to look upon everything in the same light as ourselves. More especially is this the case in a country like our own, where all things are still more or less in a state of formation. It is very certain that the Fathers of this Republic, to whom in our emergencies we often vaguely appeal, never dreamed that the whole machinery of a republic which, in its present vastness, power, and future import, could scarcely have flashed even on their happiest dreams, would be perfectly adjusted in a century. We must make the best of things as they exist, work earnestly, untiringly, and hopefully to make them still better, but not slap the whole world in the face for the poor satisfaction of the slap. Father Preston is an excellent guide in this matter. There is not a waste word in all that he says. He has a reason, and gives it, for every statement, and he strengthens his position by the testimony of honored men among those opposed to him. It is strange that this country should be behind every other civilized nation in the fair adjustment of the educational question. They do the best they can for all denominations; we seem to have one predominating idea—to wit, that Catholic children, so far as the States can prevent it without absolute force, shall not have the right of Catholic education. Education is not and never can be a purely abstract affair as regards religion. It must have some informing moral principle, which will be right or wrong according to circumstances. Catholics refuse, on their conscience, to have any doubt about the matter. Others may do as they think fit under a government which professes to respect absolute freedom of conscience, *Their* freedom of conscience recognizes and claims education for their children in the spirit of their faith. To deny this is coercion. To make them contribute to a system of education based on its denial is coercion and extortion. To see how fully enlightened Protestants and enlightened governments uphold this view, we can recommend nothing better in a brief form than the pages of this admirable pamphlet.

WIT, HUMOR, AND SHAKSPEARE. Twelve Essays. By John Weiss. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1876.

There could be no better proof of the large tolerance of literary charlatanism by the American public than that a shrewd Boston firm should in such times as the present consent to publish a book like this. Mr. Weiss evidently has nothing to say which can be of interest to a sensible man, and his style is as bad as his thought. His chief aim, it would appear, is to be odd, unnatural, and barbarous. Like the clown in the circus, he hopes to amuse us by his antics, if not by his wit. But fantastic and affected phraseology cannot hide poverty or barrenness of thought. If a man has nothing to say, grimaces only make him ridiculous in the eyes of the judicious. It would seem, too, that the author is under the delusion that he may succeed in making us believe that he means something by striv-

ing to render it as difficult as possible to find out what he means. Here are specimens of his style: "The life-breaths of joy and grief tend primitively to the lungs, and they voice the mother-tongue of all emotions." "What a wide range of nature's curious *freakery* a forest has!" "Only those who are capable of annihilating capricious distinctions by feelings of common humanness are capable of enjoying the union of heterogeneous ideas."

It is Mr. Weiss' great misfortune to believe that he is witty; and the attempts which reveal this deep conviction might indeed make us laugh, if they did not make us grieve.

"What mutual impression do a dog and a duck make? He runs around with frolic transpiring in his tail, and barks to announce a wish to fraternize; or perhaps it is a short and nervous bark, and indicates unsettled views about ducks. Meantime, the duck waddles off with an inane quack, so remote from a bark that it must convince any well-informed dog of the hopelessness of proposing either business or pleasure to such a doting and toothless pate." "But as yet no cosey couples of clever apes have been discovered in paroxysms of laughter over the last sylvan equivoque; nor have elephants been seen silently shaking at a joke too ponderous for their trunks to carry." "We cannot imagine that a turtle's head gets tired lying around decapitated for a week or more."

We cannot pardon Mr. Emerson for having made such men as Mr. Weiss possible. He is a morbid product—one of the sick multitude whose disease he has himself diagnosed. "Multitudes of our American brains are badly drained in consequence of a settling of the wastage of house-grubbing and street-work into moral morasses which generate many a chimera." This is on the twelfth page, and to this point we followed the author with a kind of interest; for it was still possible to hope that he might not be an American. The English critics, however, may find his humor capital, since they think Walt Whitman our greatest poet; and Mr. Weiss finds examples of wit and humor in this country truly Shaksperean:

"There was a man who stood on his head under a pile-driver to have a pair of tight boots driven on. He found himself shortly after in China, perfectly naked and without a cent in his pocket." "There is a man in the West so bow-legged that his pantaloons have to be cut out with a circular saw." "Some of the Texan cows have been lately described as so thin that it takes two men to see one of them. The men stand back to back, so that one says, 'Here she comes!' and the other cries, 'There she goes!' Thus between them both the cow is seen."

"All these American instances"—we quote the thoughtful and profound observation of Mr. Weiss—"are conceived in the pure Shakesperean blending of the understanding and the imagination." But one more of them, perhaps the most artistically perfect of all, must suffice. "A coachman, driving up some mountains in Vermont, was asked by an outside passenger if they were as steep on the other side also. 'Steep! Chain lightnin' couldn't go down 'em without the breechin' on!'"

Nothing could be finer than the epigrammatic style in which Mr. Weiss throws some of Shakspere's characters into a crisp Emersonian sentence: "Pistol is the raw article of poltroonery done in fustian instead of a gayly-slashed doublet. Bardolph is the capaciousness for sherry, without the capacity to make it apprehensive and forgetive; it goes to his head, but, finding no brain there, is provoked to the nose, where it lights a cautionary signal. Nym is the brag stripped of resource, shivering on prosiness." We are quite prepared, after all this, to find that Mr. Weiss belongs to the class of enlightened men who, in the name of science, sneer at religion. It is hardly worth while to attempt his conversion.

POEMS: DEVOTIONAL AND OCCASIONAL. By Benjamin Dionysius Hill, C.S.P. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1877.

In his last sermon on "Subjects of the Day" ("The Parting of Friends"), Dr. Newman exclaims: "O my mother whence is this unto thee, that thou hast good things poured upon thee and canst not keep them, and bearest children, yet darest not own them? Why hast thou not the skill to use their services, nor the heart to rejoice in their love? How is it that whatever is generous in purpose, and tender or deep in devotion, thy flower and thy promise, falls from thy bosom and finds no home within thine arms?"

The author of these poems gives to his Mother the whole—not a part—of a delicate poetic talent that would have found a warm welcome in the world which knows her not. The art in the poems is unaffected and genuine; there is no pretence of artistic ambition, nor any provoking involution of the thought in order to display the tricks and pretty devices of metre which would have come easily to one whose sense of poetic tune is so true. The verse, although by no means monotonous, is uniformly simple; the rhymes are never weak and are always sweet—qualities rarely combined—and the infallible poetic instinct fills the lines with melody, which, at first so subtle and fine that it almost eludes, is soon discovered to be exquisitely and permanently sweet.

The dominant thought is religious rapture. Father Hill was not always under the benign influence which has brought this guerdon to his gifts. He was outside the only church which offers man's heart an ideal of absolute perfection.

"A barren creed had starved me."

God called him

"to fill the place of some
Ingrate who had thrown his childhood's faith away,"

and within the consecrated precincts of the priesthood he discovered a gracious light upon his imagination—the light of Our Lady. So he has proved her poet; and the tributes that he lays at her feet are rich and warm with the full beating ardor of manhood's love. The pure sensuousness which gives strikingly what the painters would call "fine flesh-tint" to the poems will prove a strong attraction to the fervent hearts of thousands who, like Father Hill, love the Mother of our Lord with an uncontrollable intensity of human affection, but who, unlike him, are unable fittingly to express that affection to her, or even to define it to themselves or to others. Father Hill is literally the knight of Mary, and he does more than the obligations of knighthood required; for, in addition to loving, fighting for, and seeking his reward from her, he sings her praise. He gives her at once his sword and his lyre. The beauty of this chivalry of the soul is not easily to be understood by the shallow or the thoughtless; yet even the irreverent will acknowledge its holiness, and the commonest mind will be unable to resist its singular charms. Who can be insensible to such loyalty to the religious ideal as this?

"TO BE FORGIVEN.

"I call thee 'Love'—'my sweet, my dearest Love'
Nor feel it bold, nor fear it a deceit.
Yet I forget not that, in realms above,
The thrones of Seraphs are beneath thy feet.

"If Queen of angels thou, of hearts no less:
And so of mine—a poet's, which must needs
Adore to all melodious excess
What cannot sate the rapture that it feeds.

"And then thou art my Mother—God's, yet mine
Of mothers, as of virgins, first and best:
And I as tenderly, intimately thine
As He, my Brother, carried at the breast.

"My Mother! 'tis enough. If mine the right
To call thee this, much more to muse and sigh
All other honeyed names. A slave I might-
A son, I must. And both of these am I.'

This exquisite piety is entitled "Love's Prisoner":

. . . . . .

"But is He lonely? Bend not here
Adoring angels as on high?
Ah yes: but yet, when we appear,
A softer glory floods His eye.
'Tis earth's frail child He longs to see;
And thus He is alone—for me!

. . . . . .

"Then, best of lovers, I'll draw near
Each day to minister relief.
For tho' the thought of year on year
Of sin should make me die of grief,
Yet day by day my God I see
'Sick and in prison'—all for me!"

Those whose imagination is without devotion, or whose devotion lacks imagination, will look upon the author of these poems as one indeed "set apart." Yet even Dr. Newman, the giant intellect of modern thought, looked upon Keble, as he tells us himself, with awe, simply because Keble was a true religious poet; and these two came to love each other with a tenderness that did not expire, but was rather increased, when the one passed within the gates of Mother Rome, and the other, faltering in tears, sadly loitered, then suffered himself to be led away. So many a lesser Newman will learn to love this lesser and more melodious poet within the sanctuary, and his glowing soul will distribute some of its own warmth into the hospitable recesses in which this little book will find nooks the hosts never thought of.

LIFE OF MOTHER MARIA TERESA, FOUNDRESS OF THE CONGREGATION OF THE ADORATION OF REPARATION. By the Abbé Hulst. Translated by Lady Herbert. London: Burns & Oates. (For sale by The Catholic Publication Society.)

To many people there is no reading so pleasant as a biography; but when, as in the life of a great servant of God, solid instruction and sweet devotion are found united in the details of personal history, the work becomes a hand-book in a Christian's library. Of this kind is the present work, which, although only a small volume, contains a great deal of matter, and is written with all that ease and *naïveté* which are so often found in French biographies. It is translated into English by Lady Herbert, who is thoroughly competent for the task.

Theodolind Dubouché was born at Montauban, in France, on the 2d of May, 1809; but her mother was of Italian origin, and it is a little singular that the daughter's portrait prefixed to this *Life* bears a remarkable resemblance to that of Dante. Neither of her parents was more than a nominal Catholic, and Theodolind grew up in a cold and formal atmosphere of morality which would have chilled for ever the heart of one less naturally generous, pure-minded, and energetic, and over whom God had not extended a particular protection. Her path to perfection was long and beset with many dangers—although not at any time of the grosser sort—but the Lord was her shepherd, and she was led on, step by step, to the crowning-point of her career, which was the establishment of an Order for women whose special object should be the perpetual adoration of Jesus in the Holy Eucharist, and the continual reparation to his divine Majesty. Theodolind assumed the name in religion of Maria Teresa, and her congregation, which was originally engrafted on the vigorous and venerable stem of Carmel, was begun at Paris on the 6th of August, 1848. In the year 1853 it received a *Laudatine Brief* from the Holy See. This was the first step towards the full official approbation of the Sovereign Pontiff, which was given only three years after the death of the foundress. Her death occurred at Paris on Sunday, 30th of August, 1863. The congregation or Institute of "L'Adoration Réparatrice" has already four houses in France, in each of which adorers in large numbers, consecrated by religious profession, succeed one another day and night before the Blessed Sacrament exposed, and in a spirit of deep recollection make the adoration of reparation the principle of a special vocation and the occupation of a whole life.

The Order will certainly continue to spread, and we hope to see it introduced into this country, where devotion to the Blessed Sacrament is comparatively cold and scattered. We recommend the present work to all the holy spouses of Christ and true lovers of Jesus in the Holy Eucharist.

GITHA OF THE FOREST; OR, THE BURNING OF CROYLAND. A Romance of early English History. By the author of *Lord Dacre of Gilsland, Royalists and Roundheads*, etc., etc. London: D. Stewart, 1876. (For sale by The Catholic Publication Society.)

This is just one of those books that are in every way to be commended. It illustrates an early and most interesting period of English and Catholic history with remarkable power and vividness. It is a constant wonder to us that Catholics who have a taste for the writing of fiction do not more frequently take up such epochs as this, which are full of heroic deeds and romantic episodes, instead of vainly attempting to weave a romantic interest about the commonplace subjects and persons of the day. The history of the world for the last eighteen centuries is theirs to choose from, all its interest centres around Christianity; and we are not quite so much in love with to-day that we cannot thoroughly enjoy a trip back into the past when led by so skilful and true a hand as that of the author of *Githa*.

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THE RUSSIAN CHANCELLOR.*

THE attention of the world is at present fixed upon Russia and upon the aged yet still active statesman who has directed her foreign policy for twenty years with an ability certainly very considerable, though it yet remains to be seen how far it will prove itself consummate and successful. It will help to an understanding of the career of this eminent Russian Minister of State, and of the present attitude of Russia, if we premise a condensed sketch of certain of the most prominent events in the civil and ecclesiastical history of this great and singular empire. It is difficult to find out the certain truth in regard to some of these important facts, and we therefore profess to claim for such statements as we may make, unless they relate to matters of known and undisputed history, only that probability which they receive from the authority of some one or more of the writers whose names we have mentioned in the foot-note annexed to the title of this article. This remark applies especially to facts relating to the schism of the Russian Church. We have never yet met with any professedly complete and minute ecclesiastical history of Russia. Mouravieff's work is a professed history of the Russian Church, but it is compendious, and too partial to deserve entire confidence. It is much to be desired that some ecclesiastic of profound erudition in Russian literature, such as Father Gagarin or Father Tondini, would furnish us with a thorough and trustworthy narrative of all the facts which can be known in this obscure and interesting department of ecclesiastical history. In fact, we suspect that very much which passes current in the civil history of Russia as written by foreigners needs a critical sifting, and that a perfectly impartial and trustworthy history of that empire is yet to be written.

The Russian Empire embraces

* *Two Chancellors: Princé Gortchakoff and Prince Bismarck.* By Julian Klaczko. Translated from the *Revue des Deux Mondes* by Frank P. Ward. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1876.

Various works on Russia by Palmer, Gagarin, Tondini, De Custine, De Maistre, Pitzipios, Tyrrell, Gurowski, Romanoff, Rabbe and Duncan, etc. The histories of Mouravieff, Leo, Rohrbacher, Darras, and Alzog.

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one-seventh of the land-surface of the earth, or more than double the area of Europe, and European Russia is thirty times larger than England. The aggregate population is at least 75,000,000, including a hundred distinct tribes, among which more than forty languages are spoken. The ancestors of the dominant race were Scythians and Sarmatians, among whom the beginnings of civilization were to be found during the earliest part of the Christian epoch. It is a curious fact that a republic existed at Novgorod before the arrival of Rurik. The Russian dominant race is Sclavonian—that is, as ethnologists suppose, of Sarmatian origin. The present name of the country and people is not, however, indigenous. The Russian tribe was a branch of the Varangians, who were Scandinavians, and migrated into the country to which they have given their name in the ninth century. The name Russian is derived by some from Rurik, and by others from some one of various Scandinavian words signifying foreigner, wanderer, or scattered, in which case it would denote the migration of the Varangian horde from its former seat and its settlement in a foreign country.*

Rurik was the principal chief of these Varangians, the founder of a principality which was the germ of the future empire, and the father of the first line of the tsars. Other chiefs of the same tribe founded minor principalities, which formed together a sort of confederation, the successor of Rurik being recognized as Grand Prince. The city of Moscow was founded in the twelfth century. It was not until after centuries had passed that one united kingdom was formed and increased by degrees to the vast magnitude of its modern proportions. The absolute, autocratic authority of the tsar was likewise a later development of the primitive form of government.

The reign of Rurik continued from A.D. 861 to 879, and that of his direct line of successors until 1598, when it became extinct by the death of Feodor I., who left no issue, and is said to have had no near, surviving relatives. After fifteen years of disputed successions and bloody civil conflicts, caused by the usurpation of Boris Godounoff, which began with the accession of the imbecile Feodor, the Romanoff family was placed on the throne, which it has kept in possession to the present day.

The first Romanoff tsar was a son of Feodor Romanoff, a nobleman who had retired into a monastery and become metropolitan of Rostoff, which dignity he afterwards exchanged for the higher office of patriarch of Moscow. He was first cousin to the Tsar Feodor through an intermarriage of the Romanoffs with the reigning family. The son of Feodor who was elected tsar was a youth named Michael Feodorovitch. To him succeeded his son Alexis, then Feodor II., then Peter the Great. To Peter succeeded his widow, Catharine I., who was by birth a peasant, followed by Peter II., the grandson of Peter the Great, who died in his childhood, and was succeeded by Anne, Duchess of Courland, a niece of Peter I. After Anne, her grandnephew, Ivan VII., an infant, was proclaimed, but soon displaced by Elizabeth, a daughter of Peter I. and Catharine. Peter III., son of Anne—who was a daughter of Peter and Catharine—and of the Duke of Holstein-Gottorp,

* Still another derivation is from Roxolani, the name of a Scythian tribe.

succeeded Elizabeth, but was dethroned by his own wife, Catharine II. Her son, Paul I., was assassinated by his nobles, and to him succeeded his son, the justly-celebrated Alexander I., who reigned from 1801 to 1825. The Emperor Nicholas, whose reign terminated in 1856, was the brother of Alexander,* and his son, Alexander II., is the present reigning emperor.

For more than two centuries, dating from A.D. 1238, the Russians were subject or tributary to the Mongolians, who had overrun and conquered the country. Ivan the Great shook off their yoke during the latter half of the fifteenth century. Poland was a frequent and often victorious antagonist in war of Russia until internal dissensions broke her power and left her a prey to the enemy who had once regarded her with dread. Turkey, Hungary, Persia, Sweden, and other minor powers were also frequently engaged with her in conflicts of varying success before the period in which she took part in the great European struggles. Having slowly and gradually grown to a gigantic stature and attained to solidity and strength by the long operation of various internal and external causes, this empire of the North founded by Rurik suddenly, under the powerful direction of Peter the Great, took its place among the great nations of Western Christendom. What it is yet to become we may know better than we can now vaticinate in the year 1900, when, to use Prince Bismarck's strong figure, some more of "the iron dice of destiny falling from the hands of God" shall have made the eternal decrees manifest which are now hidden in the obscurity of the future.

* The older brother, Constantine, resigned his right of succession.

It is probable that Christianity was first preached in Russia by St. Andrew the Apostle, and had some partial success during the period intervening between the apostolic age and the second mission sent from Constantinople in the ninth and tenth centuries. At this epoch some Christian communities were founded, and the way was opened for greater successes at a later period. The Princess Olga was baptized at Constantinople in 955, and in 988 her grandson, Vladimir the Great, who married the Greek emperor's sister, became a Christian, with all his subjects. It is true that the conversion of the mass of the people was very superficial, and that it was a long time before they ceased to hanker after their ancient superstitions. Yet the foundations were laid for a future superstructure, and there is evidence that even before the Mongolian invasion sacred science flourished at Kieff. At this period, which lay between the schism of Photius and that of Michael Cerularius—whose revolt occurred in the middle of the eleventh century—Constantinople and the other Eastern patriarchates were in the communion of the Roman Church. The Russian Church was therefore Catholic at its original foundation. The higher clergy were all Byzantines, especially in Muscovy, and were under the influence of the prevailing ideas of the clergy of the Greek Empire. The imperfectly-instructed clergy and people of Russia were therefore naturally left to drift into a condition of alienation from the Roman Church and Western Christendom, when their immediate patriarch revolted from his allegiance to the Sovereign Pontiff. The irruption of the Mongols buried them in a sea of ignorance, misery, and

barbarism for ages. Nevertheless, their faith and their liturgical books were always Catholic. Every now and then we meet with signs of some intercommunion with the Roman Church, especially on the part of those who were immediately subject to the see of Kieff. We can scarcely, therefore, consider that an act of overt rebellion and complete schism of the national church was committed until the rejection of the Act of Union of Florence, and the erection of the independent patriarchate of Moscow at the close of the fifteenth century.

At the opening of the Council of Florence, in 1439, Vasili III. sent Isidore, Metropolitan of Kieff and Primate of Russia, a learned Greek, as the representative of the national church, to effect a complete reconciliation with Rome. Isidore fulfilled this commission, and returned with the dignity of cardinal and legatine powers. He was well received by the tsar, who nevertheless dared not publicly ratify and proclaim his action without the consent of the Muscovite clergy and boyars. This was violently and obstinately refused. Cardinal Isidore returned to Kieff, and within the provinces immediately subject to his jurisdiction as metropolitan the Act of Union was accepted. He was afterwards banished from Russia, and after the storming of Constantinople, which he witnessed, he, like the more celebrated Cardinal Bessarion, went to reside at Rome. Vasili's motives for seeking to place his bishops under the supremacy of the Roman pontiff were chiefly political. He wished to free himself from the ecclesiastical and political interference of Constantinople. Thwarted in his first plan, he tried another. On the pretext that the patriarch of Constantinople had separated himself from the communion of the other Eastern patriarchs, he persuaded the Muscovite clergy to abjure his authority. On the same pretext he deprived the see of Kieff of its pre-eminence, and made the metropolitan of Moscow the primate of all Russia. Thus, by flattering the ambition of the Muscovite clergy, he placed them in a position more favorable for the exercise and increase of his own authority over the church. His successor, Ivan the Great, the same who freed his dominions from the Mongolian supremacy, completed and more fully carried out these plans, and made himself the real governing head of the schismatical Russian Church. After the fall of the Greek Empire the tsars ceased to have any reason to fear the oppressed church of Constantinople, and became friendly to it in an altered relation as its protectors and as claimants of the rights of the Greek emperors. Ivan married Sophia, a Greek princess, adopted the double-headed eagle as his escutcheon, assumed the state and splendor of an emperor, and arrogated to himself the prerogatives of the secular head of the so-called Orthodox Church. Under Feodor I. the erection of a new patriarchate at Moscow was effected by Boris Goudonoff, who ruled, in fact, during the life-time of the last of the Rurik dynasty, and gained the throne, left vacant at his death, by his cunning intrigues. Under Alexis, the second Romanoff, the great patriarch Nicon, whose name is highly venerated in Russia, came into a collision with the tsars which resulted in his own downfall and in that of all spiritual independence of the Russian hierarchy. At last Peter the Great suppressed the patriarchal office, substituting

for it the Holy Synod, and reducing the Russian Church to the condition of enslavement in which it has ever since languished. Notwithstanding the rigorous ecclesiastical despotism exercised by the Russian emperors, a large Catholic communion has continued to exist in the empire, a separate Episcopal Church, including several millions of adherents, has steadily maintained its independence of the state church, and great numbers of irregular dissenters are also scattered through the tsar's dominions.

Within the state church opposite tendencies towards Rome on the one side, and Protestant or rationalistic liberalism on the other, have been continually manifesting the want of a real, internal unity in what is misnamed the orthodox religion. Ivan the Terrible appealed to the pope's mediation in his political troubles, and received the celebrated Jesuit Possevin as the envoy of the Holy See. During the reign of Feodor II., and the regency of the Princess Sophia while Peter I. was kept under her tutelage as a minor, several prelates and nobles of the court manifested strong Roman proclivities. On the accession of Peter all these adherents of the Princess Sophia shared in her disgrace and punishment. Yet even Peter himself at one time showed a disposition toward reconciliation with the Pope. Under Peter II. the same movement was renewed, but followed by a violent reaction and persecution of the orthodox party, under Anne and her favorite, Biren. The metropolitan of Kieff was degraded, the bishop of Voronége degraded and publicly knouted, the archbishop of Rostoff and the bishop of Kolomna were expelled from the Holy Synod, the archbishop of Kazan was degraded, the bishop of Tchernigoff was confined in a monastery, and the archbishop of Tver, after being beaten with rods, tortured, and kept three years in solitary confinement, was stripped of his episcopal dignity and monastic habit, and imprisoned in a fortress, where he languished until the reign of Elizabeth. Prince Vasili Dolgoroucky was executed, with several members of his family. Catharine II. and Alexander I. both gave a temporary shelter and protection to the Jesuits. This last prince, although he dallied for a time with evangelical Protestantism, sent his submission to the pope, asking for a prelate to visit, instruct, and reconcile him to the Holy See, and died a Catholic in faith and intention, although the sudden termination of his mortal career took place before there was time for the arrival of the prelate to whom the Holy Father had confided this mission. The numerous conversions of illustrious Russians to the Catholic Church are well-known facts. That heresy and infidelity are rife among many nominal members of the Russian Church is also equally indisputable and notorious.

The whole history of the empire of Rurik has a close association with Constantinople. While the Russians were still pagans the project of subduing the Greek Empire seems to have been constantly in view. Oleg, Rurik's immediate successor; Igor, Rurik's son, who succeeded Oleg, and was the husband of Olga; and their son Sviatoslaf, the father of Vladimir the Great, made invasions into the Greek Empire at the head of armies ranging from eighty to four hundred thousand in number. They were either bought off from conquest by vast ransoms or defeated

by Greek craft and their own disorderly conduct. After the conversion of Vladimir, Constantinople was to Russia what Rome has always been to Occidental Christendom; and when the Greek Empire fell, the Turk became in their eyes what the Moslem was to the Catholic Spaniards. The queen city of the Euxine and Mediterranean Seas, the New Rome of Constantine, with the rich provinces of Turkey in Europe depending upon it, has ever been present to the view of the emperors and the people of Russia as the objective point of perpetual crusades, as a prize to be won by their warlike valor, as the natural and destined capital whose possession is necessary to bring their empire to its acme of power and glory.* Always mysteriously baffled and thrown back, the colossal power of the northern empire has been incessantly pressing against this resistance, even since the power of combined Europe has backed the weakening Ottoman Empire. The Emperor Nicholas was more completely possessed by this hereditary idea than any of his predecessors since Peter the Great; he undertook and sacrificed more for it than any one of them, and seems really to have caused Russia to make a great stride towards the ulterior object. By the war of 1828 and '29 Turkey was extremely humiliated and weakened, and immense advantages were gained by Russia. Her arms were completely and brilliantly successful from beginning to end of the campaign, and surprise has often been expressed that the Russian army did not march directly on Constantinople after Adrianople had been captured. It may be that the military strength of the empire was exhausted by its costly victories, and that Nicholas was afraid of exciting a league of the great powers against him. Whatever his reasons may have been, he concluded a peace at Adrianople, and postponed further action to a future time.

When the treaty of Adrianople was concluded (1829), the present chancellor of Russia was thirty-one years of age and employed in a subordinate position under the ministry. Prince Alexander Mikhäilovitch Gortchakoff was born in 1798, and claims descent from Rurik. He first gained the favor of the Emperor Nicholas by negotiating the marriage of his daughter, the Princess Olga, with the crown-prince of Würtemberg. He had already passed four years at the little court of Stuttgart as resident minister, and he earned the gratitude of the imperial family by remaining willingly eight years longer, in order to aid the Princess Olga as her guide and counsellor. His residence at Stuttgart fell between the years 1842 and 1854, and he was therefore fifty-six years of age before attaining anything above a minor position in the diplomatic service. After the re-establishment of the Diet at Frankfort, in 1850, he was appointed to represent Russia at its sessions, and henceforth divided his time between Stuttgart and Frankfort, and employed his abundant leisure in studying the politics of Europe. It was at this time that he first met with M. Bismarck, then a lieutenant in the Prussian Landwehr, a novice in diplomacy and his colleague at the Diet. Here also he became intimate with two remarkable and singular characters whose history and ideas illustrate the peculiar national spirit by

* Alexander I. said to Caulaincourt: "I must have the key which opens the gate of my house."

which the genuine Russian people, which remains true to its ancient traditions without any foreign mixture, is animated.

The first of these singular personages was Vassili Joukofski, who had been in early life a poet of considerable renown, not remarkably original, but possessed of a great talent for facile versification and ingenious translation, and sufficiently cultivated as a scholar to have been selected as the private tutor of the Grand Dukes Alexander and Constantine, the present emperor and his brother. Although he had voluntarily selected a German lady as his wife and a German town as his permanent abode, he remained, nevertheless, confirmed in his belief of the hopeless corruption of Western Europe, and the destiny reserved for Russia to complete the work of the Crusades, drive "the impure beast" from Byzantium, liberate the Holy Land, and regenerate the world by "a new eruption of Christianity." The other individual of this remarkable pair was Nicholas Gogol, a man of original and powerful genius, full of a sombre and extravagant religious enthusiasm, who haunted the drawing-rooms of Joukofski, and startled the elegant, cultivated guests of his more worldly friend like a fantastic apparition from the spiritual world. Gogol was a terrible satirist of the vices of Russian society, a prophet of wrath and judgment, in despair of civilization and of his own salvation, wandering the earth in a restless search after some relief for his disturbed soul, and reappearing at intervals among his friends at Frankfort to deliver impassioned exhortations to prayer and penance. The only remedy for modern evils, in his view, was a return to the primitive state of barbarian Muscovy, and a crusade of despotism joined with the undefiled faith of old Russia against "the heathens of the Occident." It is an old saying in Russia that "heaven can only be reduced by famine." Gogol acted on this maxim to such an extent by his long fasts and prayers that he was one day found dead of inanition in an attitude of prayer, prostrate before his holy images.

Prince Gortchakoff is a cultivated sceptic, intent on the aggrandizement of Russia from motives which are earthly and confined within the sphere of that materialistic philosophy which dominates in diplomatic circles. Nevertheless, mystic enthusiasm, the most enlightened and noble aspirations of religion and patriotism, great designs for a lofty end, and the lower qualities of cleverness in worldly wisdom, talent for managing the affairs of administration, and ambition to fulfil a great personal career by serving as an instrument of some grand social or political power, are often found combined together to pursue the same object from different motives. The Emperor Nicholas was undoubtedly thoroughly sincere in his adherence to the religious and political doctrines which he professed, really influenced by the mystical ideas of the "crusaders," and convinced of the justice of his cause. His chief minister, Nesselrode, certainly did not share these ideas, yet he served his master with all the resources and ability which he possessed. So also did Gortchakoff, although personally he is of the same stamp with his predecessor. The emperor, as the whole world knows, and a great part of it well remembers, reopened the Turkish question and engaged in the memorable, for the time being to Russia unsuccessful, even disas-

trous, war of the Crimea. In 1855 Prince Gortchakoff was sent as resident ambassador to Vienna; there he labored strenuously, both before and after the death of Nicholas, first to detach Austria from the cause of the allies and win her co-operation with Russia, and then to gain terms which would permit his government to conclude an honorable peace on the least disadvantageous terms. Russia has been profoundly irritated against Austria ever since the latter power refused to take her part against the protectors of the Ottoman Porte; accusing her of ingratitude for the great service which Nicholas rendered to Francis Joseph in suppressing by military force and gratuitously the Hungarian rebellion. Prince Gortchakoff shared this feeling; it has always affected his diplomatic policy, and it may have yet most important results, if hostilities are renewed on a large scale. At the Congress of Paris, which settled the conditions of peace, Prince Gortchakoff was the Russian plenipotentiary. Immediately afterwards Count Nesselrode retired from the position of Minister of Foreign Affairs, and in April, 1856, the successor upon whom the eyes of the court and the empire had been long turned with favor and hope was elevated to the office, which he has filled for twenty years, and which has become essentially more important in his person than it ever was during preceding administrations. Prince Gortchakoff is the first who has filled at the Russian court the office of Minister of Foreign Affairs in the Western acceptation of the powers and responsibilities of that position. Heretofore the emperor had personally directed the state policy, using his minister as a mere counsellor and chief secretary. Alexander II. has devolved the actual direction upon his chief minister. The most marked feature of his administration has been the close personal and official amity and concord which has subsisted since their first meeting at Frankfort between himself and Bismarck. The delineation of the common policy of the two chancellors would require that we should take up M. Klaczko's exposition of the career of the Prussian chancellor—a task which we cannot fulfil at present. Of course each one has had in view the aggrandizement of his own state, and given his concurrence to the designs of the other in the expectation of forwarding thereby his own plans. Bismarck cares nothing for Russia, and, after his residence at St. Petersburg as Prussian ambassador, he expressed his opinion of her by the motto which he pasted inside his watch-case: "Russia is nothingness."* Gortchakoff undoubtedly cares as little for Prussia and the German Empire. Each one looks out for his own ship; for those men whose ideas are catholic are of a different class from mere clever diplomatists, and, unhappily, are rarely to be found among either kings or ministers of state.

Bismarck has always made his special accomplices in ruining the antagonist of the moment the next victims of his undermining schemes. What he has in prospect for Russia is as yet undisclosed. Nor is it certain that he will succeed in playing out his game, making Gortchakoff a mere card in his hand. The Russian is doubtless too astute and farseeing to rely on the disinterested friendship of the Prussian, or on his fidelity to any secret engagements, except so far as self-interest

* La Russie c'est le rien.

or fear may hold him to his word. Thus far, however, the contract of *facio ut facias* has been well kept between the two, to their mutual advantage. Prussia has gained a great deal by it, and Russia something, although the decisive crisis is just now coming on, and still undecided, which will solve the problem how much she has gained or will gain. Nicholas died, baffled and disappointed. Alexander came to the throne sad and disheartened. Russia was crippled and exhausted by the terrible disasters of the Crimean war, her prestige and influence in Europe were diminished, and she was placed under humiliating and hampering restrictions by the treaty of Paris. Under Prince Gortchakoff's administration she has recuperated and increased her strength by the mere force of her immense vitality. By skilful management she has regained a place in European politics almost equal to that of Germany. She has thrown off the trammels of the treaty of Paris. France, England, and Turkey have lost all they had gained by their costly victories. The allies of Turkey have been overcome by superior diplomacy together with adverse fortune, and made to play into the hands of their old antagonist; and Turkey has been driven into worse straits than any which have beset her in the most dangerous epochs of her former history. The initiative in the extraordinary political movements of this epoch has been taken by Bismarck, whom Gortchakoff has merely connived at or seconded. This secondary and mostly negative support has been, nevertheless, most important, probably even necessary, to the success of Bismarck's schemes. It has involved, moreover, great changes in Russia's traditional policy and considerable sacrifices. This is especially the case in regard to the minor states of Germany and Denmark, so closely allied by intermarriages with Russia, formerly so decidedly supported and aided by her influence, yet of late abandoned without remonstrance to Prussian spoliation. Russia has been avenged on France on Austria, and to a certain extent on England, and she has had the opportunity of reviving the question of the East with a view toward ulterior results. Thus far Bismarck has seemed to act toward Gortchakoff in the same way that the latter acted towards him in reference to the war on the French Empire. Certainly, much more must be expected from him, and it does not yet appear that he can dupe and outwit his copartner in politics as he did the weak, dreamy Louis Napoleon, or make use of him as a mere subservient agent, to be discarded when his services become unnecessary. Prince Gortchakoff appears to have managed matters thus far for the advantage of Russia with consummate adroitness. Moreover, whatever may have been the influences at work within the imperial family compelling the chancellor to yield his personal opinions or wishes, it is evident that in point of fact Russian policy has not been of late subservient to Bismarck's designs, but, on the contrary, has forced him to modify them considerably in respect to France.

In the event of war between Russia and Turkey alone it is plain that Russia will not find it an easy task to effect the conquest of Turkey and to expel the Turks from Europe. It seems probable, however, that the Ottoman power must succumb after one desperate struggle, if left unaided by all the Euro-

pean powers. It does not seem likely, however, that Europe will stand idly aloof; on the contrary, there is reason to apprehend that when the conflict threatens to become decisive of the fate of Turkey, all the great powers will become involved in a general war, which will make an epoch in history and determine the destinies of the world for the next ensuing age. We may conjecture, on grounds which are at least plausible, that if Russia is actively supported by any other powers, it will be Germany and Italy which will ally themselves with her, against Austria, England, and France. We can scarcely expect that a war of this kind would terminate in complete success to either of the belligerent parties. In the end all the great nations must come to some mutual agreement in a congress which shall settle the balance of power on a new basis, guarding against an absolute and dangerous preponderance of any one of the chief powers. What is to become of Constantinople we will not venture to predict. But let us suppose that Russia obtains this object of her long, patient, and persevering efforts and ardent aspirations. Must we suppose that this will necessarily be an event disastrous to the interests of the Catholic Church and civilization and to the religious, political, and social welfare of Europe and the world? The language of many most intelligent and religious men, particularly of Englishmen, and of many others, not particularly religious, who look at the matter purely in view of the temporal interests of nations, proves that a very strong and general conviction exists in the sense of the affirmative answer to this question. We think, however, that there is something to be said on the other side. As the Catholic aspect of the question is the one most important in itself, and really involving all the others, we consider this aspect alone. It is the schismatical position of the Russian Church, and its complete subjection to the autocratic power of the ruler of the state, which furnishes the only reason for regarding the Turkish dominion in the Levant as a lesser and more tolerable evil than the transfer of the capital of Russia from St. Petersburg to Constantinople. All reasons, therefore, which encourage the hope and expectation of the reconciliation of Russia with the Holy See diminish, in proportion to their weight, the dread which the prospect of such an event may awaken.

We will here quote a remarkable passage from Dr. Mivart's late essay on *Contemporary Evolution* having a bearing on this subject. Those who have read this work, or the review of it in our number of last December, will understand the value of the quotation we are about to make, as coming from a man who anticipates such a very different course of events from that whose possibility he here sets forth. It proves his cautious, scientific method of reasoning. He does not advance his own theory with absolute assertion as certain, and his acuteness, combined with candor, causes him to discern and bring into notice a contingency in the direction of Russia which, if it should turn out to be a future actuality, would alter most essentially the "evolution" whose probable course causes so much curious and anxious questioning of the signs of the times.

"Nevertheless, there are many who believe that a reversal will at length ensue, and some modification of the old theocracy be again generally established.

At present the only power which seems to contain enough of the old material is Russia. It *may* be that, instead of politically assimilating itself to Western Europe (like the manners of its highest class), it may come to exercise a powerfully reactionary tendency. It does not seem impossible that, availing itself of the mutually enfeebling wars and revolutionary disintegration of Western powers, it may hereafter come to play that part in Europe which was played of old by Macedon in Greece. Such a Western expansion might be greatly aided if, carrying out the idea of a former sovereign, it united itself to the Roman Church, and made itself the agent of the most powerful religious feelings and of all the theocratic reactionary tendencies latent in Western Europe. It does not even seem impossible that a Roman pontiff effectively restored to his civil princedom by such Russian agency might inaugurate, by a papal consecration in the Eternal City, yet a fresh dynasty of 'Holy Roman emperors,' a Sclavonic series succeeding to the suppressed German line, as the Germans succeeded in the person of Charlemagne to the first line of Cæsars." *

What seems to the distinguished writer just quoted barely possible appears to us quite probable. It does not follow, however, that his hypothesis, proposed as possible, expresses precisely the necessary alternative to the opposite term of a complete revolution in Russia by pagan liberalism. The medium between Nicholas Gogol's fanatical ideas of a reformation by Muscovite barbarism and despotism and their absolute contrary—the uttermost development and sway through the whole extent of the civilized world of Western heathenism—need not be placed exactly at the point marked out by Dr. Mivart. We can suppose that the Russian Empire may reach its ultimatum by attaining a degree of power and grandeur beyond that which it now possesses, without acquiring domination over the rest of Europe. We can suppose that its influence may be exerted successfully to arrest and turn back the tide of pagan revolution, in co-operation with the other powers acting on a more Christian policy, without being absolutely reactionary. Russia may receive as well as impart influence, undergo in herself modification as well as cause modification to be undergone by Western Europe, through mutual contact at Constantinople. It would seem that such must be the result of her coming down to the Mediterranean and emerging from her old ice-bound and land-locked isolation. She will come in contact with America as well as Europe; and, in fact, the visits of her naval squadrons and of three of her grand dukes to our shores show that the imperial court of St. Petersburg does not fear communication with the great republic of the West.

The method of administering government in Russia has actually been undergoing a great modification, in the sense of substituting regular procedures of law and definite codes for personal and arbitrary authority under the initiative and direction of the emperors themselves and their immediate ministers. The local communal government, by the system of free assemblies and elections of the people in districts and villages, exists throughout Russia. The Emperor Nicholas prosecuted actively the work of ameliorating and improving the condition of the common people, which Alexander has carried still further by the abolition of serfdom. The mitigation and attempering to the demands of an improved civilization of the autocratic principle in

* *Contemporary Evolution*, by St. George Mivart, pp. 66, 67.

the empire seems to be an inevitable and certain process which must go on, and which finds its greatest impediment in the nefarious plots and insurrections of secret societies and revolutionists. It is to be hoped that when a stable equilibrium is once restored in Europe, when a solid peace succeeds to the impending storm of war, and Russia is in harmony with other Christian nations, her power, combined with theirs, will be seriously and successfully applied to the suppression of these secret societies, thus giving the hydra-head of revolution a stunning, disabling blow; though we cannot expect that any human power will be able to kill and bury the monster.

Russia cannot fulfil the mission her religious and patriotic children ascribe to her, cannot take a principal part in the redintegration of Christendom, or even attain her complete political growth and strength either in Europe or Asia, without abandoning her schismatical position, reuniting herself to the Pope, and liberating the church from its constricting thraldom to obsolete Byzantine prejudices and secular tyranny. The question of the conversion of Russia has already been treated of in our pages by the learned and zealous Father Tondini, and a number of works bearing on the whole subject are accessible to English readers. We have not space to go into this matter as it deserves. We are merely indicating what a Catholic Russian Empire, in possession of Constantinople, might accomplish for the triumph of Christianity. The long catalogue of crimes, cruelties, persecutions, internal abuses, disorders, heresies, fanatical extravagances, ravages of infidel and revolutionary opinions—in which too much that is true, we are induced by the argument from analogy, as well as in part by counter-statements worthy of credit, to believe, is mixed with some falsehood and much exaggeration—on which a wholesale denunciation of Russia is founded, proves nothing at all or too much. All great nations of Christendom can be subjected to the same criminating process. What can an advocate say in the cause of England, France, Germany, or mediæval Europe? The same can be applied to Russia. If it is a legitimate plea, the facts cited in the indictment on sufficient evidence are true, but irrelevant. To attempt a white-washing process is in all cases foolish as well as immoral. The crimes recorded in the pages of Russian history, whether personal or political, are not to be denied or excused. Existing evils in church and state are not to be disguised. All mankind are born in original sin, and the great majority have committed actual sins. What then? Has Christ not redeemed the world? will he not triumph over sin and death, and crowd the kingdom of heaven with his elect? In none of the kingdoms of this world, in no age of human history, can we find the ideal kingdom of God and Christ, of justice, peace, and happiness, otherwise than imperfectly brought into actual existence. Does not the heavenly kingdom gradually form itself out of this confused mass of material, growing up through the ages of time to that perfection which it will attain in eternity? Let us look at Russia in a general view, as we look on the past ages of Christendom, neglecting those small particular objects which disappear or become insignificant in an extended and philosophical survey. Let us drop our petty national prejudices, and

clear our minds of everything inconsistent with impartial justice to all mankind and Catholic charity. We shall find much that is admirable and hopeful in the great Russian Empire and her people, and be convinced that Russians, even after they have become Catholics and suffered expatriation, are justified in their ardent love for, and pride in, their unique and wonderful country.

The Russian people resembles a belated army, like that of Blücher at Waterloo, coming on the field to decide a doubtful battle. They are of the past, and have but just emerged from their childhood. The old patriarchal spirit lives in them; they are simple, hardy, traditional, loyal, full of reverence for parental, sacerdotal, and imperial authority, industrious and easily contented. The Russian peasantry are warmly clothed and housed; they have enough of the simple food which suffices for their wants; and pauperism scarcely exists. They are a most religious people, and religion is recognized as the basis and foundation of the entire political and social fabric of the nation, as well by the government as by the mass of the people. They only need to be vivified by the current of life from the heart, and energized by the vital force from the head, of Catholic unity, to become what the Western nations were in the times of their pristine Christian vigor. The schism in which they are involved is an unhappy legacy inherited from the corrupt Lower Empire of Byzantium and its ambitious, perfidious clergy. Christianity lacked the full amount of power necessary to accomplish a perfect work in Russia, because the source whence it was derived could not give it. The Russian Church has never had its golden age. There are many reasons why it seems fitting and probable that the gifts and graces of the Holy Spirit should be imparted to it at this late day in much greater fulness than they were in the beginning, making it flourish suddenly and beautifully, like its own artificial gardens, out of the long, bleak winter. The body of the Russian nation cannot be regarded as apostate, or compared with those who followed Photius, Luther, Jansenius, or Döllinger into wilful rebellion and secession. The authors of the schism were the prelates and higher clergy from Constantinople, and the boyars of Moscow, who were completely under their influence. Most of these, even, were probably, to a great extent, misled by ignorance and prejudice. We have already shown how the schism has become intertwined with state policy, so as to transform the great, severed limb of the Catholic Church into a national institution with an outward form of hierarchical organization, yet really only a department of the imperial autocracy. Nevertheless, this national Russian Church is in a condition essentially different from that of the Anglican establishment or any other Protestant communion. It retains all that is necessary to the constitution of a catholic church, and needs only to submit to the supremacy of the Pope in order to be redintegrated in unity. The body of the priests and people of Russia are undoubtedly not in formal, but merely in material, schism. They are therefore truly in their own persons members of the Catholic Church. They have the faith and the sacraments, and there is no obstacle to the grace of God in the inculpable state of external separation from

the Holy See in which they have been unfortunately placed by their ecclesiastical and civil rulers. The misfortune of such a vast number of the true and pious children of the Holy Mother Church must cry to God for deliverance and restoration to the true fold. Their numerous oblations of the unbloody Sacrifice, their communions, their perpetual prayers to the Blessed Virgin and the saints, some of whom belonged in this world to their nation, the sacrifices and prayers of the noble converts from the Russian schism to Catholicity, the mercy of God, which is extended over all men, especially the baptized, must surely effect their reconciliation to their Catholic brethren and the Holy Father of all Christendom. The sufferings and the blood of the victims of Russian persecution will conduce more powerfully to this result than any other human cause. The pagan Russians slaughtered the priests and faithful of the Byzantine Empire but a short time before they fell down before the cross and submitted to the spiritual authority of the Christian patriarch. Vladimir dragged ignominiously to the river the idol he had formerly worshipped. It cannot, therefore, be impossible that God should bring his successor to the feet of the Pope in humble submission, to place himself and his empire under the gentle sway of the Vicar of Christ. Russia once reconciled with Catholic Christendom, the conversion of all the Sclavonians would undoubtedly follow. The Eastern schism would become extinct or reduced to insignificance; and to Russia would naturally fall the great work of Christianizing Asia, when the paralysis of schism was removed. Who can tell if the kingdom of Poland may not be restored to its autonomy, renovated by the severe chastisements which it has not only suffered but deserved, and purified from the foul mixture of infidel revolutionism which has been more fatal to it than any of its external disasters? The designs of God defy all human scrutiny, and the changes awaiting Europe, whose complicated, mysterious evolutions have always baffled the most sagacious foresight or previous planning of rulers or statesmen, are as much beyond philosophical calculation as the movements of three bodies are beyond the computation of mathematics. Some indications, however, precede the full disclosures of events. An eminent Catholic of Germany has recently said: "I see the finger of God, which pushes the Russians forwards and Romewards."* We do not think there can be any object more worthy of the united prayers of all Catholics, next after the deliverance and triumph of the Holy See, than the reconciliation of Russia to the Catholic Church.

* Reinhold Baumstarck in the *Hist. Polit. Blätter* for Dec. 1, 1876.

UP THE NILE.

II.

LIKE giant walls the Libyan and Arabian mountains bound the valley on either side, at one point close to the river bank, at another receding inland five or six miles. From Cairo to Wady Halfa, eight hundred miles, they stretch in an unbroken line. Beautiful groves of palm-trees line the banks, among which we wander for hours as the boat is tracked up the stream. This mode of progression is slow indeed, and is used when the wind fails us. A stout rope is made fast to the bow, and eight or ten men, taking hold of the other end, walk along the bank, dragging the boat after them, scarcely ever making more than five or six miles a day. We go ashore at this time. There are numbers of fine birds to shoot—over two hundred and fifty different kinds: vultures, rosy pelicans, golden orioles, pink flamingos, many geese and ducks, and innumerable flocks of aboulgerdans, the *ardetta russata*, or buff-back heron, the constant friend and companion of the buffalo. For hours we wander through palm-groves, cotton and sugar fields, and occasionally pass through a small village, to the intense amusement of the elders and the terror of the juveniles. Near midnight of the 24th of December we reached Ekhmeem, a small town on the east bank. We had been anxious to spend Christmas morning here; for there is a reunited Coptic church, and we all wished to attend Mass. The church was not very handsome nor elaborately finished. The floor was composed of bricks, with a few straw mats scattered here and there. The roof was made of rough, unfinished boards, two openings in which served to admit light and air, thus dispensing with the necessity for windows. There were a few pews. On the walls were painted pictures of saints and holy men and women. They were executed by native artists, and to the untutored eye of these simple natives seemed beautiful no doubt. They reminded us of those pictures we were wont to draw on our slates when schoolboys. After they were finished, painful doubts would arise as to whether any one would be able to tell for what they were intended; so to remove all apprehension we wrote underneath: "This is a man," "This is a cow." If many Western Christians are to visit this church, it would be well for them to do the same, so that we may not mistake a picture of the Blessed Virgin for a shadoof, or St. Joseph for a portion of an obelisk. There were about forty Arabs, men and boys, in the body of the church, and some women behind the lattice-work screens at the rear which separated them from the men. This separation of sex is carried on even in the Christian churches of Egypt. Father H—— officiated, and we had the honor to be the first Latins who had ever heard Mass in the Coptic church of Ekhmeem. Afterwards we were hospitably entertained by the Coptic priest. He invited us

to his reception-room on the second story; the congregation crowded in, and each one in turn shook hands with us, and then kissed their own hands in token of respect. Innumerable cups of coffee and cigarettes were forced upon us. I like coffee, and am particularly fond of a cigarette, but both in moderation. One soon tires, however, of converting himself into a movable coffee-pot and perambulating smoke-stack to afford these natives a means of showing that they are pleased with his visit. I have never seen smoking carried on to such an extent as in this country. While dressing in the morning and undressing at night they puff their cigarettes. During the day the smoke is constantly issuing from their lips.

Pococke speaks of some convents near here, one of which is called "Of the Martyrs," and is mentioned by the Arab historian Macrizi, and another about two miles further in a wild valley, which is composed of grottoes in the rock and a brick chapel covered with Coptic inscriptions. Near this is a rude beaten path leading to what appears to have been the abode of a hermit. Ekhmeem, down to the advent of the Moslems, was considered the oldest city of all Egypt. It was supposed to have been founded by Ekhmeem, the great-grandson of Ham. This was after the Deluge; and if the generally-received date of that event be correct, then the supposition was false. Modern Egyptologists, unless wrong in their chronology, show that many cities existed at least three thousand years before Christ.

A few hours' sail brought us to Girgeh, a small town on the left bank. Here is the oldest Roman Catholic establishment in Egypt. Girgis, or George, is the patron saint of all the Egyptian Christians, and after him the town was named. Leo Africanus says that Girgeh was formerly the largest and most opulent monastery of Christians in Egypt, called after St. George, and inhabited by upwards of two hundred monks, who possessed much land in the neighborhood. They supplied food to all travellers, and sent annually a large sum to the patriarch at Cairo to be distributed among the Christian poor. About one hundred years ago a dreadful plague afflicted Egypt and carried off all the monks of the convent. There is a small congregation now of some four hundred reunited Copts, with a few Coptic priests, presided over by a Franciscan missionary. We called on him and paid a very pleasant visit. He accepted our invitation to dinner. As it was Christmas day, and this our first dinner-party, Ahmud spared no trouble to have everything as nice as possible. The table was laid with very pretty pink and white china. Ibrahim appeared in a full suit of the purest white. The principal dish was a turkey; and such turkeys as they have in this upper country are to be found nowhere else in the world. Unfortunately, the priest could only speak Arabic and Italian; and as our knowledge of those languages was very limited, the conversation was not animated. One of our party spoke Spanish fluently; with this assistance, and what remained of the Latin of our college days, we made some progress, and were able to exchange a little information and a few ideas. The Father was an Italian of good family, and had been at Girgeh for eight years. His congregation were very much attached to him, but, being very poor, he found it difficult to get along. The only outside

aid he received was from the missionary society of Lyons, who send to each mission along the Nile one napoleon (about four dollars) per month.

Further up, at Negadeh, we paid a very interesting visit to an old priest, Père Samuel, who had been thirty-seven years in Egypt, thirty-four of which he had spent at Negadeh. At first he did not seem to understand the purport of our visit. We were probably the first Catholics who had ever called on him. In the course of thirty-four years he had made but twenty converts from Moslemism. This is owing to the severe penalties prescribed by the Koran for apostasy, which but few dare brave. There are about four thousand schismatical Copts and two hundred reunited ones, mostly his own converts. It is an edifying sight to see these small but devoted bands of Christians practising their religion in the midst of fanatical enemies who ridicule and annoy them in every possible way.

. On we sail, and soon the white minarets of Girgeh fade away in the distance. On the tops of the houses in almost every town pigeon-towers have been built for the shelter and accommodation of the myriads of semi-domesticated pigeons that abound here. I am informed that this care is taken of them for the sake of obtaining their manure. One would think that the owners would resist any attempts to destroy them. On the contrary, they would call to us from a distance, and, after we had trodden down their standing grain to reach them, they would point out a flock of pigeons, tell us to shoot them, and then, seemingly in great glee, run, pick them up, and bring them to us. On the 27th of December the wind was so strong that we furled the sails and were blown up-stream under bare poles at the rate of three miles an hour. The raised cabin, presenting such a broad surface to the wind, acted as a sail and enabled them to steer the boat. As we were seated at dinner that evening, Ahmud entered, appearing very nervous, and told us the sailors were about to stop to make their peace-offering to Sheik Selim. "And pray who is Sheik Selim?" we asked. "He is a very holy man," said Ahmud—"the guardian spirit of the Nile. He is one hundred and twenty years of age, and for the last eighteen years he has not changed his position. but. seated on the bank, he rules the elements. If we passed without making an offering to him, he would send adverse winds; may be he would set fire to the boat or cause other dire calamities to befall us." "Does he not tire of sitting there so long?" I venture to inquire. "Oh! no; when no one is with him he calls to the crocodiles, and they come out of the water and play with him. At the approach of any human being he orders them to retire, and is instantly obeyed." "And do the sailors really believe this?" "Yes, and I do also," replied Ahmud indignantly. "I tell you again that any one who passes without making an offering to this holy man is sure to meet with some misfortune. Some years ago, Said Pasha, the then Viceroy of Egypt, was passing here in his steamer. The sailors asked permission to stop, but the Viceroy would not permit it, and sneered at their credulity. Immediately the wheels revolved without moving the steamer, and it was not until peace-offerings had been given and accepted that the saint would allow the boat to proceed."

After such conclusive proof of this holy man's power we did not dare to interfere, but some suggested that we would call upon the saintly Moslem with the delegation appointed by the crew. Ali was very nervous and seemed almost afraid to go; but his childlike curiosity got the better of him, and he accompanied us. We walked up the bank in solemn procession, not a word being spoken. We found the saint seated on the top, in the centre of a circle made of the stalks of the sugar-cane. A low fire was burning before him. He must always be approached on his right hand. Reis Mohammed was the first of our party, and, saluting him most respectfully, laid at his feet a small basket filled with bread, oranges, tobacco, and money. Sheik Selim was a very old man, entirely nude, and seated on his haunches, long, matted hair flowing to his shoulders. Around him a group of his retainers watched us with eager curiosity. Our sailors, with awe-stricken countenances, gazed upon the holy monk with expressions betokening those feelings which would fill our breasts at looking upon some phantom from the spirit-world. Above us the moon was riding high in the clear blue of an Egyptian sky, lighting up the scene with an almost weird effect. It was a picture never to be forgotten. The fruitful soil of this land gives back to the industrious farmer three and four crops a year. Had Sheik Selim's body, as it then was, been properly planted and cared for, no less than six crops could easily be realized. If cleanliness be next to godliness, infinite distance must have separated him from the Deity. Each one in turn shook hands with him. He thanked them for the presents and asked for some meat. "I will bring you some from the howadji's table,' said Ahmud. "No, I will touch nothing which has been handled by the Christian dogs. Reis Mohammed, in return for your offering you will find a pigeon on the boat when you return. I have ordered it to go there and wait until you come to take it; I present it to you." "He must get a number of good things from the many different boats passing," I remarked in a side tone to Ahmud. "Yes, but he never eats anything at all; he gives all he receives to his retainers. He is not like other men: he has not eaten anything for eighteen years past." "He must be on very bad terms with his stomach," thought I; but, being somewhat incredulous, I concealed myself for a few moments behind a palm-tree. As soon as the party had retired he seized an orange, and, from the avidity with which he devoured it, I concluded that perhaps Ahmud's story was partly true. When we returned to the boat, Ali told us that Reis Mohammed found a live pigeon on the deck, which suffered itself to be captured, being the one presented by the saint. Not only Ali but all the crew insisted upon the truth of this fact. Something must have displeased the old gentleman, possibly our incredulity, for immediately afterwards we ran aground and remained so for some hours.

On the 29th of December we reached Keneh, on the east bank, and the next morning crossed the river, mounted our little donkeys, and rode to the great temple of Dendera. This temple was dedicated to the goddess Athor, or Aphrodite, the name Dendera or Tentyra being taken from Tei-n-Athor, the abode of Athor. To my mind none of the temples of Egypt can be called beauti-

ful, or even graceful. Compared with the architectural gems of Greece, or the more recent fairy-like structures of the Moguls, they are heavy, coarse, and ungainly. But their interest is derived from their solidity, their antiquity, and the records of events sculptured on them, making each temple wall a page of that immortal book which tells of the manners and customs of the mighty people who ruled the known world six thousand years ago. On the ceiling of this temple was the Zodiac, so long the subject of such earnest controversy, by some assigned to an antediluvian age, but more probably belonging to the Ptolemaic or Roman epochs. The most interesting sculpture on the walls of Dendera is the contemporary representation of the great Cleopatra. It is generally believed to resemble her somewhat, allowance being made for the conventional mode of drawing then in vogue. It is not what would now be thought a very handsome face—full, thick lips, a nose somewhat Roman in shape, large eyes, and rather a sharp profile. But many think that Cleopatra was not so very beautiful, her charm lying more in her abilities and her power to please. She spoke to ambassadors from six or seven different nations, each in his own tongue. She sang charmingly, and was said to be the only sovereign of Egypt who understood the language of all her subjects—Greek, Ethiopic, Egyptian, Troglodytic, Hebrew, Arabic, and Syriac.

We shot a trochilus, or spur-winged plover. We had been very anxious to obtain a specimen of this bird, called by the Arabs tic-tac, but so far had been unsuccessful. True that almost every bird we brought on board was determined to be a tic-tac by some of the sailors, but, on comparing each with the description given in Smith's admirable work on the Nile voyage, we found it was not the veritable trochilus. Why were we so anxious to obtain this bird? Because Herodotus tells about its strange doings, its acting as a self-propelling tooth-pick for the crocodile. Says that ancient traveller: When the crocodile gets out of the water on land, and then opens its jaws, which it most commonly does towards the west, the trochilus enters its mouth and swallows the leeches. The crocodile is so well pleased with this service that it never hurts the trochilus. It is called spur-winged plover on account of the large spur which it has on the carpal joint of each wing, rendering it a formidable adversary to the crow, three times its size. These Tentyrites were professed enemies of the crocodile. They hunted them with great energy and feasted off them when captured. This persecution of a being considered god-like by the Kom-Ombites people, living further up the river, was resented by them with all the fanatical rage and hatred of the most bitter sectarian feud. "Those who considered the crocodiles as sacred trained them up and taught them to be quite tame. They put crystal and gold earrings into their ears, and bracelets on their forepaws, and they gave them appointed and sacred food, and treated them as well as possible while alive, and when dead they embalmed them and buried them in sacred vaults" (Herodotus, *Euterpe*). The latter part of this strange narrative I can vouch for, as I have now in my possession three young mummied crocodiles taken from the crocodile mummy-pits of Moabdeh, near the southern

extremity of the rocks of Gebel Aboo Faydah. One afternoon, while reclining on our luxurious divan, not a cloud obscuring the sky, as the light winds bore us slowly onward, I dreamed in pleasant reveries of the lands we were about to visit. Suddenly loud cries of "Folk! folk!" are heard, and Ali rushes up on deck. "Warrene! warrene! Shoot him! kill him!" My gun hung above me, loaded with light bird-shot. In a moment I was on the forecastle, gun in hand, but without the faintest idea as to what or where a warrene was. Still, all the sailors cried "Folk! folk!" and, running along the bank, I saw what appeared to be a crocodile, about four feet long. The frightened reptile ran rapidly along, at times about to plunge into the water, but immediately the cry of "Folk!" was raised, and it ran up on the bank again. The whole charge of bird-shot entering its head cut short its career, and it was soon a captive on the deck. "Why did you cry folk?" we asked the sailors. "Why, it means 'Go up,' and it prevents the warrene from entering the water." "So, then, it understands what you say, and obeys?" "Yes; and besides, if you call out 'Folk!' to a crocodile, it will raise its forepaw, and thus expose the only part through which a bullet can penetrate its body." No more said, but considerable doubt raised in the minds of the howadjii, and resolutions formed to experiment upon the first crocodile met with. The warrene is a species of crocodile, brought forth, according to the sailors' story, in this way: The crocodile lays a number of eggs on land. When these are hatched, from some come forth crocodiles, from others warrenes; but what law of nature operates to produce this change they do not understand.

Here is how we pass our time on board: We rise between six and seven, and each one, as soon as ready, takes what the Hindoos call the *Chotee Hazree*, or little breakfast—coffee, eggs, bread, and butter: canned butter brought from England, very sweet; bread baked on board which would do credit to the best *café* in Europe; coffee far better than all Paris could make; and eggs of a correspondingly excellent quality. After this Mr. S—— and I generally go ashore and shoot. If the wind be not strong, and the men track or pole, we can easily walk ahead of the boat. Madam reads, sews, and sometimes walks with us. Father H—— spends several hours writing in his room, and about ten o'clock shows his bright, cheerful face on deck, ready for a walk, talk, or almost anything else. At noon we breakfast together, and the afternoons are generally spent in practising taxidermy. Many travellers complain that the long Nile voyage is somewhat tiresome. Assuredly it is to one who has no other resources than looking upon the scenes around. The scenery is monotonous, the general features of river, plain, and mountain being almost precisely alike from Cairo to Wady Halfa. To us time was short; day glided into day, week into week—no marked transition, no jarring, scarce anything to note the change, to show that to-day is not yesterday. Nor, in sooth, do we care what day, what week, what month it is. We have left the world and its regulations of time behind us, and we will have naught of the world until we return to civilization. Pleasant occupation of the mind is one of the highest worldly happinesses one can hope

to attain. We were constantly employed in pleasing occupations. Add to this the cloudless sky, the sweet, delicious atmosphere, the soft calm and stillness, unknown in our own harsher clime, and one seems lifted above the dull realities of this hard world, and to live in the brightest dream-land. Truly, this is the very acme of pleasure-travelling.

We learned in an empiric manner the art of taxidermy. At first we knew nothing about it—had no books upon the subject. The first birds we prepared were sorry specimens. Each day we made new discoveries, and finally we preserved over one hundred birds in perfect order and condition. In this interesting occupation the afternoon hours glided swiftly by. At six we dined. Then one would read aloud for an hour or more. After that we played dominos or engaged in conversation until ten o'clock, when we retired.

At half-past six of the afternoon of December 30, amid the waving of flags and the firing of pistol-shots, we cast anchor off the town of Luxor. Ali Murad, our worthy consul, appeared on his house-top, and saluted us with a battery in the shape of a pair of antiquated horse-pistols, the firing of which seemed to afford him much amusement. Ali is a fine fellow, it is said. He called and spent half an hour with us. He did not talk—in fact, he could not talk much intelligibly; in short, he could not talk at all so that we could understand him. He represents the majesty and power of the great republic of the western ocean, and is not able to speak the first word of English. But he can shake hands, and tell us through Ahmud that he is glad to see us; so we stop his mouth with a nargileh, and supply him with coffee, and he squats on the divan and is happy.

That night we visited majestic Karnak. The soft light of the moon playing here and there among its ruined halls and fallen obelisks made the picture so rich and beautiful that we lingered on till late in the night. Luxor, Karnak, and the temples on the western shore mark the site of hundred-gated Thebes. The western division of the city was, in ages long since passed away, under the particular protection of Athor. For, taught the learned priests, beneath yon western mountain our holy goddess receives each evening the setting sun in her outstretched arms. We sailed on the next day, dipping our flag as we passed the *Nubia* and *Clara*, occupied by a very pleasant party from Boston, whom we were destined to meet again at the extremity of our voyage. Passing Erment on the west bank, where there is a sugar-factory, we saw a long line of camels carrying sugar-cane. There must have been at least five hundred of these patient animals; but the load that each one carried could not have weighed fifty pounds. Soon we reach Esne. We are to stop here seventy-four hours, according to contract, for the men to bake their bread. They paid three pounds for the doora, or grain, from which the bread is made; this included the grinding. Having kneaded and prepared the dough, it was baked in a public oven at the cost of seventeen shillings. This bread is the staple food of the crew. The quantity baked on January 3 lasted the men until we returned to Sioot, the 21st of March following. The bread was then brought aboard, and for two days the little old cook was busy cutting it up into small

pieces, which were strewn over the deck and exposed to the sun for a few days, until they became hard as stones. The preparation of their meals is very simple. A number of these slices of bread are put into a pot filled with water; to this is added some salt and lentils, and the whole is then boiled and stirred over a fire. This meal they have twice a day. Many a time have I joined them in their humble repast; and it was palatable indeed, this time-honored mess of red porridge for which the hungry Esau sold his birthright to his ambitious brother. These fellows, strong and hardy as they were, eat meat but four times in as many months, on which occasions we presented them with a sheep. The animal served them for two meals. It was butchered and skinned by the captain, and the only parts not used were the entrails. The body was divided into fifteen equal parts, one for each man. These parts were weighed to ensure a fair distribution, and the hoofs and head were boiled with the porridge to impart flavor to it.

Some years ago the authorities at Cairo became suddenly imbued with high ideas of morality. In a fit of virtuous indignation they banished thence the ghawázee, or dancing girls of not very reputable character. Numbers of them ascended the Nile to Esne and settled there. Many Eastern travellers, filled with those romantic feelings touching everything Oriental, have raved in wild rhapsodies about the beauty and grace of these ghawázee. Those that I saw were coarse, corpulent, and homely. They were attired in bright robes and tawdry finery, their actions were disgusting, and their movements in dancing a little more graceful than the frantic struggles of a half-boiled lobster.

What numbers of shadoofs we now see on either bank! Before the voice of God called his servant Abraham to enter the kingdom of the mighty Pharaos, these shadoofs—or more properly in the plural, shawadéef—were the common means employed to supply artificial irrigation to the parched but fruitful soil. As the Nile recedes it leaves a rich and heavy alluvial deposit; in this the first crop is sown and brought forth, but it soon becomes dry, parched, and cracked, as rain scarcely ever falls in Upper Egypt. The shadoof is then used. From the top of an upright frame placed on the river bank is swung a long pole. To one end a rope is attached, from which swings a bucket made of skin. On the other end of the pole is fastened sufficient clay, hardened as a rock by the sun, to keep the pole in a horizontal position when the bucket is filled with water. The operator pulls downward on the rope until the bucket is immersed and filled. By a very slight effort it is then raised to the top of the bank, sometimes eight or ten feet high, and emptied into a trough, from which the water is conducted through numberless little canals to a distance often of five or six miles. These canals run in every direction, and by breaking the banks any part of the soil may be covered with water.

January 5, at six in the evening, we reached Assouan, and moored alongside the island of Elephantine. Here we are at Syene; for Assouan is but the Coptic Souan or Syene with the Arabic initial Alef added, together Assouan—to the Romans the frontier of the world, as all beyond was savage barbarism and unproductive soil. Domitian could think of no more

horrible place to which he might banish the great satirist, and while here Juvenal amused himself by satirizing equally the Roman and Egyptian soldiers. Under the Ptolemies Syene was thought to lie immediately beneath the tropic of Cancer; but, as is now well known, this was a mistake, as it is situated in latitude 24° 5′ 25″, seven hundred and thirty miles from the Mediterranean. In the early ages of Christianity Syene was the seat of a bishopric, and at one time more than twenty thousand of the inhabitants were destroyed by a fearful pest. The present town is large and well built. Merchandise from the Soodan and Central Africa is here taken from the camel's back and shipped by water to Cairo. Here for the first time we see those different specimens of the African race—Nubians, Ababdeh, Bisharee, Bedoween, and many others from the still far-off interior. We are pestered and besieged by itinerant venders with every description of wares to be sold. They squat on the bank, waiting for some of the howadjii to come out. As soon as any of us appear we are surrounded by this motley crew, spears brandished in our faces—spears that have seen actual usage in the barbarous wars of the natives of the interior—ostrich eggs are poked under our noses, and the beautiful ostrich feathers waved above our heads. Strings of beads, elephants' tusks are offered to us. I wish to buy a chibouk. I select one—a fine bowl of red clay beautifully polished, and a stem six feet long and straight as an arrow. "Well, you miserable, sordid, grovelling, lucre-loving, half-naked wretch!" (this in English), "How much?" (this in Arabic).

A shrug of the shoulders, and eyes cast upon the ground.

"Well, how much?"

In a low, moaning voice: "Ten piastres"—only five times the proper value.

"I will give you one piastre."

"Oh! no, by no means." This is not spoken with the mouth, but by a more expressive movement of the head and shoulders. In the course of time the bargain is concluded for two piastres. I give him a piece of ten and hold out the hand for change. A bag is produced, filled with copper coins, of which it takes an indefinite quantity to equal a silver piece of any given value. Slowly and deliberately he counts into my hand a score or two of them, stops, and looks up into my face. More! Again they are reluctantly doled out one by one. Another stoppage, another demand for more; and so it goes, until one party cries enough, or the other knows that he has given the proper change. This is carried so far that on one occasion, where silver change was to be given for a napoleon, I observed the seller count out from his money-bag the proper amount of change, conceal it in his hand, and then go through the operation above described. But the regular shop-keeper does not bother you to buy—only the outside board, as it were. The merchant is a most dignified man; if it pleases Allah for you to buy, you will do it, otherwise not—Oriental predestination—so he is perfectly indifferent.

We wanted to go shopping, and looked around for the rich merchant of the town, who had fine ostrich eggs and feathers, elephants' tusks, and spears. We found him seated on the ground reading a letter, brought out, no doubt, to impress us with his importance. I half think

the letter was upside down, and doubt very much whether he could read at all; but it gave him the air of a man engaged in extensive foreign correspondence. Ali made known what we wanted. Without raising his head, he sent a boy to open his store, and told Ali he would follow when he finished his letter. Shortly after he came up, sat down on a divan, and got at the letter again. When we complained of the price, he did not deign a reply, and finally, when we rose to leave, he did not even lift his eyes, but seemed to be still trying to decipher his correspondence. I am sure it was partly done for effect, for he could have read a dozen letters while we were in his shop. But then he wanted to show his indifference.

LONGINGS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.]

I SAID: O heart! what is thy goal—thy end?
As the lambs follow where the mothers lead,
Shall I so tread their footprints who precede,
And life's brief, death-doomed hour in folly spend?

One chases wealth across the restless wave—
Whelmed in the deep, his bark, his hopes go down;
Another loves the acclaim of vain renown,
And finds in glory's bosom but a grave.

One makes men's passions serve as steps to rise,
And mounts a throne—anon behold him fall;
Another dallies where soft accents call,
And reads his destiny in woman's eyes.

In hunger's arms I see the idler faint,
The laborer drive his ploughshare through the soil,
The wise man's books, the warrior's deadly toil,
The beggar by the wayside making plaint.

All pass; but whither? Whither flits the leaf
Chased by the rough blast, torn by winter rime?
So fade they from their various ways as time
Harvests and sows the generations brief.

They strove 'gainst time—time conquers all at last.
As the light sand-bank wastes down in the stream,
I see them vanish. Was their life a dream?
So quickly are they come, so quickly passed!

For me, I sing the Lord whom I adore,
In crowded cities or in deserts dun,
At rise of day or at the set of sun,
Tossed on the sea or couching on the shore.

Earth cries out: Who is God? That soul divine
Whose presence fills the illimitable place;
Who with one step doth span the realms of space;
Who lends his splendor in the sun to shine;

Who bade from nothing rise creation's morn;
Who made on nothingness the world to stand;
Who held the sea in check ere yet was land;
Who gazed, and light ineffable was born;

For whom no morrow and no yesterday;
Who through eternity doth self sustain;
To whom revealed the future lieth plain;
Who can recall the past and bid it stay—

God! Let his hundred names of glory wake
For ever in my song! Oh! be my tongue
A golden harp before his altar hung,
Until his hand shall touch me and I break.

SIMILARITIES OF PHYSICAL AND RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE.*

When Macaulay remarked that the Catholic Church owed its success in a great measure to the far-reaching policy of its organization, he uttered a truth of vast pregnancy; for the evidences of this far-sightedness abound on every side, and we find its latest attestation in the attitude the church holds to the questions which agitate the scientific world to-day. Had she, at any period of her existence, so far departed from a well-defined and consistent policy as to formulate theories touching the nature and course of physical phenomena, she might stand to-day condemned and branded in the light of recent scientific discoveries; but apart from the opinions of individual writers, lay and ecclesiastical, to whom she accorded full license to hold what they pleased in such matters, provided they did not contradict revealed truth, and who accordingly often touched on the border-land of the ridiculous and extravagant, not one authoritative expression of hers can be found at variance with a single scientific truth even of yesterday's discovery. Of course she condemns materialism, because it runs counter to the belief in the immortality of the soul, which is a truth as readily demonstrable as the most undoubted fact in science; and she disbelieves in the eternity of matter, because such a monstrosity involves a violation of reason; but neither materialism nor the belief that matter is eternal is science, nor do any but the blatant fuglemen of scientism hold to them. What we insist upon is that no expression recorded in any council or authoritatively uttered by the Holy See can be adduced which is in conflict with any truth of physical science now established. This may sound strange to those whose prejudices against the church have been fanned and fostered by the terrible things told concerning Copernicus, Galileo, and Giordano Bruno; but it is as true as it stands printed, and it is a disgrace to the intelligence of the day that writers are tolerated who still retail trash in opposition to overwhelming historical evidence.

As in the past, the church to-day benignantly encourages all who devote themselves to the prosecution of the natural sciences, and welcomes their discoveries with delight. She wishes merely that scientific investigators confine themselves to their legitimate labors, and do not wildly rush to impious conclusions from insufficient data. She is ever willing to accept whatever conclusions premises really justify, and no more. Surely this attitude of the church towards science is eminently rational, and no right-thinking man can condemn it. Yet it is not alone such men as Spencer, Huxley, Tyndall, St. Hilaire, and Figuier who charge the church with being steadily reactionary and actively antagonistic to science, but the whole sectarian world has taken up the cry. We are sorry to num-

* *Similarities of Physical and Religious Knowledge.* By James Thompson Bixby. New York: D Appleton & Co. 1876.

ber among these the author of the volume which affords subject-matter for this article, and which contains much that is novel, ingenious, and true, as we hope to be able to show when considering the chapter on the "Faiths of Science."

But we will first learn from Mr. Bixby what manner of religion it is to which science is not opposed, so that we may ascertain the scope and purpose of his work. "In its most general significance," he says, "it is *the expression of man's spiritual nature awakening to spiritual things*" (italics by the author). After developing this definition at some length, he considers it more restrictedly as embracing the following elements:

"1. Belief in a soul within man.
"2. Belief in a sovereign soul without.
"3. Belief in actual or possible relations between them."

This, then, is religion according to Mr. Bixby, and it is to the rather easy task of reconciling a few modern scientific theories to this attenuated abstraction of religious sentiment, this evanescent aroma of an emotion, that he addresses himself. The statement of those three fully sufficient conditions of religion clearly involves pantheism; and not one of the wildest scientific conjectures of the day is there which may not be made to harmonize with pantheism. The task, therefore, of reducing science and religion to a harmonious plane is quite supererogatory, since on a bare statement of religion it is reconcilable with anything. Pantheism, as taught by its most eminent exponents in Germany—Hegel, Schelling, and Fichte—consists in a sovereign soul without the τὸ *non* ἐγώ, from which the soul of man, the τὸ ἐγώ, is an emanation—*i.e.*, a fragmentary expression of its consciousness. Beyond this these distinguished philosophers admit and recognize nothing. Do we not clearly find the same thing in the religion of Mr. Bixby?—viz., 1, soul within man; 2, sovereign soul without man; 3, actual or possible relations between the two. Now, taking the term soul as univocal in the first and second statements, is it not evident that the latter contains the former, and are we not landed high and dry on the absolute pantheism of Schelling? Or rather, going back to the parent source of pantheism, does not Mr. Bixby's definition of religion strongly recall these words of the Vedas: "Thus the man who in his own soul recognizes the soul supreme present throughout all creation obtains the happiest lot of all—to be absorbed into Brahma"?

If this be Mr. Bixby's meaning—or rather, whether meant or not, if this be the legitimate resultant of his views on religion—we see no way of escaping from the conclusion that matter is eternal, since his religion by no means includes the dogma of creation—indeed, it is his custom to scout dogmas—but is strictly limited to the recognition of an inner and an outer soul. It is true Mr. Bixby admits no such consequence, but he cannot help himself; he speaks most devoutly of God, condemns a "bald materialism that would make matter the sum and substance of all things, self-existent, and alone immortal, etc.," all which is true enough, but by no means bound up in Mr. Bixby's concept of religion. Our author consequently deprecates a conflict with a shadow, points out to scientific men the possibility of a complete reconciliation between their theories and a Bixbian fugitive tenuity, and devoutly implores them not to use

language which might delay "the awakening of our spiritual nature." Mr. Bixby says that metaphysics must not obtrude themselves on the realm of physical science; that the missions of both constantly diverge. We would, however, remind him that without metaphysics—and we mean the metaphysics he so much abhors, viz., those of the scholastics—we could find no argument as supplied by reason against the eternity of matter. It is wonderful that a man of Mr. Bixby's respectable attainments should not perceive into what a complete *petitio principii* he has fallen when he postulates the non-eternity of matter. He does not admit the correctness of the Mosaic cosmic genesis, and as he employs no reasoning to substantiate his postulate, we must regard it as a *petitio principii* and nothing more.

How differently do the theologians and philosophers of the Catholic Church comport themselves in presence of this old philosophical heresy, revived to-day in full force by Draper, Tyndall, and Huxley, and which may be regarded as the arch sin of modern scientific theories! They do not beg the question as Mr. Bixby does, but, grappling it with an iron logic, dispose of it as effectually as when St. Thomas overthrew the crude systems of Leucippus and Averroës by the aid of a few well-established metaphysical principles. Mr. Bixby says: "Mediæval scholasticism especially grievously sinned in these respects. It delighted in hair-splitting disputations over frivolous puzzles, and in endless speculations about things not only transcending the possibility of human knowledge, but destitute of any practical moment. Its only criterion was the deliverances of the church on the almost equally venerated Aristotle." Alas! we fear that the *Summa* of St. Thomas is a sealed book for Mr. Bixby, that he has not tempted the page of Suarez with well-trimmed lamp, and that his stock of mediæval lore is borrowed from Hallam or the latest edition of the encyclopædia. To prove how immeasurably superior the "hair-splitters" are to beggars of the question we will show in what way the former hold their own against the modern eternists. Prof. Draper says that as there will be an unending succession in the future, so there has been an unbeginning series in the past; species succeed species, and genera succeed genera, in a never-beginning and a never-to-end chain; Tyndall repeats the words of Draper, whom he so much admires; and Mr. Bixby says, "Gentlemen, it may not be so"; while the scholastic clearly proves that it cannot be so. At the outset a little "hair-splitting" is necessary. We distinguish what is called an actual series, each link of which has had an actual existence, from a potential series, in which the links have not as yet been projected into existence, but will be. Now, an actual series has an end—viz., the link marking the point of transition from the actual to the potential—and is susceptible of increase, since, indeed, it constantly receives fresh accessions from the potential. If, however, it can thus acquire increase, that increase is representable by numbers, so many fresh links added to the series. But a number cannot be added except to another number; consequently, the series to which fresh increase is added must be numerical—*i.e.*, representable by figures. Now, whatever can be represented by figures must have had a beginning; for

there can be no number without a first unit, which is the first element of number. Moreover, the supposition that there stretches back into eternity a non-beginning succession of events contradicts the principle of causality; for it would give us one more effect than cause. Viewed in its descending aspect, every link in the chain is cause of the event which follows, till the last link is reached, the which is not cause, since it has as yet preceded no other event. But it is effect, since it depends on the previous event. Viewed now in its ascending aspect, the chain consists of a series of links which are all effects—effects more numerous than the causes by the addition of the latest link, which is effect but not cause. We must have, then, one effect without a cause, which is absurd. The same may be said about consequent and antecedent terms in such a series; for the last term in the series being merely consequent, the chain or series which, by hypothesis, has no beginning contains more consequent than antecedent terms, which is equally absurd. We have here given but an outline of the argument. The scholastics have summed it up more fully, though far more tersely and concisely, in these words: There can be no infinite series *a parte ante*, but there can be *a parte post*. This reasoning not only conclusively disproves, but renders ridiculous, the arguments of Draper, Tyndall, and the rest. Yet from this philosophical armory Mr. Bixby would disdain to draw a single weapon in defence of his thesis, but prefers rather that the church be considered essentially inimical to the progress of true science, and constantly jealous of its encroachments.

"Mutato nomine de te
Fabula narratur."

Mr. Bixby entertains a special dislike to theology as being apt to interfere with his pet scheme of reconciling science with—shall we call it Bixbyism? Certainly we cannot consistently call it religion. He says:

"Again, theological dogmas and science have been, and still are, opposed. Theologians have formulated their dim guesses about God's character and ways into creeds, and imagined them finalities. They have speculated upon matters of purely physical knowledge—such as the antiquity of the earth and the age of man, the condition of the primitive globe and its inhabitants, the manner and method of their appearing — and have made these speculations into dogmas held as essential to religion."

Here we must take sharp issue with Mr. Bixby. In the first place, have not the theologians as good right to speculate on such matters as Messrs. Spencer, Huxley, and Tyndall? And if they have fallen into error, it is no more than the latter gentlemen have frequently done. Surely Mr. Bixby must allow the fact that St. George Mivart is no less a sound *savant* because he is read in theology; or would he maintain that Father Secchi is liable to additional chromatic aberration because he believes in the decrees of the Vatican Council? In the next place, no theologian deserving the name deems himself competent to erect into a religious dogma demanding the reverence and belief of his fellows his individual scientific opinions. The absurdity of such an idea is apparent to any one who has read a Catholic theological treatise, which breathes a spirit of submissiveness in every line where the author's own views are expounded—a spirit strikingly in contrast with the arrogant dogmatism of our

scientific philosophers. Moreover, the church, the only competent authority to promulgate dogmas of faith, has never yet attempted to impose on the minds of her children a purely scientific truth as an article of belief. From this it is evident that Mr. Bixby occasionally palters, and merely wishes to pave the way for an easier adaptation of his religious views to the so-called advanced scientific tendencies of the day.

He says that all theologies stand in the way of science, but that two dogmas especially exhibit this perversity—viz., 1, the assumed infallibility of the Bible; 2, the assumed intervention of God. "In consequence of the first of these dogmas," he says, "there has been a struggle by theologians to limit modern science to the contracted circle of the ancient Hebrew knowledge of the universe, and any variation of statement from the letter of Moses or Job, David or Paul, is regarded as a dangerous loosening of another screw in the bonds of righteousness and the evidences of immortality." Mr. Bixby is not himself a believer in the divine inspiration of the Scriptures, and evidently thinks that whoever does not agree with him stands on the extreme opposite line and believes the very shaping of the letters to have been divinely commanded. This is wrong. The Scriptures were never intended as a manual of science. They merely state the great facts of human and cosmic genesis in a general way, so far as those two momentous facts affect the interests of the race. It has been proved time and again that the Mosaic books, fairly interpreted, contain nothing adverse to scientific truth. Why, then, will writers be ever harping on this well-worn theme? It is not honest to advance a statement without proof, and try to clinch it with a sneer.

"In consequence of the second dogma," he writes, "theologians have been jealous of any attempt at a natural explanation of the mysteries of the world, and have looked upon every extension of the realm of unbroken order and second causes as an invasion by science of the religious kingdom. They imagine that one must lose what the other gains; that, step by step, as the arcana of the Kosmos are penetrated, and the same laws and substances are found ruling and constituting these as rule and constitute the more familiar parts and operations of nature, the action and presence of the Deity must be denied, and the human mind landed more and more in the slough of materialism."

These words bear their refutation with them. The accusation is serious, and yet not a word of proof to substantiate it. Too often is Mr. Bixby guilty of this illogical procedure of substituting statements for proven facts and captious deliverances for argument. When Dr. Draper denies the possibility of miracles, he does so at least logically; for he believes in the eternity, immutability, and necessity of law. With him there is no lawgiver, but with Mr. Bixby it is different. He speaks of God "pouring his will through the channels of unvaried law." Now, it is an axiom in law that the framers thereof may derogate from it from time to time, if so it should seem good to them. Why not, therefore, God? Mr. Bixby cannot, then, deny the utter impossibility of a miracle, and yet he argues against it just as strenuously and in the same spirit as Mr. Draper or Mr. Tyndall. Should he charge that such exceptional deviations from apparently established laws would argue caprice or shortsightedness on the part of God, we beg to reply that they occur in con-

sequence of a higher law, representing the divine will, by which those secondary laws were established, and which, with far-reaching and clear-eyed gaze, made provision for those exceptional occurrences, so that they may be said virtually to come within the scope of the law itself. Should, then, the testimony in support of a miracle be of an unimpeachable nature, we see no reason why the possibility of a miraculous event is to be denied. When Voltaire said he would more readily believe that a whole citiful of people, separated by prejudices, social position, tastes, habits of life, and mutual distrust, might conspire to deceive him than he would that a dead man had arisen from the grave, he confounded physical with metaphysical impossibility; and this is precisely what every unbeliever since his time has done. To this charge Mr. Bixby is more grievously amenable, since he admits the reason for the validity of the distinction between the two impossibilities mentioned, by admitting God to be the author of law, and yet he virtually ignores it by the position he assumes.

But this chapter on the "Causes of Actual Antagonism" is so replete with reckless assertion and inconsequent reasoning that we have only to take up a passage at hazard to be confronted by an error. On page 41 he says:

"Neither is religion based on, nor bound up with, any one book. Had Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob no religion, because Moses had not yet written? Was there no Christianity in the lifetime of Jesus, or the first forty years of the apostolic generation before Matthew put his pen on to parchment? As well say that chemical affinity is based on Lavoisier's or Dalton's treatises, or that gravitation is ruined if Newton's *Principia* is shown false in a single theorem."

We assure our readers that we have selected this passage at random, lest we may be suspected of malice in having singled it out because of its surpassing fatuity. Who ever dreamt of saying that religion is bound up in a book? As well say that an author's thoughts are nowhere to be found but between the covers of the book which bears his name. But mark the transparent fallacy of the underlying thought. Mr. Bixby evidently supposes that because religion had an existence prior to the books mentioned, we might therefore dispense with these, and still possess religion just as our predecessors had it before those books were yet written. But suppose those books happen to contain the previous body of religious doctrine, together with developments or disclosures inseparably connected with it; might we then carelessly reject them, as Mr. Bixby implies we might? Or does it follow that, because a "spiritual awakening" is defined to be of a special sort in one instance, it can never be so in another? Yet such is the irresistible inference to be drawn from the introductory portion of the passage just quoted. The same may be said of the reference to the priority of Christianity over the Gospel of St. Matthew. No one contends that Christianity did not exist in the lifetime of Jesus, or that it would not now exist had not St. Matthew written his Gospel; but it by no means follows that we are free to reject that evangelist's history, since it is a compendium of Christian doctrine such as our Lord had preached it in his lifetime, and in rejecting it we would thereby reject the latter. The allusion to Lavoisier and Dalton is just as unhappy; for though it is true the science of chemistry might exist

without them, still we cannot reject their treatises, since these contain the essential principles of that science.

Mr. Bixby is sometimes quite happy in stating the objections which scientists urge against religion, but we regret that he also sometimes fails to make good his refutation of their views. Thus, on page 149, he presents the argument of science in these words: "Theologians may talk glibly of soul and over-soul, Creator and creation, absolute and Infinite; they may fancy that they understand them; but they are deceiving themselves, mistaking a familiarity with words for a genuine understanding of things. Their high-sounding terms are but covers to their real ignorance." Indeed, this is a common objection made by those whose habits of mind have been formed in the laboratory, and who have never troubled themselves much about metaphysics. Still, the objection should be met in a patient and painstaking mood, and answer given according to our lights. Mr. Bixby makes his rejoinder a *retorqueo argumentum* by showing that science, too, bristles with difficulties and is beset with mysteries; that it borrows from conjecture more even than religion does; and that it can never hope to level all the hills and fill up all the valleys which lie along its course. This is very true and very apposite, but it may be asked: Does it contain an answer to the objection as stated? We rather think not. Cannot it be proved that we do really possess some knowledge of the Infinite and the Absolute, and that the apparent unintelligibility of these terms is to be sought for and found rather in the ignorance of those who object to them? The Infinite differs for us subjectively from no other object of thought on the score of adequacy, since we can have an adequate idea of nothing. Not even of the simplest material objects that surround us can we have at the best more than an inchoate and imperfect knowledge. How, then, can we be expected to conceive the Infinite, except in a very shadowy way, "as in a glass darkly"? Still, the fact that we speak of the Infinite and assert its attributes, that we distinguish Infinite Being from finite, and that our hearts fly towards it in unappeasable longing, is open guarantee that we have some knowledge of it, which is all that the most exacting can demand. Therefore those who confound infinite knowledge of the Infinite, which appertains to the Infinite Being alone, with that subjectively finite knowledge of it which we all possess, display an unpardonable ignorance. This is our answer to those who object that Infinite, as one term, is unintelligible, and we see no necessity for classifying it with the impenetrable secrets with which science is confronted at every step. The same may be said of the term absolute; and though we do not agree with the views of the absolute taken by Mansel, Hamilton, Kant, and Spencer, we know at least that the term has a meaning, that it implies total independence, and is based on that divine attribute which the scholastics denominate Aseity. Mr. Bixby is too timorous in his utterances. He seems to write under a Damocles' sword, fearing to offend those great men who tread in the stately van of science. But if he hesitates to be dogmatic in one direction, he does not hesitate to be aggressive in another; and when his mood inclines that way, he sets up as the target of his

shafts the doctrines and definitions of the Catholic Church.

In order to prove that Bixbyism is the only religion which is at all reconcilable with science, and to brush aside any pretensions Catholicity might entertain in the same direction, he quotes the following:

"Let him be anathema—

"Who shall say that human sciences ought to be pursued in such a spirit of freedom that one may be allowed to hold as true their assertions even when opposed to revealed doctrines."

This proposition does not meet the approbation of Mr. Bixby. If it does not, then its contradictory must be true, which implies that a scientific utterance *may* be true in the face of an opposing revealed truth. It is to be borne in mind that the revealed doctrines in question are supposed to be revealed, and revealed by God, and the whole statement is resolvable into this: Notwithstanding that God (in whom Mr. Bixby is a believer) has positively affirmed that a given statement is true, Mr. Tyndall or Prof. Huxley may affirm the contrary with impunity—nay, rather with a better title to our acceptance of their views—

"At nos virtutes ipsas invertimus."

or, as Caramuel says, "We thus sweeten poison with sugar, and color guilt with the appearance of virtue."

But in order to place himself still more *en rapport* with his adversaries, Mr. Bixby, seemingly forgetful that he either surrenders the gage or else resolves the conflict into a tilt with a windmill, expresses himself to the following effect: "Religion has no exclusive source of information, but such sources only as are common to all branches of human knowledge." If this be true, there is no necessity of even the shadow of an attempt to reconcile any differences which, by a stretch of fancy, might be conceived to exist between two sciences that travel along the same plane. All along, since this controversy was begun, it has been understood that the sole possible cause of conflict between science and religion arose out of the fact that they claimed each for itself more solid ground on which to stand. Reason and revelation were always supposed to be the party words of both, and every collision between them so far has resulted from the apparent irreconcilableness of these two. Mr. Bixby, in endeavoring to shift the ground of argument, should have confined himself to just that effort, and omitted those portions of his work tending to disprove all antagonism between science and religion, since, in the estimation of most men, a religion which asserts no claim to the supernatural is no religion at all. His attempted abatement of the claims of science, though well presented and sustained, works not an iota for Mr. Bixby's point; for in all he says he is arguing for supernatural religion, which he virtually rejects, against the untenable assumptions of science.

As if in more strenuous advocacy of this idea, he elsewhere adds: "It [religion] is not all falsehood and masquerade; nevertheless, there is much popularly set down as religion which is no more religion than it is science. Now it has been bound up with one system, now with another. When Christianity first raised its head, it was told that polytheism alone was religion." Continuing in this strain, he condemns every system of religion which stands opposed to another, and infers from the fact of

such opposition the necessary falsity of them all. He even goes to the extent of affirming that the doctrines of the Catholic Church changed age by age, according to the tone of the prevailing philosophy. He says:

"In Augustine's day Christianity was made inseparable from the doctrines of predestination and fatalism. In Abelard's time it was bound up with the metaphysics of realism; in Roger Bacon's time, with the philosophy of Aristotle; in the days of Vesalius, with the medical treatises of Galen; in the lifetime of Galileo, with the astronomy of Ptolemy. To-day it is the orthodoxy of the Council of Trent or the Westminster Catechism that is cemented to religion, and any attack on the one is assumed to be undermining the very foundations of faith and morals."

This passage is recklessly false. Any one acquainted with church history, with the rise and progress of Pelagianism and semi-Pelagianism, understands perfectly that in St. Augustine's time no more stringent or rigorous views concerning original sin and predestination were held than tradition and the Scriptures sanctioned and ratified. And the patient reader of the history of philosophy will also condemn the assertion that the church proper had anything to do with the long-drawn disputes between the Nominalists and the Realists. The church left those wordy disputants severely alone, though the controversy was revived by the school of the Neo-Platonists for the very purpose of embroiling the church in the quarrel. We say the controversy was revived; for in reality the dispute is as old as Plato and Aristotle.

Still more absurd is what Mr. Bixby says with reference to Vesalius and Galen. Not a single authoritative passage from father, council, or historian can be adduced to prove that the church ever committed herself to the adoption of any views concerning the structure, functions, and disorders of the human body Indeed, Vesalius, who led the way in the great revolution which medical science underwent from the errors of Galen, was a pious Catholic, and the popular painting of the first dissection of modern times represents him with eyes piously upturned to the crucifix before entering on one of the most important steps of modern scientific inquiry in the teeth of wide-spread and violent prejudice—viz., the first dissection of the human cadaver that has led to any valuable results.

But in order to be thoroughly careful that he should allow no element of what is entitled positive religion to enter into the conception of his emotional nonentity, he discards all the known and accepted grounds of religious evidence. He says there can be no infallible authority in religious matters, since the only one which fostered the pretence has been repeatedly detected in error. His words are:

"In its unflattering mirror the oracle of Rome is exhibited as convicted of error in scientific matters again and again; compelled to retreat from position to position; forced to correct and recorrect its interpretations. It is shown vacillating to and fro in regard to the most important ecclesiastical questions, possessed of no clear or well-defined principles concerning many essential theological issues, etc., etc."

All this rodomontade is in the nature of a negative assertion, inasmuch as it would require a full review of the history of the church to refute it. It is the author's favorite style of logic, however, and may go for what it is worth. He next rejects the authority of the Bible on the most frivolous grounds, and com-

ing to the value of our divine Saviour's evidence in favor of revelation, he uses the following extraordinary language:

> "I desire not to deny the existence of a divine element in Jesus. I gladly recognize him as the loftiest spiritual seer and teacher the world has seen; the best historic embodiment of spiritual perfection that we have. But we must own, if we are clear-sighted and frank, that in Christ himself we do not obtain an oracle exempt from the limitations of humanity and the conditions of earthly knowledge."

This is a clear negation of the divinity of Christ, and an implied avowal that Mr. Bixby ranges himself with Renan and Strauss. As before stated, Mr. Bixby's chief aim in the first chapters of his book is to simplify the conditions of the problem which he has set before him, and we see that he has striven to do this by stripping religion of all its positive attributes, and putting in its stead a bloodless and emasculated spectre. "It is a force," he says, "anterior to all churches and hierarchies, the grand spiritual stream flowing from above through the souls of men, of which ecclesiastical organizations are but the earthly banks, the clayey reservoirs and wooden dams, by which men have thought they could better utilize the heavenly forces." This is fine and figurative, we confess, but more marked by sound than sense. Mr. Bixby here brands all churches as purely human institutions, and yet allows that they possess religion, that they are its conduits and distributors to men, and that dogmas and codes and ethical enactments are mere accretions, the work of human minds. These must consequently be false, and, being such, should retard rather and operate against the influences of religion pure and undefiled, the embodiment of truth. How, then, can they be said to be utilizers of heavenly force and reservoirs of religion, they being false, and it true?

> "Pergis pugnantia secum
> Frontibus adversis componere?"

The definition of religion which has passed current for centuries, making it to consist of a determinate and specified allegiance of man to his Maker, is contradicted by the views advanced in Mr. Bixby's book, and therefore the few only, whose opinions are equally unsettled, can accept his conclusions. There is something so unreal and shadowy in his estimate of religion that one is at a loss to see thoroughly into what he means by it, and consequently incapable of appreciating all that his conclusions are intended to embody. "Religious truth," he says, "(theologians and preachers defending the old beliefs have maintained) belongs to another realm from ordinary kinds of truth. It is not to be tried by the understanding. It is not to be brought to the bar of common sense, but it is to be discerned by the inner soul, and its evidence found in the soul's satisfaction in it." If this be Mr. Bixby's estimate of the value of the evidence on which religious truth reposes, he must have had in view, as the ideal of all dogmatic religion, the utterances of some strong-lunged preacher at a camp-meeting. No theologian of the Catholic nor of the approximating sects ever thought for a moment that religion is not to be tried by the understanding nor brought to the bar of common sense. The evidences of revealed religion are based upon reason, which, closely scrutinizing these, is compelled to admit the claims of the Scriptures

and the church, just as it is obliged to admit the truths of geometry. It is true that individual dogmas are not the subject-matter of purely rational investigation, but they appeal to our reason just as strongly through the evident infallibility of the authority which submits them to our belief. Mr. Bixby, we fear, either misapprehends plain things or is given to misrepresenting. Objectively, all truths resemble each other in that they are true—*i.e.*, eternal, immutable, and necessary; subjectively, for us, those truths which we can discern with the eye of reason pertain to the natural order, and to the supernatural order those whose guarantee depends on the revealed word of God. It is evident that in the logical order, the natural precedes and underlies the supernatural, and that, with respect to the evidence on which both repose, it must be tried by the understanding, and that searchingly, and cannot escape the bar of common sense. "Truth," says the author of *An Essay on a Philosophy of Literature*, "is independent of man. The power is his to discover, develop, and apply it; but he cannot create it. That belongs to the Infinite Intelligence alone. He it is who creates it and who creates the light of our reason by which to perceive it." Truth, therefore, must be consistent with itself; and it is the province of every individual truth to borrow lustre from, and shed radiance on, each sister truth, and not to detract from and obstruct it. This is the logic of the schools—nay, it is the logic of Hamilton, Mansel, Baden Powell, and Faraday, whom Bixby charges with dividing the field of truth into two separate portions: one the province of knowledge, where science holds sway; the other the province of belief, where religion has her throne. Then truth may be divided against itself, and to this effect must we interpret the writings of the distinguished philosophers mentioned. We doubt not that, for logic's sake, these scholars would all indignantly repudiate this charge which places them in an absurd and uncourted position. Pity 'tis Mr. Bixby did not attempt by a citation to substantiate his charge. He does not fail, however, to draw his accustomed inference. "Now," he says, "by taking this mode of defending itself against the incursions of modern science, the church has aided much in spreading suspicion of the certainty of its cherished doctrines." Then modern science does make incursions against the church, which is perfectly right, but the church is debarred the right of repelling them. A burglar may break into our house, and we are not at liberty to resist his ingress by means of the nearest weapon at hand, but we should preach him a homily on the impropriety of his conduct.

But he is brave enough in this: that not an inkling or a wrinkle of his too transparent sophistry disturbs him. Immediately after he says (p. 72): "Bishops like he [*sic*] of London may exhort the modern inquirer as eloquently as they please to throw away doubt as they would a bombshell; but it serves only to make the investigator more suspicious of the validity of religion." Then is it not proper, Mr. Bixby, to throw away doubt? If not so, it must by all means be better to entertain doubt, so that a state of doubt ought to be our normal intellectual condition. Just in proportion as we entertain doubt may we be less suspicious of the validity of religion; but the moment we think of dis-

carding it suspicions grow up in our minds! Verily, this kind of logic is perplexing. We admire the devout spirit which Mr. Bixby everywhere exhibits, but when it is paraded at the expense of true religion, and in a spirit calculated to lead astray the unwary, we must enter our protest against it. On page 222 he says:

"And religion needs not only to accept the corrections and recognize the coadjutorship of science in disclosing the ways of God, but it should engraft into itself, I believe, more of the scientific spirit. Instead of aiming to defend systems already established [!], and to bolster up foregone conclusions, it should go simply with inquiring mind to the eternal facts."

And this passes current for reasoning! We write without bitterness of heart, but in the spirit which prompted Juvenal to say:

"Si natura negat, facit indignatio versum."

Religion must borrow all from science, accept her criterion from science, see that she admit nothing but what the scientific plummet is capable of sounding, and reject all that does not conform to the square and compass of this arbitrary mistress. "Established systems" and "foregone conclusions" must be sacrificed at the beck of a scientific clique, and meek religion must sit awaiting crumbs from their table. Surely, had the great author of the apology for the Christian religion anticipated that an apology with such intent would be subsequently offered, he would have bestowed a different title on his famous work. But Mr. Bixby goes farther when he actually breaks down the barriers which have ever been supposed to divide science from religion. On page 223 he says:

"Thus religion is capable of being made a genuine science, and it will never, I believe, maintain the purity, attain the stability and accuracy, reach unto the depth and breadth of truth which is within the demands of its grand mission unto mankind, until it thus weds science to itself."

This might not give offence if viewed as from the pen of a sophomore; but from a teacher—a philosopher! The passage jumbles science and religion inextricably together; it virtually identifies them, and yet pretends to hold them apart. The idea that religion is capable of being made a genuine science must sound oddly in the ears of those who have been taught to regard religion as the science of sciences, their queen, mistress, and guide. But, according to Mr. Bixby, religion is in the lowly position still of being a handmaiden to her proud sisters, with the possible prospect at some time of being elevated to their queenly plane.

In his chapters on the "Faiths of Science" and "The Claim of Science" Mr. Bixby very adroitly brings into contrast the arrogant aggressiveness of scientism with its own haltings, weaknesses, and vacillations, and we deem these two chapters to be really valuable contributions to the fast-swelling literature concerning the dispute between religion and scientism. They are inoperative of effect, so far as Mr. Bixby's notion of religion is concerned, but they clearly prove that science is fully amenable to the charge of taking much for granted, of postulating much, of believing in the mysterious and inexplicable—the very charges it flippantly prefers against Christianity. Experience and observation have been the watchwords of science since the days of Locke, and the whole system of Scotch philosophy

as taught by Reid, Stewart, Brown, and Hamilton in the past, and Bain to-day, rests on the results of those two procedures. The supersensible finds no room in this system, and is relegated to the domain of the unknowable, the unthinkable. Says Büchner: "Those who talk of a creative power which is said to have produced the world out of nothing are ignorant of the first and most simple principle founded upon experience and the contemplation of nature. How could a power have existed not manifested in material substance, but governing it arbitrarily according to individual views?" Herbert Spencer calls supersensible conceptions "pseudo-ideas," "symbolic conceptions of the illegitimate order." Virchow says he "knows only bodies and their qualities; what is beyond he terms transcendental, and he considers transcendentalism an aberration of the human mind." And so with the majority of the modern school of scientism. They deem nothing demonstrable but what responds to their tests of truth, to chemical or physico-chemical modes of investigation. For this reason physiologists reject the notion of soul as a distinct substance in man, for it cannot be investigated according to the methods known to physiology; and yet, with glaring inconsistency, these men admit as the very basis of experience and observation what outlies the range and limit of the senses.

The advocates of the germ theory of disease have neither felt, seen, nor heard one of those minute spores. "We have," says Prof. Tyndall, "particles that defy both the microscope and the balance, which do not darken the air, and which, nevertheless, exist in multitudes sufficient to reduce to insignificance the Israelitish hyperbole, the sands upon the sea-shore." So, also, Mr. Lewes, in his *Philosophy of Aristotle*, writes: "The fundamental ideas of modern science are as transcendental as any of the axioms in ancient philosophy." With such admissions from the leading men of the modern school, how can scientists contend that they limit their acceptance of truth to those facts which experience proves, and that, using a strict induction, they build their laws and systems on these alone? It is evident that they make freer use of hypotheses than did the scholastics. Nor does it avail them to attempt the distinction suggested by Mr. Lewes between metaphysical and metempirical knowledge. The aim of this distinction is to relieve scientism from the charges brought against metaphysical doctrines on the ground that, as they transcend the senses, they necessarily elude the grasp of the human mind. Now, the metempirical knowledge of Mr. Lewes is just as elusive of our grasp, since it does not come within the scope of the senses; and all the objections, however unfounded, which these scholars have alleged against metaphysics and the science of the immaterial, hold good against any knowledge which is not the direct outcome of the senses. Surely the new doctrine of the correlation and conservation of force pertains to the supersensible order fully as much as the doctrine of a spiritual soul. Nay, it deals in the obscure and transcendental more, a great deal, than the scholastic doctrine of first matter and substantial form. The advocates of this theory have adopted a nomenclature which repeats the very errors on account of which modern scholastics have rejected the peripatetic doctrine of

matter and form. They identify all things under the title of force, and deem motion, light, heat, and electricity as so many modes of force constantly interchanging. They thus confound identity with distinction, and ignore the nature of change. Every change supposes a term from which, a term into which, and the subject of both; now, those who identify all force deny the subject of change, for that from which becomes into which in all its essentials, so that heat becomes light, and yet does not, according to the neo-terminologists, lose its identity. We have therefore the anomaly of a thing remaining the same and becoming something else at the same time. All this confusion arises from the ignorance of metaphysics in which modern men of science glory. They declare light to be a force, and no two of them are agreed as to the meaning of the word. They declare that all forces are correlated, and nowhere do we find given by them the meaning of the term relation. Now, the scholastics give no fewer than six different modes of relation, and the modern school has not given us even a definition of one. And yet these are the contemners of metaphysics and scholasticism, the men who aspire to be leaders of thought. They raise their structure on a basis of supposition, and declaim against the credulity of those who admit aught but facts of the sensible order. Their science is confused because of the vagueness of their speech and its great lack of fixity. Herbert Spencer discourses with more learning than lucidity concerning those great problems which the church solved centuries ago, and which she has so formulated by the aid of a fixed and coherent vocabulary that mere children can see her meaning. Mr. Spencer defines evolution to be "a change from an indefinite incoherent homogeneity to a definite coherent heterogeneity through continuous differentiations and integrations." This certainly pertains to the supersensible order, and in more senses than one. No wonder that such utterances are made the butt of witticisms. Thus, the Rev. Mr. Kirkman, in his *Philosophy without Assumption*, amusingly parodies the above definition of Herbert Spencer: "Evolution is a change from a nohowish untalkaboutable all-alikeness to a somehowish and in-general-talk-aboutable not-all-alikeness by continuous somethingelseifications and sticktogetherations."

And as for mistakes, commend us to science. Every new edition of Darwin contains corrections of previous errors, and Huxley has quite recently modified his views on evolution. But this is freedom of thought, just as a consistent and abiding belief which precludes the possibility of change or error is denominated by these same neoterists superstition and reaction. Mr. Bixby has well exhibited the fluctuations and errors of modern science —which is about all he has satisfactorily accomplished—in his *Similarities of Physical and Religious Knowledge*.

LETTERS OF A YOUNG IRISHWOMAN TO HER SISTER.

FROM THE FRENCH.

MARCH 21, 1869.

WHAT a day, dearest! At High Mass the Passion was sung as in the Sistine Chapel. What memories it awoke within me! It was wonderfully beautiful, and every word found an echo in my heart. O flowery Easter! the children's festival, how I loved formerly to see its return. It was spring, bright days, verdure and flowers; but this year we have a sort of recommencement of winter instead of spring; for some days we have had snow and stormy gales, which have made it sometimes impossible to go out.

René has been reading us a beautiful fragment of the *Monks of the West* on religious vocations; Gertrude had suggested this reading. My mother wept, and I envied the heavenly calm of the happy Gertrude.

The beautiful new-born has quite the air of a seraph; he is so fair, rosy, and silent. Adrien will be his godfather, and the honor of godmother, dear Kate, will devolve upon your Georgina. "This little last one," Johanna said to me, "shall be quite your own, dear sister!" How good they all are! Brothers and sisters so united and happy together! The baptism is deferred, that it may take place in Brittany, and we shall have Margaret. How I love this beautiful little soul over which I shall have sacred rights!

Berthe regrets her Mad, whom Thérèse misses sadly.

22d.—The Père Meillier preaches the retreat—two sermons a day. This morning upon the retreat itself: "I will lead her into the wilderness, and there will I speak to her heart. Perfection, according to St. Bernard, is an ardent zeal always to be advancing. During this retreat God desires to *soften*, *detach*, and *fix* our heart. We must be converted. Conversion is turning again to God. The means of conversion are time, grace, and will. The time God gives us; he himself says this: 'Behold, now is the acceptable time, now is the day of salvation.' Grace—this is given to us in superabundance. The will must come from ourselves; St. Bernard says that this will must be constant, courageous, and sometimes heroic." He ended by exhorting us "not to resist God, who is standing at the door of our heart, who knocks and waits"; and faithfully to follow this retreat. "I know neither the day nor the hour, but there will be a moment in which God will speak to you; and beware, Christian souls, lest Jesus pass by and return no more!" At three o'clock on tepidity, its causes and its remedy, the whole very practical and very holy.

The same agreement as last year between René and me. Little Alix accompanied me on a visit to the worthy *Mr. Crossman*, as the children call him. Finding him more calm than usual while I was dressing his leg, I was inwardly congratulating myself, when an energetic oath, and a sudden movement more energetic still, repulsed and overthrew me: and a scene of

anger followed, which made Alix tremble like a rose-leaf in a storm, and I tried in vain to appease the sick man. What is to be done to-morrow? God will help me.

23d.—Letters. Marianne is anxious. Picciola eats nothing and scarcely sleeps. "It is my belief that she is home-sick." Anna is constantly improving in health, and the doctor forbids them to go away. Oh! how I fear the future. Marcella is radiant: "Dear Georgina, how grateful I am to this warm sun, and the vivifying breeze which Anna breathes in with delight! No more fever, no more pallor; not that her cheeks are rosy—my darling would need rouge for that—but her whiteness is *living*, and I like her thus. But what should we have done here without Lucy and Picciola and this kind Edouard? What gratitude my heart cherishes towards yours for this arrangement!"

Mistress Annah says that Edith will be completely cured when we see her again. Mary and Ellen are much beloved in the village.

Margaret shudders at the slightest indisposition of her baby. O these cradles, these dear cradles!

This evening at the piano I thought of Picciola, whom my love has made mine, and was singing this plaintive entreaty, which Edouard last year repeated with so much feeling:

"Reploie, enfant, tes ailes de colombe,
Sous ma caresse, ange, ouvre tes beaux yeux;
Si tu savais comme est froide la tombe!
Va, le bonheur n'habite pas qu'aux Cieux!
Pourquoi sitôt vouloir quitter la terre?
Dans le Ciel même est-il rien d'aussi doux
Qué les baisers dont te couvre ta mère
En te berçant, le soir, sur ses genoux?"*

* "Fold, fold again, my child, thy dove-like wings,
Open thy fair eyes, sweet, 'neath my caress.
Ah! knewest thou the coldness of the tomb!
Nay, happiness dwells only in the skies!
Yet why so soon from earth wouldst thou depart?
Can there, in heav'n itself, be aught more sweet
Than kisses lavished by thy mother's lips
While rocking thee at eve upon her knees?"

Adrien joined me, and, in a voice more thrilling, harmonious, and touching than ever, he sang the succeeding strophes. I accompanied without seeing; strange lights passed before my eyes, and when he sang:

"Mais Dieu fut sourd: la fleur était éclose.
. . . Un ange aux rayons d'or
Un soir, dit on, cueillit la frêle rose,
Puis avec elle au Ciel reprit l'essor!"*

I burst into tears with such an explosion of despair that Adrien was alarmed. Kate, could it be possible that God would not leave us this child, almost worshipped as she is? "How susceptible you are, dear little sister!" "Oh! it is nothing"; and I went to my room. I opened a book, just at these words of M. Landriot: "You suffer; the hand of Christ alone is sufficiently light and yet powerful to heal the wounds of your soul."

Instruction this morning on the besetting sin, which must be extirpated, and against which we must fight with a firm and determined will; at three o'clock, first on susceptibility, and then on piety. "Christian piety is a religious sentiment and a devoted zeal for everything which regards the glory of God, our own interests, and the good of our brethren."

I had prayed so much to ask for some relief to my sick man that my visit passed off very well. I was alone, for fear of any misadventure. *Mr. Crossman* consented to some reading, and his daughters answered to the recitation of the Rosary. This man is an enigma to me. I have sent him the doctor.

24th.—Instruction on discouragement, for which the remedies are mistrust of self and confidence in

* "But God a deaf ear turned; the flower unclosed.
. . . An angel, clad in golden rays,
One eve, they say, gathered the fragile rose,
And with her took his upward flight to heaven."

God. "Do you fear a creature?" said a saint. "Flee from him. Do you fear God? Throw yourself into his arms." This evening, on the Sacrament of Penance—the dispositions that one ought to bring to it; the conduct requisite with regard to it; first, a great faith, a sincere humility, a spirit of reparation; secondly, to know how to pray and reflect, to speak, to listen, to be silent, to thank, and to remember. These sermons are essentially practical and such as one is glad to hear at least once in one's life. The Père Meillier is truly a discerner of souls; he speaks of them with wonderful insight.

"Your sick man is half mad, madame!" At this agreeable announcement I hurried away to the poor man, who appeared to be touched by the constancy of my visits. I have been so happy as to get him to make his confession whilst he is still in possession of some gleams of intelligence. The mother is no longer able to leave her bed. The eldest child is sixteen years old; everything depends on her, and the dear soul loves God. My Kate will follow with pleasure the account of my week; besides, I talk confidentially to none but her. My mother never leaves Johanna, Gertrude is given to silence, Berthe is gone out; no news to-day of the exiles.

25th.—Thérèse, Marguerite, and Alix have given themselves up to me for the day. We have seen fifteen chapels; at dawn we accompanied the Blessed Sacrament to the poor family, where the two sick people received the Bread of the valiant and strong, the Bread of angels, the Bread of wayfarers, the Bread of the children of God. At three o'clock, sermon on the visit to the Blessed Sacrament. "To make this visit is a proof of faith, of understanding, and of affection." This evening heard the magnificent singing of the *Stabat Mater* and a sermon on the holy sacrifice of the Mass.

Letters from Brittany—the *Saint of the coast:* "I believe that my departure is near, and that you must not delay, dear friends, if you would give me the consolation of hearing those whom I love pray by my bedside!" My mother is much impressed. What is to be done? René says it is for Adrien to decide. "I think it is especially Georgina whom our saint asks for." "It is so," replied my mother. "René and Georgina shall go on Monday." As every one approves of this, it will be so, I suppose. Death again!

Marcella writes—kind and pleasing details. And Picciola? O my God! thou who on this day didst give to us the greatest pledge of love, thou who hast loved us even to the end, hear my prayer! What a night is this, and fraught with what memories! At this hour was that discourse uttered at the Last Supper, and the Eucharistic Passover instituted, which will be our strength and consolation even to our last day!

26th.—"Very strange are often the destinies of men and the decrees of God. With some the thread of life snaps, even though it be woven of pure gold and shining silk; with others suffering and sorrow cannot succeed in breaking the dark thread which they pass through their cruel hands." I read this after having heard the unfortunate wife of my sick man complain that she had been "forgotten by death."

Twice made the Way of the Cross, was present at the Offices, heard three sermons: this morning on our

Lord's sufferings; at three o'clock on the Seven Words of Jesus on the Cross; this evening the Passion, our Saviour's sufferings in his mind, his heart, and his body.

27th.—Meditation on contrition and satisfaction; conference on the love of God. O love! This is the subject above all others which dilates the soul, illuminates and fills it. Who will grant that I may love perfectly?

Marianne mentions a slight improvement in the general state of Picciola, who does not complain, allows herself to be taken care of, and is as much as ever like an angel. I am alone in the preparation of *surprises*, or, at least, in their purchase. Berthe and Gertrude have worked with me. I am impatient for Monday. Supposing *the saint* should fly away without waiting for us!

28th.—*Alleluia*, dear sister! Oh! what a delicious awaking. The singing of the *Alleluia* by René long before the dawn, then all the greetings after the Mass of Communion, and the joy of the little girls, and the delight of the good *abbé*, upon whom were showered *surprises*, and Johanna's joy at seeing me do honor to the first *Alleluia* of my godson! O the beautiful, beautiful day! And our poor, and Benoni, and High Mass followed by the Papal Benediction, Vespers, sermon: "He is risen!" "We find proofs of our Saviour's resurrection in our faith and in our works." Benediction ended about six o'clock.

Long and charming *gazette* from Edouard. The doctor has fixed the return for the 3d of May. Thus they will be on their way home in a month. May God bring them back to us! Dearest, I am sending to the post; pray, pray, pray! Send us your good angel, and have a Mass said at Notre Dame des Victoires for our saint. It seems to me that I am going to be present at the death of a sister. How I should like you to have known her. René joins me in every line I am writing; my mother sends you her blessing. All, together and individually, send you their greetings. Christ is risen. *Alleluia!*

April 3, 1869.

Dear Kate, she is here still, living, smiling, always amiable, always holy, notwithstanding her weakness. "I think that at your prayer God has renewed the miracle wrought by Elias for the widow of Sarepta; for the oil of my lamp must have been exhausted long ago." We speak of God and of the poor, her two last affections. She has not left to the last moment the disposal of her goods. Her old castle goes to a distant relation who bears her name, her whole fortune goes to relieve the distressed, and she leaves to us her works of art—a curious and remarkable collection made by her father, and which it was not her wish should pass into the hands of the indifferent. O Kate! souls like hers should live always upon earth for its edification.

René is writing to you; I enclose also a letter from Marcella.

God guard you, dearest sister!

April 5, 1869.

It was true, the oil of the lamp was exhausted. What a good life and what a holy death! "Open the windows, if you please. Oh! what harmonies. What a beautiful procession! What a splendid crown! Adieu, and thank you! Jesus! Heaven!" And this was all. It was yesterday.

The day before I entreated our saint to ask of God that he would

leave us Picciola. "Will he do so? There was heaven in the look of that child on the day of her First Communion! Dear Georgina, love above all the good pleasure of God!" I write to you from the side of this bed converted into a chapel. The earthly covering is there. I have shed no tears; my soul is in a state of joy such as I never before experienced. The *saint* had said to me: "If I am happy, I will cause you to feel it!" We have written to the relative and to the other friends. I shall not send this letter until the day after to-morrow.

April 7.—All is over. The burial vault has received the coffin, the friends are gone away again, the relation, an eccentric personage, is preparing to do the same, and so also must we. I could have almost wished to remain again to meditate, in this chapel where our saint has so often prayed, on the latest teachings which escaped her dying lips. The relative authorizes us to take away the "gallery" whenever we like to do so; even adding, with a certain politeness, that we might look upon this dwelling as our own.

They are waiting for us at home, and I am wishing for news from Hyeres. Quick! we are going to retraverse our Brittany and return to our Penates.

Adieu for a little time, dear sister!

April 12, 1869.

What haste we have had to make in order to be here at Orleans in time for the golden wedding of Pius IX.! Magnificent Mass at St. Pierre du Martroi. The interior of the ancient church disappeared beneath hangings of velvet; above the altar shone the triple-crowned tiara. The Abbé La Grange said the Mass and made a beautiful address: "Believe in the church, in her divine constitution, in her divine mission, in her splendid and incontestable immortality." Admirable and elevating singing—the *Tu es Petrus* and some fine strophes for the occasion; then High Mass at the cathedral, also richly adorned and resplendent, with a multitude of people. There again was heavenly singing—a remarkable *Sanctus*, and, after the Mass, the *Te Deum*, that immortal hymn of thanksgiving. Sermon, procession, benediction. At six o'clock we came out of Sainte-Croix. What a day! How I love these splendors of the divine worship, this harmony of souls, these hymns, the fragrant incense, all this grand and admirable *ensemble* which Christianity alone can offer!

You may imagine the reception we met with on reaching home, and with what interest our account was listened to. The news is encouraging from all directions, I hope, I hope! When I think of the sadnesses of this world and all the bitternesses of life, I say with St. Stanislaus Kostka: "I am not born for present things, but future." How much there is that is consoling in this thought!

My poor old *Crossman* is suffering greatly, and his wife is at the point of death. Tell me, dear Kate, how is it that I see so many dead? Let us rather speak of life and its expansion; let us speak of Karl, whose kind and fraternal pages reached me this morning. How he longs for the priesthood! What a thirst he has for souls! Already in desire he springs on unknown shores, and even goes so far as to dream of martyrdom. O holy ecstasies of love! What joy it must be to conquer the infidel, and to receive these disinherited ones to the table of the Lord! "The love

of one alone sheds itself upon all the beings who dwell by his side, ennobles them, and gives them understanding and strength—unrivalled and precious gifts which no other power in the world would have been able to bestow."

The Abbé Baunard has written the *Life of the Apostle St. John.* A large heart, a lively faith, and great talents are needed in order to write the life of a saint; and as the author of whom I speak has all these, his work must be admirable. The introduction appeared in the *Annals:* "It is a book of piety. I address it to Christians and to priests—the priesthood has no higher personification than this apostle; to virgins—John was a virgin; to mothers—he merited to be given as a son to the Mother of God; to the young—he was the youngest of the disciples; to the aged—this is the appellation he gives himself in his Epistles; to contemplative souls—he was on Thabor; to those in affliction—he was on Calvary; to all who desire to love their brethren in God—charity can have no fairer ideal than the friend of Jesus."

Good-night, dearest; my eyes are closing

April 18, 1869.

Dear Kate, a *requiem!* I have just been to pray by those two death-beds—for both are dead, piously and tranquilly; he asking my pardon for his fits of anger, and she praying for her children. I have promised to take charge of the latter; so behold me the mother of six children! René always approves. But we cannot abandon these dear young creatures to take their chance in this great town, and my mother advises that they should be sent into Brittany, where the Sisters will find them useful employment. I want your opinion, dear Kate; they belong in some measure to you also, since it is to your pious lessons that I owe my love for the blessing of the poor.

Gertrude yesterday showed me a letter from a friend asking prayers: "My Uncle Amédée is dead from an attack of apoplexy. It is fearful to say and to think of. Was his soul ready? O these unforeseen strokes of death! how terrible they are. Extreme Unction was all that could be given him. My aunt was in a pitiable state, throwing herself upon the corpse, speaking to it, . . . finding it impossible to realize that death had come between her and her happiness, and that he whom she so loved will answer her no more! I have a feeling of trust that at the last moment a ray of mercy and love may have illuminated his soul. No, it is not possible that our God, always good, always a Father, will not open his heaven to these poor fathers of earth who have given up to him the best part of themselves, the soul of their soul—the child who should close their eyes!"

This departed father gave to God his only daughter—entered, like Hélène, into Carmel. How necessary is faith under trials such as these! The young wife who wrote these lines is the intimate friend of Hélène, and it was her marriage that I mentioned to you two years ago. Can it be? Two years ago already!

Long drive with René into the country.

Dear sister, let us love God!

April 26, 1869.

Adrien has lent me Rusbrock the admirable. Thanks for pointing it out to me, dear Kate. How beautiful is this loftiness! It is like a Sinai. I read a few lines, and

then close my eyes and let my mind ruminate upon this teaching. Oh! how favored is France to possess writers so great. Alas! that so many of these should be on the side of evil, and that the readers should be so numerous of the myriads of impious works which fear not to display themselves in the light of day!

What do you say of the enthusiasm of Catholics for the Jubilee of the incomparable Pius IX.? Is it not of good augury for the Council? I am thirsting for Rome, but we shall not pass the winter there, as you hoped we should; my mother could not return thither without indescribable suffering. It was in the Catholic fatherland that René's father felt the first approach of the illness which was prematurely to carry him off, and he died at Pisa. The violence of my mother's grief was such as to make her friends despair of consoling her, or even of preserving her life. God calmed the anguish of this broken heart, but it would be imprudent to expose her to fresh emotion. She loves Italy, and listens when I speak of it, but she never speaks of it herself. This dear mother, so affectionate and so loved, yesterday made me a present of a delightful volume: *La Maison* ("The House"), by M. de Ségur. It is poetry—charming, Christian poetry—which makes the tears come into one's eyes. *The House*—a title full of promise!

"Quel ciel valut jamais le ciel qui nous vit naître?
Ce toit, ce nid chéri, ce paternel foyer,
Qu'on aima, tout petit, avant de rien connaître,
Et que jamais, au loin, rien ne fait oublier?" *

There are pages in this book which you would not be able to read without a certain emotion. It is the history of *Sabine*, a Nun of the Visitation. Adrien read us this exquisite little poem; my mother and I wept, Gertrude looked at the crucifix, and René at the portrait of Hélène. A poignant sorrow seemed to sigh in the voice of Adrien.

My godson is charming. The choice of his name is left to me. As he was born on the 19th of March, he has a right to the name of Joseph. I should very much like to call him Guy—a pretty Breton name. Say, Kate, if this would not be nice: Marie-Joseph-Anne-Adrien-Yves-Guy?

Adieu, beloved sister!

April 30, 1869.

The exiles return to-morrow, dear Kate. What overpowering joy, and yet what dread! If this winter's absence should not have cured our invalids! O my God! I give up my will to thee. I am just come in from Notre Dame des Miracles: I shall melt away in prayers. Thérèse smiles like the angels. Alix and Marguérite have bought flowers for their friends. A hundred times a day I enter Marcella's room to see that nothing is wanting there. How worldly I am with my agitations!

Since you approve, my godson will be *Guy*. How beautiful the little angel is, and how I shall enjoy showing him to-morrow! My mother continues to spoil me. I have just discovered a mysterious parcel on my dressing-table; it contains the history of St. John and the life of Madame Elizabeth, by M. de Beauchesne. What a pleasant surprise!

Do you know Mgr. Dupanloup will make the panegyric? He is going to Domrémy, there to inspire himself with the memories of Joan of Arc. Several bishops will be

* "What sky was ever worth the sky of our birthplace?—the roof, the cherished nest, the home, dear to us when quite little, before we knew anything, and which nothing afar off can ever make us forget?"

present at the festival of the 8th of May. Nothing is said at present about our departure, but I am burning to see you, dear Kate.

My *six children* will go with us into Brittany. I make them long and frequent visits.

Edouard's latest *gazette* quoted the following fragment from Alphonse Karr, which is easily to be explained by the frivolity of the times: "If a very beautiful dress were invented—a dress of fairy-like splendor, but which might only be worn in going to execution—there are women to be found who would quarrel with each other to wear this dress." Do you believe this, dearest? Raoul declares it to be certain. Adrien and René have a better opinion of us.

Margaret wishes she were *far-sighted* enough to see as far as here—the dear, inquisitive one! She has been spending three days with Edith, and speaks to me warmly of my home—"Georgina's house." Ah! yes, home, home—the terrestrial Paradise, and, as a poet has said, "The urn into which the heart pours itself."

May 1.—It cost me something to end my letter before the arrival: they are here, dear Kate, all cured, as far as I can perceive. O the pleasure of expecting them! Then the cries of joy; the questions, crossing each other; the petulant Lucy bounding up the stairs to embrace my mother first of all; the emotion of Marcella on showing me her child well and, the doctor says, "out of danger," and my tears on the brow of Picciola! How we had missed them!

The day has passed away like a dream. I hasten to send this to the post, that you may thank God with us. *Laus Deo* always and for ever!

Love from all to my Kate.

May 4, 1869.

Have returned to my former pleasant way of life with Marcella, my true sister; but the shadow is still there. The doctor said to Marianne: "Be very careful of this beautiful child; I do not answer for her chest!" It is as if I had heard a funeral knell. She is so smiling and pretty, this "little saint of the good God," as she was called in the south. Yesterday, as I watched her playing with Guy, Berthe said to me: "Don't you perceive something extraordinary about Madeleine—something that is not of this world?" I turned pale; had she also a presentiment? Picciola advanced towards us, and we said no more; but this morning the dear innocent said: "Would you believe, mamma, that I have still gone on growing?" "In wisdom, I will answer for it," declared Adrien. "O uncle! you are jesting. I mean in height." "You are growing too much, darling," answered Berthe; "you must let yourself be taken care of, and kiss me." The poor mother, I fear, is aware. . . . Oh! pray with me, Kate. Just listen to this revelation made to me by Marianne: "For certain, madame, there is something extraordinary in this; never a complaint, and yet she must suffer, the dear darling, the doctor assured me. When I questioned her one day when she was paler than usual, she answered: 'O Marianne! on the contrary, it is well, very well!' and she looked up to heaven."

What do you think about it, dear Kate? The words of the *Saint of the sea-shore* are always sounding in my ears. Oh! that God may spare her to us, this flower of innocence and purity. She has resumed her studies. Her memory is marvellous; she is first in every branch of in-

struction. I love her more dearly than ever; it is settled that her hour of manual occupation shall be passed in my room. I have not yet confided my fears to Marcella; I leave her to her happiness.

"Un malheur partagé ne peut nous secourir,
Car on souffre surtout dans ceux qu'on voit souffrir."

Hélène has written to her mother. One might be reading St. Teresa. Gertrude is worthy of such a daughter. I have spoken to you of the way in which she despoils herself; this self-spoliation is now as complete as it can be. Her room has the aspect of a cell. I must appear very worldly to her, with my fondness for beautiful things. I have felt tempted to ask her this, but have resisted the temptation. Would you believe that she has made a *vow* not to see again either her sons or her daughter? "There is too much for nature in these meetings!" What energy, and this with a so great tenderness of heart!

Let us love each other, dear Kate!

MAY 10, 1869.

What rejoicings, dearest! On the 7th the magnificent torchlight procession, the illumination with Bengal lights, which never succeeded so well; the interior of the city resplendent with lights; the assembled bishops blessing the multitudes—what a fine spectacle! Mgr. de Bonnechose, Mgr. de la Tour-d'Auvergne, Mgr. Guibert, Mgr. Meignan, Mgr. Gignoux, Mgr. Foulon, Mgr. de Las Cases, Mgr. La Carrière, Mgr. Pie, etc., etc.—it was splendid! On the 8th, the panegyric, which I send you, in order that you may judge of it better than from my account. For two hours, Monseigneur held his auditory under the charm of his words; he showed us the saint in the young girl, in the warrior-maiden, and in the victim. Then the procession. On the 9th, grand festival at Sainte-Croix—anniversary of the dedication of this cathedral. On that memorable day, when the bishop raised his hand to give the blessing, a mysterious hand appeared, blessing also, since which time the arms of the chapter have been a cross surmounted by a hand surrounded by rays. This celestial hand is also painted on the vaulted roof above the altar, and I had often wondered what it meant. I am no longer surprised at the attraction I feel towards Sainte-Croix. God loves to be worshipped there. Mgr. de Bourges officiated at High Mass, and also at Vespers. He is singularly majestic. People were crushing each other to see him. The ceremonies were too magnificent ever to be forgotten; it is impossible to imagine anything like them. Oh! what joy to be there, all together, mingled in this assembly of brethren.

What month can be more pleasing to our hearts than this month of May, gathering into itself, as it does, the most delightful festivals? It seems to me that with the passing breeze a thousand memories revive within my soul: my childhood, which devotion to the Blessed Virgin clothed in so much poetry; this beloved month, when my mother used to assemble us every evening, with the village girls, to pray and sing; the flowers which we had valiantly *conquered* or *begged*, and whose fragrance filled the oratory; the symbolic tapers; we ourselves quiet and recollected, but so light-hearted that an unknown word in what we were singing would make us laugh to ourselves; the sun shedding floods of gold on this

charming scene, playing over the white Madonna, on the lilacs and roses, on the golden locks and the brown, on the rosaries and blue ribbons. How far off is that time!

Read with the children the journeys of Captain Hatteras. Truly, there is something to be gleaned everywhere, if only one knows how to see it. Only imagine! in the midst of these adventurous men there is a worthy doctor, Clawbonny, always doing the things which are most disagreeable to himself. Why was he not a Catholic? Nothing would then have been wanting to him; while this book is cold—cold as the North Pole.

Picciola is always pale. I proposed to Berthe to take her to Paris. "Do you think there may be danger?" and her voice trembled. What was I to answer? I have a conviction that she is mortally affected, and nothing can do away with this conviction. My answer was, "I think it would be as well to consult some one there." I am to take her with me, therefore, and you will see this angel before she departs to heaven. All about her is heavenly. She is a sunbeam, a luminous flower, a living soul; and this blessing has been lent us for a day!

Margaret will be in Brittany about the 24th of June. My mother speaks of leaving towards the end of the month. I want to give you a fortnight; I need a large provision of courage. Anna is charming, wonderfully stronger: it is like a miracle.

Let us pray, dear Kate—I do so long for her to live!

May 19, 1869.

One word only, after nine days, my dear! Get for me fifty Masses said at Notre Dame des Victoires. The poor have been occupying me during all this time. René has asked me to be his secretary, in order that some important business may be the more promptly despatched; and it is so great a happiness to me to oblige him.

We go to Cléry to-morrow, weather permitting.

Tell me still to hope, dear Kate!

May 26, 1869.

Mistress Annah is truly the most devoted soul I know. Mary and Ellen have had the measles, and she alone has nursed them. Edith has an attack on the chest—not very serious, happily—caught in the exercise of charity; and it is again our dear old friend who is at her bedside. Lizzy writes me word of all this. Little Isa is pretty and good; the *saint* Isa is always singing her *Te Deum*.

René gave me a new book yesterday: *Elizabeth Seton, and the Beginnings of the Catholic Church in the United States*, by Mme. de Barberey. I have glanced through it, and find it admirable. I shall speak of it to you again.

We shall be in Paris on the 1st of June—René, Marcella, Picciola, Anna, and I. Rejoice, dear Kate! Moreover, there is some thought of our staying in Paris for the winter, and it is possibly an almost eternal adieu that we are about to bid Orleans. Johanna wishes to be nearer Arthur. You may well suppose that I make every effort to incline the balance in this direction; but my mother says sadly: "Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof: it is useless to plan so much beforehand." It is an affection of youth—projects reaching out of sight, illusions, dreams, as if life were to last for ever!

Picciola is always calm. I often surprise her looking up to heaven, and lately I heard her say: "How happy it must be on high!" Oh! the *Saint of the sea-coast* was right: there is something of heaven in this child! Hope—hope ever!

Raoul, Berthe, and Thérèse start o-morrow with arms and baggage. Johanna and her household will follow shortly after. Long live Brittany! Mme. Swetchine used to say: "What evil can happen to him who knows that God does everything, and who loves beforehand all that God does?" When, Kate, shall I attain to this? That noble woman said again: "Our tears are the beverage which, with the bread of the Word, suffices to our daily necessities: our tears shed into the bosom of God. What should we be without them? It is, at the same time, the baptismal water of sorrow and the regenerating stream. Happy they who weep; happy when the Lord looks upon them through their streaming eyes; happy when his hand dries their tears!"

Kate dearest, my soul unites itself to yours, seeking strength to support this trial, if it is to be imposed upon me. And I shall not be the only one who suffers. I read yesterday these words, which seem made for me: "Do not loosen too much the reins from this strong and yet impassioned little heart; affections are sweet, but you know what Pascal says: 'We shall die alone.'" When men fail us, as sooner or later they surely will, what matter? God remains to us. There is truly within us a source of mysterious sadness which makes us realize, perhaps better than any other reason, our condition as exiles. When life is sad and oppressive, repose uncertain—when happiness appears impossible—we weep, were it even over the happiness of others, and love to prostrate ourselves before the cross with this admirable prayer of Mme. Swetchine on our lips: "My God, I throw myself, body and soul, blindly at thy feet!"

Dear Kate, may God and the holy angels guide us to you! My mother would like to see you, but she grows weaker in health; walking fatigues her. How I love you, my beloved sister! When, then, will heaven come for us all? How sweet it would be to go thither together! Death would lose its horror, if there were in it no more separation.

Good-by for the present, soon to embrace you, my Kate!

JUNE 18, 1869.

I am, dear Kate, in all the joy of expectation; only two days, and Margaret will arrive. O human life, full of separations and of meetings again! Dearest, I feel you present with me, and you know whether I have not need of this. The sight of Picciola tortures me. These words of the medical celebrity are ever resounding in my ears: "An inexplicable malady, strange, nameless, without remedy!" Oh! let us supplicate Heaven—so young, so fair, so beloved!

Her increasing weakness has become evident to all, and everybody attributes it to a too rapid growth. No more study, no more any exciting occupation. She lets it be so, always smiling, giving herself to all, but reserving for her mother and for me the depth of her heart—a treasure which we are never weary of contemplating. Kate, I have the conviction that in asking the health of this child I am asking a miracle; but will not the love of Mary grant it me?

The baptism is for the 24th. Unite yourself with us, dearest.

JUNE 21, 1869.

Margaret sends you a most affectionate greeting. What a delight to possess her! The baby is of dazzling freshness; Lord William is crazy about him. What a happy household! We shall keep them, I hope, all the summer. Marcella makes the delight, the joy, and the union of our interior. "Are you not afraid that she may leave you?" This question of Margaret's greatly surprised me. "But why?" I asked. "Well, I do not know; she might marry, for instance." What an idea! What do you say to it, dear Kate? Is this another dark speck on my horizon?

We shall make a pilgrimage to the tomb of the *Saint of the sea-coast.* Margaret almost worships Brittany. Why does she not settle here entirely? Our poor received her with rejoicings. Her generous hand is always open. She has given me fresh news of the *châlet.* Edith is well; Mistress Annah is in her element, lavish of her time and strength. Lizzy is expecting a second treasure. The saintly Isa overflows with happiness, and her pretty little namesake has truly been given by God as the angel of consolation.

Bossuet has called friendship "A covenant of two souls who unite together to love God." What a name, dear Kate, to give to this sentiment, which binds together all our souls here, and yours with them, in one and the same affection! Nothing, alas! is more rare than terrestrial happiness, and thus at each stroke of death I bow my head; it is an expiation! Nothing could be more pure and sweet and full of enchantment than our existence, were it not that the mourning of the heart too frequently came to obscure it.

Picciola is weaving a garland of corn-flowers near my writing-table. Her waxen whiteness renders her almost transparent. How often I ask her, "Do you suffer at all?" and her answer is, "Oh! so little, so little!" We must not speak of it, for fear of alarming my mother. She does not cough, she has no fever. What has she? Gertrude shares my fears, and agrees with me that there is some mystery in this. What? Who will tell it us? Raoul and Berthe take every care of her, caress her.

Adieu, dear Kate!

JUNE 25, 1869.

A brilliant baptism—something quite fairy-like, and which our Bretons will long remember. The old *curé* shed tears when he poured the holy water on the brow of the new Christian. Ah! my God, may he be thine for ever.

Margaret was beaming with pleasure at our all being together again. Her beauty exceeds all description, and eclipses that of all other women. Happily, our Bretonnes do not know what it is to be jealous. There was a ball, dearest—a grand ball—and the pretty feet of Thérèse and Anna still dance at the remembrance of it. Picciola was also there, whiter than her dress, with her loving gaze upon her mother. Oh! I do not deceive myself, Kate—death advances! I felt it yesterday. It was after the dinner; the guests were talking, and Mad quietly disappeared. I hastened to her room and found her kneeling on her *prie-Dieu.* "What ails you, dearest?" "Nothing, aunt; the noise wearies me; I want God." These words moved the very depths

of my soul. Why, at this tender age, such aspirations towards the infinite, so many tears at the holy altar, such love of suffering? Blind and cowardly creature that I am, I do not wish this child to be an angel! Pray, dear Kate, ask strength for me! I have finished reading *Elizabeth Seton.* She is the Saint Chantal of America. This work is at the same time, in my opinion, very superior to that of the Abbé Bougaud because of the incomparable charm of the heroine. With that, it is another Alexandrine de la Ferronays. It seems as if I had had a vision: so much youth, innocence, love, and misfortune; Providence wonderfully directing this holy soul; these astonishing conversions and vocations taking place in America; the apostolic and eminent men; the events, so varied, from the Lazaretto of Leghorn to the valley of Emmittsburg. Oh! how wonderful is God in his elect. Fancy, dear Kate: a Protestant lady goes to Leghorn with her husband, who is in a decline. They are detained for a long time at the Lazaretto Oh! you should read these pages. Elizabeth saw her William die in sight of that land which he had trusted would cure him! And she blessed God for all! A widow with five children, she quitted Italy after having had a perception of the *truth;* arrived at New York, she became a Catholic. Her family abandoned her. She opened a school, and, after many trials heroically borne, she founded a convent of Daughters of Charity. Become a religious, two of her children died in her arms. O these deaths!—the sweet little Rebecca saying: "In heaven I shall offend God no more! (I shall sin no more, mamma—I shall sin no more!" It is beautiful, all of it—beautiful! Thus will Picciola die, alas!

JULY 2, 1869.

Anniversary of the First Communion of the *Three Graces.* We have observed it as a solemn festival: general Communion, Benediction, *largesses* to the poor.

Write to me often thus, dear Kate. Your letter set me afloat again. I was nearly stranded. Oh! yes, God is good, a thousand times good, even in those things which we unjustly call his severities. Well, and what matters life? I say this, but an hour hence what shall I say? Human misery! It is the weight of the body which holds us back; we are too material, we live too much by the senses. *Sursum corda!* Would, Kate, that my life were a *sursum corda* continually!

Besides, can our angelic invalid make us think of anything but heaven? Her state is really inexplicable. The doctor at Hyères thought that the chest was affected, but we are assured that this is not the case. To all her mother's questions Mad invariably answers: "I am not quite well—that is all; don't be uneasy, dearest mother." But day after day she grows more transparent, more delicate; and in watching her the same idea struck Gertrude and myself: she resembles the *Angel spreading his Wings* painted by Marcella. To console myself, I read the most beautiful of books, —the Gospel and the admirable *Imitation.* Dear Kate, tell me again to look up to heaven!

Madame Bourdon has written some noble pages upon Lamartine. Would you like to have the flower of them? "Never, perhaps, did any name of man or any human destiny, pass through more varied phases

than the name of Lamartine, or than the destiny of this poet, who lived long only to see the better how inconstant is earthly glory, and how quickly fade the palms awarded by men. Forty years ago the name of Lamartine expressed an ideal of poetry, purity, and sublime aspirations; eighteen years later the name of Lamartine personified the Revolution—moderate, perhaps noble, but always alarming to thoughtful minds and believing hearts. From the date of this epoch a shadow fell on the brightness of this name; poverty with its humiliations, old age with its feebleness, isolation engendered by political enmities, overwhelmed the poet and the tribune. He drank long draughts from the cup of bitterness. Now the cloud rises, and over the tomb of Saint-Point burst forth praises and applause, the regrets so long denied to the unfortunate man, the genius broken down beneath the troubles of life. But before man had returned God was there. He had purified, pardoned, comforted, and lulled to sleep on his divine bosom that poet's brow which never should have known affronts." "From the past of him who was a traveller, tribune, and statesman, the poet will remain after all the rest; and when our time shall have become history, Alphonse de Lamartine will take his place among sad and noble figures, beneath Homer and Dante, side by side with Tasso and Camoëns."

Do you remember the beautiful verses by Elise Moreau on the death of Julia?

"Moi, je sais la douleur, inconsolable père,
Je suis jeune, et pourtant j'ai déjà bien pleuré."

* I myself am accquainted with sorrow, inconsolable father. I am young, and yet I have already wept much.

How we shall miss this exquisite creature, too perfect for this world! O Kate! how I love her. She goes to God with so much candor, simplicity, and boldness—with the *effrontery of love*, as Father Faber expresses it. O powerlessness of affection! O weakness of that which ought to be most strong! O nothingness of all that is ourselves—to be able to do nothing, nothing, but offer barren desires and longings for those we love!

How right you are to remind me of the old proverb: *Lock the door of your heart.* I ought to open it to God alone; but this is perfection, and I am far from that.

Love me, dear Kate!

JULY 12, 1869.

The Prince de Valori has just published the *Letters of a Believer* (*Lettres d'un Croyant*). It is admirable. The last is on St. Peter's at Rome: "This is the sole temple worthy of the Eternal; this is the marvel of all the marvels of art; this the monumental miracle of the faith, the miracle of Christian genius, the apotheosis of the transformation of stone into a *chef-d'œuvre*, into grandeur, elevation, and harmony, at the breathing of Bramante, of Raphael, of Michael Angelo, of Carlo Maderno, and of the Bernini. This, this is St. Peter's of Rome, Paradise in miniature, the concentration of all that one can dream of grand and sublime; the incomparable mosaic in which is found all that is worthy of admiration in the temples and museums of the universe; the New Jerusalem, made of lapis-lazuli, jasper, porphyry, gold, silver, and precious stones; a city of altars and sanctuaries, of domes and canopies; a blessed city, whose streets are of precious marbles, where streams of

holy water flow, where the air one breathes is myrrh and incense, where is the King enthroned on the altars, and for his footstool the tomb of the apostles.

"St. Peter's at Rome!—the greatest work of human architecture, before which Solomon's Temple, Saint Sophia, Versailles, the Alhambra, Westminster, are mere nothings; monument of glory and immensity, in which there is neither fault nor defect; where Providence has willed that each of the great artists who wrought there should correct his predecessor, down to Carlo Maderno, who had the signal honor of rectifying Michael Angelo."

Picciola is fading away, gently, gently, without one complaint. Who would have imagined that this healthy blossom would have faded away so soon? Her voice is feeble—feeble as a distant harp; but what eloquence there is in her look! Yesterday I had left her alone for a few moments with my beautiful godson; on coming back I stopped at the partly-open door. She was rocking the little darling on her knees, and saying: "Look at me well, little Cousin Guy, because soon I shall go away to the land from which you came. Before the leaves fall Madeleine will go away, but you at least, my little Guy—you will not weep for my departure. And I shall be the happiest!"

This morning I wanted to curl her beautiful hair. "You love me too much, dear aunt; but I also love you very much. When I am no longer here, you will love Alix instead, who is so pretty and sweet, when she raises herself on tip-toe to try and kiss you." She said this simply and seriously, and, as a tear fell from my eyes, she added: "Then you do not wish me to speak to you of my death, that I may console you for my going away? But remember that the good God will let me see you from Paradise, and that I shall pray to him for you and for my kind Uncle René!"

Oh! how weak I am, dear Kate. Pray for me!

JULY 18, 1869.

Adrien read to us yesterday an appreciation of the works of Rossini by a poet—Méry. Picciola had laid her head on my knee and seemed to sleep. I have mentioned to you Adrien's talent as a reader. He was reading the following passage: "In this *Stabat* Rossini has sung the graces of the Redemption, the joys of hope, the beams from the gate of heaven, opened by the Blood shed on Golgotha; he has scattered over this page of desolation all the flowers of the celestial garden, all the garlands of Sharon, all the vistas of the Promised Land; he has been mindful of that great Christian expression of St. Augustine, 'Death is life'; he has written his divine elegy in the *Campo Santo* of Pisa, where the tombs are bathed in azure, crowned with lilies, and smiling in the sun. And now, after so many works accomplished, posterity will not ask whether Rossini could have done more; it will regard that which he has done as the most marvellous work of human genius." Here the sweet little Mad raised herself up, her eyes beaming with a deep joy. Since then she has been frequently repeating, "Death is life!" Kate, Fénelon was right when he said that "nothing is more sweet than God, when we are worthy to feel it."

Margaret is charming in amiability. But what a difference between last summer and this! We still

make parties to go on expeditions, but always with some pious end—pilgrimages, when we pray for our beloved sick one. Gertrude comforts me in the same way that you do, dear Kate. I *see*, I *know*, I understand that God wills it thus. But the time passes away. Mme. Swetchine wrote: "Time is the riches of the Christian; time is his misery, time is earth; time is heaven, since it can gain heaven. Time is the fleeting moment; time is eternity, since it can merit eternity; and it is time which endangers eternity. At once an obstacle and a means, it is in an especial manner a two-edged sword, powerless in itself, and yet the most powerful of auxiliaries, nothing is done either by it or without it."

Picciola is like the Angel of Charity among us, it is to her that the good *curé* addresses his requests. And how well she knows how to ask! Oh! what are not children—the treasure of the house! Our casket was so rich, so resplendent, so precious, and now the fairest pearl, the purest diamond, is about to be taken from us!

I am writing in haste, my riding-habit over my arm; the horses are snorting in the court. It is at Mad's entreaty that we are all going to a miraculous fountain near a chapel of the Blessed Virgin, at some little distance off. This child must have extraordinary courage to struggle as she does against her suffering, and to try to make us believe that it is nothing. Dear Kate, I repeat with you the *Fiat* of Gethsemani, and lovingly embrace you.

JULY 23, 1869.

Margaret appears to have been a prophetess, Kate. I have learnt from Edouard that the doctor of Hyères was not entirely disinterested in his devoted attention: he would fain become Anna's father. Although the thought of a separation had never occurred to me, I now perceive from this information the possibility of another future for Marcella. It seems that she has refused him; but the doctor does not consider himself beaten, and he has just installed himself in a little manor in ruins in our neighborhood. He has himself announced this to Edouard, who finds him very intelligent and likes him much. Marcella turned pale when Lucy communicated this piece of news to us all this morning: Anna appeared overjoyed. I do not know what to think.

Our excursion of the 18th led to an unexpected result: we found near the chapel two little girls in rags, their feet bare and bleeding. Their story is touching. Being left orphans, they set out on foot from the furthest part of Cantal to seek hospitality in Brittany from an uncle, whom on arriving they found was also dead. They have thus been wandering among the fields of broom, sleeping under trees, and have not ventured to ask for alms. Picciola embraced them as if they were sisters, placed them with a farmer's wife, and has obtained leave from *grandmother* to bring them to the *château*. Adrien wrote the same evening to the priest of their parish. The answer is most satisfactory: the orphans belong to a great family now decayed, and are worthy of interest; their pastor was at Rome when the poor children lost their father and, with the inconsiderateness of youth, undertook so long a journey. The elder is thirteen, a graceful little fairy, with piercing eyes; the younger nine, as tall as her sister, which however, is not saying much

"God sends you them to replace me," said Picciola to her mother. Sweet angel! The nest is large enough to shelter two more doves; stay with us too! Berthe has had the poor little girls clothed, and has also adopted them. Thérèse and Picciola undertake to *acclimatize* them. "This is truly the house of the good God," said Marianne.

Margaret loves France. With her, *ennui* is impossible. And how quickly she has become attached to Marcella! How well these two natures suit each other in spite of their contrasts! Dear Kate, this meeting again is a real blessing; I would fain live always thus. It is singular that our days are so full of charm, notwithstanding the uneasiness we are in on Picciola's account. She also—*she is too dear to die!* Why cannot we accompany her all together, and pass without transition from meetings on earth to the meeting again in heaven?

Margaret receives intensely interesting letters from Rome; I should like to copy them for you. Have I told you how much Gertrude's saintliness excites the admiration of our fair lady? Gertrude is become the guide and adviser of all; even my mother likes to be directed by her judgment. Her magnificent wardrobe is no longer hers; robes of silk and velvet—all are made into church vestments: impossible to imagine a more complete spoliation. She is uniformly dressed in black woollen; what a contrast to our worldly vanities! Her rooms, formerly so tasteful and rich, have undergone a radical transformation. She belongs to a princely family. Her tastes and habits were in accordance with her rank; her room was hung with crimson velvet, which is now replaced by a dark-colored paper, whilst the elegant furniture and superfluities have been banished to make way for the plainest articles she has been able to find. Adrien has sold his equipages to found a hospital. "Do you know, nothing would be easier than to transform this *château* into a monastery," Margaret said to me. "Yes, in proceeding as Gertrude has done."

Adieu, dear Kate!

TO BE CONTINUED.

DE VERE'S "MARY TUDOR."*

THERE is nothing more unjust than the neglect sometimes shown to literary performances of the highest merit. But it is not always difficult to account for this. We have before us a case in point. Here is a drama on a subject of peculiar interest—a model of classic elegance, and exhibiting at once a dramatic power and a dignity of language which have not been surpassed, if equalled, since Shakspere. Yet this work has been suffered to sink into obscurity. Why? For the excellent reason, surely, that the Protestant author presents Catholic claims and personages with a very unusual fairness—a fairness, moreover, which was specially unacceptable at the date of the book's publication, when the excitement over what is called the Oxford movement was at its height.

After the lapse of nearly thirty years, Sir Aubrey De Vere's drama has a new field opened to it, and will not, we trust, be again ignored, but receive from critics and literary circles its full meed of praise. The occasion of its fresh appeal to public attention is Tennyson's effort on the same subject. We read *Queen Mary* with our wonted relish of the melodious English and faultless diction for which Tennyson stands alone, and with full appreciation of the peculiar originality, which some call affectation, but to which, as we consider, he has more than proved his right; but were conscious throughout of a very undramatic vagueness, and painfully sensible that a great poet had prostituted his genius to a most unworthy cause. When we came to *Mary Tudor*, how different our experience! We seemed to be reading the product of some erudite pen of the Elizabethan era, and even to be witnessing the play's performance —the *personæ* speaking in the manner of their time, and standing before us as if actually on the stage. We found, too, the author's intent very clear—namely, to draw the characters, both Catholic and Protestant, with perfect impartiality and in accordance with his information; and this not merely with a view to show that the right was not all on one side and the wrong all on the other (which, of course, is perfectly true), but rather, as it seems to us, to represent both parties as very much the sport of circumstances, and struggling for what each thought the truth. There is a mistake here, but an amiable mistake; and whatever prejudices lie at the bottom of it, they are the prejudices of the author's informants, not his own.

He wisely divides his drama into two distinct plays of five acts each; and we purpose to make each "Part" the subject of a separate article. Indeed, we feel that, to do the work full justice, we ought to take a single Act at a time; for every scene will bear minute analysis. As it is, we must resist the temptation of quoting largely—a necessity the more to be regretted because the merit of dramatic poetry speaks for itself far better than the critic can speak for it.

* *Mary Tudor: An Historical Drama.* By Sir Aubrey De Vere, Bart. London: William Pickering. 1875.

Part I. opens with the death of Edward VI., and ends with the execution of Jane Grey. The plot is simple—as historical plots have to be.

In the first Act John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, contrives, with the help of Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, to work upon the conscience of the schoolboy king, till he signs away the throne to the Lady Jane Grey, wife of Guilford Dudley, Northumberland's son. Jane has been nursing Edward, who has come to regard her as a sister. The Princess Mary, the rightful heir, has been kept from her dying brother's side by a device of Dudley's, who sends for her, indeed, at the last, but so that she arrives too late to prevent the signing. Edward attributes her absence, as also Elizabeth's, to indifference. Jane Grey protests against the succession being forced upon herself, but yields sufficient consent to be implicated in the treason. Northumberland defies Mary's claim, and the princess has to fly with her three faithful adherents, Sir Henry Bedingfield, Sir Henry Jerningham, and Fakenham, her confessor—a character depicted throughout as not only inoffensive but saintly; indeed, as Mary's good genius, though, unhappily, too seldom successful in his influence.

Dudley goes, in the third scene, to visit Courtenaye, Marquis of Exeter, who is a prisoner in the Tower. The visit is solely for the purpose of making this man his friend and tool, to what end will appear later.

Act II.—Queen Mary, after reaching Framlingham by a perilous nocturnal ride, receives Elizabeth with truest affection, and then, together with her, goes to meet Sir Thomas Wyatt, Captain Brett, and their insurrectionary followers. A parley ensues, in which Brett and Wyatt declare that their party has decided for Mary, but insist on her respecting their consciences about Church matters—although (of course) they refuse to respect her conscience. However, she shows so much spirit and majesty that half Brett's men march with her to London, while Brett himself and Wyatt close the scene with a dialogue, in which they not only render homage to the royal lady, but acknowledge to each other the conviction that she "goes forth to conquer." Meanwhile, Northumberland causes Jane Grey to be proclaimed queen in the Tower Chapel, where lies in state the deceased king's coffin. To the omens which attend this proclamation, and end in breaking it up suddenly, is added the entrance of three couriers, one after another, to inform Dudley of disasters which necessitate his taking the field.

Act III.—We have Northumberland giving up the game and resolving to kneel for pardon: but all in a spirit of hypocrisy. Accordingly, he comes with his men to the queen on Wanstead Heath, and throws up his cap, crying: "God save Queen Mary!" But the queen is not deceived, and orders him under arrest. Jane and Guilford are next seen in the Tower, where Jane's nobleness of soul shines out more attractively than ever. Mary, on the contrary, yields to a vindictive spirit in refusing the pardon her cousin so meekly implores. Fakenham's benevolent attempt is fruitless. Jane is committed to the custody of her parents (who themselves have been pardoned), but separated from her husband and confined within the Tower. Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester—

one of the prisoners released by Mary's triumph—begins his fatal influence on the queen. His character is drawn from the usual Protestant stand-point. He is Mary's evil genius as much as Fakenham is her good one.

With the fourth Act comes the trial of Northumberland, Jane, and Guilford. Gardiner, as chancellor, conducts the prosecution. After splendid speeches on either side the prisoners are found guilty, and Mary passes sentence of death. But the queen, as she breaks up the court, betraying her fondness for Exeter, Northumberland, who has long been aware of the attachment, craves a private conversation with that favorite, and puts him up to making love to Mary and then obtaining his (Dudley's) pardon. Accordingly, in the next scene Courtenaye proffers his suit, wins the royal hand and, with it, the traitor's reprieve. But when, presently, Gardiner brings the death-warrant for Mary's signature, and she bids him prepare a pardon instead, he tells her of Courtenaye's private talk with Dudley after the trial, and how "a quick ear caught words" to the effect that it was the Princess Elizabeth he loved. So that the last scene of the Act is a very strong one: Mary coming unobserved upon Exeter as he woos the disdainful Elizabeth, and hearing him declare that he loathes her whom he needs must wed. The queen's despair at finding how she has been deceived gives way to a burst of fury, in which she tears up Dudley's pardon and signs his death-warrant, with the order that it be executed before sunset. The false Courtenaye, and Elizabeth with him, is sent at once to the Tower.

Act V.—The curtain rises on a prison chamber in the Tower, where Northumberland, jubilant over his certain liberation, calls upon Jane and Guilford to rejoice at their renascent fortunes. The pure-souled Jane refuses the crown once for all, and endeavors to lead her husband and his father to proper gratitude for the reprieve. But in the midst of Dudley's "merry mood" Fakenham enters with a warrant—and not the document so confidently looked for. It is now Northumberland's turn to despair; and the struggles of his soul, at the prospect of speedy death, are depicted with great force. Hitherto, during his imprisonment, he has been pretending to let Fakenham convert him. Now he sees the necessity of conversion indeed, yet clings to the hope of respite as the gain of professing the true Faith.

At the scaffold Pembroke meanly stings him into rage; but this obnoxious person being removed, the arch-rebel seems to turn his attention in earnest to the salvation of his soul, and after a prayer, which sounds perfectly sincere, kneels to Fakenham for absolution, then hurriedly ascends the scaffold. The scene closes, and a cannon is heard—the appointed signal that the head has fallen.

The fate of Lady Jane Grey is next determined. Mary is strongly inclined to spare her. Gardiner is to blame for the adverse decision. Fakenham, however, obtains a promise that she shall be spared if she abjure her heresy. But Mary, in the fifth scene, shows a sudden tenderness for her doomed cousin, and, after a fit of raving melancholy, sends Fakenham in all haste to bring her. It is too late. Guilford has just been executed, and his widow is being led forth even while the queen demands her presence. The sixth scene gives us the parting

of Jane and her mother, and closes as the victim of another's ambition heroically ascends the scaffold. In the last scene Mary reaches Jane's prison to find her gone, and rushes to the window in the hope of signalling the executioner, but only in time to see him hold up the severed head.

We shall now introduce our readers to some of the best passages from this play. Our only difficulty will be to restrict their number within necessary limits, for there is not a page but invites quotation. Here is a fine bit of description to begin with. It is from the opening scene. Sir Thomas Wyatt is amazed to learn that the king is "sick to death."

"WYATT. How can it be? But one short month it seems
Since I beheld him on his jennet's back,
With hawk on wrist, his bounding hounds beside,
Charge up the hillside through the golden gorse,
Swallowing the west wind, till his cheeks glowed out
Like ripened pears. The whirring pheasant sprang
From the hedged bank; and, with a shout, in air
The bright boy tossed his falcon; then, with spur
Pressed to his jennet's flank, and head thrown back,
And all the spirit of life within his eye
And voice, he drew not rein, till the spent quarry
Lay cowering 'neath the hawk's expanded wings."

To us, this dash into description, at the very beginning of the play, shows how thoroughly our author feels himself at home. Had he not been a conscious master of his art, he would scarcely have made such a venture, for fear of exciting the suspicion that his talent lay in the direction of descriptive rather than of dramatic poetry. As it is, Wyatt's burst of eloquence lends much to the easy strength of this first scene.

We are little prepared, however, for the daring feat of two heroines: each heroine enough to have the play to herself, yet neither overshadowing the other. So lovely is the character of Lady Jane Grey, and so keenly are our sympathies enlisted on her side, that we are astonished to find any room left in our hearts for Mary Tudor; whereas, in fact, so royal the latter's bearing, so truly is she "every inch a" queen, so indisputable are her rights, so outrageous her wrongs, that we end by seeing only her noble qualities, and even forgive her Jane Grey's death.

The poet introduces Lady Jane at that post where woman is always "a ministering angel"—by the death-bed of her cousin, King Edward. She has been reading him to sleep, and he has just awaked.

"JANE. How fares your Highness now?
EDWARD. Thy sweet voice, Jane,
Soothes every pain. A film grew o'er mine eyes:
A murmur, as of breezes on the shore,
Or waters lapping in some gelid cave,
Coiled round my temples, and I slept."

This gives our author an opportunity of bringing out Jane's modesty and humility—the very un-Protestant virtues with which he has chosen to adorn his favorite heroine conspicuously.

"JANE. Ah, cousin!
Not in my voice the charm. Within this volume
A sanatory virtue lives enshrined,
As in Bethesda's pool.
EDWARD. By an angel stirred."

An answer no less just than felicitous.

Again, in the same scene, the guilelessness of her soul shines out in her protest against being made heir to the crown. The pretext put forth by Northumberland and Cranmer for persuading Edward to sign away the throne from his sisters is the safety of the Protestant cause—what Anglicans impudently call "the true church." Jane, though an earnest adherent of the new religion, will have nothing to do with evil measures in its behalf.

"JANE. O no! not me! This remediless wrong
I have no part in. Edward, you have sisters.
Great Harry's daughters, England's manifest heirs.
Leave right its way, and God will guard his own."

But now it is Mary's turn to win our admiration. She comes upon the scene the moment after the weak Edward has signed away the kingdom to Jane. Unaware of the injury that has been done her, she greets her "dear lost brother" with true sisterly affection, but, in another minute, shows the Tudor in her veins by the courage with which she confronts Dudley and tells the traitor she knows him at his worth. Then, discovering the plot against her, she rises—suddenly but with calmest dignity—to the attitude of queen, as though the crown had just been placed upon her head instead of stolen for another's.

"EDWARD. It is now too late—too late!
I have done what it were well had ne'er been done.
JANE. O would to God that act might be recalled!
MARY. What act?
JANE. That makes me queen.
MARY. Thou queen! O never
Shall regal crown clasp that unwrinkled brow!
Thou queen? Go, girl—betake thee to thy mappets!
Call Ascham back—philosophize—but never
Presume to parley with gray counsellors,
Nor ride forth in the front of harnessed knights!
Leave that to me, the daughter of a king."

Equally worthy is her reply to the insolent Dudley when he dares to offer her the crown on condition of her "renouncing her errors":

"MARY. Sir, have you done? Simply I thus reply.
Not to drag England from this slough of treason—
Nor save this lady's head—nor yours, archbishop—
Not even my brother's life—would I abjure
My faith, and forfeit heaven!"

But sublimer even than this avowal of her faith is the act of charity she presently makes after her brother's spirit has departed; and in nothing has the poet done her so much justice:

"MARY. And thou art gone! hast left me unforgiven!
O brother! was this righteous? Gloomier now
This dreary world frowns on me, and its cares.
Womanly dreams, farewell! Stern truths of life
Stamp on my heart all that becomes a queen.
Dudley, you have dared much: yet, standing here
By my poor brother's clay, *I can forgive.*
Will you kneel, Dudley?"

After this, let the poet depict Jane in the most attractive colors he can find, he has shown his Catholic heroine the greater woman. But, in fact, we are convinced this is his aim. For although, as a Protestant, he makes Jane become a saint (according to his idea of saintship), her "path a shining light that goeth forward and increaseth to perfect day"—while Mary's way is over-clouded to the end, and cruel wrongs goad her into rage which rouses all the Tudor and all the Spaniard in her nature, and deepens her melancholy into madness—still, even in her most painful moments, the daughter of Catherine is *great.* Her enemies do homage to her greatness. Northumberland himself is forced to say of her, in the scene we have quoted from above:

"The eighth Harry's soul lives in her voice and eye."

But the spell of her majestic bearing is best portrayed in the scene where she meets the rebel leaders Wyatt and Brett with their followers. Sir Thomas Wyatt, true to his character as indicated in the first scene, indulges again in fine rhetoric, declaring that he and his men have decided to stand for Mary, but putting in the condition that "all things which touch the Church" shall "rest as King Edward left them." The queen answers this appeal by another to the consciences of "English gentlemen," demanding for her own the liberty she willingly extends to theirs; but when, presently, Wyatt insults her by raving, like a modern fanatic, about "the dogs of persecution, insatiate brood of Rome," and Brett sullenly refuses to march with her to London, she passes on, leaving the two insurrectionists to

pay her tribute each in his own fashion.

"BRETT. Now, by all saints and martyrs calendared!
I could half worship such a tameless woman,
All shrewish though she be. With what a spirit,
Like thunder-riven cloud, her wrath poured forth,
And keen words flared! Ugly and old?—I o that
I shall say nay hereafter. Autumn moons
Portend good harvests. Yet, that glance at parting
Flashed fierce as sunset through a blasted tree!
But hey! look yonder, Wyatt: half your men
Are scampering after her.
WYATT. I marked, and blame not.
I mar no fortune, and coerce no conscience.
There is a fascination—all have felt it—
When Royalty and Woman join in one:
Austere allegiance softening into love;
And new-born fealty clinging to the heart,
Like a young babe that from its mother's bosom
Looks up and smiles."

(Here let us ask, if these lines we have italicized were quoted anonymously, who would not take them for Shakspere's?)

"BRETT. Trust me, I am much minded
To join her even yet.
WYATT. It cannot be.
I feel as you do: but I look beyond
The tempting present. *She goes forth to conquer:*
So strong a heart must conquer."

Mary's affection for her sister Elizabeth is sincere and tender; while Elizabeth's for her, on the other hand, has a dubious quality. It is strange that Sir Aubrey shows no enthusiasm over Elizabeth. He appears to have learnt too much truth about her. Mary's first inquiry, after reaching Framlingham in her flight from Dudley's machinations, is for her sister:

"Why is Elizabeth not here to greet me?
Command her to the presence."

And when the princess enters, and, kneeling, says, "Queen, sister!" Mary's joy at seeing her is very touching.

"To my arms! Pardie, sweet Bess,
You daily grow more stately. *Your great brows*
Like our cathedral porches, double-arched,
Seem made for passage of high thought."

A part of this scene is particularly fine.

"MARY. Never was kind counsel needed more
By aching heart. Little you know my trials.
The fleetness of my horse scarce saved my life;
And I am queen in nothing but the name!
O sister, canst thou love me? Thou her child—
Beautiful Boleyn's daughter—who destroyed
My mother—hapless queen, dishonored wife!
Thou too, my brother—spurned from thy throne,
thy death-bed!
O no! I shall go down into my earth
Desolate, unbeloved!—I wound thee, sister!
Pardon! I rave—I rave—
ELIZABETH. Abate this passion!
In very truth I love you—fondly pity—
MARY. Pity! not pity—give me love or nothing.
I hope not happiness: I kneel for peace.
But no: this crown traitors would rive from me—
Which our great father Harry hath bequeathed
Undimmed to us—a righteous heritage—
This crown which we, my sister, must maintain
Or die: this crown, true safeguard of our people,
Their charter's seal—crushes our peace for ever.
All crowns, since Christ wore His, are lined with thorns."

And again, as the melancholy gains upon her:

"MARY. Am I mad?
Think you I'm mad? I have been used to scorn,
Neglect, oppression, self-abasement, aye—
My mother's scorching heritage of woe!
Ha! as I speak, behold, she visits me,
With that fair choir of angels trooping round her,
And cherub faces, with expanded wings
Upbearing her! O blessed Saint, depart not!
Breathe on my cold lips those still cherished kisses
Which thine in death impressed! Sigh in mine ear
Those half-articulate blessings, unforgotten,
Which made my childhood less than martyrdom!
I'll clasp thee—mother!
[*Totters forward and falls.*]

Surely this, too, is worthy of Shakspere. And so is Northumberland's soliloquy with which the third Act opens; so much so, indeed, that we can with difficulty persuade ourselves we are not reading Shakspere.

"I have plunged too deep. The current of the times
Hath been ill-sounded. *Frosty discontent*
Breathes chilly in the face of our attempt:
And, like the dry leaves in November winds,
These summer-suited friends fly my nipped branches.
What's to be done? Time like a ruthless hunter,
Tramples my flying footsteps! Banned and baited
By my own pack, dogs fed from mine own hand
Gnash fangs and snarl on me."

What is peculiarly Shaksperian here is the profusion of metaphors. It is a sign of a great poet to deal freely with metaphors. We know how Byron heaps them up in *Childe Harold*, and Tennyson in *In Memoriam*.

Another proof of high genius—especially dramatic—is the ready use of wit and sarcasm. We have a passage of arms between Dudley and Courtenaye which is very masterly.

Dudley, having lost his way in the Tower, gets the headsman to show him to Courtenaye's cell.

"EXETER. Ha! I should know that face; and lackeyed thus
By yon grim doomster, guess my coming fate.
NORTHUMBERLAND. I greet you well, Marquis of Exeter,
Noble Plantagenet!
EXETER. Hey, what means this?
The half-forgotten name, and fatal heritage!
Sir John of Dudley—bear and ragged staff—
Or memory fails me.
NORTHUMBERLAND. Now Northumberland.
EXETER. Indeed? Excuse me. *Prisoners limp behind*
The vaulting world. You are welcome.
NORTHUMBERLAND. I would greet you
With tidings of content.
EXETER. Long strangers here.
NORTHUMBERLAND. I take your hand: nor coldly, thus, hereafter
Will you, perchance, vouchsafe it. I have power
(In Edward's time I only had the will)
To serve you.
EXETER. Ha! how well I guessed the truth!
One king the more is dead. Who now rules England?
Chaste Boleyn's babe, or the Arragonian whelp?
No beauty, I'll be sworn, unless time makes one.
NORTHUMBERLAND. The house of Grey is of the royal lineage.
To that King Edward's will bequeathes the crown.
EXETER. My lady duchess queen? Now, God forbid!
NORTHUMBERLAND. All cry amen to that. Her Grace of Suffolk
Yields to her wiser daughter—Lady Jane—
My son, Lord Guilford's wife: now Queen of England.
EXETER. *O, now I do begin to read the stars,*
And note what constellation climbs. My lord,
Excuse the stiffness of imprisoned knees.
The obsolete posterity of kings
Lowly should bend to kings' progenitors.
Sir Headsman, art thou married?
HEADSMAN. Nay, my lord.
EXETER. Get thee a wife, then, in good haste: get sons!
Full-bosomed honor, like a plant in the sun,
Plays harlot to the hour. Lo, thistles burgeon
Even through the Red Rose' cradle!
NORTHUMBERLAND. My good lord,
Unseasonable wit hath a warped edge,
Whereby the unskilful take unlooked for scars.
Good-night. May fancy tickle you in dreams
In which nor Boleyn's babe (I quote your phrase)
Nor whelp of Arragon—kind heaven forefend!—
Nor our grim friend here, with uncivil axe,
Dare mingle. Good-night, Courtenaye."

To pass to the trial scene, in the fourth Act, a speech is put into the mouth of Gardiner—who, as chancellor conducts the prosecution—which reminds us of the unanswered arguments from Pole and other Catholic characters in *Queen Mary:*

"GARDINER. My lords, religion was the plea for this.
Religion, a wide cloak for godless knaves.
What! knew they not the Apostolic rule
That men are bound to obey even sinful princes?
Who dares insinuate that our queen's right rule
Shall be a snare for conscience? Hypocrites!
Why claim ye toleration, yet refuse it?
Faith your perpetual cry, yet would ye stifle
That faith which is the trust of other hearts.
Your Bible is your idol: *all must bow*
Before your exposition of its sense,
Or forfeit all—the very throne!"

Had our author been a Catholic, he could not have stated the case better.

Jane Grey pleads guilty so nobly, and prays so generously that her own life may be taken and her husband's spared, that Fakenham truly says of her:

"She rises from the sea of her great trouble
Like a pure infant glowing from the bath."

Here are some of her words:

"*I wake from the vain dream of a blind sleep:*
Nothing to hide, nothing extenuate.
My lords, reverse to me this good hath brought;
That I who dimly saw now plainly see,
And seeing loathe my fault, and loathing leave it.
The bolts of heaven have split the aspiring tower
Of my false grandeur; and through every rent
The light of heaven streams in.

. . . . . .

In time to come it shall be known, ambition
Was not my nature, though it makes my crime."

Dudley's defence would be manly and admirable were it not for his hypocrisy. But the hour comes when hypocrisy can serve him no longer. It is a powerful scene—the first of the fifth Act—where his confident hopes are dashed to the ground for ever. And then he finds Fakenham—whom he has called "worm" and "dog" before, and for whom his hatred never could contain itself—his best friend and only succor. He seems, indeed (so well is his character sustained throughout), to cling to the

hope of saving his bodily life by accepting the Catholic faith, till he stands on the very scaffold; but there he drops simulation.

"The terrible 'to be' is come! Time's past!
Yet all's to do—*an age crammed to a span!*
Time, never garnered till thy last sands ebb,
How shall my sharp need eke thy wasted glass,
Or wit reverse it?"

Lady Jane meets death like a martyr. Her resignation is shown as early as the third scene of the third Act, while she is in the Tower with her husband awaiting further tidings after learning that their cause is lost.

"JANE. Midnoon, yet silent as midnight! My heart
Flutters and stops—flutters and stops again—
As in the pauses of a thunder-storm,
Or a bird cowering during an eclipse.
Alone through these deserted halls we wander,
Bereft of friends and hope. Speak to me, Guilford.
GUILFORD. Thy heart-strings, Jane, strengthened by discipline,
Endure the strain.
JANE. Say rather, my religion
Has taught this good. *Nor lacks our female nature*
Courage to meet inevitable woe
With a beloved one shared."

And again her generosity comes out:

"We have obscured a dawn. If spared, God grant
We may make bright the queen's triumphant way
Like clouds that glorify the wake of noon."

She, too, sees the "true minister of Christ" in Fakenham:

"Fearless of danger in discharge of duty,
And to the mourner prodigally kind."

Such Protestants as she are never formal heretics: they have too much humility. When Fakenham is pleading her cause with the Tudor, who displays for a season the vindictiveness of woman against woman, Jane disallows his attestation of her innocence:

"Ah, sir, too gently have you judged me!
Usurper of the consecrated crown,
The sacred sceptre, how can I be pure?
Welcome Adversity, lifter up of veils!
Before me, *naked as a soul for judgment*,
Stands up my sin. 'Tis well! the worst is o'er.
Suffer I must; but I will sin no longer."

When, in the fifth Act, she approaches the scaffold, she alone is firm, she alone makes no complaint against the justice of her sentence, but, on the contrary, defends it.

"BEDINGFIELD. Madam,
We fain would linger on the way. Our eyes,
Blind though they be with tears, strain round to catch
Some signal of reprieve.
JANE. O, seek it not!
It cannot be. *My life may not consist*
With the realm's safety. Innocent am I
In purpose; but the object of great crimes.
Good blood must still flow on till Jane's be shed."

So again, in her final address to the spectators:

"My sentence hath been just: *not for aspiring*
Unto the crown, but that, with guilty weakness,
When proffered I refused it not. From me
Let future times be warned that *good intent*
Excuseth not misdeeds: all instruments
Of evil must partake its punishment."

In the meantime Mary softens somewhat after Dudley's execution, and is inclined to spare Guilford, as well as Jane. Gardiner argues against the husband's reprieve, on the ground of certain peril to throne, church, and commonweal; and here he carries his point easily. He is not successful in securing Jane's doom, even though he tells the queen:

"She is proclaimed
From street to street. The very walls are ciphered
With traitorous scrolls that hail her 'Jane the Queen.'
Shall such wrong go unchecked?
MARY. That is their folly;
Not hers. The culpable shall smart for this."

But here Bedingfield enters hastily to announce the escape of Suffolk and his having "joined with Wyatt."

"MARY. Suffolk fled? Jane's father?
Henceforth let justice rule. Farewell, weak pity!
We cannot, Jane, both live: why, then, die thou!"

Yet, even after this, her good genius, Fakenham, obtains from Mary a promise that Jane shall live "if she abjure her heresy." It does not appear, however, that Fakenham had any further interview with Jane. It would have been useless, if he had; for when, just before her execution, Bedingfield says:

"At least, we may delay till the dean comes
To whisper spiritual comfort,"

Jane replies:

"Infinite
Is the Almighty's goodness. In that only
I put my trust. My time, sir is too short
For controversy: and that good man's duty
Compels him to dispute my creed. I thank him:
Pray you, sir, say I thank him, from my heart,
For all his charities. In privacy
My prayers—not unacceptable, I trust,
To God my Saviour—have been offered up.
So must they to the end."

But in the scene before the execution—one of singular power—the unhappy queen evinces a yearning for sympathy which triumphs over rigor, and, in spite of Gardiner's presence, makes her relent, though too late.

First we see her alone. She is vindicating herself to her conscience:

"I have no thirst for blood; nor yet would shrink
From shortening earthly life: for what is life
That we should court its stay? A pearl of price
In festal days, but mockery to mourners.
What's life to thee, thy loved one dead, poor Jane?
What's life to me, by him I loved betrayed?
I take from thee what is no loss to thee
And much infects the realm. Gladly would I
My life on such conditions sacrifice.
The time for thy short widowhood is come:
But ye shall reunite above. For me
The heart's blank widowhood must be for ever.
Jane! on thy block the throned queen envies thee!"

She is full of her own betrayal by Courtenaye—a wrong which has left a more cruel wound than all the plots of treason have effected.

Here Gardiner and Fakenham enter to announce that Brett and Wyatt are taken. Presently, after a burst of fevered excitement, she says:

"I want
To see Jane Grey—after her widowhood.
FAKENHAM [*aside*]. After?—She then shall live.
GARDINER [*aside*]. Observe, she raves.
MARY. We'll sit together in some forest nook,
Or sunless cavern by the moaning sea,
And talk of sorrow and vicissitudes
Of hapless love, and luckless constancy;
And hearts that death or treachery divides."

She then goes off into a fit of raving, and declares that "the spirit of the fatal Sisterhood riots in her veins," and "the snakes of the Eumenides brandish their horrent tresses round her head." Fakenham suggests music as the remedy for her "sick mind"; and Gardiner bids him throw aside the gallery doors that open on the chapel. It being the hour for service, the choir is heard.

[*As the music proceeds, the queen's stupor relaxes, and her sensibility gradually revives. The music ceases.*]
MARY. Airs fresh from heaven breathe round me!
Sing on, bright angels! tears relieve my heart—
My brain is calmed. Sing on and let me weep.
[*A pause.*
Would they were saved! Alas, poor widowed one!
Can it not still be done? No, no—too late!"

Then she describes the "dark procession" of Guilford to the scaffold, as seen in a vision. The signal gun is heard. The head has fallen.

"MARY. He is no more! Great God,
Have mercy upon both!
GARDINER. Her thoughts are changed:
Her brain relieved.
FAKENHAM. Now plead for Jane!
GARDINER. Too late!
Hear yonder bell.
MARY. What's that? Again the death-bell?
Hark you! I would have speech with Jane. Fly, Fakenham!
My foot is weak and slow. Gardiner, attend me.
Fly, Fakenham, fly!
FAKENHAM. Too late! too late! too late!"

The scene of Jane's execution intervenes; and then comes the last scene, brief and terrible.

"*Jane Grey's prison in the Tower. An open window in the rear.*
Enter hurriedly MARY *followed by* GARDINER.
MARY. She's gone—I come too late—forgive me, God!
Myself I never, never shall forgive.
Ha! from yon casement they may mark a signal!
[*She leans from the window.*
Hold! Hold! [*She draws back with a shriek.*
Great God! it is—it is—her head
That demon lifts and brandishes before me!
[*She rushes from the window, rubbing her eyes wildly.*
Pah! I am choked—my mouth is choked with blood!
My eyes, my nostrils, swim in blood—my hair
Stiffens with blood—the floor is slippery
With blood—all—blood! Mother and unborn babe
Both slain! Mother and child! The cry of blood
Rises to heaven—the curse of Cain is launched
Upon me! Innocent victims! At God's throne
Already ye bear witness. Mercy, mercy!
Spare one who knew not how to spare.
[*She kneels.*

Enter FAKENHAM.

Ay, kneel
To heaven—and pray! Lift up your hands to God!
Lift up your voice—your heart! Pray, sinner, pray!
[*The curtain falls.*"

So ends the first part of this masterly drama, and, we think, the far finer of the two plays—certainly the less painful to a Catholic reader. We have given it unqualified praise, because we have dealt with it purely as a drama. We are afraid that the real Jane Grey was a much less lovely character than the poet's, and are thankful to know that the real Mary Tudor was a very different compound indeed. But we give the poet credit for perfect sincerity in his delineation of either character. We believe that if he was consciously partial at all, it was rather to the Catholic side—from a wish to do Catholics all the justice in his power. And this but makes us regret the more that, together with the genius he manifests, he had not the faith of the gifted son to whom he has left his mantle.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF TOLEDO.

"BEHOLD," said the owl to Prince Ahmed, "the ancient and renowned city of Toledo—a city famous for its antiquities. Behold those venerable domes and towers, hoary with time, and clothed with legendary grandeur, in which so many of my ancestors have meditated."

We had arrived at the foot of the rocky promontory on which stands imperial Toledo. The first sight of it is exceedingly impressive. Its aspect is grave and majestic, and the thousand grand memories that hover over it add to the fascination. It is the royal city, the capital of the Gothic kings. For four hundred years it was in possession of the Moors, and in the middle ages it was so renowned for its learning as to attract numerous students from foreign parts. It is, too, *par excellence*, the ecclesiastical city of Spain, and stands proudly on its seven hills like Rome. The long line of its bishops comprises many saints, as well as mighty prelates who not only held spiritual primacy over the land, but took a prominent part in the political affairs of the nation. It looks just as a city of the middle ages, with a due sense of the fitness of things, ought to look—antique, picturesque, and romantic—surrounded by its ancient walls, from which rise, as if hewn out of the rock, the massive gray towers that still bear the impress of the Goth and the Moor. Around its base winds the golden Tagus over its rocky bed, foaming and wildly raving, in a grand, solemn kind of a way, as if sensible of its high functions and knowing the secrets of the magic caves that extend beneath its very bed—caves wrought out of the live rock by the cunning hand of Tubal, the grandson of Noe, and where Hercules the Mighty taught the dark mysteries of Egyptian art, handed down to posterity, and long after known as the *Arte Toledana*. For this ancient city claims as its founder Tubal, the son of Japhet, who, as the Spanish chroniclers say, with the memory of the Deluge still fresh in his mind, naturally built it on an eminence, and hewed out caverns as places of refuge from the watery

element. So remote an origin might reasonably be supposed enough to satisfy the most owlish of antiquarians; but some hoary old birds have gone so far as to whisper that Adam himself was the first king of Toledo; that the sun, at its creation, first shone over this the true centre of the world; and that its very name is derived from two Oriental words signifying the Mother of Cities. However this may be, it was Hercules, the Libyan, who, versed in the supernatural arts, achieved labors no mere human arm could have accomplished, who gave the finishing touches to the city, and set up the necromantic tower of legendary fame, in after-years so rashly entered by Roderick, the last of the Goths, letting out a flood of evils that spread over all the land. This was "one of those Egyptian or Chaldaic piles, storied with hidden wisdom and mystic prophecy, which were devised in past ages when man yet enjoyed intercourse with high and spiritual natures, and when human foresight partook of divination," and its mysterious fate was worthy of its origin.

But Toledo did not fully awake to its importance till the fifth century after Christ, when it fell into the hands of the Goths, who made it their capital and enlarged and embellished it, especially in the good old times of King Wamba, whose name is still popular in Castile, and corresponds to that of King Dagobert in France. It now became renowned for its splendor and wealth, and, when taken by the Moors at the end of the seventh century, they found here an immense booty, including the spoils of Alaric from Rome and Jerusalem, among which was the famous table of talismanic powers, wrought for King Solomon out of a single emerald by the genii of the East, which had the power of revealing, as in a mirror, all future events, and from which that monarch acquired so much of his wisdom.

All these and many other things were flitting through our minds as we crossed the bridge of Alcantara, with its tower of defence and tutelary saint, and wound up the steep hillside into the city. We alighted in the court of the Fonda de Lino, where we learned once more that an old bird sometimes gets caught with mere chaff. It soon became alarmingly evident that, between the Goth and the Moor, but little had been left behind—at least, at the Fonda. But "Affliction is a divine diet," says Izaak Walton, and we took to it as kindly as possible. In this state of affairs, we gave ourselves unresistingly up to a *valet-de-place*, who lay in wait for his prey, and, for once in the world, did not regret it; for he proved quite indispensable in the maze of narrow, tortuous streets, and was tolerably versed in the archæology of the place. Few cities are more rich in historic, religious, and poetic memories, or have as many interesting monuments of the past. At every step we were surprised by something novel and curious. The streets themselves run zigzag, so that we were always dodging around a corner, like our old friend Mr. Chevy Slyme, and soon began to feel very mean and pitiful indeed. This must have been convenient in days when arrows were weapons, but to honest, straightforward folk in these pacific times they are peculiarly trying. One side of you always seems getting in advance of the other, and you soon begin to feel as if blind of one eye. It is to be hoped obliquity of the moral sense does not follow from

this necessity of going zigzag. The streets are extremely clean, but so narrow as to afford passage only to men and donkeys, or men *on* donkeys, sometimes looking, in their queer accoutrements, "like two beasts under one skin," as Dante says. These sombre, winding streets are lined with lofty houses that are gloomy and solid as citadels, with few windows, and these defended by strong iron grates. The portals are flanked with granite columns and surmounted by worn escutcheons carven in stone. They are frequently edged with the cannon-ball ornaments peculiar to Castile, like rows of great stone beads. The doors themselves are so thick and massive that they have withstood all ancient means of assault, and the resinous wood of which they are made seems to defy the very tooth of time itself. They are studded with enormous nails of forged iron, with diamond-shaped or convex heads, sometimes as large as half a cocoanut, and curiously wrought. Frequently they are not content with their primitive forms, but go straying off into long, artistic ramifications that cover the door like some ancient embroidery. The gabled ends of the houses often project over the streets with huge beams, carved and stained, that add to the gloom. These streets do not seem to have changed for ages. Every instant we saw some trace of the Goths or an Arabic inscription, or Moorish galleries and balconies. Once we entered an old archway, and found ourselves in a court with sculptured granite pillars that supported Oriental-like galleries, to which we ascended by stairs faced with colored *azulejos*, old and glittering, as the Moors alone knew how to make them. Once the city contained two hundred thousand inhabitants; now there are not more than twenty thousand. The streets are deserted and silent, the houses empty. Everywhere are ruins and traces of past grandeur over which nothing of modern life is diffused. You seem to be wandering in a museum of antiquities. Above all, you feel it was once, and perhaps still is, a city of deep religious convictions, from the numerous monasteries and magnificent churches. Pious emblems are on the houses. Among others, we remember the cord of St. Francis, carven in stone, with its symbolic knots of the Passion. At the Ayuntamiento, built after the designs of El Greco, who, like several other eminent artists, was at once painter, architect, and sculptor, is an inscription on the side of the staircase by the poet Jorje Manrique worthy of a place over the entrance of every city-hall: "Ye noble, judicious lords who govern Toledo, on these steps leave all your passions—avarice, weakness, fear. For the public good forget your own private interests; and since God has made you the pillars of this august house, continue always to be firm and upright."

We were now near the cathedral —one of the grandest, and certainly the richest, in Spain. Its first foundation is lost in the obscurity of legendary times. The people, however, are not so indefinite in their opinions. With a true Oriental love of the marvellous, they not only attribute the foundation of Toledo to patriarchal times, but declare this church was built by the apostles, and that even the Blessed Virgin herself took a personal interest in its erection. It is at least certain that a church was consecrated here in the time of King Ricared the Goth, after the condemnation of the Arians by the Council of To-

ledo, and it was probably built on the site of a previous one. It was placed under the invocation of the Virgin, and her ancient statue, which has been preserved to this day, was regarded then, as now, with special veneration. The old Gothic kings were noted for their devotion to Mary, and hung up at her altar the beautiful crowns of pure beaten gold and precious stones discovered a few years ago near Toledo, and now at the Hôtel Cluny at Paris.*

The Moors, when they took Toledo, seized this church, so sacred to the Christians, razed it to the ground, and erected a mosque in its place; and when Alfonso VI. triumphantly entered the old capital of the Visigoths, May 25, 1085 —the very day the great Hildebrand died at Salerno, exclaiming: "I have loved justice and hated iniquity, and therefore I die an exile"— having left the Moors in possession of the building, he was forced to hear Mass in a little mosque of the tenth century, afterwards given to the Knights Templars and called the Christo de la Luz, where may still be seen the wooden shield hung up by King Alfonso, with its silver cross on a red ground.

The people, of course, were dissatisfied to see the infidel left to defile a spot where the Gospel had first been announced to their forefathers and the Christian mysteries first celebrated, and, as soon as the king left the city, determined to regain possession of it. Queen Constanza herself, though a native of France, favored the movement, and had the doors of the mosque forced open in the night. The archbishop purified it with incense, aspersions, and prayer; an altar was hastily set up, and a bell hung in the tower, which, after a silence of four centuries, rang out as soon as daylight appeared, to call the people to a solemn service of thanksgiving.

Bernard de Sédirac was now Archbishop of Toledo. He belonged to a noble family of Aquitaine, and became early in life a Benedictine monk at St. Oren's Priory, Auch, of which he was soon made prior. This house was affiliated to the Abbey of Cluny, to which he was transferred by St. Hugo on account of his talents and eminent virtues, and when Alfonso VI. sent there for a monk capable of re-establishing monastic discipline in the convents of Castile, Dom Bernard had the honor of being appointed to the mission. He found not in the Spanish monasteries the austerity and silence of Cluny. The neighing of steeds, the baying of hounds, and the whistle of the falcon prevailed over the choral chants, and soft raiment had taken the place of haircloth and the scourge. The monks, however, were by no means depraved, and Bernard soon acquired such an ascendency over them as to effect a radical change in their habits, especially at the great Abbey of San Facundo, of which he had been made abbot.

When Alfonso VI. took Toledo, desirous of restoring the see to its ancient grandeur and importance, he endowed it magnificently, and appointed Dom Bernard archbishop. The part this prelate took in the seizure of the mosque has been al-

* It was M. Hérouard, a French refugee, employed at the military academy at Toledo as professor of French, who, hunting one day, in 1858, among the hills of Guarrazar, found a fragment of a gold chain that was glittering in the sun, and, digging, discovered the crowns that have been so much admired at Paris, and which are even more valuable for their historic interest than for the gold and precious stones. Later researches have brought others to light, but smaller in size, that are now in the Armeria at Madrid.

luded to. Mariana, the Jesuit historian, considers his zeal on this occasion as too lively and impetuous. The Moors were naturally enraged at losing their chief place of worship, and for a time it was feared they would break out into open revolt. But they finally concluded to send a deputation to the king to make known the violation of the treaty and demand redress.

Alfonso was then in the kingdom of Leon, and, when he learned what had occurred, he was not only alarmed for the safety of his capital, but angry with those who had endangered it. He at once set out for Toledo, resolved to punish the queen and archbishop. When the Christians of Toledo learned that he was approaching the city in such a disposition the principal citizens clothed themselves in black, and the clergy put on their sacred robes, and went forth to meet him. In the midst was the fair Princess Urraca, pale and trembling, clothed in sackcloth, with ashes on her head, sent by the queen to appease the king's anger, knowing, if anything could turn him from his purpose, it would be the sight of his favorite daughter. But Alfonso hardened his heart when he saw them approach, and silently registered a vow not to be moved by the princess' entreaties. Urraca had the true tact of a woman, and, divining her father's thoughts, fell at his feet, conjuring him to grant her but one favor—to show no mercy on those who had set at naught his authority out of obedience to a higher will!

The king was taken aback by this pious stratagem, and, before he recovered from his embarrassment, a second embassy from the Moors appeared. The king, in anticipation of their renewed complaints, exclaimed: "It is not to you the injury has been done, but to me; and my own interest and glory forbid me to allow my promises to be violated with impunity."

The messengers fell on their knees and replied: "The archbishop is the doctor of your law, and if we, however innocent, be the cause of his death, his followers will some day take vengeance on us. And should the queen perish, we shall become an object of hatred to her posterity, of which we shall feel the effects when you have ceased to reign. Therefore, O king! we release you from your promise, and beg you to pardon them. If you refuse our petition, allow us to seek in another country an asylum from the dangers that threaten us here."

The king, who had been weighed down with sadness, broke into transports of joy: "You have not only saved the archbishop, but the queen and princess. Never shall I forget so happy a day. Henceforth you may be assured of my special protection."

When the king entered the city a few hours after, he proceeded directly towards the mosque taken from the Moors. On the threshold stood Queen Constanza in garments of mourning, and Dom Bernard in pontifical vestments. The king kissed the archbishop's hand, embraced the queen, and entered the church to give thanks unto God for the happy ending of so threatening a drama. And so, adds Mariana, this day of tears and lamentations was changed into a day of joy. This was in the year of our Lord 1087.

The *Alfaqui*, or Moorish doctor, whose sagacious advice the Moors had followed on this occasion, was regarded with so much gratitude by the Christians that they set up his

statue in the Holy of Holies, where it is to be seen to this day among the kings of Spain and the dignitaries of the church.

The present cathedral was begun by St. Ferdinand in 1227. Eight portals give entrance to the edifice. The principal one is called the great Door of Pardon. Seven steps lead up to it, which the people often ascend on their knees. And to kneel is the attitude one instinctively takes on entering this magnificent church, which is like a great jewelled cross of marvellous workmanship. It is, in fact, a museum of sculpture and painting. The eye is absolutely dazzled by its richness, as it looks up the long aisles with their clustered columns, lit up by the finest stained-glass windows in Spain. The choir alone it would take hours to examine, so profuse are the beautiful carvings. On the lower stalls—those of the choristers—are carved jousts, tourneys, battles, and sieges, as if to figure the constant warfare of man here below. Even the very animals in the accessory carvings are represented contending. Forty-five of these stalls represent the siege of some city or fortress in the war with the Moors, and are curious for the costumes and arms of the time. The most interesting relate to the conquest of Granada, just after which they were executed. Nor is it surprising to find such things commemorated in so holy a place. The war with the Saracens was not merely a national enterprise, but a holy crusade on which depended, not only the safety of Spain, but of all Christendom, and Europe has never been sufficiently grateful to the Spaniards for saving it from the yoke of Islam. These carvings seem like a psalm of triumph for ever echoed in this choir: "The Lord hath triumphed gloriously: the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea." Each panel, labelled with its victory, seems chanting, one after the other:

> "To him which smote great kings:
> For his mercy endureth for ever!—
> Sihon, the King of the Amorites:
> For his mercy endureth for ever!
> And Og, the King of Bashan:
> For his mercy endureth for ever!
> —And hath redeemed us from our enemies:
> For his mercy endureth for ever!"

On the upper stalls, where sit the canons of the church between red marble columns, are the holy mysteries of the faith, carved by Berruguete and Felipe de Borgoña, and above in alabaster is the genealogy of Christ. At the head of the choir is the archbishop's throne, like the stalls of carved walnut, but supported by bronze pillars. Among other carvings on it is the legend of St. Ildefonso and the sacred *Casulla*, so popular at Toledo, and which has inspired the pencil of Murillo, Rubens, and other eminent artists. St. Ildefonso was Archbishop of Toledo in the seventh century, and the author of a famous work entitled *De Virginitate Mariæ*. It is said that one night, entering the church at the head of his clergy to sing the midnight office, he found the altar illuminated, and the Blessed Virgin seated on his ivory throne surrounded by a throng of angels, holding in her hand the book he had written in defence of her virginity. She beckoned him towards her, and said, as she bestowed on him a beautiful white chasuble of celestial woof: "Inasmuch as with a firm faith and a clean heart, having thy loins girt about with purity, thou hast, by means of the divine grace shed on thy lips, diffused the glory of my virginity in the hearts of the faithful, I give thee this vestment, taken from the treas-

ury of my Son, that even in this life thou mayest be clothed with the garment of light." And the attendant angels came forward to fasten the sacred *Casulla* around him.

After the time of St. Ildefonso no one ever ventured to use this chasuble till the presumptuous Sisberto was made archbishop; but he experienced the fatal effects of his rashness and died a miserable death in exile. This precious garment was carefully preserved fifty-seven years at Toledo, and then carried to the Asturias to save it from the Moors—perhaps by Pelayus when he floated down the Tagus two hundred and fifty miles in a wooden chest, a second Moses destined to save his nation:

> "The relics and the written works of saints,
> Toledo's treasure, prized beyond all wealth,
> Their living and their dead remains,
> These to the mountain fastnesses he bore."

When the church of San Salvador at Oviedo was completed, Alfonso el Casto had the Santa Casulla solemnly conveyed thither, and there it remains to this day.

St. Ildefonso and the holy Casulla are to be seen at every hand's turn at Toledo. Countless houses have a majolica medallion depicting them inserted in their front walls. They are sculptured over one of the doors of the cathedral, and several times within. And among the numerous paintings that adorn the edifice are two in which the Blessed Virgin is clothing St. Ildefonso with something of the grace and majesty of heaven.

But the vision of St. Ildefonso is specially commemorated on the spot where it occurred by a beautiful little temple of open Gothic work on one side of the nave. Here the whole legend is admirably told by Vigarny in a series of bas-reliefs in marble. In the outer wall is inserted the slab on which the Virgin's feet rested, protected by an iron grating. Both the grate and slab are worn by the fingers of the devout. No one passes without thrusting his hands through the grating to touch the stone, after which he kisses the tips of his fingers and makes the sign of the cross.

The *Capilla mayor* is of excessive richness. Jasper steps lead up to the high altar. The retable, covered with countless sculptures, rises almost to the arches, alive with scenes from the life of our Saviour amid innumerable pinnacles, and niches, and statues of most elaborate workmanship. Around are the tombs of the ancient kings of Spain, and among them that of the celebrated Cardinal Mendoza, the *tertius rex*, who took so prominent a part in the government in the time of Ferdinand and Isabella—a tomb in the Plateresco style, and worthy, not only of that great prelate, but of the marvellous chapel in which it stands. Near by is the effigy of the *Alfaqui*, who interposed in favor of Queen Constanza and Archbishop Bernard, and opposite is a statue of San Isidro, who led Alfonso VIII. to victory at Navas de Tolosa, as well as one of that king himself in a niche. There is certainly nothing grander in all Christendom than this chapel—nothing more in harmony with the imposing rites of the church, which are here celebrated with a majesty that is infinitely impressive.

The chapel of the Sagrario contains the celebrated statue of the Virgin so honored by the Goths, said to have been saved from the Moors by an Englishman. It is of wood, black with age, but entirely plated with silver, excepting the face and hands. This Madonna

stands in a blaze of light from the numerous lamps, and is absolutely sparkling with jewels. One of her mantles is of silver tissue embroidered with gold thread (that required three hundred ounces of gold to make) and thousands of pearls weighing nearly as much. There is scarcely room for the rubies, emeralds, and diamonds suspended on this mantle. That of the Child is similar in style, and took nine persons over a year to embroider.

Near by, in the chapel of Santa Marina, is a tombstone over the remains of Cardinal de Carrero, the king-maker of Philip the Fifth's time, with its *Hic jacet pulvis, cinis, et nihil!*—sublime cry of Christian humility.

Every chapel in this cathedral is worthy of interest. One bears the curious name of the *Christo de las Cucharas*, or of Spoons, from the *armes parlantes* of Diego Lopez de Padilla emblazoned here—three *padillas*, or little paddles in the form of a spoon. It was a lady of this family who, in some civil contest, stripped the statues in the cathedral of their valuable ornaments as a means of defraying the expenses of the war, but first kneeling before them to beg the saints' pardon for the liberty she was about to take.

Then there is the beautiful chapel of *Los Reyes Nuevos*, lined with rich tombs in sculptured recesses, each with its recumbent effigy, among which is that of a daughter of John of Gaunt, "time-honored Lancaster," who married a Spanish prince.

The chapel of Santiago, in the flamboyant style, was built before the discovery of America, by Alvaro de Luna, grand-master of the Knights of Santiago. On every side are scallop-shells, emblem of the tutelar, and the crescent, cognizance of the Luna family. The tomb of the founder is in the centre, with knights, cut in alabaster, keeping eternal watch and ward around their chief, who is lying on his tomb; while monks and nuns that have turned to stone seem to pray for ever around that of his wife.

The Mozarabic chapel, with its memories of Cardinal Ximenes, is very interesting. One side of it is entirely covered with a fresco of the battle of Oran, in which the cardinal took a leading part, full of animation and vigor. Here the Mozarabic rite which he re-established is still kept up.

What the primitive form of the Spanish liturgy was we have no certain knowledge, for it was superseded, or greatly modified, by the Goths. After the fourth Council of Toledo, presided over by St. Isidore of Seville, a uniform liturgy was established throughout the kingdom, to which was given the name of Mozarabic from that of the Christians who lived under the Moorish rule, and only had permission to maintain their own rites by the payment of an annual tribute. The Gregorian liturgy was introduced in the time of Alfonso VI. by the wish of the pope. The clergy and people were at first in consternation at the proposed change, but the archbishop, Bernard de Sédirac, was in favor of it, and he was sustained by the government. Six churches at Toledo were assigned to the Mozarabic rite, but by degrees the Gregorian acquired ascendency. Mozarabic books became more and more rare, and the rite was nearly abandoned when Cardinal Ximenes, in order to preserve a vestige of it, founded this chapel in the year 1500, and had the ancient service

printed at Alcala de Henares. One peculiarity of this rite is, the Host is divided into nine parts, which are placed on the paten in the form of a cross, in memory of the Incarnation, Nativity, Circumcision, Adoration of the Magi, Passion, Death, Resurrection, Ascension, and Eternal Reign.

The chapter-room of the cathedral is the richest in Spain. It is Moorish in style, and has a magnificent *artesonado* ceiling of gold and azure, rare carvings in oak, and a profusion of paintings, mostly portraits of the archbishops of Toledo, ninety-four in number, among which is that of Carranza, the confessor of Mary Tudor, and such a favorite of Charles V. that he summoned him to his death-bed at Yuste.

But the best paintings are in the sacristy. Here is the Santa Casulla on the ceiling, by Luca Giordano, the most productive painter that ever existed, and on the wall is El Greco's *chef d'œuvre*—the casting of lots for Christ's garment—in which the artist introduced his own portrait as one of the soldiers. There is also a beautiful Santa Leocadia rising from her tomb, by Orrente. St. Ildefonso is cutting off a portion of her veil, according to the legend, which says that while he was celebrating Mass at the tomb of this saint on her festival, Dec. 9, in presence of the king and a great crowd, the stone that covered the tomb, which it took thirty strong men to remove, was suddenly raised, to the amazement of the assembly, and St. Leocadia came forth shrouded in her veil. Going to St. Ildefonso, she took him by the hand and said: "Ildefonso, it is by thee the Queen we serve in heaven hath obtained victory over her enemies; by thee her memory is kept alive in the hearts of the faithful." She then returned to her tomb, but before it closed on her for ever the archbishop had presence of mind enough to commend the king and nation to her prayers, and, taking a knife from the king, cut off a corner of her veil, which is still preserved in the Ochavo and solemnly exhibited on her festival.

The Ochavo is a fine octagonal room entirely lined with precious marbles. Here are the silver shrines of St. Eugenius and St. Leocadia, with silver statues and reliquaries, and countless articles of great value. The riches of this church are still extraordinary, though the French carried off more than a ton of silver objects in their day. A dignitary who officiated in a procession while we were there wore a magnificent collar, which we afterwards examined. It was absolutely covered with pearls, rubies, sapphires, emeralds, etc. A man followed him with a mace, as if to guard it. The silver custodia for the Host, the largest in the world, weighs four hundred pounds, and is composed of eighty thousand pieces. It is of the florid Gothic style, and contains two hundred and sixty-six statuettes. Cardinal Ximenes ordered it to be made in 1515, but it took nine years to complete it. There is another of pure gold, weighing thirty-two pounds, which Isabella the Catholic had made of the first ingots from the New World, as a tribute to the divine Host. After her death Cardinal Ximenes bought it and presented it to his cathedral.

The vestments in the sacristy are perhaps unrivalled. Many of them are hundreds of years old, of rare embroidery that looks like painting, done on cloth of gold. We remem-

ber one cope in particular, on which is the coronation of Mary, done by hands of fairy-like skill. All the crowns of the divine personages, as well as their garments, are edged with real pearls, and the whole scene, though wrought with silk, seemed to have caught something of the celestial beauty and calm rapture of Fra Angelico.

We have given only a faint idea of this magnificent cathedral, which must be seen to be fully appreciated. No wonder the proverb says: *Dives Toledana.* Leaving the church by the first door at hand, we saluted the huge San Christobalón, forty feet high, on the wall—saint of propitious omen, whom we always like to meet.

The cathedral cloister is charming with its laurels, orange-trees, and myrtles. The frescoed arcades are brilliant with the poetic legends of the church of Toledo, among which are St. Leocadia refusing to sacrifice to Jupiter, and Santa Casilda, a Moorish princess converted to the faith, visiting the Christians in her father's dungeons. Around the gate of the Niño Perdido is painted the legend from which it derives its name, similar to that of St. Hugh of Lincoln. This "lost child" was of Christian parentage, and kidnapped in 1490 by the Jews, who carried him to La Guardia. On Good Friday they took him to a neighboring cave and made him undergo all the tortures of the Passion, finally crucifying him at the ninth hour, at which time his blind mother, who was at a distance, is said to have suddenly recovered her sight. His heart was torn out and wrapped up with a consecrated Host, as if from some dim sense of the connection between the Sacred Heart and the Holy Eucharist, and sent by a renegade to the Jews of Zamora. In passing through Avila he entered the cathedral, and, while pretending to pray, the people were surprised to see rays of light issue from his person. They thought he was a saintly pilgrim, and reported the occurrence to the holy office. He was questioned, and, his replies being unsatisfactory, was arrested and convicted of being accessory to the crime.

On the Plaza Zocodover once took place the bull-fights and other public spectacles of Toledo. It has always been a market-place, and, above the arcades, is the chapel of the Christo de la Sangre, where Mass used to be said for the benefit of the market-men, who could thus attend to their devotions without leaving their stalls.

It is on the Plaza Zocodover you may make the pleasant acquaintance of "a most sweet Spaniard, the comfit-maker of Toledo, who can teach sugar to slip down your throat a million of ways," and by none easier than what is called the *eel* of Toledo, which could not have been surpassed in Shakspere's time — a most delicious compound of sweetmeats, fashioned like a huge eel, which is sold coiled up in a box. If the famous eels of Bolsena are to be compared with those of Toledo, it is not surprising that, as Dante implies, they even tempted Pope Martin the Fourth, particularly if he had been recently subjected, like us, to the "divine diet" of the Fonda de Lino!

There are numerous charitable institutions at Toledo, due to the munificence of its great prelates, who, if they had immense revenues, knew how to spend them like princes of the church. Cardinal Mendoza spent enormous sums on the magnificent hospital of Santa Cruz, which is now converted into a mili-

tary academy. Here the cross, which the cardinal triumphantly placed on the captured Alhambra in 1492, and which forms the device on his arms, is everywhere glorified. This hospital is noted for its unrivalled sculptures of the Renaissance, particularly those of the grand portal, which is really a jewel of art. The discovery of the True Cross by St. Helena is appropriately the chief subject. The beautiful *patio* is surrounded by Moorish galleries which, as well as the staircases, are sculptured. On all sides are the Mendoza arms, with its motto composed by an angel: *Ave Maria, gratia plena.* The rooms have fine Moorish ceilings. The church is peculiar in shape, being in the form of a Mendoza cross, with four long arms of equal length. The right transept is now used for gymnastic exercises, and the left one as a school-room. On the wall still hangs the portrait of its great founder, expressive of lofty purpose. He was familiar with the din of camps, as well as with the peaceful duties of charity, and does not look out of his element in this military school. The building is a grand monument to his memory, and one of the wonders of Toledo.

The hospital of St. John the Baptist was built by Cardinal de Tavera in the sixteenth century, and in so magnificent a style as to make people reverse the murmuring of Judas and say: "To what purpose is this waste? And why hath all this money been given to the poor?" The tomb of the beneficent prelate, sculptured by Berruguete, is in the centre of the nave. It is in the *cinque-cento* style. At the corners stand some of the virtues that adorned his life: Prudence, with a mirror and mask; Justice, with scales; Fortitude, with her tower; and Temperance, pouring water from a vase. Over the tomb still hangs the cardinal's hat, after three hundred years.

In front of this hospital is a small promenade, ornamented with rude statues of the old Gothic kings. Keeping on, outside the city walls, we passed tower after tower of defence at the left, while at the right lay the Vega, where are still some remains of an old Roman amphitheatre. At length we came to the ruined palace of Roderick, the last of the Goths, built by good King Wamba of more pleasant memory. In a niche is a rough statue, purporting to be Don Roderick himself, looking where he has no business to look—down on the baths of Florinda. An immense convent beyond towers up over the walls, like a prison with its grated windows, that are dismal from without, but which command an admirable view over the valley of the Tagus, along whose banks rise steep cliffs like palisades, with here and there an old Moorish mill. Just below, the river is spanned by St. Martin's bridge with its ancient fortifications. On the rough hills beyond are numerous *cigarrales*, or country-seats. There is something wild and melancholy about the whole scene. The river itself rushes on in a fierce, ungovernable manner, as if it had never come under the influences of civilization. It comes from the palæontologic mountains of Albarracin, and flows on hundreds of miles, disdaining all commercial appliances, in lonely, lordly grandeur, till lost in the Atlantic. Its current is clear, green, and rapid, though poets sing it as the river of the golden waves. Don Quixote tells of four nymphs who come forth from its waters and seat themselves in the green meadow to broider

their rich silken tissues with gold and pearls, referring to Garcilasso de la Vega, the poet-warrior of Toledo, who says:

"De cuatro ninfas, que del Tajo amado
Salieron juntas, acantar me ofresco. . . ."

Farther up the river are a few Arab arches of the palace of Galiana, a heroine of ancient romance. She was the daughter of King Alfahri, who gave her this rural retreat, and embellished it in every possible way. The young princess was of marvellous beauty, and generally lived here to escape from her numerous suitors, among whom was Bradamante, a gigantic Moorish prince from Guadalajara. This redoubtable wooer endeavored, but in vain, to soften her heart. He only served to keep his rivals in check. At length a foreign prince, none other than the mighty Charlemagne himself, came to aid her father in the war against the King of Cordova. He was at once captivated by the beauty of Galiana, and, as she showed herself by no means insensible to his advances, he soon ventured to ask her hand in marriage. To dispose of Prince Bradamante, he challenged him to a private combat, and struck off his head, which he offered to the bride-elect. This obstacle removed, the wedding soon took place, and Galiana was triumphantly carried to France. Some pretend Charlemagne never crossed the Ebro, but we have unlimited faith in the legend, on which numberless songs and romances are based, and sold to this day by blind men on the public squares of Toledo.

One of the attractions of Toledo is Santa Maria la Blanca, an ancient Jewish synagogue in the style of the mosque of Cordova, which, after many vicissitudes, has become a Catholic church. The name is derived from the ancient legend of Our Lady *ad nives*—of the snow—which led to the foundation of Santa Maria Maggiore at Rome, and is evidently popular in Spain from the number of churches bearing the name. That at Toledo is very striking from the horse-shoe arches, one above the other, supported by octagon pillars with curiously-wrought capitals. There are lace-like wheels along the frieze of the nave, and the roof is of cedar—a tree sacred to the Jews, and which they say only came to perfection in the Garden of Eden. In their epitaphs we often read: "He is gone down to the Garden of Eden, to those who are amongst the cedars."

The Transito is another old synagogue, which was erected in the days of Don Pedro the Cruel by Samuel Levi, his wealthy treasurer. The architects were probably Moors, for it is decorated in the style of the Alhambra. It consists only of one nave, but this is richly ornamented. Along the walls are Hebrew inscriptions, said to be in part from the Psalms, and partly in praise of Samuel Levi. His praises were not on the lips of the people, however. On the contrary, he was very obnoxious to them on account of his exorbitant taxes, and when put to the torture by Don Pedro, he was by no means regretted. The Jews were specially detested at Toledo. It is said they opened the city to the Moors, and subsequently to the Christians, and were faithful to neither party. When expelled in 1492, this building was given to the Knights of Calatrava.

The church of San Juan de los Reyes was built in 1476 by Ferdinand and Isabella in gratitude for a victory over the Portuguese. It is now a parish church, but was

first given to the Franciscans, whose long knotted cord is carved along the frieze. It is magnificently situated on a height overlooking the Tagus. An immense number of chains are suspended on the outer walls, taken from Christian captives in the dungeons of the Alhambra. These glorious trophies were brought from Granada in 1492, and cannot be regarded without emotion. It is said—but who can believe it?—that some of them were recently used by the authorities to enclose a public promenade, to save the expense of buying new ones—a most odious piece of economy, of which Samuel Levi himself would not have been guilty. The portal of this church is a beautiful example of the Plateresco style, exquisite as goldsmith's work, with its fretted niches and sculptured shields. The building, though only intended for a conventual church, is of grand proportions and richly ornamented. The emblems of Ferdinand and Isabella, with other heraldic devices, are sculptured amid delicate foliage around the royal gallery, and over the high altar Cardinal Mendoza is painted at the foot of the cross.

The cloisters adjoining, of the florid Gothic style, are exquisitely beautiful. They are built around a pleasant court, which has a fountain in the centre, and a profusion of orange-trees and myrtles. The niches of the arcades are peopled with saints, and the columns and arches covered with an endless variety of acanthus leaves, lilies, bell-flowers, ivy, holly, and even the humbler vegetables, carved with a skill that reminded us of Scott's well-known lines:

"Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand
Had framed a spell, when the work was done,
And changed the willow wreaths to stone."

The convent has been sequestered, and the Gothic refectory of the friars is now the public museum. Near by was the palace of Cardinal Ximenes, who was a member of the Franciscan Order.

To say nothing about the swords of Toledo would be almost like leaving the hero out of the play. Spanish weapons have been renowned from ancient times. Titus Livius and Martial mention them. Cicero alludes to the *pugiunculus Hispaniensis*. Gratius Faliscus, a friend of Ovid's, speaks, in particular, of the *Cultrum Toledanum* which hunters wore at their belts:

"Ima Toledano præcingunt ilia cultro."

Swords continued to be fabricated at Toledo in the time of the Gothic kings. Their broad, two-edged swords were probably the type of the *alfanjes* of the Moors, which we see in the paintings in the Alhambra. The kings of Castile accorded special privileges to the corporations of *espaderos*, such as exemption from taxes on the steel they used. This was brought from the Basque provinces, about a mile from Mondragon.

"Vencedora espada,
De Mondragon tu acero,
Y en Toledo templada"

—"Sword victorious, thy steel is from Mondragon, but tempered at Toledo."

The most ancient Toledan sword-maker known is a Moor called *Del Rey*, because Ferdinand the Catholic stood as godfather at his conversion. His mark was a *perrillo*, or little dog, which was so famous that Don Quixote speaks of it. But the swords of Spain were in general renowned all over Europe in the middle ages. Froissart speaks of the short Spanish dagger with a wide blade. We know by

Shakspere how much this weapon was prized in England. It was a trusty Toledo blade Othello kept in his chamber.

The great blow to the sword manufactory of Toledo was the introduction of French costumes in the seventeenth century, in which swords were dispensed with. Carlos III. resolved to revive this industry, and erected the present fabric on the right shore of the Tagus, more than a mile from the city. The swords are inferior in quality and lack their former elegance of form. They participate in the degeneracy of those who wield them. Spain, once noble, chivalrous, and of deep convictions, has lost its fine temper and keenness of thrust. The raw material out of which such wonders were wrought in the old days remains still, however, in the people as in the country. It only needs a return to old principles of faith and honor on the part of the ruling classes to prepare the way for a new Spanish history, more glorious and more advantageous to the world at large than even Spain has ever known.

ENGLISH RULE IN IRELAND.

No one can pass from England into Ireland without being struck by the contrast in the condition of the two countries—a contrast so marked and absolute that it is revealed at the first glance, and in lines so bold and rigid that it seems to have been produced by nature itself. In England there is wealth, thrift, prosperity; in Ireland, poverty, helplessness, decay. Into the great heart of London, through arteries that stretch round the globe, the riches of the whole earth are poured. Dublin is a city of the past, and, in spite of its imposing structures, impresses us sadly. The English cities are busy marts of commerce or homes of comfort, luxury, and learning. The Irish towns are empty, silent, decayed. Into England's ports come the ships of all the nations; but in Ireland's hardly a sail is unfurled. There the chimneys of innumerable factories shut out with their black smoke the light of heaven; here the Round Tower or the crumbling ruin stands as a monument of death. England is over-crowded; in Ireland we travel for miles without meeting a human being; pass through whole counties from which the people have disappeared to make room for cattle. Freedom is in the very air of England: the people go about their business or pleasure in a sturdy, downright way, and in a conscious security under the protection of wise laws; in Ireland we cannot take a step without being offended by evidences of oppression and misrule. The people are disarmed and unprotected, guarded by a foreign soldiery, the servants of an alien aristocracy.

To what causes must we ascribe this wide difference in the condition of two islands, separated by a narrow strip of sea, with but slight dissimilarity of climate, and governed ostensibly for now nearly seven hundred years by the same laws?

The explanation given univer-

sally by English writers, with the tone with which one is accustomed to affirm axiomatic truths, is based upon the dissimilarity of the two peoples in natural character and in religious faith. The Irish, they say, are by nature discontented, idle, and thriftless, and their religion is in fatal opposition to liberty and progress. The subject is worthy of our attention. Ireland is an anomaly in European history. Just at the time when the other Christian nations, after overcoming the divisions and feuds of a barbarous age, were settling down into the unity which renders harmonious development possible, the seed of perpetual discord and never-ending strife was planted ineradicably in her soil. Three hundred years of almost incessant warfare with the Dane had left her exhausted and divided, an easy prey to the Norman barons, who introduced into her national life a foreign blood and an alien civilization.

From that day to the present time Ireland's fate has been the saddest of which history has preserved the record. There has been no peace, no liberty, no progress. Opposing races, contrary civilizations, and opposite religions have clashed in such fierce and bloody battles that we could almost fancy the furies of the abyss had been let loose to smite and scourge the doomed land. Mercy, justice, all human feelings have been banished from this struggle, which has been one of brute force and fiendish cunning. Whatever the stronger has been able to do has been done; and there is no good reason for believing that England, in her dealings with Ireland, has ever passed one just law or redressed one wrong from a humane or honorable motive. From the conquest to the schism of Henry VIII., a period of nearly four centuries, the English colonists, entrenched within the Pale and receiving continually reinforcements from the mother country, formed a nation within a nation, always armed and watching every opportunity to make inroads upon the possessions of the native princes, who were not slow to return blow for blow. There was no security for life or property; the people were left to the mercy of barons and kings, to be robbed and pillaged or butchered in their broils. Nothing could be more inhuman than English legislation in Ireland during these four centuries, unless it be English legislation in Ireland during the three centuries which followed. Henry II. confiscated the whole island, dividing the land among ten of his chief followers; though they were able to hold possession of but a small part of the country. In the legal enactments and official documents of this period the term habitually used to designate the native population is "the Irish enemy." They were never spoken of except as "the wild Irish," until, as an English writer affirms, the term "wild Irish" became as familiar in the English language as the term wild beast. They were denied the title of English subjects and the protection of English law. An act, passed in the reign of Edward II., gave to the English landlords the right to dispose of the property of their Irish dependents as they might see fit. All social and commercial intercourse with the "Irish enemy" was interdicted. An Irishman if found talking with an Englishman was to be apprehended as a spy and punished as an enemy of the king; and the violation of an Irishwoman was not a crime

before the law. Even exile was permitted as a mitigation of misery; for a law of Henry forbade the "Irish enemy" to emigrate. There is no exaggeration in the address which the people of Ireland sent to Pope John XXII.:

"Most Holy Father," they say, "we send you some precise and truthful information concerning the state of our nation, and the wrongs which we are suffering, and which our ancestors have suffered from the kings of England, their agents, and the English barons born in Ireland. After having driven us by violence from our dwellings, from our fields and our ancestral possessions—after having forced us to flee to the mountains, the bogs, the woods, and caves to save our lives—they cease not to harass us here even, but strive to expel us altogether from the country, that they may gain possession of it in its entire extent. They have destroyed all the written laws by which we were formerly governed. The better to compass our ruin, they have left us without laws. . . . It is the opinion of all their laymen, and of many of their ecclesiastics, that there is no more sin in killing an Irishman than in killing a dog. They all maintain that they have the right to take from us our lands and our goods."

In the second period of English rule in Ireland, to the war of races was added a war of religion, in which the "Irish enemy" became the "Popish idolater." To kill an Irishman was no sin, and to exterminate idolatrous superstition was a mission imposed by Heaven upon the chosen people to whom the pure faith of Christ had been revealed.

Then began the series of butcheries, devastations, famines, exterminations, and exiles which have not yet come to an end. The horrors of these three centuries have not been written; they can never be rightly told, or even imagined. Ireland was not only conquered, but confiscated.

Elizabeth confiscated 600,000 acres of land in Munster after the revolt of the Earl of Desmond; her successor, James I., confiscated a million acres in Ulster. Charles I. confiscated 240,000 acres in Connaught, and would have confiscated the whole province had he been able to obtain possession of it. Under the Commonwealth 7,708,237 acres were confiscated. William of Orange confiscated 1,060,000 acres. And in these confiscations we have not included the lands of the church, which were all turned over to the Establishment. The atrocity of England's Irish wars is without a parallel in the history of Christian nations. Women and children were murdered in cold blood; priests were burned to death; churches were pillaged and set on fire; towns were sacked and the inhabitants put to the sword; men and youths were put on shipboard, carried into mid-ocean, and deliberately thrown into the sea. Others were sold as slaves in the Barbadoes. Whatever could serve as food for man was destroyed, that famine might make way with all who escaped the sword. Spenser, the poet, who visited Ireland after the revolt of the Earl of Desmond, in the reign of Elizabeth, has left us a description of the condition of that province as he saw it: "Out of every corner of the woods and glens they came, creeping forth upon their hands, for their legs could not bear them; they looked like anatomies of death; they spake like ghosts crying out of

their graves; they did eat the dead carrions, happy where they could find them; yea, and one another soon after, inasmuch as the very carcasses they spared not to scrape out of their graves; and if they found a plot of water-cresses or shamrocks, there they flocked as to a feast for the time, yet not able long to continue therewithal; that in short space there were none almost left; and a most populous and plentiful country suddenly left void of man and beast." *

Lord Gray, one of Elizabeth's lieutenants, declared towards the end of her life that "little was left in Ireland for her Majesty to reign over but carcasses and ashes."

Cromwell's wars were even more cruel, and left Ireland in a condition, if possible, more wretched still. Half the people had perished; and the survivors were dying of hunger in the bogs and glens in which they had sought refuge from the fury of the troopers. Wolves prowled around the gates of Dublin, and wolf-hunting and priest-hunting became important and lucrative occupations. But it is needless to dwell longer upon this painful subject. Let us remark, however, that it would be unjust to hold Elizabeth or Cromwell responsible for these cruelties. They but executed the will of the English people, who still cherish their memories and justify these outrages. No English ruler ever feared being called to account for harshness or tyranny in dealing with Ireland. The public opinion of the nation considered the extirpation of the Irish as a work to be done, and applauded whoever helped forward its consummation. This much we may affirm on the authority of Protestant witnesses.

"The favorite object of the Irish governors," says Leland, "and of the English Parliament was the utter extirpation of all the Catholic inhabitants of Ireland."

"It is evident," says Warner, "from the Lords-Justices' last letter to the Lieutenant, that they hoped for an extirpation, not of the mere Irish only, but of all the English families that were Roman Catholics."

The feeling against the Irish was even stronger than against the church, so that the English seemed to feel a kind of pleasure in the adherence of the Celtic population to the old faith, since it widened the chasm between the two races. They really made no serious efforts to convert the Irish to Protestantism. They neglected to provide them with instructors capable of making themselves understood. They put forth no Protestant translation of the Bible in the Irish language, but contented themselves with setting up a hierarchy of archbishops, bishops, and rectors whose lives were often scandalous, and who, as Macaulay says, did nothing, and for doing nothing were paid out of the spoils of a church loved and revered by the people. Some justification for the extermination of the Irish race would be found in the fact that those who perished were only papists. War, famine, confiscation, and exile had, by the close of the seventeenth century, either destroyed or impoverished the native and Catholic population of Ireland. The land was almost exclusively in the hands of Protestants, who had also taken possession of all the cathedrals, churches, and monasteries which had escaped destruction. The Catholics, reduced to beggary, were driven from the towns and, as far as possible, from

* "A View of the State of Ireland," by Edmund Spenser.

the English settlements into the bleak and barren hills of Connaught. In many instances the confiscated lands had been given to Englishmen or Scotchmen, with the express stipulation that no Irish Catholic should be employed by them, even as a common laborer. In this extremity the Irish people were helpless. Every line along which it was possible to advance to a better state of things was cut off. Their natural leaders had been driven into exile or reduced to abject poverty; their spiritual guides had been murdered or banished; or if any had escaped their pitiless persecutors, a price was set upon their heads, and they led the lives of outlaws, unable to administer the sacraments even to the dying, except by stealth.

All their institutions of learning had been destroyed; and England permitted no instruction except in the English tongue—which the Irish neither spoke nor were willing to speak—and in Protestant schools, from which she knew the Catholics were necessarily shut out. They not only had nothing, but were in a condition in which it was impossible that they should acquire anything. Indeed, the little security which was still left them to drag out a miserable existence was found precisely in their utter helplessness and wretchedness. They could no longer be plundered, for they had nothing; they could not be butchered in battle, for they were powerless and without weapons; and so their persecutors paused, not, as the poet says, to listen to their sad lament, but from sheer contempt and indifference, thinking it no longer worth while to take notice of their hapless victims.

Three-fourths of the population of the island were nevertheless still Irish Catholics; and in spite of the persistent efforts to drive them all beyond the Shannon, the moment the violence of persecution abated large numbers showed themselves in other parts of the country, especially in the province of Munster. It was at this time, and to meet any danger that might arise from the mingling of the Irish Catholics with the Protestant colonists, that the Penal Code was enacted, by which the entire population that still held to the ancient faith was deprived of all rights and reduced to the condition of helots and pariahs. This Code, the most inhuman ever contrived by the perverted ingenuity of man, was the work of the Irish Parliament, which, it is almost needless to say, represented only the Protestants of Ireland. Violence had done its work; the Catholic Irish had been reduced to a condition as wretched as it is possible for man to suffer and live; and now the form of justice and the semblance of law are invoked to make this condition perpetual. Suddenly, and for the first time, the Protestants of Ireland seem animated with religious zeal for the conversion of the Catholics. The extermination of the Irish race was abandoned as hopeless; and, indeed, there seemed to be no good ground for believing that a people who had survived the wars, famines, and exiles by which Ireland had been drained of its population during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries could be extirpated. Nothing remained, therefore, but to convert them. This was the pretext with which men sought to hide the monstrous iniquity of the penal laws. All bishops and monks were ordered to quit Ireland before the 1st of May, 1698, under pain of imprisonment and transportation; and, in case they should return, they were to

suffer death. Heavy fines were imposed upon all who harbored or concealed the proscribed ecclesiastics; and rewards were offered for their discovery or apprehension. Care was taken at the same time to exclude all foreign priests. By thus cutting off from Ireland the fountain-source of orders and ecclesiastical jurisdiction, it was confidently expected that in a few years the Catholic priesthood would cease to exist there, and that the people, left without priests or sacraments, would have no alternative but to become Protestants. Every exterior sign of Catholic worship was suppressed, and it was tolerated only as a hidden cult, whose ceremonies were performed with bated breath, clandestinely in cabins and unfrequented places. Whatever appealed to the heart or the imagination was condemned. The steeple that pointed to heaven; the bell whose religious tones thrilled with accents of a world of peace; the cross that told of the divinity that is in suffering and sorrow; the pilgrimages in which the people gathered to cherish sacred memories and to do homage to worthy deeds and noble lives, were all proscribed. And even the poor huts in which it was possible to offer the Holy Sacrifice were carefully watched by the officers of the law, as to-day, in the great cities, places of infamy are put under the surveillance of the police.

Having suppressed the hierarchy and shorn the Catholic religion of its splendor, the rulers of Ireland next proceeded to adopt measures by which every imaginable inducement to apostasy was held out both to the clergy and the laity. An annual pension, first of twenty, then of thirty, and finally of forty pounds sterling was offered to all priests who should abandon their religion. Whether or not they accepted this bribe was held to be of small importance, as their ranks were rapidly thinned by death, and precautions had been taken that the vacancies should not be refilled.

The Catholic people were placed in a position like that of the Forty Martyrs, who were exposed naked on the frozen lake, surrounded by warm baths and comfortable houses, which they could enter by renouncing their faith. The deepest and holiest instincts of human nature were appealed to against the most sacred convictions which man is capable of holding. If the father wished to educate his child, schools abounded, but he could enter them only by abandoning his religion. He was not, indeed, forced to send his children to these Protestant schools, but it was made impossible for him to send them to any other. His tyrants went farther. They spared no pains to make it impossible that an Irish Catholic should learn anything even by stealth. All Catholic schoolmasters were banished from Ireland, and, in case of return, were to suffer death.

The law made express provision for the money necessary to defray the expenses of transporting these obnoxious persons. Nay, it went yet farther. There were schools on the continent of Europe to which a few Irish children might possibly find their way. This danger was foreseen and met. An act was passed prohibiting Catholics from sending their children across the Channel without special permission, and the magistrates were authorized to demand at any time that parents should produce their children before them. Beyond this it was not possible to go. All that human enactments can do to degrade the

mind of a whole people to a state of brutish ignorance was done. And let us remark that this applied not to the Irish only, but to all Catholics who spoke the English language. The English government took from them every opportunity of knowledge, made it criminal for them to know anything; and then they were denounced by English writers almost universally as the foes of learning and as lovers of ignorance. We know of no harder or more cruel fate in all history, nor of a more striking example of the injustice of the world towards the church. Even here in the United States we Catholics are still suffering the consequences of this unparalleled infamy. But we have hardly entered on the subject of the Penal Laws: we are as yet on the threshold.

The enforced ignorance of the Irish Catholics was but a preparation for innumerable other legal outrages. From all the honorable careers of life they were mercilessly shut out—from the army, the navy, the magistracy, and the civil service. That a Catholic was not permitted to become an educator we have already seen. As little was he allowed to perform the functions of barrister, attorney, or solicitor. He could neither vote nor be elected to office. Shut out from all public life, from every liberal profession, disfranchised, ignorant, despised, was anything else needed to make the Irish Catholic the most wretched of men? His land had been confiscated, he had been robbed; he was a beggar; but might he not hope gradually to lift himself out of the degradation of his poverty? To regain ownership of the soil was out of the question. He was disqualified by law, which, however, permitted him to become a tenant—not to do him a favor, but solely for the benefit of the landlord, to whose arbitrary will he was made a slave. This is but half the truth. The iniquity of the law mistrusted the rectitude of human nature even in an Irish landlord. He was therefore compelled to be unjust to his tenant; to give him but short leases; to force him to pay at least two-thirds of the value of the produce of his farm; to punish him for improving his land by augmenting the rent; and, lest there should be any doubt as to the seriousness of these barbarous enactments, a premium was offered for the discovery of instances of their violation in favor of Catholic tenants. The landlord was not allowed to be just, but he was free to be as heartless and inhuman as he pleased. His tenants had no rights, they belonged to a despised race, they professed an idolatrous religion, and their extermination had been the cherished policy of the English government for six hundred years. If there was no hope here for the Irish Catholic, might he not, with better prospects, turn to commercial or industrial pursuits?

Without, for the present, taking a larger view of this question, it will be sufficient to consider the restrictions placed upon Catholics in this matter. Commerce and manufacture were controlled by municipal and trading corporations of which no Irish Catholic could be a member. This of itself, at a time when monopoly and privilege were everywhere recognized, gave to Protestants the entire business of the country.

Prohibitory laws were therefore not needed. But no security could lull to rest the fierce spirit of the persecuting Protestant oligarchy. A Catholic could not acquire real estate; he could not even rent land,

except on ruinous terms; he could not exercise a liberal profession or fill a public office; he was unable to engage in commerce or manufacture; he had no political rights, no protection from the law; and, to make all this doubly bitter, his masters were at once the enemies of his race and his religion. This, one would think, ought to have been enough to satisfy the worst of tyrants. But it is of the nature of tyranny that the more it oppresses, the more it feels the necessity of inflicting new wrongs upon its victims. Every motive that incites men to activity and labor had been taken from the Catholics, and yet their oppressors, with the cowardice which naturally belongs to evil-doers, were still fearful lest some of them might, by chance or good fortune, acquire wealth enough to lift them above the immediate necessities of life. A universal threat was therefore held over all who possessed anything. A Catholic was not allowed to own a horse worth more than five pounds; any Protestant in the kingdom might take the best he had by paying him that sum. Whenever it was deemed necessary to call out the militia, the law declared all horses belonging to Catholics subject to seizure; and twenty shillings a day for the maintenance of each troop was levied on the papists of the country. Whenever property was destroyed, the law assumed that the Catholics were the offenders, and they were forced to indemnify the owners for their loss. They were taxed for the support of the government, in which they were not allowed to take part and from which they received no protection; for the maintenance of the Established Church, in which they did not believe and which was already rich with the spoils of the Catholic Church.

No Catholic was permitted to marry a Protestant; and the priest assisting at such marriage was punished with death. No Catholic could be a guardian; and to the agonies of death this new pain was added: that the dying father foresaw that his children would be committed to Protestants, to be brought up in a religious faith which had been the unclean source of all the ills that had befallen him and his country. The law held out a bribe to Catholic children to induce them to betray their parents, and put a premium on apostasy.

This inhuman Code was not framed at one time, nor was there found in its enactments any system or unity of purpose, other than that which is derived from the hate of the persecutor for his victim. To this blind fury whatever helped to crush and degrade the Catholic people of Ireland seemed just.

Though it seems almost incredible, it is nevertheless certain, that the execution of these laws was worse than the laws themselves. The whole intent of the legislators being directed to the extermination or perversion of the Irish Catholics, the fullest license was granted to the caprice and cruelty of individuals. The Catholic had no protection. If he sought to defend himself, he was forced to employ a Protestant lawyer, who could bring his case only before a Protestant judge, who was obliged to submit it to a Protestant jury. In these circumstances recourse to the law was worse than useless. The great landed proprietors were accustomed to deal out justice with a high hand. They had prisons in their castles, into which, for or without cause, they threw their helpless

dependents; and whenever these outrageous proceedings were complained of, the grand juries threw out the indictments. To horsewhip or beat the poor Catholics was a frequent mode of correction, and they were even deliberately murdered without any fear of punishment. This we have upon the authority of Arthur Young, whose testimony is certainly above suspicion; and he adds that the violation of their wives and daughters was not considered an offence. If the great lord met them on the road, his servants were ordered to turn their wagons and carts into the ditch to make room for his carriage; and if the unfortunate wretches dared complain, they were answered with the lash. For a Catholic to bring suit against his Protestant persecutor would have been at once most absurd and most dangerous.

The religious fanaticism which had inspired the Penal Code lost its honesty and earnestness amid these frightful excesses. The tyrant is degraded with his victim, and crimes committed in the name of religion, if they begin in sincerity, end in hypocrisy. Even the poor honesty of blind zeal vanishes, and selfishness and hate alone remain. This is the sad spectacle which Ireland presents to our view after the first fury of persecution had spent itself. The dominant class grew indifferent to all religion, and, having ignominiously failed to make any impression on the faith of the Catholics, connived at their worship.

But as zeal grew cold, self-interest became more intense. So long as the Catholics remained in poverty and helplessness no notice was taken of them; but the moment they acquired anything which could excite the cupidity of a Protestant, the law was appealed to against them. The priest, who, according to the Code, incurred the penalty of transportation or hanging for saying Mass, could violate this article with impunity, provided he possessed nothing which might serve as a motive for denouncing him. The laws against Catholic worship were kept upon the statute-book, chiefly because they served as an ever-ready and convenient pretext for robbing Catholics. Another end, too, scarcely less important, was thereby gained. The Catholics, even when left in peace, lived in continual fear, knowing that any chance spark would be sufficient to light the flames of persecution. In this way it was hoped that the martyr-spirit in them would give place to the spirit of the slave; and this hope was not altogether delusive. Since there was a kind of security in remaining in abject poverty, in lurking in secret places, in speaking only with bated breath, and in showing the most cringing servility in the presence of their masters, the Catholics came by degrees to look upon this servile condition as their normal state, and hardly dared even hope for a better. We may remark that this is another instance in which the Catholic Church is held responsible for the work of Protestants. Protestant England has enslaved Catholic Ireland; has for centuries put forth the most heartless and cunningly-devised efforts to extinguish in the Irish Catholics every noble and free aspiration of the human heart; and then she has turned round and appealed to the world, with the cant which is twin-born with hypocrisy, to bear witness that Ireland is in fetters because the Catholic Church is opposed to liberty; and the world, in whose eyes success is ever the highest and the best, has smiled approval.

Is it, then, possible that six hundred years of hereditary bondage, of outlawry, of want and oppression, should produce no evil effect upon the character of a people, however nobly endowed by God? Are we to expect industry when every motive that incites men to labor is absent? How can he who is forbidden to possess anything be provident? Or is it not natural that the hopelessly wretched should grow desperate, reckless of their deeds or their consequences?

Great misfortunes, like great successes, try men as nothing else can. In the lowest depths of misery we are apt to forget that there is a lower deep. For ourselves, the more we study the history of the Irish people, and compare their character with the wrongs which they have suffered, the more wonderful does it seem to us that they should have remained superior to fate. If they have not wholly escaped the evil influences of the worst of all tyrannies, nothing, at least, has been able to destroy their purity, their hopefulness, their trust in God, and belief in the final triumph of right. They are, in our eyes, the highest example of the supremacy of the soul, of the invincible power of faith; the most striking proof of a divine Providence that watches over the destiny of nations. It will not be thought out of place to quote here the words of a Protestant historian who, in his old age, seems to regret the impartiality and generous love of unpopular truth which characterized his earlier manhood.

"Such," says Mr. Bancroft, "was the Ireland of the Irish—a conquered people, whom the victors delighted to trample upon and did not fear to provoke. Their industry within the kingdom was prohibited or repressed by law, and then they were calumniated as naturally idle. Their savings could not be invested on equal terms in trade, manufactures, or real property, and they were called improvident. The gates of learning were shut on them, and they were derided as ignorant. In the midst of privations they were cheerful. Suffering for generations under acts which offered bribes to treachery, their integrity was not debauched. No son rose against his father, no friend betrayed his friend. Fidelity to their religion—to which afflictions made them cling more closely—chastity, and respect for the ties of family remained characteristics of the down-trodden race." *

So long as there was question of oppressing and impoverishing the Irish Catholics the Protestant Ascendency received the hearty approval and efficient co-operation of the English government. But there was danger lest these Irish Protestants, possessing a country of the richest natural resources, should come to compete with England in the markets of the world.

There are few countries in the world so fertile as Ireland. About one-half of the island consists of a fat soil, with a chalky sub-soil, which is the very best of soils. The richness and beauty of her meadows were celebrated by Orosius as early as the fifth century. The climate is milder than that of England; the scenery more varied and lovely. The frequent rains clothe the fields with perpetual verdure. From her wild mountains gush numerous rivers, which, as they flow into the sea, form the safest and most capacious harbors, while in their rapid course they develop a

* *History of the United States*, vol. v. chap. iv. p. 73.

water-power, available for purposes of manufacture, unsurpassed in the world. This water-power of Ireland has been estimated by Sir Robert Kane at three and a half millions of horse-power. The country abounds in iron ore, and three centuries ago Irish iron was exported to England. Geologists have counted in the island no less than seven immense beds of both anthracite and bituminous coal; and of turf, the heating power of which is half that of coal, the supply is inexhaustible. The soil is most favorable to the growth of the beet-root, from which such large quantities of sugar are made in France and Belgium. The flax and hemp, as is well known, are of the best quality, and the fineness of Irish wool has long been celebrated. The rivers and lakes abound in trout and salmon and pike; and the fisheries alone, if properly managed, might become the source of enormous wealth. Were it not that, in the designs of Providence, the most cunningly-devised plans, when conceived in iniquity, defeat themselves, the English statesmen would have perceived that the most efficacious means for bringing about the result at which the policy of England, in its relations with Ireland, had always aimed, would have been the encouragement of Irish commerce and manufactures. No benefit could have accrued, from such a course, to the Catholic population, which was not only disfranchised, but rendered incapable by law of acquiring or possessing wealth.

Had the descendants of the Scotch and English settlers planted by Elizabeth, James, and Cromwell been permitted or encouraged to develop the natural resources of the country, they would not only have grown strong, but opportunities of remunerative labor and hope of gain would have attracted new settlers, and in this way Ireland would have been filled with Protestants, whose loyalty would have been firmly secured by this wise and conciliating policy. The agitations which rendered some amelioration of the condition of the Catholics unavoidable as part of a general system would not have taken place; the strength of the Protestant Ascendency would have grown with increasing numbers and wealth; exile would have remained the only refuge of the Catholic remnant from misery and death; and Ireland today might be as Protestant as was Ulster in the reign of Charles I.

But no motive of religion or humanity has ever influenced the policy of the English government when there was question of English interests. The desire of acquiring wealth or the necessity of defending one's possessions are, in the opinion of Englishmen, the only sufficient reasons for going to war.

> "Even in dreams to the chink of his pence
> This huckster put down war."

It was not to be expected that Ireland, with her harbors and rivers, her fertile fields and unnumbered flocks, would be permitted to tempt capital to her shores or to stimulate enterprise. Nothing seemed more shocking to the English traders and manufacturers than the thought of having to compete in the home and foreign markets with the products of Irish industry. It was deemed intolerable that this nest of popery, this den of ignorance and corruption, should be dealt with in the same manner as England. The Parliament was therefore called upon to "make the Irish remember that they were conquered."

England had assisted the Protes-

tants of Ireland to crush the Catholics; she had for this purpose placed at their service her treasures, and her armies; and now the Irish Protestants were required, in evidence of their gratitude, to sacrifice the commercial and industrial interests of their country to English jealousy.

At the end of the seventeenth century the manufacture of woollen stuffs had attained to considerable importance in the southern provinces of Ireland. The superiority of the Irish broadcloths, blankets, and friezes was recognized, and it was therefore resolved that they should no longer be manufactured. The Lords and Commons, in 1698, called upon William III. to protect the interests of English merchants; and his majesty replied in the well-known words "I shall do all that in me lies to discourage the woollen manufacture of Ireland." Accordingly, an export duty of four shillings in the pound was laid on all broadcloths carried out of Ireland, and half as much on kerseys, flannels, and friezes. This, in fact, was equivalent to a prohibition, and the ruin of the Irish woollen manufactures which followed was not an unforeseen, but the directly intended, consequence of this measure. The linen manufacture, since there were at the time no rival English interests, was opposed only in an indirect way by offering large bounties for the making of linen in the Highlands of Scotland, bounties on the exportation of English linen, and by imposing a tax of 30 per cent. on all foreign linens, with which most of the Irish linens were classed.

Still other measures were needed for the complete destruction of Irish commerce and industry. The *Navigation Laws* forbade all direct trade between Ireland and the British colonies; so that all produce intended for Ireland had first to be unloaded in an English port. The Irish were not allowed to build or keep at sea a single ship. "Of all the excellent timber," said Dean Swift in 1727, "cut down within these fifty or sixty years, it can hardly be said that the nation hath received the benefit of one valuable house to dwell in, or one ship to trade with." The forests of Ireland, which so greatly added to the beauty of the country, were felled and carried to England to build ships which were to bring the wealth of the world into English ports. Even the Irish fishery "must be with men and boats from England."

By these and similar measures, commercial and industrial Ireland was blotted out of existence, and even the possibility of her ever entering into competition with England for the trade of the world disappeared. The unjust legislation by which Irish industry was repressed was not inspired by religious passion nor directed against the Catholic population. Their condition was already so wretched and helpless that it would have been difficult to discover anything by which it could have been made worse. "The aboriginal inhabitants," says Macaulay—"more than five-sixths of the population—had no more interest in the matter than the swine or the poultry; or, if they had an interest, it was for their interest that the caste which domineered over them should not be emancipated from all external control. They were no more represented in the Parliament which sat at Dublin than in the Parliament which sat at Westminster. They had less to dread from legislation

at Westminster than from legislation at Dublin. . . . The most acrimonious English Whig did not feel towards them that intense antipathy, compounded of hatred, fear, and scorn, with which they were regarded by the Cromwellian who dwelt among them." *

Molyneux, who at this time came forward as the champion of Ireland and of liberty, demanded nothing for the Irish Catholics but a more cruel slavery; and Dean Swift, who gained much popularity for his advocacy of Irish rights, declared he would as soon think of consulting the swine as the aboriginal inhabitants of the island.

Indisputable as the fact is that the Irish Catholics had no direct interest in the contest in which the commerce and industry of their country were destroyed, the consequences of the iniquitous policy of England proved nevertheless most disastrous to them. Manual labor was the only work which they were permitted to do, and there now remained for them nothing but the tillage of the soil, either as tenants-at-will or common laborers. Ireland was to supply England with beef and butter, and the work of exterminating the Irish Catholics was not to be pushed further than the exigencies of successful cattle-grazing might demand. Society was constituted in the simplest manner. There were but two classes—the possessors of the soil and the tillers of the soil: the lord and the peasant; the master and the slave; the Protestant and the Catholic; the rich man and the beggar. There were but two kinds of human dwellings—the castle, with its high walls and splendid park, and the mud cabin, in which it was impossible that there should be anything but filth and rags. The multitude lived for a few men, by whom they were valued as their horses or their dogs, but not treated so humanly. A contrast more absolute has never existed, even in the despotisms of Asia. The picture is revolting; it cannot be contemplated even in imagination without loathing, or thought of with any composure. It is a blot on humanity, an infamy which no glory and no services can condone. Ireland was in the hands of the worst class of men whom history has ever made odious—an aristocracy which hated the land from which it derived its titles, despised the people from whom it received its wealth, shirked the duties and responsibilities imposed by its privileges, and used its power only to oppress and impoverish the nation. The Irish people were thus under the weight of a double tyrrany—that of England and that of their lords; and the fiend best knows which was the worst.

The Southern planter felt a kind of interest in his slaves—they were his property; an Irish landlord felt no interest of any kind in the people by whom he was surrounded. It was important that they should remain slaves, beggars, and outcasts; that the chasm which separated him from them should in no way be diminished; but for the rest he gave no thought whether they starved or murdered one another or were drowned in the deep. He spent most of his time in England, living in luxury, leaving his estates to the care of brutal agents, who pleased him the better the more cruel and grinding their exactions were. English in origin and sympathy, Protestant in religion, there was no bond of union between him

* *History of England*, vol. v. p. 45.

and his people. He cared neither for the country nor its inhabitants. He was unwilling to risk capital even to improve his own lands; for he had no faith in the permanence of a social and political state which was possible only because it outraged the holiest and best instincts of man's nature. When it was proposed to take steps to drain the bogs and bring the waste lands of Ireland under cultivation, the Protestant party strenuously opposed the measure, on the ground that this would be an encouragement to popery. Nothing, therefore, was done either by the government or the landlords to improve the soil or to introduce better methods of tillage. The great proprietors, living in London, spending their time and fortune in a life of pleasure and display, let out their estates to land speculators, who were generally capitalists. These speculators sublet them, in lots of several hundred or a thousand acres, to a class of persons called middlemen, who divided them up into portions of five, ten, or twenty acres, and rented them to the poor Catholics. By neither the proprietors nor the speculators nor the middlemen was any risk of capital made. The peasant was therefore compelled to rent his little plot of ground, bare of everything—he found on it neither dwelling nor stabling, nor implements of any kind. He had nothing himself, and those whose interest it would have been to advance him money were unwilling to risk a penny. All that he could do was to put up a mud-cabin, and to get a wretched spade with which to begin work. If by honest labor he could have looked forward to an improvement in his condition, his lot would not have been altogether comfortless. The pioneers who in this new world have led the army of civilization from the Atlantic to the Pacific began life almost as poor as an Irish peasant of the seventeenth or the eighteenth century; but for them no law of man reversing nature's first law made labor sterile. How was the poor Irish Catholic, with but a few acres of ground, and without the necessary means for proper cultivation, to pay the exorbitant rent which was to support the landlord, the speculator, and the middleman?—for upon him alone rested the burden of maintaining all three in a life of ease and luxury. The soil refuses to satisfy the unreasonable demands made upon it; the tenant finds that he is unable to pay his rent; and without the least ceremony he and his wife and children are turned upon the road. England having destroyed the commerce and manufactures of Ireland, he can find nothing to do, and, if he is unwilling to see his wife and children starve, he must beg. And even beggary, with its frightful degradations, affords little relief; for the rich spurn him and the poor have nothing to give. Few words are needed to bring home to us the significance of this state of affairs. We have only to recall the tragedy which was enacted under our eyes in 1849. In that one year *fifty thousand families* were turned upon the road to die; *two hundred thousand human beings*, without shelter, without bread, sent up their piteous moan of hunger and despair to God from the midst of a Christian nation, the richest in the world. The terrible famine of 1847 and 1848, which was only an unusually startling outbreak of an evil that has long been chronic in Ireland, was not caused by excess of population. The country, if its resources were

properly developed, is capable of supporting a far larger number of inhabitants than it has ever had. There were but eight millions of people in Ireland in 1847, and it has been conclusively proven that under favorable circumstances fifteen millions would not be an excessive population. In fact, in the so-called years of scarcity, when the people were dying, by thousands, of starvation, the country produced enough to feed its inhabitants; but they had to sell their wheat, barley, and oats to pay the rent, and, the potato crop having failed, they had nothing to eat. In 1846 and 1847 enormous quantities of grain and live-stock were exported from Ireland to England, and yet the people of Ireland were starving. During the four years of famine Ireland exported four quarters of wheat for every quarter imported. The food was in the country, but it had to be sent to England to pay the rent of the landlords. The people were starving, but that was no concern of these noble gentlemen, so long as their rent was paid. The cry of hunger has rarely been hushed in Ireland. All through the eighteenth century the people died of starvation. In 1727 Boulter, the Protestant Archbishop of Armagh, declared that thousands of families were driven from their homes by hunger; and Dean Swift has given us an account of the condition in his time of even the better class of tenants. "The families," he says, "of farmers who pay great rents live in filth and nastiness, upon buttermilk and potatoes, without a shoe or stocking to their feet, or a house as convenient as an English hog-sty to receive them." In 1734 the famous Bishop Berkeley asked this question: "Is there on the face of the earth any Christian and civilized people so destitute of everything as the mass of the people of Ireland?" In 1741 the cemeteries were too small for the burial of the multitudes who died of hunger.

In 1778, while we were struggling for freedom from English tyranny, Lord Nugent declared, in the House of Commons, that the people of Ireland were suffering all the destitution and misery which it is possible to human nature to endure. Nine-tenths of them earned no more than fourpence a day, and had no nourishment but potatoes and water. In 1817 the fever, brought on by hunger, attacked one million five hundred thousand persons—nearly half of the entire population of the country. In 1825, 1826, 1830, 1832, 1838, 1846 to 1850, and finally in 1860, 1861, and 1862, the melancholy cry of multitudes dying of hunger was heard throughout the land. In 1843 Thackeray, travelling in Ireland, declared that "men were suffering and starving by millions"; and a little later we know from the most accurate statistics that more than a million of the Irish people died of hunger within a period of two years. The history of Ireland is, we are persuaded, the sublimest and the saddest of all histories. It has never been written, and the grandest of themes awaits the creative power that will give it immortal life on the pictured page. It will be written in the English language, and it will link the English name and tongue for all time with the greatest social crime which one people ever committed against another. In another article we hope, by the aid of the faint and glimmering light that shines so fitfully in this blackness, to be able to trace the doubtful and devious way along which this providential

race seems to be slowly rising into the promise of a better day. For the present we shall conclude with a quotation from De Beaumont, whose careful and conscientious studies on the *Social, Political, and Religious Condition of Ireland* we recommend to all who are interested in this subject.

"I have seen," he wrote in 1835, "the Indian in his forests and the negro in chains, and I thought, in beholding their pitiable state, that I saw the extreme of human misery; but I did not then know the fate of poor Ireland. Like the Indian, the Irishman is poor and naked; but he lives, unlike the savage, in the midst of a society which revels in luxury, and adores wealth. Like the Indian, he is deprived of every material comfort which human industry and the commerce of nations procure; but, unlike him, he is surrounded by fellow-creatures who are enjoying all that he is forbidden even to hope for. In the midst of his greatest misery the Indian retains a kind of independence which is not without its charm and its dignity. Destitute as he is, and famishing, he is yet free in his wilderness; and the consciousness of this freedom softens the hardships of life. The Irishman suffers the same destitution without having the same liberty. He is subject to laws, has all kinds of fetters; he dies of hunger, and is under rule; deplorable condition, which combines all the evils of civilization with the horrors known elsewhere only to the savage! Doubtless the Irishman who has shaken off his chains, and still has hope, is less to be pitied than the negro slave. Nevertheless he has to-day neither the liberty of the savage nor the bread of the slave." *

* *L'Irlande: Sociale, Politique et Religieuse.* Par Gustave de Beaumont, Membre de l'Institut. Tom. i. p. 222.

A MARCH PILGRIMAGE.

On Provence' hills the touch of southern spring—
No laggard she with footstep faltering—
Awoke with sunny blessing drowsy earth,
Filled soft green glades with carollings of mirth.

In western lands, o'er turbulent seas afar,
Inclement March, with blustering notes of war,
Through naked trees whirled fruitless flowers of snow
All scentless drifting to the earth below.

Alike on Provence' violet-studded fields,
And that bright land where loath fond winter yields,
Hung the gray shadow of a solemn Lent—
The church's sorrow with spring's promise blent.

Yet, breaking through the penitential shade,
With shining altars in glad white arrayed,
In those far, frosty lands the church's voice
Bid, with all joyousness, her sons rejoice.

Through the deep, Lenten sadness of her song
Notes strong and jubilant swift poured along:
The long-hushed "Gloria" wond'ring echoes woke,
The angels' chant the mournful silence broke.

Without, the wild and gusty whirls of snow;
Within, the throng of reverent knees bent low,
And faithful hearts, that from their dear green isle
Brought Patrick's faith to make their new home smile—

In rich possession of the "Unknown God";
Blessing the rivers and the prairies broad
With cities populous and cross-crowned spires,
And ever-kindling sanctuary fires.

So rose, exultant, on the bleak March day
The joyous notes across Lent's sombre way:
Adoring souls, before the altar shrine,
Thanking for Patrick's faith their Lord divine.

Not Provence' blossoms such glad music woke
Though happy birds in spring-time laughter broke;
Veiled the sad altar in its purple pall,
And church and people, sorrow-laden all.

Yet joyful echoes from that western land
Spoke 'mid the lapsing waves on Nice's strand;
Stirred, with the broken sweetness of that praise,
The heart of one who, through long busy days

Of years unresting, had with patience toiled,
With love and zeal, to keep his flock unsoiled
Amid the strong new world's tumultuous life.
With such persuasion his wise words were rife

As if the grace of Savoy's bishop-saint
Were his to loving guide the weak and faint;
As if, like Padua's dear saint benign,
He bore the burden of the Child divine.

He saw afar his Irish children kneel,
The clinging reverence of their hearts reveal;
Longing with them his fervent prayer to pour,
He sought St. Honorat's pine-girdled shore—

There treading where St. Patrick trod of old,
When gathered his young heart the words of gold
That should for heaven's King a new realm win—
A faithful fold no wolf should enter in.

Here rose the chapel where the young saint prayed,
Here thoughtful paced he Lerins' learnèd shade.
Ruined the abbey 'mid its olives rests,
Wide open all its doors to pilgrim guests—

Though still the chapel keeps its purpose old,
And Lerins' vines and olives still enfold
A cloister shade where constant prayer ascends,
And Benedictine lore with labor blends.

Here, with all holy memories possessed,
With loving thoughts of that sea-severed West,
The pilgrim knelt—in that peace-shadowed place
Mingling his prayers with Ireland's tearful race.

Kneeling afar at shrine his hand had raised,
While hearts, his lips had taught, St. Patrick praised,
In love, 'neath western clouds and Provence' sun,
The Latin priest and Celtic flock were one.

O great St. Patrick! each day grows more wide
The realm thou winnest that thy Lord may bide,
A King revered on royal altar throne,
In patient love abiding with his own.

Pray thou that this beloved land of ours,
Strong in her youth and undeveloped powers,
One day with that true beauty may be crowned,
That girds thy island's mournful brows around—

The beauty of true faith in Christ, her Lord,
Who in her lavish hands such wealth has poured:
Win thou for her great heart's best heritage
The steadfast bearing of faith's strongest age.

Oh! win her stars for beacon-light to guide
The restless wanderers from the Cross's side,
Gracious in pure, unfaltering light arrayed—
The earthly shadow of the Heavenly Maid.

Pray that her hands be ever raised to bless
Meek hearts whose prayer wins her such comeliness;
Pray that her soul for evermore be free,
Signed with the chrism of true liberty.

SIX SUNNY MONTHS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF YORKE," "GRAPES AND THORNS," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

A BREEZE FROM THE WEST.

THEY were rather late with their coffee the next morning, and while they were taking it the bells of Santa Pudentiana, close to them, were ringing a *morto*—one, two, three, and again one, two, three—with a mournful persistence.

"It is just what we need," the Signora said. "Our danger, at this moment, is that we may be too lightly happy. Those bells mean that a nun is dead, and that there is to be a High Mass for her in half an hour or so. Shall we go?"

Marion, who had joined them, and was sitting beside Bianca, said to her: "We are not afraid of seeing death, are we?"

"But we might be better for being reminded of it," she said.

The ladies followed the people's pretty fashion of putting black lace veils on their heads instead of bonnets, and had the good taste, too, to exchange their gay morning house-dresses for black ones before going to the church.

"It is the one thing in which I would have my country-women imitate the Roman ladies," Mr. Vane said—"in their sober costume for the church."

The sun was scorching when they went out, and shone so brightly on the gold ground of the mosaic front of Santa Pudentiana that the figures there flickered as if painted on flame. But the sunken court had a hint of coolness, and when they entered the church they were very glad to have the light wraps the Signora had told them to bring; for the air was chilly and damp, the floor being a full story below the level of the modern street, and not a ray of sunshine entering, except what got in by the cupola. This was enough to light beautifully the mosaics of the tribune, where it is hard to believe one does not see a balcony, with the Saviour and the saints looking over, so real are the forms.

The Mass which they had come to hear was, however, nearly ended, having begun with a promptitude unusual in Rome. In a few minutes the priest left the altar, the people went away, and the lights were put out. Seeing two or three persons enter the sanctuary, and go to look through an open panel in the side wall, our party followed them, and found that the panel opened into a chapel, or chamber, beside the grand altar. This chamber was so draped as to be perfectly dark, except for the candles that burned at the head and feet of the dead nun lying there. She lay close to the open panel, and in sight of the altar where the divine Sacrifice had just been offered for her, if her eyes could have seen it. It was the emaciated but beautiful form of a woman of middle age, dressed in her religious costume, with her hands crossed on her breast, the face composed into an expression of unspeakable solem-

nity and peace. Awe-stricken and silent, they stood and gazed at her. They had come here from charity, indeed, but rather to temper their too earthly happiness with a merely serious thought, as one cools a heated wine with ice, making it more delicious so, than from any profound recognition of the dreadfulness of death and the perils of life. But these sealed lips spoke volumes to them, and the dark and silent church, now quite deserted, chilled them like the valley of the shadow of death through which this soul had passed—whither? It was a life dedicated to God, and given up assisted by all the sacred rites of religion; yet that face told them that death had not been met with any presuming confidence, and that before the soul of the dying religious the stern simplicity and clearness of the primitive Christian law had stood untempered by any glozings.

Marion was the first to move. Seeing Bianca look very pale, he drew her away, and the others followed.

How strange the gay sunny world looked to them when they went out! The unexpected solemnity of the scene had so drawn their minds from everything else that they had been chilled and darkened in soul as well as in body. Yet, though the warmth and light were grateful to them, they had no wish to cast entirely off that sombre impression, and would have remained in the church to pray awhile, but for the imprudence, in a sanitary point of view. Seeing, however, the door of the little church opposite, the Bambino Gesù, open, they went in there a few minutes. This church of the Infant Jesus is attached to a convent of nuns, and a company of young girls were just entering from the sacristy to make their First Communion, ranging themselves inside the sanctuary. They were dressed alike in white cashmere robes, and long silk veils in such narrow stripes of blue and white as to look like plain blue, fastened with wreaths of red and white roses. Floating slowly in with folded hands and fair, downcast faces, they knelt in a double ring about the sanctuary, leaned forward on the benches set for them, and remained motionless as statues, awaiting the coming of the Lord for the first time into their innocent hearts, as yet uncontaminated and untried by the world. At each end of the line a little boy, dressed as an angel, stood bearing a torch. For a week or ten days these girls had all been in retreat in the convent, instructed by the nuns; and when the Mass and their last breakfast together should be over, they would separate to their own homes, never to meet again, perhaps. Their parents and friends awaited them now in the church.

When the household of *Casa Ottant'-otto* went home, they found a pile of letters and papers from America awaiting them, which they read and talked over in pauses of the dinner. There were business letters—short, if not sweet; long family letters, such as make one feel at home again, with all their familiar details and touching reminiscences; there were items of public news, descriptions of pageants in which the New World had rivalled, or surpassed, the Old; of fierce storms that had found the western continent a fitting stage to sweep their tragic skirts across; and of inundations from great crystalline rivers to which the classic Tiber is a mere muddy sewer. There was nonchalant mention of immense frauds, of fires that had devoured whole streets

and squares, and reduced scores of persons to penury in a few hours, and of gigantic schemes for building up or pulling down. There were accounts of some popular indignation, in which the people had spoken without riot and been listened to, and of authority enforced, where law had conquered without bloodshed or treachery; of public sympathy with great misfortunes where no calculation of merit or reward cramped the soul of the givers, but the heart overflowed generously into the hand. In fine, there was a month's summary of such events as those with which America, the fresco painter of the age, sketches her long, bold lines and splashes her colors on the page of time.

"America for ever!" cried Isabel, swinging a newspaper about with such enthusiasm that she nearly upset the vinegar and oil bottles at her elbow. "Do you know, my respected hearers, that at this instant my country is looking across the ocean at me with a pair of eyes like two suns. There isn't another nation on earth that she couldn't take between her teeth and shake the life out of. Will you excuse me while I go into the other room and play and sing just one stanza of the 'Star-spangled Banner'?"

The Signora, who was breaking lettuce in the snowy folds of a towel, smiled beamingly on the speaker, at the same time making haste to save the imperilled cruets. "Season your admiration for a while till I have made the salad," she said. "I would rather not have my attention distracted by patriotic music. Besides, nobody sings at noon. The birds are taking their nap, and you might wake them. Besides, again, I want you to save your voice for this evening. Some American people are coming here, and it might please them to hear the songs of their country in a strange land."

The Americans who came that evening belonged to a party which was making a flying tour of Europe, and two of them were representatives of two distinct and extreme classes—that which scoffs at everything foreign, and that which is enchanted with everything foreign. Both were young, pretty, clever, and fairly educated, had gone through very nearly the same training, and the one had come out almost, or quite, a girl of the period, the other a girl of the past. The Signora found herself obliged, as it were, to use the curb with one hand and the whip with the other while talking with the two.

"Josephine and I are the best of friends," said Miss Warder in her free, rapid way, "and we prove it—I by being patient with her, and she by trying my patience. The number of times in a day that girl goes into raptures over things scarcely worth looking at is almost incredible. I caught her yesterday filling a bottle with Tiber water to carry home. I believe she thinks that brook is larger than the Mississippi."

"So it is, in one sense," responded Miss Josephine in a soft and tranquil voice. "If you should see a little river all of tears, wouldn't you think it more wonderful than a big river all of water?"

The Signora suggested that both might be excellent in their way.

"Then," pursued the other, "she looks upon old families as she does on attar of roses and sandal-wood—a condensation of all that is exquisite, the rest being the refuse. Tell her that a vulgar soul often gets itself into a privileged body, and she is shocked at you. It is all I can do to keep my hands off her when I see

her watching with admiring awe the affected grandeur of these little great people. For me, I laugh at them." And she tossed her head with the scornful laugh of the democrat, at which coronets tremble.

"My dear Miss Warder," said the Signora in her gentlest manner, "a great many wise people have looked at these things seriously."

"Owls!" she pronounced with an air of great satisfaction. "Indeed," she owned with a little compunction, "I hope it isn't very bad of me, but I can't be serious at anything I see here. To-day I nearly had a fit over a fire-engine that passed our place. It was a little sort of handcart affair with four small wheels, and a box bottom that might hold half a barrel of water. A bar at each side supported seven painted tin pails, holding about two quarts each, and there was a small brass pump in the middle of the carriage. This machine was wheeled along by five men dressed in gray pantaloons with stripes down the sides, dark blue jackets, and blue caps with a gilt band. I presume they all go home and put on that costume after the bell rings, or whatever alarm they have is given. The arrangement was just about suited to put out a bundle of matches, only the engine would be too late. The matches would be burned before it got there. I wish they could hear our electric fire-alarm once, and see our beautiful engines come flying out of their houses before the first number was well struck."

"I am proud of our fire-engines and companies," the Signora said; "but they do not prevent our having conflagrations such as are never known here. The little thought given to fire-extinguishing here proves the little danger there is of fires. In judging of what people do it is always well to take into consideration what is necessary to be done. One would hardly find fault with the Greenlanders for not having large ice-houses."

"Their very *scirocco* disappointed me," the young woman went on, unabashed. "I had the impression that it was a tearing high wind, like a blast out of a furnace. Instead of that, it is only a warm and unwholesome breath. How different from our sweet south winds at home!"

"Speaking of winds," said Miss Josephine, "reminds me of the trumpet-bands. How wild and stirring they are! They make on me an impression as of mingled wind and fire."

The Signora smiled on the gentle enthusiast.

"Then," pursued Miss Warder, "the pokey, slow ways of these people, and their ceremonies, and their compliments, and their relics—" She stopped abruptly here, recollecting that she was in a Catholic household, and had the grace to blush slightly.

"A little more ceremony and politeness would do our people at home a great deal of good," the Signora replied coldly. "As to the relics, it need not, I should think, surprise even an unbeliever that faith should preserve her mementos as jealously as art has preserved hers, and that objects which belonged once to beings who now are the companions of angels, and see God face to face, should have been held as precious as those which have nothing but a physical beauty. Or even if the relic should be of doubtful authenticity still a thing worthless in itself, but which has been touched by the sincere veneration of centuries, has a sort of ven-

erableness not to be mocked at. It is like the iron which has been touched by the lodestone, and so magnetized, or the dull gray mist kissed by sunbeams till it becomes beautiful and luminous. I do not know," she added, smiling, "but you have all heard the story I am going to tell you apropos of false relics, but it was new to me when I heard it a few days ago from a clergyman. Many, many years ago a man who was going to the East was begged by a pious friend to bring him back a piece of the true cross. The voyager promised, but forgot his promise till he was near home. He did not wish to disappoint his friend; though, at the same time, he had no faith whatever in relics, or, indeed, in anything supernatural. So, after considering a while, he cut a tiny piece out of the mast of the ship in which he was returning homeward, enclosed it in a reliquary, and in due time presented it to his friend, who received it without a doubt, and, of course, told everybody what a treasure he had become owner of. The news, after awhile, reached the ears of a man possessed by a devil, and he immediately begged that the sacred relic might be brought to deliver him. The bit of the ship's mast was, accordingly, brought with all ceremony and reverence, the devil in possession—who, of course, knew the trick that had been played—laughing, undoubtedly, at the efforts about to be made to drive him away. But when the necessary prayers had been said, no sooner did the supposed relic touch the possessed man than the devil felt himself thrust violently out and forced to fly. But he cried out in parting: 'It is faith that drives me away, and not your chip of the old mast.'"

"That all answers perfectly, as far as the believers are concerned," Mr. Vane said. "But I would like to know what became of that Eastern traveller."

"The principal *dénoûment* so overflowed and hid him out of sight that I did not ask, or have forgotten," the Signora said. "Girls, what should have been done to the man who made the relic? Isabel?"

"He should have been at sea again in that very ship, at the time of the miraculous cure," Isabel said. "He should have been standing by the very mast he had cut the bit out of, and a flash of lightning should have struck him dead."

"Oh! no, Bella," said her sister. "He should have been standing by the possessed man when he was cured, and should have been stricken with compunction, and should have confessed, and been forgiven, and been, for all the rest of his life, a model of faith and reverence."

"Suppose," Mr. Vane suggested, "that we should choose a medium between extreme justice and extreme charity, and say that the devil which left the possessed man entered immediately into that Eastern traveller, and tormented him by taking him on constant voyages to Jerusalem, swinging him to and fro like a pendulum, always in the same ship, till at last, after many years, his victim was enabled to make an act of perfect faith in the power and mercy of the God crucified, and so be freed from his tormentor."

Meantime, Mr. Coleman approached Miss Warder, timid but admiring, much as one might approach a beautiful panther, and seated himself on the edge of a chair near her.

"You like Rome?" he inquired in a conciliating voice, not meaning

anything whatever by the question, except to open a conversation. That was always the first thing he said to a foreigner.

The bright, laughing eyes of the girl flashed over him in one scathing glance. "It's charming!" she said with enthusiasm. "One can ask so many questions here without being thought inquisitive. To be sure, one doesn't always get answers to them. I asked to-day a very accomplished Monsignore the meaning of the broken arch that one sees over nearly all the altars, and he couldn't tell me. May be you can."

Mr. Coleman believed that it was an architectural corruption that came in with the decline of art, but could not be positive.

"I wouldn't mind so much," she went on, "if only they did not set on the sides of it a hu—an inhuman being, who would naturally be sure to slide off if he weren't nailed on, as, indeed, he is. It makes one feel uncomfortable!"

The gentleman descended into the depth of his consciousness for some other subject, and came up with—

"Have you ever been to Bologna, ma'am?"

"No," she replied; "but I have eaten Bologna sausage."

There was another silence. The young woman folded her hands, looked modest, and awaited the next remark. It was rather slow in coming, and feeble when it came. "There are a great many Americans in Rome this winter, I believe."

"Oh!" she said confidentially, "nothing to what there are in the United States. The country is full of them. They bother the life out of the foreigners."

Mr. Coleman contemplated his companion's serious face for some time with bewilderment, and at length bethought himself to smile.

"I beg your pardon!" she said, looking at him inquiringly, and with a mild surprise.

He instantly became crimson.

"I—that is, excuse me! I did not speak," he stammered.

"Oh! you're very excusable," she replied, with an emphasis which gave an exceedingly doubtful meaning to the words.

In the midst of the dreadful pause that followed a polite voice was heard at the other side, where a second moth had approached this flame. It was a young Italian who was learning English with such enthusiasm that he would almost stop strangers in the street to ask definitions from them. "Would you have the gentility to do me a favor, miss?" he asked.

"That depends quite on what the favor may be," she replied, looking at him with surprise; for the gravity and ceremoniousness of his demeanor were such as to imply that a very serious matter was in question. "I'm sure I shall be very happy to oblige you, if I can."

"Thanks!" he said, bowing. "I learn now your beautiful and noble language, the which is also much difficult. To-day of it I have seen a phrase, the which entangles me. At first I it believed to be a beast. But in the dictionary I found another signification, but without to be able to comprehend it. The phrase is 'Irish bull.' Will you do me the favor to explicate me the expression?"

"Irish bull," Miss Warder said, "means no thoroughfare. The sense goes into the sentence and sticks there; it never comes out.'

The young man looked deeply interested, but not enlightened.

He did not dare to ask more, for his teacher looked at him with an air of having made a lucid explanation which any one with common sense should understand at once.

"It is a very noble language, the English," he repeated faintly.

"I saw a perfect example of it this morning in a place the other side of the Corso," she resumed. "A man with a donkey-cart got out of a great crowd into a place between two rows of houses, evidently expecting to find an outlet at the other end. There was none, and the passage was so narrow that to turn was impossible. Now, imagine that man with his donkey-cart to be an idea, and the houses to be words, and you will understand perfectly."

"Oh! certainly. It is clear!" her pupil replied. "Thanks!" His eyes twinkled, though his mouth was perfectly grave. "It is, then, something that diverts. You hear the words spoken, you listen at the other end for the signification to come out, you hear it moving about here and there inside, but you never receive it. It is excellent. It would be a good fortune for the world if the people who speak and write foolish or wicked thoughts should serve themselves always of this mode of expression."

Isabel interrupted this lesson by coming to make some friendly inquiries of her young country-woman, who, after a short conversation, gave a slight sketch of her life and adventures, speaking with the most entire frankness.

Meanwhile, Miss Josephine was talking to the Signora, who was charmed by her looks and manner, both the essence of soft and graceful beauty. She was fair, rather small, and plump, with the whiteness of an infant, and pure golden hair in thick waves fastened back from a low forehead and the most exquisite of ears with a long spray of myrtle. Her dress was of the softest gray color, close at the wrists and throat, where delicate laces turned out like the white edges of a gray cloud. The only light to this tender picture was the hair, the blue eyes, and an emerald cross, her only ornament.

"I have been to-day to see the relics of Santa Croce," she said. "I coaxed Miss Warder not to go, though the permission included her; for she is such an unbeliever that she spoils all my pleasure in seeing such things. I am not formally a Catholic, you know, but I more than half believe. My heart is all convinced, but my head holds out yet a little. Perhaps that is because I am not well instructed. Well, I started early, so as to have a walk alone from St. John Lateran across to Santa Croce. I loitered along under the trees, perfectly happy, looking about, telling myself over and over again where I was, and gathering daisies. I looked at those daisies before I came here this evening, and every one of them had curled its little petals in, and gone to sleep, like a company of babies. In the morning they will open their eyes again. Well, I reached Santa Croce, and stood on the steps there. Everything was so quiet and beautiful, with nature so sweet, and art so magnificent. No one was near but two or three soldiers about the convent door. I knew before that the government had taken nearly all the convent. After a while I heard a trumpet-call inside, and presently company after company of soldiers, half a regiment certainly, came out and marched off to the avenue to drill. They were

dressed in gray linen and white gaiters, and looked like a crowd of great moth-millers.

"A nice, bright-faced young officer was walking to and fro near me, and I spoke to him, and asked some questions. He seemed pleased to talk—I suppose he felt dull there; and when I told him about our army, and what I had seen during the war, he asked me if I would like to go in and see their quarters. Of course I said yes. So he led me in, and over the two stories, and showed me the gardens and courts at the back, and the splendid view from the south windows. What halls they were!—long, wide corridors, arched, and bordered with pilasters, with a grand stairway climbing up from one side. Unless for hospital or barracks, with long rows of beds at the sides, I cannot imagine what they were made for, except simply to look at, to walk through, and to make a great pile on the outside. It seemed building for the mere sake of building. All the beds had the mattresses folded up, with gray blankets laid on them, and a little shelf of things over the head. One room, occupied by two officers, was almost as simple. There were none of the luxuries we have. Then the view! I fancied I could see half of Italy spread out before me. 'But I pity the poor *frati* who have been turned out,' I could not help saying to my guide. 'So do I,' he answered. The soldiers are not to blame, you know. They must obey. Then I went out, and the others came, and we went up to the relic chamber. You go up a good many stairs, and through a chapel hung round with paintings, and then through low-vaulted stone passages, not high enough for a tall man to stand up in. I should think that the shape of the way we went would be like a great letter C. At the last turn we found ourselves in the little chamber, where the great relics had been set out on the altar. Behind the altar were the strong doors of the closets in the wall where these relics are kept. On the wall at the right of the door was the relic-case of Gregory the Great, about two feet square, with a glass cover, and filled with an innumerable collection of tiny relics. But all eyes were turned to the altar.

"The *frate* who came with us put on a stole, after lighting the candles; then we all knelt while he said a prayer. And then, one by one, he brought forward the relics, and showed to each, and gave each one to kiss and touch their beads or crucifixes to, if they wished. I looked at them with wonder, and neither believed nor disbelieved. It is so hard for us Americans, you know, to believe in the antiquity of things, unless we have material proofs. The bone of the finger of St. Thomas, the thorn from the crown of thorns, the nail—they were impressive to me chiefly because saints had believed them authentic, and centuries of Catholics had venerated them. But when, at last, he took down the crystal cross from the centre of the altar, my heart melted. I felt that it was real. I wanted to snatch it, and run away by myself, and cry over and kiss it. I wished the others would kneel, but they didn't. They looked at the relic, and kissed it, and that was all. Perhaps they were each wishing that some one else would kneel and set the example. At length, when the last one had kissed it, I dropped on my knees, and the others did the same, and the *frate* gave us benediction with the

famous old relic of the true cross that Santa Helena brought from Jerusalem. Then he put the lights out, and we came away, and some of them bought fac-similes of the nail and the inscription of the cross, and we came down all the passages again, and the painted cardinals on the walls of the upper chapel looked at us as we passed, to see if we were any better for the privilege we had received, and so down through the quiet church, and out into the sunshine again. But that crystal cross, with its three pieces of dark wood inside, has been before my eyes ever since. It must be real, for it speaks. When I think of it, I can hear all the centuries weep over it."

She stopped, smiling but choked a little.

"Dear child!" said the Signora, and pressed the girl's hand. "You should enter the church at once."

There was no answer in words, but the eyes spoke in an earnest gaze, half pleading, half inquiring.

"My dear," her friend pursued hastily, "this is no time for us to talk over such a subject; but if you would like to speak with me, and if I can do anything for you, I shall be very happy, and you can come to me quite freely at any time."

"I shall come, then, very soon," the girl replied, and kissed the Signora's hand.

She had another pleasant incident of the day to tell; for she had been with a Catholic friend to see Monsignor Mermillod, who was visiting Rome, and the celebrated Archbishop of Geneva had spoken some kind words to her, and allowed her to look at his ring, in which was set a relic and an exquisite tiny painted miniature of St. Francis of Sales.

"He spoke to us of the mission of women," she said, "and of what power women have for good and evil, and his illustration was from Dante, and Beatrice was woman leading man to Paradise. He spoke so that all my former life seemed to me trivial, and worse than lost. O dear Signora! if all men whom we wish to respect would speak so! But it really seems that to please them, and win an influence over them, to have even their respect, we must be mean. Such a man as Monsignor Mermillod requires our noblest qualities, and encourages us to be true. One doesn't need to be blatant in order to be kindly noticed by him, nor to boast in order to be appreciated. He is so noble and clear-sighted, and his very atmosphere is charity."

"Yes, he practises what he preaches," the Signora replied.

When the visitors were gone, the family had a little quiet talk before separating for the night. The influence of the Signora and of Bianca, falling on minds already prepared to receive it, had been such that they took happiness, and all the delights of their daily life, not as a wine that intoxicates to forgetfulness of duty, but as an incentive to quicken their sense of duty, and a balm to alleviate the pains to come in the future. Every new pleasure that the Heavenly Father's bounty lavished on them, day after day, was welcomed generously, but with a tender fear. Amid all this constantly-recurring beauty and sacredness they walked as among angels, hushing themselves.

A quiet word touched the key, and found all in tune; as, striking but the rim of a true bell, we hear the chord float softly up from turn to turn. Tacitly the first hesitating motion to separate was abandoned, and they drew nearer together in-

stead, and presently made a close circle around the Signora's chair.

"It gives the mind a stretch to hear different nations talking together, by even their feeblest representatives," Mr. Vane had observed.

"Yes," Marion replied, lingering, hat in hand. "It always gives me the same feeling of space and grandeur that I have at sea, when I watch the waves meet, as if the East and the West were rushing together to kiss or to tear each other."

"I wonder," said Bianca, "if all our national differences are to be obliterated in heaven, and if we shall have no more those little piquant characteristics and discussions which make us like each other even better here."

The Signora sank into her armchair, quoting the famous recipe for cooking a hare: "'First catch your hare.' My dear friends, we are not yet in Paradise, and we have a good battle to fight before we shall get there, and I move that we look to our armor. At all events, heaven has been described for us by Him who makes it what it is."

And then Mr. Vane came and stood at the high back of her chair, and a little beside her, and Isabel took a footstool at the other side. Marion and Bianca slipped into the sofa opposite.

"I have been thinking to-day," she continued, "that, when we go to hear Mass in the Crypt of St. Peter, as it is not probable we shall ever meet there, all of us, again in this life, we ought all to think it a duty to receive Holy Communion, if we can. It seems to me that the special virtue we are to seek there is a stronger faith. I have been there before, but it was in the company of strangers. We are a company of sympathizing friends. I think we should look forward to that visit as a call to make a profession of faith more resolute, if possible, than we have yet made."

A silence followed her little speech, which had struck deeper, perhaps, than their expectations.

"Has no one anything to say?" she asked smilingly. "This is not a lecture, but a *conversazione.* Are we always to skim the surface in our talk?"

"You are quite right, Signora," Mr. Vane said, "and the same thought has passed through my own mind. I do not know if I shall be thought prepared to receive so soon, but will ask. It would be something for me to remember all my life that I had made my first communion there, and in company with all my family."

The daughters were silent, both looking down, touched and awed by their father's words. With all their affection and confidence, they never had known anything of his deeper feelings or more serious intentions than what their intuitive sympathy had divined. Some things they tacitly guessed, some he tacitly acknowledged; but for a spoken confidence, either given or demanded, they had each and all been more free, sometimes, with strangers. And so accustomed had the girls become to this real reserve under an appearance of perfect ease that they listened at first almost with terror to the Signora's challenge.

"I think the children would be pleased," Mr. Vane added gently, understanding their silence.

Then they both looked up with a quick smile and a simultaneous "Oh! yes, papa," but said no more.

There was still another thin ice

that the Signora had to break. She understood quite well the disposition and habits of Bianca's lover, and wished particularly to bring him in with them on this occasion. A man of a noble and poetical nature, he was, perhaps, in danger of resting contented with a religious feeling born of an enthusiastic appreciation of the beauty of the church, and, while obeying its express commands in the performance of duty, of waiting for the command to be given. He watched with delight the steps of the Prince's Daughter, his loyal word or blow was always ready for those who attacked her; but he seemed to prefer to be an admiring spectator rather than an actor, and to do only so much as would keep him in the acknowledged number of her followers. The Signora suspected that he contented himself with an Easter Communion, and that there was many a night when he lay down to sleep without recommending himself to God, and many a morning when he rose without giving thanks for another day. If he looked out at the early dawn with delight in its beauty, he felt that he had praised God; and if, gazing up into the starry midnight, he thought of the shadowy earth as a hammock swung by invisible cords from a thick tree full of golden blossoms, it seemed to him that he had kissed the hand that rocked him to sleep. Intoxicated by the beauty of the works of God, he exulted in the freedom from baseness which the magical draught gave him, and could scarcely believe that in some unwary hour he might draw in a drop of poison with the honey. He had been wont to say that the virtue of the long-suffering Job had been preserved, not so much by shutting his bodily eyes and praying, as by opening his eyes, and looking about where flood and stream, and snow and hail and dew taught each its lesson, unmarred by earthly glosses; that that man was surer to fear God who looked at the leviathan making the deep boil like a pot, leaving a shining path behind him over the waters, and saying this is the work of God, than the man who, when he would raise his soul, left his senses behind, and strove to climb to a knowledge of the power of God without them.

The Signora knew all this, and admired Marion, winged creature that he was; but she wished him to practise a little more the plain and simple duties of religion. She observed that he made no motion to assent to her proposal, and made haste to take for granted that he would assent, and spare him a promise.

"Then," she said, "since we are to have this heavenly audience together, let us make a small part of the preparation together. How lovely it would be if we could every night say our prayers together, or a part of them, at least! We will not have company late, and Marion lives near us, and can take his little starlit walk half an hour later without any inconvenience. Let us say certain prayers together expressly in preparation for this communion. We are five. Each one shall choose a prayer."

She scarcely paused, feeling that there was still a shyness to overcome, and that her proposal had been bold and unusual. The thought fired instead of checking her.

"However closely we may be bound, however sure in our own minds to spend many years together," she added hastily, "we may be scattered like the dust before an-

other day passes. Till we, as closest and dearest of friends, have prayed together, we have not well deserved the power of speech nor the consolations of friendship."

"I choose the Acts of Faith, Hope, Love, Thanksgiving, and Contrition," Mr. Vane said.

"I choose the Salve Regina," Marion added.

Bianca named the Memorare, and Isabel three Our Fathers, three Hail Marys, and three Glorias.

"And I choose the prayer to the Five Wounds," said the Signora. "We each will say our own prayer, and the others answer Amen. Mr. Vane shall begin."

They were astonished, not only into compliance, but into willingness and pleasure. The Signora's will and enthusiasm blew away all the foolish scruples and false delicacy which would have for ever prevented the others making such a proposition, and the five Catholics knelt together in the room softly lighted by the night and the Virgin's lamp, and said their prayers together.

It was a strange yet sweet experience for all, this first union in family prayers. Mr. Vane, uttering his prayers with an earnest gravity, gave the tone to the others; and when Marion called on the Queen of Heaven to hear their cry, as that of the poor exiled children of Eve coming up from a valley of tears, the Signora's proposition showed no more an extraordinary one, but altogether proper and necessary.

They rose when all was over, and stood silent a moment. It was a silence full of peace and of a new sense of union.

Marion was the first to speak. "You have strung us to-night like beads on a corona," he said, taking the Signora's hand. "May the chain endure for ever!"

They parted very quietly, and for the first time Bianca and Marion said good-night to each other without appearing to remember that they were lovers, or remembering it so seriously that no one else was reminded of it.

The Signora went to her room thankful and contented. In spite of her courage, what she had done had been very difficult for her, and nothing but her position toward the others of hostess and *cicerone* had made it seem proper to her. The ice was broken, however, and successfully; they had gone together to their Heavenly Father, and they could never again be strangers to each other nor to him. She was thankful and contented.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SOME QUAINT OLD CITIES.*

THE Zuyder-Zee will soon be a thing of the past, and in the meanwhile it is but little known. M. Henri Havard, known as an art-critic, has given us a glimpse of it, with its decaying ports, its old-fashioned population, its wonderful atmospheric "effects"; and his book is, strange to say, newer to most readers than one treating of the South Sea Islands or the Japanese Archipelago. Not only is the Zuyder-Zee comparatively unknown to foreigners, but, according to Havard, "it is more than probable that not ten people in Holland have made this voyage, and among writers and artists I do not know a single one."

The navigation of this sea is difficult and dangerous; narrow channels run between enormous sand-banks hardly covered with water. Tales of shipwreck abound in every page of the history of the Zuyder-Zee, and great carcases of ships, breaking up or rotting away, call to mind its dangers. There is no regular communication between the various ports, and M. Havard and his companion, M. Van Heemskerck, had to hire a vessel, engage a crew, and purchase provisions for the voyage. The vessel was called a "tjalk," and drew only three feet of water; her burden was sixty tons. The crew consisted of the "schipper," one sailor or "knecht," and the wife and child of the former. The travellers put up partitions forming kitchen, dining-room, and bed-room, and did the cooking by turns. They started in June, 1873, leaving Amsterdam in the early morning; and, says the author, after a minute description of the Preraphaelite country surrounding the principal sea-port of Holland, "the sun which brightened this magnificent spectacle rendered the atmosphere clear and of a silvery transparence; reflected by the water, the effect was splendid." The first object of interest which they met with were the sluices at Schellingwoude. "These blocks of granite, imported from distant countries, massed one upon the other, form an immovable mountain; the great gates, which allow five ships to enter abreast, have something majestic about them which impresses the beholder. I know nothing finer than these sluices, save, perhaps, those of Trolhätten in Sweden."

The drowsy, pleasant, monotonous impression of the interminable green meadows, or *polders* (reclaimed from the sea), the huge windmills, the few church-steeples of fantastic shapes and varied colors, the yellow sand-banks, is minutely described, and then the travellers come upon the island of Marken, like "a green raft lost in a gray sea." Seven villages are built on as many little mounds, with a mound used as a church-yard. The wealth of Marken is in hay and fish. The meadows are flooded once a year. Trees never grow on the island, and most of the houses are raised on piles, and look like "great cages suspended in the air." There is a peculiarity about the bed-rooms

* *The Dead Cities of the Zuyder-Zee:* A voyage to the picturesque side of Holland. By Henri Havard. Translated by Annie Wood. London: Bentley & Son.

which remind us of the cupboard-beds common among the poorer classes in Scotland: "The ground-floor is one large room divided into as many parts as may be required by wooden partitions without ceilings; the roof—which is, of course, leaning at an angle—is hung with nets and fishing utensils. . . . The bed is the important article of furniture; this is let into the wall in a kind of cupboard, into which are thrust the mattresses and other necessary articles. Two little curtains are drawn across. . . . It looks as much as possible like a large drawer. Sometimes considerable luxury is displayed in the bed; the pillow-cases and the sheets are embroidered with open-work, which is a special fabrication of the women at Marken—white and yellow threads crossed, something in the fashion of guipure." The walls or partitions are mostly painted blue, the shelves are heaped with common crockery and Japanese porcelain, for which there is an extravagant demand all over Holland; a Friesland cuckoo-clock stands in one corner, a carved oak chest in another, and on this are tall glasses, bulging mugs of delf, and miraculously-polished old candlesticks of yellow metal. One of the chief worthies of Marken, Madame Klok, has the richest collection in the island: china of all sorts (Dutch and Japanese) and all colors, pictures, foreign curiosities such as sailors always fill their houses with, are there in profusion; but what she is most proud of is her carved oak chests, all of Dutch make, their panels sculptured with great art, and seeming only just to have left the hands of the artist. The women of Marken have clung to their distinctive dress, and, partly on that account, are thought very uncivilized by the young Hollanders, to whom freedom and Paris fashion have become synonymous terms. This dress is very peculiar, and Havard says very picturesque. Here is part of his description:

"The head-dress is composed of an immense cap in the form of a mitre, white, lined with brown, to show off the lace and embroidery; it is tied close under the chin, pressing closely over the ears. . . . Long ringlets of blonde hair fall down to the shoulders or back, and the hair of the front is brought forward and cut square along the forehead a little above the eyebrows. The gown has a body without sleeves, and the skirt or petticoat is independent of it, and always of a different stuff. The body is brown, and generally of cloth covered with embroidery in colors, in which red predominates. . . . This requires years of labor. A *corsage* well embroidered is handed down from mother to daughter as an heirloom; the sleeves are in two unequal parts: one, with vertical lines of black and white, reaches the elbow, and the other, almost to the wrist, is of dark blue, and is fastened above the elbow. . . . The skirt is also divided into two unequal parts: the upper, which is about eight inches wide only, is a kind of basque with black lines on a light ground; the rest of the skirt is dark blue, with a double band of reddish brown at the bottom. . . . Such is the female costume of Marken, . . . so singular that no other costume is like it, or even approaches its bizarre appearance."

These old Dutch settlements all possess many churches, but most of them disfigured by paint and other monstrosities. The Premonstratensian monks had a monastery at Marken, having come there from Leeuwarden; but the old Marienhot, turned to other uses, was pulled down in 1845 on account of its ruinous condition. At Monnikendam, "the town of the monks," one of the dead cities—for Marken is only a cluster of villages—there is what is now called the Great Church, but was originally the Abbey of

St. Nicholas. It has eighty great pillars in the nave alone, and was built in the fifteenth century, though according to the style of an earlier day. It is now a "*temple*" (Calvinist meeting-house); the columns are whitewashed, there is a modern, bulbous pulpit with green curtains, and the nave is full of ugly, closed pews in the taste of the eighteenth century.

Havard describes Monnikendam as having a Chinese appearance through its "green trees, the red and green coloring of the houses and roofs, and the little gray wooden bridge." In 1573 it had the honor of taking a prominent part in the great naval battle of the Zuyder-Zee, when Cornelius Dirkszoon, a native of Monnikendam, destroyed the Spanish fleet and took the admiral, Count de Bossu, prisoner. The town kept the count's collar of the Golden Fleece as a trophy. Though the monks have disappeared, the town still preserves its arms—a Franciscan monk, habited sable (black), holding a mace in his right hand, the shield being *argent*, or white. The tower of the Great Church is of enormous height, and Havard, as he looked down on the rich plains below, wondered at the insensibility of the inhabitants to the treasures of nature and art within their reach. This deserted place—where the arrival of two strangers was an event of universal importance, to be talked of at least a month after they had gone, and where the old office of town-crier was discharged by a wizened individual in a black dress-coat, knee-breeches, and three-cornered hat, whose duty of fixing notices to the doors of such houses as contained patients attacked by a contagious disease reminds us of the seventeenth century —was once "a flourishing commercial city, one of the twenty-nine great towns of Holland, when the Hague was but a village."

Between Edam and Hoorn (the latter being the pearl of the dead cities) the tjalk encountered a terrible storm of wind, which was succeeded by as wonderful a calm. The author says:

"I turned my head (towards the eastern horizon) and saw one of the most curious spectacles I ever contemplated in my life. From the hull of the boat to the top of the mast, from the zenith to the nadir, all was of the same tint. No waves, no clouds, no heavens, no sea, no horizon were to be distinguished—nothing but the same tone of color, beautifully soft; at a short distance a great black boat, which seemed to rest on nothing, and to be balanced in space. The sea and the sky appeared of a pearl-gray color, like a satin robe; the boat looked like a great blot of ink. Nothing can give an idea of this strange spectacle; words cannot describe such a picture. Turner, in his strangest moods, never produced anything so extraordinary."

The harbor of Hoorn is now "bordered by masses of verdure, great trees, and flowers. The place of these charming plantations and gardens was once occupied by ship-building yards, from whence sailed annually whole fleets of newly-constructed ships. Hoorn is really one of the prettiest towns which can be found, and at the same time the most curious. It is entirely ancient. All the houses are old and attractive, covered with sculptures and charming bas-reliefs—every roof finishing in the form of stairs. Everywhere wide *auvents* jutting out over doors and windows; everywhere carved wood and sculptured stone. The tone of color of the bricks is warm and agreeable to the eye, giving these ancient habitations an aspect of gayety and freshness which contrasts in a singular manner with their great age and ancient forms. . . . It seems almost ridiculous to walk about these streets in our modern costumes. It almost appears to me that there are certain towns where only the plumed hat, the great trunk-hose and boots, with a rapier at our side, are in keeping with

the place; and Hoorn is one of these places."

The emptiness of the streets, the want of all animation, is the shadow of the picture, and the author brings to mind the former bustling prosperity of Hoorn, "filled by an active population, covering the seas with their fleets and the Indies with their counting-houses. Every week a thousand wagons entered the markets, bringing in mountains of cheese from the rich countries around. . . Each year there was a bullock fair, first established in 1389, which drew visitors from all corners of Europe. Frenchmen, Danes, Frisons, Germans, and Swedes flocked into the town, and thus augmented its astonishing prosperity. Hoorn then counted twenty-five thousand inhabitants." It had "massive towers and monumental gates," and bastions and ramparts, whose place is now occupied by beautiful gardens, shaded by fine trees, and boasting of the few remaining ruinous towers and gates as of picturesque adornments—nothing else. The gate at the entrance of the harbor is of "magnificent proportions and superb in its details. . . Among the sculptures I remarked a cow which a peasant-girl is seen employed in milking—a homage to the industry of the country which once enriched the town." On the top of the other old gate—the Cowgate—is a group of two cows, and on the side facing the town four cows are represented standing, while the heraldic lions by their side support the escutcheon of the town, the arms being a hunting-horn. The remains of the old commerce of Hoorn may be seen on Thursdays, when a market is held in the town, and quantities of cheeses still arrive.

"The numbers of people on foot who pour into the town, the carved and heterogeneously-painted wagons, carts, tilburies, and all kinds of old-fashioned conveyances passing through the east gate, almost incline one to believe that the good old times have once more returned to this city. Farmers and cattle-dealers and their wives arrive in the carriages, for the market-day is a holiday; . . . they sit stolidly in or upon these antediluvian vehicles. I say stolidly; for I do not know a better term to express the calm, silent, reflective look of both husbands and wives. . . . At ten o'clock the market-place resembles a park of artillery whence the guns have been withdrawn. The red cheeses piled up by thousands represent to the life the cannon-balls rusted by exposure to the air and rain."

In the Guildhall is preserved Count Bossu's silver-gilt drinking-cup; he was a prisoner in Hoorn for three years after his defeat and capture by the insurgent Dutch. The churches are inferior to the dwellings, having been spoilt by whitewash and plaster and absurd Greek peristyles, perhaps supposed at the Reformation to chase away the evil spirits of an age of superstition. The result is deplorable, and has unfortunately outlasted the fanaticism of the moment, which was responsible for these disfigurements. Although the people of Hoorn claim that their town was rich and famous at the end of the thirteenth century, the first authentic documents point to the middle of the fourteenth as the date of regular municipal incorporation, and the walls were not built till 1426. Hoorn has produced many distinguished men—Abel Janzoon Tasman, who discovered Van Dieman's Land and New Zealand; Jan Pietersz Kœn, who founded Batavia (Java) in 1619; Wouter Cornelisz-oon Schouten, who in 1616 doubled Cape Horn, which he named after his native town; Jan Albertsz Roodt-

sens, a portrait-painter known to art-critics as Rhotius, according to the foolish fancy of the Renaissance for Latinizing one's "barbaric" name, and others less well known—doctors and lawyers with Latinized names, honorably mentioned as learned men in the archives, and brave seamen, patriotic and enterprising, the Sea-Beggars of the War of Independence against Spain, and successful explorers in tropical seas.

Having passed through Enkhuizen, the birthplace of the painter Paul Potter, Havard goes on to Medemblik, the former capital of West Friesland, and the seat of King Radbod's power. Here, like a true artist, he was struck by a beautiful scene painted by nature, who in these regions, as everywhere else, has so many changing beauties to offer, to distract one's attention from even the most perfect human works of art. "The town, with its towers and steeples and with its ancient castle, rose up before us against a background of sky of a rosy tint, fading into lilac-gray and a variety of tints; the town itself appearing of a blackish green, while over our heads the sky was of celestial blue; at the very foot of the town the sea repeated all these splendid colorings and completed the picture. A painter who should reproduce this scene without alteration would not be believed; it would be said he had invented the coloring." Then follows the same story of desertion, emptiness, and decay, that mark the "dead cities," of which this is perhaps the oldest of all. For the well known incident of King Radbod (repeated seven centuries later by a cacique of Mexico), and his choice of eternal torments with his forefathers rather than heaven with strangers to his blood, we have no room. It illustrates the clannish qualities of the old Teutonic stock. Crossing part of the peninsula least tainted by "improvement," the author, on his way to Texel, passed through many villages such as we have heard about, but the accounts of which we have believed to be exaggerated. But these are not to be found on the beaten track, and he who has seen the typical Brock has only seen an artificially-preserved specimen, handy and hackneyed, kept on exhibition with the avowed consciousness of its attraction to strangers. "Every one has heard of the marvellous cow-houses, paved with delf-tiles and sanded in different colors, cleaner even than the rooms, where one must neither cough, smoke, nor spit; where one must not even walk before putting on a great pair of *sabots*, or wooden shoes, whitened with chalk—cow-sheds in which the beautiful white-and-black cows are symmetrically arranged upon a litter which is constantly changed, and whose tails are tied up to the ceiling for fear of their becoming soiled. Well, it is in these hamlets that one meets with all this. . . . Sometimes at the end of the stable or cow-shed one sees a parlor with a number of fresh young girls, with their high caps and golden helmets, working at some fancy work or knitting all sorts of frivolity; the fact is that many of these peasants are millionaires living among their cheeses with the greatest simplicity."

Of Texel and Oude-Schild the author says:

"When you land, it seems as if you entered a great round basin lined with a thick carpet of verdure; an endless prairie with a few trees. . . . all the country surrounded by high dikes and dunes, which limit the view. . . . We felt as if we were in an Eden under the waters, with the heavens open above—a bizarre sensation difficult to describe, but which

is very strange and original. The dike that protects the south of the island is almost as grand and important as that of the Helder. . . . At the place from whence these works spring it was necessary to work under water at a depth of above one hundred feet. . . . On the North Sea side are moving sands, which, from their desolate aspect, contrast with the rich and verdant meadows they guard from the encroachments of the sea. These dunes are certainly not the least interesting part of the island; they can be entered only on foot or on horseback. The feet of the horse or man who attempts to cross them sink either to the ankle of the man or the fetlock of the horse. The green meadow suddenly ceases at their edge, and an arid solitude, burnt by the sun, extends beyond our view—we should say a strip of the African desert rather than of the soft and humid soil of Holland."

This passage into the North Sea has seen some of the largest flotillâs in the world leave its shelter, and not only great commercial fleets and war fleets, but hardy expeditions of scientific discovery, such as that of the first explorers who sought for a Northwest Passage through the ice of the Pole. Although it failed in this, it discovered Nova Zembla. Twice did the brave William Barends attempt this journey, and the second voyage was his last, while his associate, Jacob Van Heemskerck, returned to Holland to be invested with the command of the navy in 1607, and to attack, under the guns of Gibraltar, the large Spanish fleet commanded by Alvarez d'Avila. Like Nelson, he died in the moment of victory, and fifty years later almost the same fate befell the indomitable Van Tromp. Space forbids to more than mention Harlingen, a resuscitated city, which has managed to regain much of its old prosperity, but is not architecturally very interesting. One of its claims to present attention is the picture-gallery of a self-made man and discriminating amateur—M. Bos; and one of its historical claims dates from 1476, when Menno Simonsz, the founder of the sect of Mennonites, of whom some thousands lately emigrated to this country, was born within its territory, in the province of Witmarsum. From this place the travellers started by canal-boat, or *treckschuit*, a barge drawn by a trotting horse through a level, productive country. The boat has a first-class and a second-class compartment, long seats well cushioned for sleeping, a large table for meals, and, as there is no vibration, it is the laziest, pleasantest way of travelling, if one is not in a hurry. The breeding of those splendid black horses, whose long tails sweep the ground, well known throughout Europe, is still one of the sources of wealth of this Frison land, and much of the marvellous wood-carving now stored up in English collections comes from the Frison villages; but of the old costume of the women nothing remains but the golden helmet. Circumstances, however, have preserved the old fashion of skating races, which take place every winter, and are the occasion of regular festivals. The youth of a whole neighborhood gathers together, and the prizes are handed down as heirlooms in the families of the winners. In old times military manœuvres used to be gone through on skates, and these "reviews" were well worth seeing. The Frison skate is a straight iron blade, with which, though you cannot go in any other than a straight line, you can glide along with much greater speed than with the ordinary curved one we use. The only skating ground of Holland—the straight canals—are a sufficient explanation of the difference.

On Leeuwarden we will not dwell, as it is an inland city and by no means dead, but must notice a funny item in one of its collections of curiosities—that is a "land-dagemmer," or small pail that state members used to carry when going to council, and in which they put their bread and butter or whatever else they had by way of a luncheon.

From Leeuwarden the traveller carries us with him to Franeker, "well built, well lighted, and certainly one of the cleanest and best-kept towns in Friesland," formerly a famous centre of learning. "Such men as Adrian Metius, the mathematician; Pierius Winsemius, the historian; Sixtus Amama, the theologian; Ulric Huberus, the jurist; and George Kazer, who knew every subtlety of the Greek language, with a mass of other learned scholars, indoctrinated the youth of that age in the sciences, theology, law, history, and dead languages. The spirit of learning became contagious, and the whole city was seized with a desire to acquire knowledge. The students imbued the citizens with a love of the sciences, and the inhabitants, not content with imbibing learning themselves, spread it about on the public walls; and one can still see on the front of the houses, over the doors, and even on the walls of the stables, numbers of wise inscriptions, moral precepts, and virtuous sentences" in Latin, signifying, for instance, "Know thyself"; "Well, or not at all"; "Nothing is good but what is honest," etc. The Guildhall, built in the same style as the Leeuwarden Chancellerie, but daubed over with paint, contains two or three rooms with their walls literally hidden by gloomy old portraits, said to be those of the professors of the old academy. Among them is that of a woman, Anna Maria Schaarman, called by her contemporaries the modern Sappho, and who, besides poetry, music, painting, engraving, and modelling, was a proficient in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Ethiopian. Her works were published at Leyden in 1648.

Franeker has a unique exhibition in the shape of a *Planetarium*, or a small blue-room, with a movable ceiling, representing the vault of heaven, where the planets, in the form of gilded balls, and by means of a mechanical process, rotate around the sun, which stands in the middle of the room in a kind of half obscurity. The room itself is only lighted by one candle. The whole apparatus is shown by a woman, said to be the grand-daughter of the great mathematician, Eise Eisinga, who devoted seven years of his life, from 1773 to 1780, to making this planetarium.

The tjalk, which the travellers had left at Harlingen, now carried them over to Hindeloopen, a seaport and ancient city, but not one of those which have to complain of the whims of fortune; for it never rose to great importance at any time of its thousand years of existence. Just outside the harbor "the wind suddenly lulled, and one of those dead calms peculiar to these curious shores overtook us. The clouds seemed to stand still in the heavens, the very water lapping against our bows grew still, and, but for a bird skimming the horizon, a sea-dog touching the surface of the waves, or some *bruinvisch* leaping in pure joy under the calm waters, all nature appeared as if wrapped in a deep sleep." The town began by being a hamlet in the huge forest of Kreijl (most of whose area is now the bottom of

the Zuyder-Zee), and its name signifies "the hind's run," while a running hind forms the municipal arms. The harbor, which in 1225, three hundred years after the origin of the town, was endowed with certain privileges, was never large enough for heavily-freighted ships; and though the inhabitants praiseworthily tried to enrich themselves by forming fishing companies, the boats had to be built in other ports, and the interest of Hindeloopen in these expeditions had always more or less of an artificial character. Notwithstanding the real claims of the town to notice, it has escaped the mention of historians; Cornelius Kempius ignores it altogether; Guicciardini merely refers to it; Blaeu the geographer, in spite of his minute exactitude, only gives it a dozen dry lines; and a later writer, the author of *Les Délices des Pays-Bas* (1769), is not more complimentary, though he allows it some "commercial interest." It often needs an artist's eye to look with favor on these world-forgotten places, and draw out details which make us wonder how it was possible that they have been hitherto so persistently overlooked. It is often a greater pleasure, we confess, to read of such places than of those greater ones, the pilgrimages of the world, where each successive generation of scholars and explorers flocks to bring to light some fact or some stone, and where, when all that is likely to be important has been found, they still pore devotedly over dust and fragments, eager to tell the world how the ancients ate or dressed, and how their present descendants retain or have lost or modified the old manners and customs. Havard, accordingly, says of Hindeloopen:

"Small as it was, it had its arts, its special costume, a style of architecture, and a language only spoken within its walls—which is a fact so singular that it would appear incredible were it not for traces and incontestable proofs of their existence.* The most remarkable of its peculiarities was, and is still, the costume worn by the women. . . . Not content with having a dress different to other nations, the inhabitants of Hindeloopen regulated the style of their costume, and adjusted it according to the age and position of the woman in its smallest detail. From its very birth a child is put into the national costume: its little legs are wrapped in the usual linen, but the upper part of its body is subjected to the prevailing habit of the country. Its head is covered with a double cap—one of linen, the other of silk garnished with the usual kerchief; above this again is placed another calico kerchief, and on that again a third of larger dimensions, scarlet in color and trimmed with lace. The tiny body is cased in a close-fitting jacket, over which is an embroidered bib, and the baby's hands are put into calico mittens."

Then follows a description of the changes of, or rather additions to, the costume from the age of eighteen months upwards. The marriageable girls wore the most complicated, everything, even the "floss-silk stockings," being of a certain regulation make, color, and stuff. Married women wore their hair entirely covered by the headdress of square pieces of red cloth embroidered in gold, above the cap itself. Widows wore the same articles, but all black and white; and, besides this daily costume, there were others worn on festival days, chiefly distinguished by a cape or overall, with other details yet, belonging some to Whitsuntide, some to Corpus Christi, and others to betrothed girls, and relating to circum-

* The author has unfortunately omitted to give some of these proofs, and we have only his word for this assertion.

stances, weddings, and funerals, to the length of time a woman had been married, and if she was a mother, etc., etc., in endless and minute array. The town women have already discarded their costume, but it is still universally worn in the country round about. The ancient industries of Hindeloopen—alas! very degenerate nowadays—included a *spécialité* in furniture. It was of carved wood painted, and many specimens in Dutch and foreign collections still exist. Havard says of it:

"Its general forms have a very decided Oriental cast. Its decorations of carved and gilded palms and love-knots, relieved by the strangest paintings it is possible to imagine, have no equal except in Persian art. As a rule, the colors are loud and gaudy—red or pink, green or blue—but, strange to say, the whole appears harmonious. It is peculiar and striking but not disagreeable to the eye. Most of the single pieces of furniture, such as tables and stands, and sledges are ornamented with red and blue palms, around which are interlaced numbers of Cupids of dark rose-color, the whole on a red ground. Sometimes these constantly-recurring Cupids (always in dark rose-color) are placed among a bed of blue flowers against a background of red, lightened here and there by white dots and touches of gold. But this medley of discordant colors produces a harmonious and dazzling effect, which I can only liken to the cashmeres of India. This same style of ornamentation is adopted in private houses, though the colors are somewhat modified. Red yields to dark blue, and flowers, love-knots, and palms are toned down into soft blue, green, and white, on a background of the finest * shade of indigo. The effect thus produced is very curious. I cannot say it is fine or pleasant, but it is not disagreeable to the eye, and certainly possesses the advantage of not being vulgar or common."

Stavoren, the former capital of Friesland, is one of the towns whose traditional annals, like those of Medemblik, reach back into unhistorical times, and whose founder, Friso, a supposed contemporary and ally of Alexander the Great, built here a temple to Jupiter, and adorned his town with walls, palaces, and theatres. The fifth century of our era is its real earliest date, and then it was only what the first settlement of a barbaric clan always is—half-camp, half-village—but it had gained a footing which it never abandoned since. As the centuries passed, we find this town, at the mouth of the Flevum, "the capital and royal residence of Friesland," and with a "considerable commercial and industrial reputation. Treaties of alliance and trade were entered into with the Romans, Danes, Germans, and Franks, who came to Stavoren to barter their goods. . . . The Flevum was easy to navigate, thus rendering the port convenient for commerce; able to hold a large fleet whose intrepid sailors explored distances in the North inaccessible to the vessels belonging to other nations. At this epoch the Zuyder-Zee was not in existence, and one could walk on dry land from Stavoren to Medemblik. . . . A palace was built at Stavoren (by Richard I.) which later on became the sumptuous residence of the kings, his successors," and Charles, Duke of Brabant, journeyed to Stavoren with a numerous suite to see and admire its wonderful splendors. This was burnt in 808, but in 815 a still more splendid church was built by Bishop Odulphus. It was some Stavoren sailors who first passed through the Sound and opened the way into the Baltic, and the King of Denmark rewarded the town by exempting its ships from dues on entering Dantzic.

* Probably *lightest*.

Treaties with Sweden and Scotland conceded to the town similar privileges, rendering the merchants of Stavoren able to enter the lists with those of the richest and most influential towns in the world. A sixteenth-century chronicler*—though we incline to take the statement as typical of the prosperity of the town rather than in its literal sense—says "the vestibules of the houses were gilded, and the pillars of the palaces of massive gold." This, however, applies to the thirteenth century, the age of Marco Polo and general redundancy of imagination, colored by the traditions of the *Arabian Nights*. But it is true that Stavoren was one of the first towns forming part of the Hanseatic League, and even in the sixteenth century she still held the third rank. Her downfall was due as much to the nature of things as to adverse circumstances. Prosperity spoiled the haughty town: "Her inhabitants had become so rich and opulent that they were literally intoxicated with their success, and allowed themselves to grow insolent, exacting, and supercilious beyond endurance. They were called the spoiled, luxurious children of Stavoren—'*dartele ofte verwende Kinderen van Stavoren.*' Strangers ceased to trade with them, preferring the pleasanter manners of the inhabitants of Hamburg, Lübeck, and Bruges. In proportion as trade declined the spirit of enterprise forsook the population, and the town, once so rich and flourishing, now found herself reduced from the first to the tenth rank." This happened in the fourteenth century, and by the sixteenth "there were scarcely fifty houses in a state of preservation in this city, which formerly was the highest and noblest of all." Its appearance at the present time is still more sad: "There are about a hundred houses, half of which are in ruins, but not one remains to recall in the vaguest manner the ancient glory of its palaces. It would be difficult to call the place a village even; it is more like one large cemetery, whose five hundred inhabitants have the appearance of having returned to earth to mourn over the past and lost glories of their country and the ancient splendor of their kings." Outside the harbor is a large sand-bank, called the "Lady's Bank," which for several centuries has blocked up the entrance so that no great ships can enter, and tradition has seized upon this to point a moral eminently appropriate to the former proud merchants of this hopelessly dead city. It is said, and repeated by Guicciardini, that a rich widow, "petulant and saucy," freighted a ship for Dantzic, and bade the master bring back a cargo of the rarest merchandise he could find in that town. Finding nothing more in requisition there than grain, he loaded the ship with wheat and returned. The widow was indignant at his bringing her such common stuff, and ordered him, if he had loaded the grain at *backboort*, to throw it into the sea at *stuerboort*, which was done, whereupon there immediately rose at that place so great a sand-bank that the harbor was blocked; hence the bank is still called "*Le Sable*," or "*Le Banc de la Dame*."

At Urk, a truly patriarchal fishing village, where "every one, as at Marken, wears the national costume, from the brat who sucks his thumb to the old man palsied with age,"

* Cornelius Kempius.

and where the inhabitants "consider themselves related, forming one and the same family," and are "just as hospitable and polite as at Marken," Havard spent a few very pleasant hours. This place is anterior to the Zuyder-Zee, and was already, in the ninth century, a fishing settlement on one of the islands in Lake Flevo. Havard thinks that the women, with their healthy beauty and graceful but evident strength, are good samples of the race that inhabited these lands a thousand years ago.

On entering the mouth of the Yssel the travellers left the tjalk and went across country to Kampen, admiring on their road the beautiful fields with the cows almost hidden in the long grass, the farms on little hillocks looking like miniature fortified castles, and the other farms surrounded by tall trees, where all is of a blue color, from the small milk-pails to the wheelbarrow, and the ladder leading to the loft. Kampen dates only from the thirteenth century, but it grew rapidly, and two hundred years later became an Imperial town, governed itself, and had the right of coining money. At the Reformation there was no breaking of images or destruction of works of art, neither was there any outbreak against the religious orders. Large, massive towers with pointed roofs overhang the quay and flank an enormous wall, through which an arched doorway leads into the town. The Celle-broeders-Poort dates from the sixteenth century, and is built of brick and stone, with octagonal towers, oriel windows, and carved buttresses, besides a gallery projecting over the door. This gate was named after the convent of Brothers of the Common Life, formerly situated in the street leading to the Poort. The order has been made famous by the author of the *Imitation.* It was one of the most popular in the Low Country, and was founded at Deventer by Gerhard Groot, a young and luxurious ecclesiastic, whose life reminds one of De Rancé, and who, giving up his preferments, retired to his own house, where he lived with a few other men in apostolical simplicity. The services of his followers were invaluable during the plague, or Black Pest, in the fourteenth century. His successor was Florent Radewyns, a learned priest, also in high ecclesiastical favor, but who gave up his canon's stall at Utrecht to embrace the life of a Brother of the Common Life. This institute is not unlike the original one of St. Francis of Assisi, founded in Italy a hundred years earlier; only these brothers lived by the work of their hands, mostly as copyists, and as revisers of the manuscripts scattered over the town, comparing them with the originals and rectifying the mistakes of inexperienced or careless copyists. Pope Gregory XI. sanctioned the regulations of the order in 1376, and in 1431, 1439, and 1462 Eugenius IV. and Pius II. confirmed the privileges of the rapidly-growing community, which counted convents by the score all over Holland. About this time they opened schools for the young, and "their instruction was everywhere courted, and their virtues, as well as their great talents, made them welcome even in the most distant countries. Their colleges were dedicated either to St. Jerome or St. Gregory, and multiplied with astonishing rapidity. . . In their convent (at Brussels) they had a printing-office." Their devotion to the poor and uneducated, and their endeavors to counteract the progress of the

Reformation by expounding to the people the authorized version of the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue, and also uniting their hearers in prayers and offices in Dutch, Flemish, and other vernacular, were misrepresented by their enemies, and twisted into evidence of their heretical leanings.

Kampen was rich in religious orders; there were the Minorites (Franciscans), whose church was built in the fourteenth century, and is still the most ancient monument in the town, but is now used as a school; the Recollects, the Carthusians, the Alexians, besides six convents for women. The church of St. Nicholas, with its double aisles and its grand simplicity, its beautiful antique pulpit and Renaissance panelling in the choir, is well worth a visit, were it not for the detestable impression likely to be made on the visitor by the excesses in plaster and paint that disfigure the building. Notre Dame, a church almost as large and as old, has been restored, and its sombre, simple, and grand decoration, its panelling in imitation of the Gothic, and its careful imitation of the spirit of ancient ornamentation make it a more satisfactory object of pilgrimage. But the pearl of Kampen is the *Stadhuis*, or Guildhall—or rather what remains of it; for part of it was destroyed by fire in 1543. The façade is very much like the Chancellerie at Leeuwarden, and the niches still contain their original statuettes of the sixteenth century. "This corner of the town-hall is a real delight to behold, and to come upon a relic of this sort, religiously preserved from ancient times, is a great source of joy to an artist." But the special attractions are in the interior, especially in "two rooms, unique in their way, . . . decorated with carved wainscoting, which have remained intact from the early part of the seventeenth century, when they were used as the council-chamber and judgment-hall. . . . The walls are furnished with flags, standards, halberds, pikes, . . . and above the door I noticed some formidable-looking syringes in polished leather, shining like gold, which were used in former times to squirt boiling oil on those of the assailants who approached too close. A magnificent balustrade, crowned by an open gallery with columns supporting arched openings, separates this hall from the other, through which the persuasive eloquence of the advocates penetrated the council-chamber. . . . Running round the chamber is a huge carved bench, divided into stalls by jutting pedestals which support a pillar of Ionic base and Composite capital. An entablature also running the round of the room, projecting above the pillars, but receding over the stalls, completes this kind of high barrier between the councillors, and adds considerably to the majestic elegance which charms and impresses one. At the end of the hall there is a fine chimney-piece, comprising four divisions. To mention its date, 1543, is quite enough to give an idea of the beauty of its workmanship and the elegance of its curves." Among its curiosities are some fine silver goblets given to the town, and some pieces of gold-plate belonging to the old guilds, as well as the *box of beans*, which served to determine the election of the municipality. It is a small *bonbonnière* holding twenty-four beans, six silver-gilt and eighteen of polished silver. "When it was a question of deciding which of the members of the council should be chosen for

the administration, the beans were put in a hat, and each drew out one by chance, and those who drew forth the silver-gilt beans immediately entered on their new functions. This custom was not confined especially to Kampen, as it was formerly in vogue in the province of Groningen."

Zwolle (not a sea city) is a very old town, but has a modern life tacked on to it, and few of its public buildings, churches included, are worth commenting upon at length, though its history is interesting and stirring. It was the birth-place and home of Thomas à Kempis, known in his own day as Hamerken, but the convent where he lived has unfortunately disappeared.

Harderwyk, on the Zuyder-Zee, or the "Shepherd's Refuge," was founded at the time of the disastrous flood which made the present sea. Some shepherds collected there from the flooded meadows, and were joined by a few fishermen. A hundred years after its incorporation as a town, it was already prosperous enough to be named in the Hanseatic Union by the side of Amsterdam, Kampen, and Deventer; but it can boast of a better claim to notice than its material prosperity alone, for it had a famous academy, founded in 1372, and specially devoted to theology and what was then known of physical sciences. Except during an interval of half a century, after an inundation that devastated and unpeopled the little city, this school existed uninterruptedly till the French occupation, a little less than a hundred years ago, and among its native scholars, many of whom are honorably known in the history of science, it reckons the botanist Boerhaave. Linnæus spent a short time there in study and research, and the town is not a little proud of having been sought out by distant scholars as a centre of the natural science of that day. Both these famous men have a memorial in Harderwyk, the former a bronze statue, and the latter a bust in the public gardens. One of the few interesting remains of the old town is the square tower of Notre Dame, where fires were burnt, by way of a beacon, to guide fishermen and sailors out at night, and indicate the position of Harderwyk. "The sea," says Havard, "is very wayward in these parts. Formerly it was at some little distance from the town, but gradually it advanced, and ended by washing its walls; now, however, it has in some measure receded. . . . When the tide is low, fishermen often discover under the sand roads washed up by the waves, paved with stones and bricks, which prove that at some distant period streets existed where now the sea rules." At present Harderwyk is the depot of the troops intended for the Indian and colonial army of Holland, and is, in consequence, rather a gay little place.

The charming, antique, and formerly turbulent town of Amersfoort, the birth-place of the heroic Jan van Olden Barneveldt, truly the "father of his country," was the last comparatively forgotten place where our author passed before he got back to the beaten track of travel, through Utrecht down the Dutch Rhine to Amsterdam. Of this hardy, learned, and brave people of the Netherlands he says but too truly that they are unknown outside their own frontiers. "Nobody outside" (of course he speaks of popular, world-wide reputation; for they are known in scientific and literary circles) "knows that among the Dutch

are to be found honesty, cordiality, and sincere friendship; they do not know that the language of Holland is rich and poetic; that the Netherlanders have exceptionally fine institutions, sincere patriotism, and absolute devotion to their country." He complains, however, that the country or its representative, the government, does not sufficiently encourage native artists, authors, and *savants*, and forces her statesmen to "submit to paltry coteries." He also says that the decay of trade in the "dead cities" is partly attributable to the supineness of the inhabitants themselves, though that certainly does not tally with their enterprising spirit of old, and adds that Amsterdam, when threatened with the same danger—the moving sands and the encroaching waters, which have turned the harbors of the once wealthy Hanseatic cities into deserts — did not "sleep," but "with all their ancient energy, not fearing to expend their wealth," the inhabitants "cut through the whole length of the peninsula of Noord Holland, and created a canal 40 miles long and 120 feet wide, wide enough for two frigates to pass one another"; and when that was found insufficient for their commerce, "they again cut through the width of the peninsula, as they had cut through its length, giving to ships of the heaviest tonnage two roads to their magnificent port. This was how the sons of old Batavia fought against the elements—nothing stopped them; and we see that the generations which succeed them are animated by the same spirit, the same firm will, the same calm energy, never to be beaten by difficulties." And now the last news of importance from the same spot is that of the projected draining of the Zuyder-Zee, which is a plan of gigantic magnitude, the cost being estimated at £16,000,000 sterling—*i.e.*, not far from $100,000,000—but the allotted time scarcely more than two years. The Dutch is a race tenacious of vitality and power, and its future in its colonial empire, which it is now thoroughly and scientifically surveying, bids fair to rival its past. Even these "dead cities," when they cease to be fishing hamlets and relic-museums, and, by the draining of the inland sea, have to turn for their support to new industries, have a chance of revival. The last marvellous Dutch work—the completion of the North Sea Canal—is a proof that the old energy is yet there, and that great things may yet be expected, nautically, scientifically, commercially, and even agriculturally, of the sturdy old stock of the "Sea Beggars."

THE GREAT STRIKE AT ERRICKDALE.

ERRICKDALE is famous for its coal-pits. It has dozens of them. All night long their fires glow red through the darkness, and all day the sound of pick and hammer, and the creak of rusty iron chains dragging heavily-loaded cars up the slope of the mines into the light, and the cry of the miners, and the tramp of their hob-nailed shoes as they come and go, fill the place with noisy life. It is a lonely place otherwise, close to the sea-coast. A ponderous stone wharf juts far out into the water, and a tramway runs down to it for the use of the cars which take the coal to the vessels that are constantly loading.

The village of Errickdale, at the time of our story, consisted of the black buildings connected with the mines, the rows of tumble-down tenements where the miners lived, and one spacious, rambling, old-fashioned dwelling, built a century previous by the first owner and opener of the mines, and preserved intact ever since, in its antique and solid elegance, by each new owner of the place. Eight months of the year it was closed, with the exception of a few rooms occupied by the agent, the old housekeeper, and two servants; one other apartment being always kept in readiness to receive the master whenever, for any reason, he chose to make his appearance.

But for four months, from June to October, the whole house was thrown open and filled with a brilliant company, who spent the summer days in merry idleness, and made Errickdale a scene of delight. Beautiful it was always, in spite of its loneliness—a loneliness so extreme that not another town or village, or house or hut, was to be met with for a dozen miles around it, except Teal, lying hidden from sight behind the hills, and five good miles away at that, and the lighthouse which rose up eerily on the summit of the dangerous, ugly rock-ledge in the centre of Errick Bay. That bay gave ample opportunity for sailing, rowing, bathing, fishing; the beach was firm and good for those who cared to walk; the rocks were bold and tempting for those who cared to climb. In the fields the wild pink roses bloomed, and strawberries, raspberries, baked-apple berries, and blueberries followed one upon the other in superabundance. The heaps of coal-dust, the begrimed men, the care-worn women and dirty children, the comfortless dwellings, marred very much the beauty of the place; but what would be the place without them? The guests who came there soon forgot such trifles as the days sped by in merry-making; and in the city of Malton a summer at Errickdale was spoken of as a season of unrivalled pleasure.

It was in Malton that John Rossetti, the present owner of Errick mines, had his palace-like city home. There he had collected such treasures as few men could boast, even in that city, famed for its eager pursuit of the beautiful and the costly; and all of them he lavished upon the only being who made life dear to him—the daughter whom his idolized young wife had left to

him when, at the child's birth, she died.

It is a marvel that Eleanora Rossetti grew up as amiable and gentle as she was; for she scarcely knew what it meant to have a wish thwarted or the merest whim of her fancy ungratified. Delicate and fair like some sheltered plant, she won love and tenderness wherever she went, and it seemed to her only as the air she breathed—she knew nothing else. That she should yield her will to another's never entered her mind; that she was to do anything for others was an idea quite unknown to her. Life was hers to enjoy; hearts were hers to command; let her do what she would, no one wished to hinder her. She saw the beggars in the streets of Malton, she saw the poorly-clad people in Errickdale, but they never weighed upon her heart in the least. They must be very lazy or very shiftless, she thought—if she ever thought of them at all.

With the approaching winter of her eighteenth birthday—the winter of that great strike at Errickdale which was to set the country ringing—there came many prophecies of want and famine, but Eleanora did not heed them. She had a little dinner-party one evening. They were sitting around the table loaded with costly silver and delicately-painted china and rare viands. "Papa," cried Eleanora from the head of the board, where she presided in girlish state, her clear voice ringing down to him like a flute and attracting every one's attention—"papa, I mean to keep my eighteenth birthday by a masque-ball at Errickdale." And then, glancing along each file of delighted and expectant guests with her brightest smile, "You are all invited at once," she said, "without further ceremony. The night of the 20th of January, remember. How I hope there will be snow underfoot and stars overhead and a biting frost! There will be bed and board for all, though some of the beds may have to be on the floor; and sleighs or carriages will be waiting at Teal station. Oh! how delightful it will be!"

Nobody waited to see if permission would be granted her. Eleanora Rossetti always had her way. At once a Babel of voices arose.

"We will make summer of winter," Eleanora said. "The whole conservatory shall be sent down. It shall be a ball of the old *régime;* and mind, all of you, no one shall be admitted who does not come dressed as a courtier of some sort to grace my palace halls. I shall never be eighteen again, and I mean to celebrate it royally."

"She looks like a princess this moment," said a youth on her right, loudly enough for her to hear, and to make her blush with pleasure; and like a princess she looked indeed, slender and tall and stately, in her heavy purple robe, with ermine and rare laces at the neck and wrists, and diamonds in her ears that sparkled no more brightly than her eyes.

Down in Errickdale that night a northeast gale was blowing, the waves were dashing their spray high up over the wharf and against the cliffs, and the rain drove in slant sheets across the bay, where the red eye of the lighthouse glared steadily.

In a cottage of three rooms, apart from the tenements, yet little better than they, another John is sitting. John O'Rourke this, an Irishman, come eighteen years since from the old country; and with him sits his only daughter,

who will be eighteen in February. Bridget O'Rourke has no need to fear the verdict if she is compared with the heiress of Errickdale; she is full as tall and stately, and her dark, severe beauty would be noticeable anywhere. But there is no sparkle in her eyes, that are heavy with unshed tears, and no smile is on her lips.

These people are not poor, as Errickdale counts poverty. It is much, very much, to have a house to yourself, even though it be of three rooms only, and floor and walls are bare. It is much to wear whole clothes, though the dress is cotton print and the coat is fustian. It is much to have plenty of bread and cheese and a bit of cold meat on your table, and to have a decent table to sit at. Errickdale counts these things luxuries. John O'Rourke is a sort of factotum for the agent, and, next to him, has higher wages than any other man on the place; but, for all that, his brow is lowering to-night, and as he sits in moody silence his fingers work and his hands are clenched, as though he were longing for a fight with some one.

"You're not eating, Bridget, my girl," he said at last, draining the last drop of his cup of tea. "You're not as hungry as I."

She pushed her plate away. "I can't eat, father," she said. "Down in the hollow Smith's wife and babes are crying with hunger, and over at Rutherford's the girls haven't a shoe to their feet in this bitter weather."

"And so you must go hungry too, girl?" he asked.

"I can't eat," she said again. "It chokes me. Why should I have good things, and they go starving? I wish I was starving with them!"

"Tut, tut, girl! What help would that be? And what's Smith, anyhow, and Smith's boys, but Orangemen, that hoot at ye Sundays, and laugh at your going ten miles, all, as they say, to worship images?"

Bridget smiled faintly. This righteous John O'Rourke was no very fervent Catholic in his deeds, whatever his words might go to prove. It was seldom that he found himself able to foot those good ten miles with her, though she did it regularly, in spite of ridicule and difficulty.

"Orangemen or not," she answered, "they're flesh and blood like me. God made 'em. If I try to eat, I think I see them with nothing, and I long to give all I have to them."

"I tell ye," O'Rourke exclaimed, "times are bad enough now, but they'll be worse soon, if master don't take heed. There'll be a strike in Errickdale before the winter's out."

"O father! no. I hope not. Nothing like that would ever move the master. He's that set in his own way, he would only hold out stronger against 'em—he would."

"I think so myself, girl—I think so myself. I've known him well these eighteen years; he's firm as rock. But the men don't credit it. They are murmuring low now, but it will be loud shouting before we know it. Bridget, I'll to Malton and see the master myself, come morning."

"Yes, father," said Bridget; "and I'll go with you and speak with Miss Eleanora."

A few hours later, the city lady and the Irish girl stood face to face in Eleanora's boudoir. There was a startled look in Eleanora's eyes. What strange story is this which Bridget tells her? There must be some mistake about it.

"They are very poor in Errickdale," Bridget said slowly, keeping down the quiver from her voice and the tears from her eye. "House after house they have nothing but potatoes or mush to eat, and nothing but rags to wear. I don't think it's the master's fault maybe. Sometimes I fear the agent is not all he should be, miss."

As if John Rossetti did not know the character of the man whom he had left in power among his miners! Alas for Bridget! and alas for Errickdale!

"But do *you* suffer, Bridget?" and Eleanora looked at her compassionately, and then with deep admiration. She had let her talk, had let her stay, where carelessly she would have sent off any other, because it was such a delight to her to see that face in its grave and regular beauty, and to hear the rich voice with its sorrowful cadence like the minor note of an organ chant. Even had she been of like station and wealth with herself, Eleanora would have felt no pangs of jealous fear; for her own beauty and that of Bridget were of too perfect and delicious a contrast for that, and her trained artistic taste was considering it with pleasure all the while that their talk went on.

"Not that way," Bridget answered her. "I've food and clothes a plenty myself. But it's as if the hunger and want were tugging at my heart instead of my body, by day and by night. The lean faces and the wailing come between me and all else. Miss Eleanora, I wish you could once see them—only once."

"What's this! Bridget O'Rourke here too? A well-planned plot, truly." And John Rossetti strode into the room as though on the point of turning the girl out from it, only his daughter, coming to meet him, stepped unwittingly between.

"Yes, papa," she said, "it's Bridget, come to the city, I suppose, for the first time in her life. And, papa, she tells such a sad story about Errickdale. Will you please send them some money at once?"

"Not a penny," her father answered. "Not one penny of mine or yours shall they have. These people think to force me to their will by a strike! They shall learn what manner of master they have. Do they not know that Errick mines might lie idle a year, and I hold my head above water bravely? And do they dream there are no men willing and glad to be hired for the price they cavil at? Let them strike when they please. That is the only message John O'Rourke has to carry home with him for his pains, and all that you shall have either, Bridget. Take it and be gone."

"Oh! no, Bridget, not yet," Eleanora cried. "I am not ready. Papa, what can you be thinking of—sending her away when I am not ready to have her go? Let us consider for a minute, papa. She is so troubled"; and, indeed, Bridget's face was livid in its distress, and when she strove to speak her voice died away in a moan. "How much do the people want, papa?"

He laughed grimly. "I shall grant them nothing," he said. "However, since you are curious, they do not want as much as your ball will cost me, my love. How would you like to give that up for them?"

"My ball! Of course not. What a ridiculous idea! All Malton knows of it by this time, and twenty people are invited already, and I have sent for my dressmaker. Of course

I could not give that up for anything! But you were only jesting, papa dear. I know you could not mean it. Bridget, papa knows best, you may be sure. I never trouble my head about business. But I will tell you what you shall do. I am going to have a masque-ball at Errickdale in January—such grand doings as were never known there before—and you shall come to it! You shall be where you can see the splendid court-dresses and the flowers and the feast, and hear the music—the very best music that Malton can furnish. So don't worry any more, Bridget, and you shall surely be there."

Bridget looked slowly round the room, full of warmth and light, and comfort and beauty. From the picture-frames haggard eyes seemed to stare at her; in the corners, and half hidden by the velvet hangings, figures wasted by want seemed to stretch their bony fingers towards her; through the canary's song and the splash of the scented fountain voices weak with fasting seemed to call on her for aid. But it had become impossible for her to utter another word in their behalf. A plan, a hope, flashed through her mind.

"Yes, Miss Eleanora," she said, "I will come to your ball." And waiting for no more words, she went away.

"She is worrying her life out," Eleanora said pityingly. "I don't believe she eats properly." And taking more trouble for a poor person than she had ever done before, she wrote to the housekeeper at Errickdale to send Bridget O'Rourke every day substantial and tempting food enough for an entire meal. Then she dismissed the whole matter; or rather the dressmaker was announced, and the important question as to whether her ball-dress should be of velvet or satin drove all minor subjects, such as hunger and cold and nakedness, from her mind.

Meanwhile, Bridget strove to calm her father's wrath, which he poured forth volubly as the train carried them home; and when he was still, she thought out to its full scope the plan which had occurred to her. She would go to the ball, and, when the guests were assembled, she would step forth from her hiding-place, and stand before them all, and plead the people's cause. But the more she thought of it the more her heart misgave her. Why should she hope they would heed her then rather than to-day? Would not the master only be the more incensed against his miners, because of the shame to which he would be exposed? Yes, she felt sure that this would be the result. And then the long, long days and weeks which must elapse before the chance would come at all! How could she endure it? She put that sudden hope and plan away. Instead of it, she prayed again and again with smothered sobs: "O Christ! who for love of us died for us, save thy people now."

But she walked the long walk home from Teal station without fatigue, and came into Errickdale strong and well, to meet the woes she yearned to heal. The children had learned to understand her pity for them. They welcomed her return with cries for food; she gave them what she could, and lay down supperless herself that night to rest. After that, each day brought her a full meal from the great house, but she never tasted of it; there were those who needed it more, she said.

Once, on her way to a poor fam-

ily with a basket of these provisions, the smell of the well-cooked food produced such a violent craving that it seemed to her for a moment that she should go mad. With a great effort she controlled herself and stood still. "Christ," she prayed, "have mercy! Shall I eat dainties while the children starve?"

The craving did not cease, but strength to resist it came. She entered the wretched room to which she was bound, and fed the inmates who crowded around her; then she hurried home. In the cupboard were a few crusts and a bone already well picked. How sweetly they tasted! And while she feasted on them a woman crawled feebly in. "I've fasted long," she said, and quietly Bridget gave her all she had.

Twice afterward she felt that horrible craving, and then it ceased. Her father saw that she ate little, but never guessed how little it really was; he saw that she grew pinched and pale, but fancied it was grief alone that caused it. He did not know, and no one knew, that, with what Errickdale counted "plenty" at her command, Bridget was living like the poorest. The thirst for self-sacrifice, the thirst of a supernatural love, consumed her. "He did it," she used to say to herself. "He was poor for us, and he died for us." From her room one by one her possessions departed; she carried them to those who, as she thought, needed them more, or she disposed of them for their use. Soon the attic room, which no one but herself ever entered, held literally nothing but the crucifix on the wall. Laying her weary limbs on the hard floor at night, she thought of the hard cross whereon her Lord had died. "Mine is an easier bed than his," she said, and smiled in the darkness. "May he make me worthier to share his blessed pains!"

But the nights were few that she spent on even so poor a couch as this. There was sickness in Errickdale as well as want, and Bridget was nurse, and doctor, and servant, and watcher beside the dead. And in her princess life at Malton Eleanora Rossetti counted the same long hours blithely, eager for her festival to come.

The 20th of January! Stars overhead, and snow underfoot, and a biting frost to make Errickdale as merry as its heiress wished. Winter without, and want and woe perhaps; but who needed to think of that? In the old mansion summer itself was reigning. Orange and lemon trees mingled their golden fruits and spicy bloom in the corridors and halls and up and down the winding stairs. Lamps burned some faintly-scented oil, that filled the warm air with a subtle, delicious odor, and lamps and tall wax tapers flooded the room with golden but undazzling light. Fountains played among beds of rare ferns and exotics; and magnificent blossoms lay in reckless profusion upon the floor, to be trodden upon, and yield their perfume, and die unheeded. And in doublet and hose and cap and plume, and all the gay festival gear of a king's court of mediæval times, hosts of servants waited upon Eleanora's word.

The winter twilight fell soon over Errickdale. In its gathering shadows John Rossetti was galloping home from Teal on his swiftest horse, when the creature shied suddenly, then stopped, trembling all over. A woman stood in the path, ghostly and strange to see through the gloom. Fearless John Rossetti started at the unexpected sight.

"What do you want of me?" he asked.

"Food," the woman answered, in a voice that thrilled him with inexplicable awe; from some far-off land it seemed to come—a land that knew nothing of ease and joy. "Your people die of want, and cold, and pain," it said. "In the name of God Almighty, and while you have time, hear me and help them."

Then this fearless John Rossetti sneered. "While I have time?" he said. "I have no time to-night, I warrant you. Choose better seasons than this for your begging, Bridget O'Rourke."

He struck the spurs into his horse, but, though it quivered all over again, it would not move an inch. The woman lifted her hands to heaven. "God, my God! I have done all I can," she said. "I leave it now with thee." And so she vanished.

In Errick Hall Eleanora was speaking to a servant. "Make haste," she said. "I had almost forgotten it. Make haste and bring Bridget O'Rourke to me. I promised she should see it all."

The servant hurried obediently to John O'Rourke's cottage. Its owner was crouching sullenly over the fire. "Where's my girl?" he said. "Miss Eleanora wants her to see the sights? See 'em she shall, then. It's little she gets of brightness now, poor thing. Bridget! Bridget!"

But though he called loudly, no one answered. He climbed the stairs to the dark attic, and still no reply.

"Give me the light, boy," he cried, with a dull foreboding at his heart, and he and the servant entered the room together.

She was not there. What was more, nothing was there—literally nothing—except the cross of Him who gave his all, his very life, for men.

"I fear, I fear," this John said, trembling; and he took the crucifix down, and carried it with him for defence against invisible foes whom he dreaded far more than anything he could see.

"We will go look for her, O'Rourke," the servant said. "I must find her for Miss Eleanora, if not for her own sake."

In the kitchen supper was on the table, and the fire crackled on the hearth. Her loving father had been waiting long for her. Where was the child?

They asked the question at every tenement and every room. The people joined them in the search for her whom they all held dear. On the outskirts of the place, and where the road stretched out without another sign of habitation for five miles to Teal, was a lonely hovel.

"She's there," one woman said to another. "'Course she's there. Might 'a' known it. Jake Ireton's wife had twins yesterday, and it's little else they have. She's there, caring for 'em."

Yet they paused at the door, as if loath to open it. The whole throng seemed to feel that vague foreboding which John O'Rourke had felt; those who were able to crowd into the narrow room entered it timidly. What was it that they dreaded?

In the grand saloon of Errick mansion, decked like a regal ballroom, John Rossetti's daughter, attired gorgeously like the French queen in the famous painting which is Malton's pride, received her courtiers; and the band played the gay dance-music, and the light feet of the dancers glided over the floors.

In the poorest hut of Errickdale John O'Rourke's daughter received her courtiers, too, in regal state.

It was dark and silent there before the torches were brought in. By their flaring light the people saw the poor mother on a bed of rags and straw.

"Be still as ye can," she said softly. "Is't thee, O'Rourke? Thy good girl's been wi' me this four hours. One o' my babbies died, thank God! She laid it out there all decent."

And then, in the dim light, they saw the outline of a tiny form beside the bed; such being the roses and adornings of Bridget's court.

"She heard a horse go trampling by, and went to see 't," the woman said. "When she came back, says she: 'T'was master. I've pleaded my last plea for my people. My heart's broke.' Then t'other babby cried, and she took't to still it, and she lay down wi' it, and, ever since, they've both been still, and I hope she's sleepit and forgot her woes awhile, God bless her!"

Sleeping on the hard floor, but she does not feel it. They bring the torches near her; she does not heed the glare, though the baby on her bosom starts and wakes and weeps. She does not hear it weep. In truth, this queen has forgotten her woes in a dreamless slumber, and truly God has blessed her; but with bitter wailing her courtiers kneel before her in the court of Death, the king.

There is food on the table which her own hands had placed there; there is fire on the hearth which her own hands kindled. She who lies there dead has not died of cold or hunger; she has died of a broken heart.

And the viol and flute and harp ring sweetly, and the trumpet and drum have a stately sound in Errick Hall, and youths and maidens dance and make merry. The great doors were flung open, and in long procession the guests passed into the banqueting-hall, where was room for every one to sit at the magnificent tables, and Eleanora was enthroned on a dais, queen of them all. Reproduced as in a living picture was a ball of *Le Grand Monarque*. "John Rossetti has surpassed himself," his guests said with admiring wonder. In a pause of the music Eleanora's silvery laugh was heard; she looked with pride at her father, and spoke aloud so that all might hear: "Yes, there never was such a father as mine. His birthday gift is beyond my highest expectations."

"*Rossetti of Errickdale!*"

From above their heads the strange voice came. Far up in the embrasure of a window a man with a lighted torch was standing. John O'Rourke's eyes met John Rossetti's, and commanded them, and held them fast.

"We mean no harm," he said. "We come peaceable, if you meet us peaceable; but if not, there's danger and death all round ye. I warn ye fairly. Miss Eleanora bade my Bridget come to see her feast, and we've come to bring her. Ye'd best sit quiet, all of ye, for we've fire to back us." And he held his torch dangerously near to the curtains. Errickdale hall and Errickdale master were in his power.

Coming through the hall they heard it—the steady, onward tramp of an orderly and determined crowd; the notes of a weird Irish dirge heralded their coming. Two and two the courtiers of Bridget O'Rourke marched in.

Men in rags, their lips close-shut and grim, a rude and flaring torch

borne in each man's hand; haggard women with wolfish eyes and scantly clad, leading or carrying children who are wailing loudly or moaning in a way that chills the blood to hear, while the women shrilly sing that dirge for a departed soul—would the terrible procession never cease? Blows and clamor would be easier to bear than this long-drawn horror, as two and two the people filed around the loaded tables and gayly-attired guests.

Rising in amazement at the first entrance of these new-comers, throughout their coming Eleanora stood upright, one hand pressed upon her heart, as if to quell its rapid beating. Beautiful, and queenly despite her pallid cheeks, she stood there, yet two and two the people passed slowly up the hall, and slowly passed before her dais, and made no sign of homage. It was another queen who held them in her sway.

Was it over at last?—for the procession that seemed to have no end ceased to file through the lofty doors. The men stood back against the wall, still with their lips close-shut and grim; they lowered their torches as banners are lowered to greet a funeral train. The women flung up their lean, uncovered arms, and shrieked out one more wail of bitter lamentation, then stood silent too. The very babes were still. And all eyes were fixed upon the door—all except John O'Rourke's, that never stirred from John Rossetti's face.

Borne in state, though that state was but a board draped with a ragged sheet—her face uncovered to those stars and to that biting frost, her feet bare to those snows for which Eleanora wished; the face marked by a suffering which was far deeper than any that mere cold or hunger causes, yet sealed by it to an uplifted look which was beyond all earthly loveliness; the hands crossed on a heart that ached no longer, over the crucifix which was this queen's only treasure—so Bridget O'Rourke had come to Eleanora's feast.

And so they bore her up the hall; and before the regal dais this more regal bier stood still.

Then at last Eleanora moved, and started, and stretched out her hands. "What do you want of me?" she said. "What is it that you want of me? Speak to me, Bridget O'Rourke. Speak to me."

They were face to face again in their youth and beauty, but the contrast between them now brought no delight. They were face to face again; but let this heiress command as she might or beg as she might, never again would the rich voice speak to her with passionate pleading, or the grave eyes meet her own with a stronger prayer than words. This Queen of Death made no answer to her royal sister, except the awful answer of that silence which no power of earth can break.

"*Rossetti of Errickdale!*"

Once again from far above their heads they heard him calling—the man whose earthly all lay dead before them.

"We threatened to strike for food, and we feared ye. We suffered sore like slaves, for we feared ye. It's ye that may fear us now, I tell ye, for to-night we strike for a life. Give us my good girl's life again—my good girl's life."

He was wild with grief, and the people were wild with want and grief. Echoing up to the arches, their shout rang loud and long. "We strike for a life," they cried. "Give us back that life, or we burn ye all together."

Owner of princely wealth was he

upon whom they called. Seven hours ago that life was in his gift—one act of pity might have saved it, one doled-out pittance kept the heart from breaking. Let him lavish his millions upon her now; he cannot make her lift a finger or draw a breath.

"John O'Rourke!"

It was not the master's voice that answered. For the first time John O'Rourke's eyes turned from the master and looked upon Eleanora. The queen of a night held out her hands again to her who had gone to claim the crown of endless ages.

"John O'Rourke," she said, gently and slowly, so that each word carried weight, "what is it that Bridget wants of me? What would she ask if she could speak to me to-night? I will give her whatever she would ask. *Does she want her life back again?*"

The unexpected question, the gentle words, struck home. Suddenly O'Rourke's defiant eyes grew dim; and through his tears he saw his good girl's face, with the deep lines of suffering plain upon it, and the new and restful look of perfect peace. It pleaded with him as no words could plead.

"Miss Eleanora," he cried, "I wouldn't have her back. Not for all the world I wouldn't call her back. She's been through sore anguish, and I thank God it's over. Give us food and fair wages, miss—that's all she would ask of ye."

He paused, and in the pause none dreamed how wild a fight the man was fighting with his wrath and hatred. But still that worn and silent form pleaded with him and would not be gainsaid. At length he spoke, huskily:

"And she would ask of us, miss, not to harm one of ye, but to let master and all go free for the love of God. Shall we do what Bridget would ask of us, my men?"

His strained voice faltered, he burst into loud Irish weeping—a lonely father's weeping, touching to hear in its patient resignation.

"Yes! yes!" the men and women answered him; and in the hall rich and poor wept and laughed together, for the great strike of Errickdale was over, and peace was made, and want supplied. But through the tumult of sorrow and rejoicing she alone lay utterly unmoved and silent who had won life at the price of life.

The story is often told in Malton of a young girl, very beautiful and much beloved, who renounced the world on the night of her eighteenth birthday, in the very midst of a feast of unequalled splendor, and at the threshold of a future full of brilliant promise. They say she dwelt in lonely Errickdale, among the poor and ignorant, and lived like them and for them. And now and then they add that, when once some one ventured to ask her why she chose so strange a life, she answered that she had seen death at her feast in the midst of pomp and splendor, and had learned, once for all, their worth. But when she was further asked if she could not be willing, like many others present at that feast, to care for the poor and to give to them, and yet have joy and comfort too, the fire of a divine love kindled in her eyes, and she answered that she counted it comfort and joy to live for the people for whom she had seen another content and glad to die.

MODERN MELODISTS.

SCHUMANN.*

ROBERT SCHUMANN was the true successor of Schubert. The impassioned admirer of him whom he designated as "the Prince of Melody," Schumann, though not equalling his inimitable predecessor, succeeded nevertheless in winning for himself a lofty place among the masters of lyric music.

We say that Schumann has not equalled Schubert; but it must not thence be concluded that he is necessarily inferior to his rival each time that he treats an analogous subject. Schumann has perhaps rendered all the shades of human love with as much truth and depth as Schubert, but scarcely ever has he reached the dramatic power of "The Erl King" and "The Young Nun"; never has he found the brilliant coloring and light which shines out in "The Mariner," "The Departure," and "The Stars." Thus Schumann's *Hidalgo* is evidently the same cavalier as he of Schubert's "Departure." In Schubert he quits his German Fatherland and hurries forth to seek new pleasures. Schumann takes him into Spain: "Mine be fresh flow'rets rare," he cries, "the hearts of ladies fair, and mine the combat fierce." Alas! *Quantum mutatus!* The beauties of Spain bring small inspiration, and Schumann's bolero resembles the joyous song of Schubert just as much as a military band of Madrid resembles an orchestra of Vienna.

In the same way, in dramatic situations, Schumann is not always well inspired. Instead of being simple, his thought is vulgar (as in "The Hostile Brothers" and "The Two Grenadiers"), or else, in larger works, his search for the dramatic accent gives a strained expression to his style and a wearisome obscurity to his intention. This, however, is not always the case. Who does not know the admirable "Funeral March" of his Quintette, assuredly the most beautiful of his symphonic works, and excelling all the *musique de chambre* of Schubert?

The overture to *Manfred* has many sombre beauties; but instead of following these lugubrious accents by a plaint more melodious, more human, and less infernal—instead of letting in a little light to make his "darkness" yet more "visible"—Schumann only quits the shadows to precipitate himself into utter blackness, and horror succeeds alarm.

We find, however, the true note of dramatic inspiration in the *Lied* "J'ai pardonné," with its cry of love betrayed and of terrible malediction.

> "J'ai vu ton âme en songe,
> J'ai vu la nuit où sa douleur la plonge,
> Et le remords à tes pas enchaîné,
> Et ton printemps aux larmes destiné." *

The effect is all the more striking because absolutely new: an harmo-

* See "Les Mélodistes," by M. Arthur Coquard, in *Le Contemporain* for Nov. 1, 1872

* "In dreams I have seen thy soul; I have seen the night in which she hides her woe; I have seen remorse to thy footsteps chained, and thy springtime doomed to tears."

nic sequence of incredible boldness, resolving itself into fresh discords more audacious still, and, hovering above, a simple phrase of song, which falls cold and solemn, like a malediction from on high!

Towards the middle the discords resolve themselves regularly; and before resuming the original idea, before returning to the expressions of anguish uttered by the first harmonies, Schumann allows us, through eight bars, a breathing-time, on a very simple phrase which he keeps in the proximate keys to the primitive. If, with regard to the overture to *Manfred*, Schumann is to be reproached with having allowed so little light to find entrance among its shadows, he has, at any rate in this case, had the good sense to submit to the necessary laws of contrast, and thus gains much by allowing us to breathe a few moments, that we may realize more fully the depth of despair to which he is about to drag us down. He returns to the first phrase, and we hear again the chords which have already so deeply moved us; still the melodic phrase enlarges and mounts upward, while the discords take a new development. After this tempest of the soul we reach the haven, the key returns to *ut* on the words *J'ai pardonne* ("I have pardoned"), and Schumann leaves us filled with admiration, not unmixed with horror.

Strange eccentricity of the human genius! In this sublime *Lied*, perhaps the most powerful page which Schumann has written, we can discover the germ of those defects which too often mar his more extended works, and begin to understand why Schumann has fallen into the obscurities we just now named. What is, in fact, the especial characteristic of this wonderful melody? Despair; but despair under tortuous and exaggerated forms.

If only Schumann would have been content to paint the sufferings of the heart, all might have gone well; but no, he exhausts himself in attempting also to render the tortures of the mind, the anxious doubting of Manfred, the absolute negation incarnate in Faust. Now, if the torments of the heart furnish one of the most powerful elements of the drama (*Orestes*, *Œdipus*, and *Phædrus* prove this truth), there is absolutely nothing artistic whatever in mental torments, philosophic doubt, and scepticism. The true artist, by his very nature, must believe and love.

If against this assertion Goethe, Byron, and Alfred de Musset are quoted—three great poets, with whom Schumann has some analogy—we would say: All three were poets, not because, but in spite, of doubt; and, what is truer still, they are poets when they cease to doubt, or when they struggle against it. Even Alfred de Musset was no sceptic when he exclaimed in his immortal "August Night" (*Nuit d'Août*):

> "O ma muse, ne pleurez pas;
> A qui perd tout, Dieu reste encore.
> Dieu là-haut, l'espoir ici-bas!" *

Alas! Schumann also knew the evil of our time. Was it not doubt which made him lose his way in the search after some impossible and anti-artistic ideal? Was it not doubt which, by day and night, tortured his sick soul and urged him on to commit suicide? Doubt, in his impassioned mind, engendered madness; need we, after this, wonder

*"Weep not, my Muse; oh! weep no more. God stays with him who loses all beside—God on high, and hope below!"

that his artistic ideas were confused, his tone unhealthy, and that his music oftener makes us think of death than life, darkness than light? But when Schumann succeeds in tearing himself from the fatal embrace of scepticism, his musical inspirations take sublime flights. When he sang of love he was truly great, because he believed in love.

While Schubert was content to throw off, one by one, without apparent connection, his admirable *Lieder*,* Schumann gathered all the shades of tenderness into a marvellous unity—as, for instance, in the "Loves of a Poet" and "Woman's Love," in which we are made to traverse all its phases.

Before saying any more about these two important works, we would name several detached *Lieder* of singular gracefulness: "Désir," or "Chanson du Matin" (A Morning Song), and "O ma Fiancée." Nor must we forget a reverie, "Au Loin" (Far Away), on which is the impress of an infinite sadness. We seem in it to be listening, at the dead of night, to the lament of an exile weeping at the thought of his country and all whom he loves. It reminds us of a Daniel singing, on the banks of the Euphrates, the divine plaint of captivity: *Super flumina Babylonis, illic sedimus et flevimus.*

The "Loves of a Poet" open with a series of little melodies full of poesy—a little nosegay of fragrant flowers which the poet offers to his beloved. It is when, alas! he has been betrayed by the faithless one that he sings his sublime song "J'ai pardonné"—a pardon which is, nevertheless, worse than a malediction.

If only the "Loves of a Poet" ended with this admirable melody, the work would be complete; and the effect marvellous. But no; Henri Heine, the author of the poem, prolonged in an inexplicable fashion the situation, henceforth without interest, and the betrayed poet comes back to tell us that he is—unfortunate! Did we not know it already? He repeats this stale bit of information *nine* times over consecutively, in *nine* "Lieder," and under *nine* different forms!—a literary impossibility which inevitably reminds us of the despair of the Cid, persistently offering his head to Chimenes.

At the fourth reapparition Heine seems at last to begin to suspect that the plaintive tone is wearisome; but he finds nothing better, by way of a change, than to throw his hero into the humoristic style—we had almost said the grotesque. Our readers shall judge:

> "A man loves a woman,
> Of whom one, more fortunate, has the love."

Already we have a trio of lovers. We continue:

> "But he who reigns in this heart
> Fancies another, in *his* turn."

Here, then, is an interesting quarternion of people who cannot contrive to come to an understanding with one another; but we are not at the end. Enter another individual—Number 5.

> "The fair one, in revenge,
> Makes choice of an unknown."

And now, place for the last lover,

> Whose "hand and heart alike
> Will be for the first comer."

A jurisconsult would simply

* We hope that in a former notice we have shown that there is an artistic connection between them. (See THE CATHOLIC WORLD for February, 1877.)

have told us: *Primus* amat *Secundam*, quæ *Tertium*, qui *Quartam*, quæ *Quintum*, qui Sextam . . . (cætera desiderantur)—which, at any rate, would have had the merit of clearness; and, on remarking immediately that the *species* contained three feminine terminations and three masculine, he would have celebrated three marriages.

Even the genius of Goethe, which imagined the *Elective affinities*, would never have sufficed to create these *Repulsive affinities*. But the one most to be pitied is the unfortunate Schumann, who had condemned himself to set this *theory of Elective Repulsions* to music. In his place one would have preferred, like Rameau, to seek one's inspirations fron the *Gazette de Hollande*.

Henri Heine, after this *tour de force*, has nothing left but to kill his poet; and he kills him accordingly. After a few more insipidities which fill the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth *Lieder*, the poet will order his coffin—

> "Of wood encircled with iron,
> Bigger than the tun of Heidelberg,
> Longer than the bridge of Treves
> Or that of Frankfort," etc.

The last feature might have been touching, if it had been better managed. "Know you," asks the poet, "what makes my coffin so heavy?

> "It is that it contains my joy,
> My sorrow, and my love."

The music of Schumann is affected by the feebleness of the poem. The melodies which follow "J'ai pardonné" are inferior to the preceding ones. It is only towards the end that the musician escapes from the material hindrances of the subject; the air gains in freedom, the harmonies in richness; the poor poet recovers some of his first accents when he sings: "It is that it contains my joy, my sorrow, and my love."

"A Woman's Love." Here is a little poem far superior to the preceding. The author is Adalbert de Chamisso, well known for his *Wonderful History of Peter Schlemihl*. This time poet and musician identify themselves with each other marvellously, and Schumann lives and breathes in every verse of the poet.

In the first song the young girl owns her love:

> "Have I, then, had a dream?
> But him I see!
> . . . . .
> What makes me tremble thus,
> And takes my sleep from me,
> And makes my heart beat fast?
> —Yes; it is he!"

Throughout this melody one is conscious of a deep and inward happiness, which is not without a pleasing touch of melancholy.

In that which next follows the young girl sings her beloved. The rhythm is lofty, the melody brilliant. There are, however, in this *Lied* parts which are not equal to the preceding, and which are wanting in naturalness. But listen; she is loved:

> "Why tremble thus? why doubt, my heart?
> Thou beatest nigh to breaking. Ah!
> Me has he chosen among all;
> And thou, my heart, believ'st it not!"

The enthusiasm which fills this melody makes it comparable to the deepest melodies of Schubert. What we feel peculiar in it to Schumann is a feverish tone, a shade of delirium, if we may say so, which we might seek for in yain in Schubert. The ternary rhythm, especially when the measure is rapid, is singularly suitable to impassioned movements. A chord, detached not too strongly falls upon the first beat of each

bar; the hurrying melody stops upon the word *Ah*, on a concord of the seventh, very simple, but of a pleasing effect after the regular ascent of the bass. Then it continues, rapid and fevered, and the first phrase closes in C, on the words: "And thou, my heart, believ'st not."

Then, more slowly, the maiden caresses her precious memories:

"His mouth has said to me:
I love thee."

The melody softens, the phrase is more free and becomes freshly animated on the words, "A dream bewilders me," then bursts out powerfully when the young girl exclaims:

"O Heaven! if this is but a dream,
Then may I wake no more."

This phrase, by its lofty accent and a certain lyric transport, pleasantly recalls certain movements of Gluck's.

When, in a low voice, the maiden resumes, "Why tremble thus," etc., we might think the melody terminated. But the artist has kept us a few last notes, breathed from the depths of his soul. After an eager repetition of the words, "Me has he chosen among all, and thou, my heart, believ'st it not," she once more utters them, very slowly and very softly, in a melodic phrase full of tenderness and supplication. She is more calm; her heart belies her mouth, and she believes.

The fourth and fifth *Lieder* are two songs of an affianced maiden. The young girl at first sings to herself of her betrothed, and the sentiment of the music is inward, tranquil, and deep; but on quitting her father's roof to meet her husband the *fiancée* sings to her sisters, with a youthful pride and gladness, "If I am fair, I owe it only to my happiness," and the melody breaks into a song of exceeding beauty.

A wife, she murmurs soon into her husband's ear, "I hope," and in the following *Lied* we see her as a mother. She presses her little one to her heart, and a melody of exquisite sweetness expresses the words:

"Fresh brightness and new love
In a cradle are revealed."

Alas! the eighth *Lied* recalls us to sorrow, the great reality of life. "O bitter woe! my best-beloved beneath the wing of death is sleeping; forlorn, I shrink within myself, and solace my sad heart with weeping." Then the veil falls.

"Again I see thee, happiness gone by
Of former days."

So ends the poem. But if the part of the poet is finished when he has made this sorrowful appeal to the past, there is nothing to enchain the inspiration of the musician. From the depth of his grief, at the foot of this coffin, the poet has just evoked the memories of happiness for ever fled. The musician will give a voice to that soul which is called music—O marvellous power! Words would be misplaced; harmonies are more discreet, more silent. There is nothing outward here; it is the soul, contemplating the past, to which music lends its poignant reality.

We cannot quit Schumann without a few words on the wife he so loved, and who has shown herself worthy of his love by a steadfast devotion to the memory of her husband, so long and so unjustly unappreciated. The author of a

number of remarkable *Lieder*, Mme. Clara Schumann deserves a place among the most distinguished representatives of the melodic style. Her place should be elsewhere, among living composers, but we could not separate her even in thought from the husband to whom, in death, she proves so faithful.

We have read with exceeding pleasure a little collection of *Lieder*, of which the idea is touching. The husband and wife contributed each their flowers (of melody) to the garland they have woven. We even doubt whether the best page of this collection is not a melody by Mme. Schumann, entitled "Love for Love."

If we were asked, What is the style of Mme. Schumann? we should answer, That of Robert Schumann. Can we wonder at it? They loved each other so much that their souls must gradually have come to bear a mutual resemblance, and they would have but one inspiration, as they had but one love.

Schubert and Schumann are the two composers of the past who occupy the first rank in the melodic style; they have in common that the *Lied* has been carried by them to its highest expression, and that in return they owe to it their most lasting renown.

In a complete work we should have now to inquire what the different great composers have been at the time when they were drawn by their inspirations on melodic ground. Without entering into disquisitions which would here be out of place, we ought nevertheless, from the fear of being too incomplete, bring forward certain *Lieder* which, however small a place they may claim among the works of the masters of whom we are about to speak, none the less reveal an illustrious origin. Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven have written a tolerably large number of melodies, very little known until twenty years ago, when an intelligent editor had the happy idea of collecting in one volume forty of these melodies, chosen from the most beautiful.* It needs no long examination to show that Haydn and Beethoven, always inspired, but above all symphonists, generally take some large phrase which one would suppose borrowed from one of their symphonies. Thus Haydn's "Love Song" reminds us of those fine themes with which his andantes open; and in the same manner Beethoven, who, by exception, has found in his charming "Adelaide" the true form of the melody, surprisingly recalls, in the canzonetta, "In questa tomba," the admirable adagio of the grand Sonata Appassionnata in F minor.

Mozart, who was more of a melodist † than these two masters, has composed real *Lieder*, in which, at times, we seem to have a presentiment of Schubert. Thus, "The Cradle Song" might very suitably bear the signature of the author of "The Young Mother." Elsewhere, on the contrary, in "L'Amour Malheureux" and "Loin de toi," we find the style and the dramatic accent of the author of *Don Juan* and *The Magic Flute*.

The *Lieder* of Weber and Mendelssohn, of Meyerbeer, of Berlioz and Richard Wagner, will not detain us longer. These illustrious masters have cultivated the *Lied* with too little zeal to have won

* *Quarante Mélodies de Beethoven, Mozart, et Haydn, chez Flaxland.*

† We say *melodist*, and not *melodic*. One may be a musician of the first order without being a great melodist. Thus Meyerbeer, so great in other respects, is a poor melodist; but will any one say that he is not melodic?

from it any lasting fame. Even Meyerbeer would gain nothing by our dwelling on this subject in regard to him. He has a certain "Monk" upon his conscience, of which the less we say the better. On the other hand, other artists, greatly inferior to those just named, have given in their melodic compositions the full measure of their talent. We may quote, as examples, Niedermeyer, an accomplished musician, whose "Lake" has obtained a great and deserved success; Monpou, the author of "Castibelza," whose merit must not be confounded with that of such contemporaries as Abbadie, Arnaud, and Loïsa Puget.

In Italy Rossini and Donizetti have left melodies to which they have given the singular name of *Soirées*. Our readers will recall Rossini's "Mira la bianca luna," which has a real charm, but which reminds one rather of the author of the "Gazza ladra" than of the inspired singer of "William Tell."

In the "Abbandonata" Donizetti reaches a truth of expression of which, unfortunately, he has not been too lavish. In listening to those prettinesses, written chiefly to obtain pleasing vocal effects, and which, in the hands of writers like Bordogni, Gordigiani, and their compeers, have been lowered to the level of the most vulgar vocalization, we find ourselves regretting the old masters of the Italian school—Scarlatti, Lotti, Marcello, Durante, whose melodies are incontestably more youthful and fresh than the romances of the modern Italian composers.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE BROWN HOUSE AT DUFFIELD; or, Life within and without the Fold. By Minnie Mary Lee. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co. 1876.

A good Catholic novel is still, we fear,

Nigro simillima cygno.

The great majority of semi-controversial tales which have been written during the last twenty years, by well-intentioned but injudicious writers of our faith, have no claim to be recognized as works of art; for their execution has been in general too hasty to admit of that careful study and elaboration indispensable to the production of an enduring work. Neither can they be fairly considered as natural or practical illustrations of the influence of our holy religion in social and domestic life, still less as successful means of initiating outsiders into the beauties of the church's doctrines. It is not the legitimate aim of a novel to be prosaically didactic. One page of Bellarmine or Petavius contains more sound doctrinal position than the fresh-cut leaves of any modern controversial tale. Of course in master-hands the difficult task of blending narrative and dogma has succeeded, but it took no less a writer than Cardinal Wiseman to render *Fabiola* interesting, and it required the pen of Father Newman to write *Loss and Gain*. Narrative is better suited than controversy to most of our lay writers. In every case the silent example of a noble character is more potent for good than the most ingenious arguments or most earnest exhortations. The book before us is not free from the strictures we have passed on its numerous train of companions. There is much improbability in the plot, and a decided lack of naturalness in the characters. It is a mistake to elevate an ordinary heroine to the highest plane of wisdom; she ceases to be flesh and blood, and then our interest in her ceases likewise.

The tale is replete with the holiest examples for imitation and the highest lessons in self-sacrifice, devotion, and duty.

FRANK BLAKE. By Dillon O'Brien. St. Paul: Pioneer Press Co. 1876.

So long as works of fiction constitute an important department of literature of which the supply is rarely in excess of the demand, it is well for critics to insist that at least no morbid products of fancy tinged with a vile pruriency be admitted to take rank under this head. We are glad that the author of *Frank Blake* has appreciated this truth; for though he has worked up some delicate situations, he has been a most strict observer of propriety and has tempered sentiment with sense. *Frank Blake* is an oft-told Irish story. The incidents are not such as we meet in *Orlando Furioso*, but still such as are calculated to enlist a sober interest. The plot is natural and ripens with ease. For once the Irish peasant is represented as though seven centuries of English misrule had at least enabled him to acquire a decent knowledge of the language of his subjugator. But he is not by any means Saxonized, as is made evident by his unmistakable Celtic wit and adequacy to meet and make the best of sudden emergencies.

THE WISE NUN OF EASTONMERE, AND OTHER TALES. By Miss Taylor. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co. 1876.

This unpretentious volume derives its chief attraction from the fact that every line bears testimony to the modest estimate the writer has formed of her powers. We will not vouch for the amount of instruction to be derived from Miss Taylor's little book, but there can be no doubt that it is edifying, and in a wise, sober sense. Its simplicity in style and construction makes up for the absence of more conspicuous qualities.

"And few, of all, at once could make pretence
To royal robes and rustic innocence."

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The Catholic world

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